

HYMNS  
*of*  
PRAISE AND PATRIOTISM



W. C. HOFF

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# *Hymns of Praise & Patriotism*

*SELECTED AND ARRANGED  
BY WILLIAM C. HOFF, SUPER-  
VISOR OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC  
SCHOOLS OF YONKERS, N. Y.*

*TOWNSEND MACCOUN  
NEW YORK MDCCCXCVII*

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## Author's Preface

THE object of the compiler of this book has been to select a number of the best standard hymns, national and patriotic songs, for use in the public schools, together with a few psalms for responsive reading, arranged and pointed for chanting if so desired. They are unsectarian in their character and can be used by persons of any denomination.

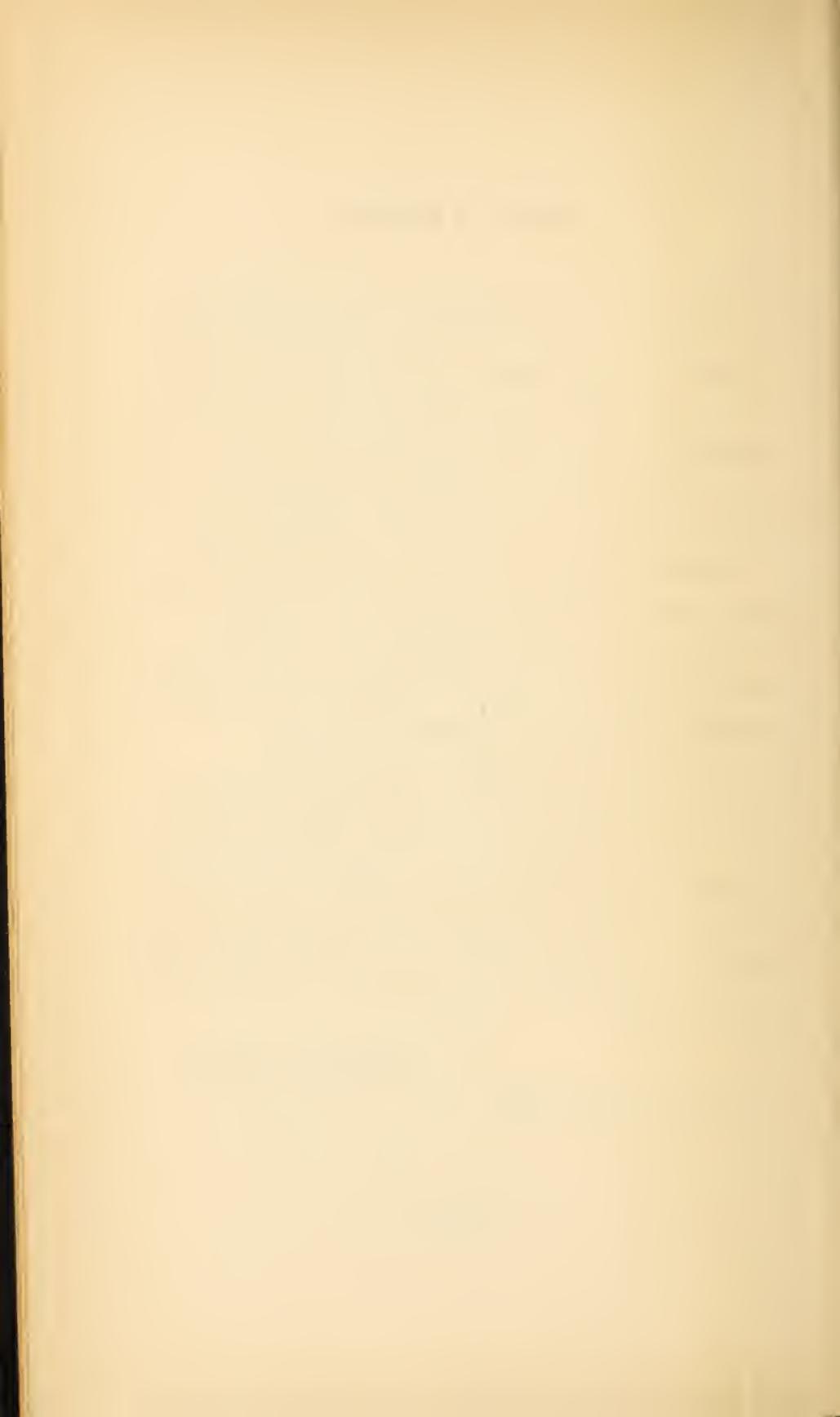
The tune names of hymns are given and they may be found in any hymnal in common use.

The music of most of the national patriotic selections may be found in "Songs of the Nation," published by Silver, Burdett & Company.

The compiler gratefully acknowledges the courtesies extended to him by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Biglow & Main, Novello, Ewer & Co., Houghton Mifflin & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., A. D. F. Randolph & Co., Dr. J. E. Rankin, Thomas S. Hastings, Charles S. Robinson, P. Prentice, G. Putnam, and H. H. Duffield.

WILLIAM C. HOFF.

YONKERS, July 15, 1897.



## Publisher's Preface

THIS book is made primarily for such Public Schools as have singing in their general exercises. To such schools the question of supplying each pupil with a hymn book or book of patriotic songs is one of cost. Though sight reading in music may be taught in the school, yet, as a matter of fact, three-fourths of the scholars in any school, do not, and never will, sing by note in general exercises. A copy, therefore, of any standard hymnal with music, for use at the instrument, and inexpensive copies of the words for each pupil, best meet all the requirements at a minimum of cost.

To supply such a book for the pupils is the object of this collection.

The same principle applies, and the book is equally well adapted for use in Sabbath-Schools and Churches.

TOWNSEND MACCOUN.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1897.



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## Order of Arrangement

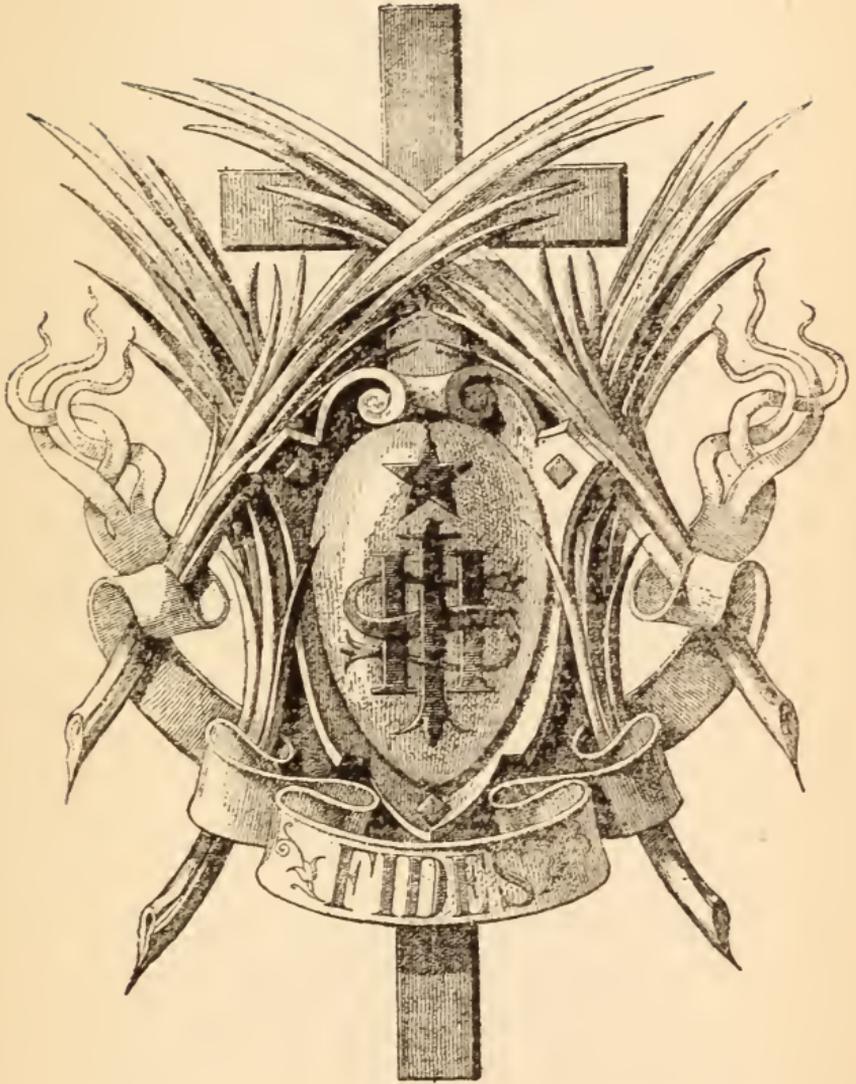
### HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS:

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# Hymns



For Special Occasions



## Regent Square. 8s. and 7s.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—5.

H. SMART.

I

GRACIOUS God, our Heavenly Father!  
Meet and bless our school, we pray;  
As in humble trust we gather,  
Teachers, scholars, here to-day.  
Every joy and every blessing  
From Thy bounteous hand we own;  
May Thy love, our souls possessing,  
Draw us nearer to Thy throne.

- 2 Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,  
From Thy precepts, Lord, we stray;  
Let Thy Spirit, from our wandering,  
Bring us back to virtue's way.  
Humble, penitent, confiding,  
May we rest our hope in Thee;  
In Thy favor, Lord, abiding,  
In Thy peace and purity.

UNKNOWN.

---

## Morning Hymn.

L. M.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—1.

F. H. BARTHOLEMON.

2

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great Day thyself prepare.

THOMAS KEN.

## Alle. 7. 6.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

F. J. HAYDN.

3

EVERY morning mercies new  
Fall as fresh as morning dew ;  
Every morning let us pay  
Tribute with the early day ;  
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure ;  
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love  
Daily doth our sins remove ;  
Daily, far as east from west,  
Lifts the burden from the breast ;  
Gives unbought to those who pray  
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
That these gifts may never fail ;  
And, as we confess the sin  
And the tempter's power within,  
Feed us with the Bread of Life ;  
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,  
As the sun with splendor burns,  
Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
Ever blessed Trinity,  
With our hands our hearts to raise,  
In unfailing prayer and praise.

H. BONAR.

## Warwick. C. M.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—1.

S. STANLEY.

4

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night His Name repeats,  
The day renews the sound ;  
Wide as the heaven on which He sits,  
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame ;  
My tongue shall speak His praise ;  
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame ;  
And yet His wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun ;  
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.

5 Dear God, let all my hours be Thine,  
While I enjoy the light :  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

I. WATTS.

## Forsaken. 11s.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

KOSCHAT.

### 5

THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!  
How tender and watchful my wants to supply!  
He daily provides me with raiment and food,  
Whate'er He denies me is meant for my good.

2 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!  
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I die:  
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,  
For "I will be with Thee," my Shepherd hath said.

3 The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with delight,  
Till called to adore Him in regions of light:  
Then praise Him, with angels, to bright harps of gold,  
And ever and ever His glory behold.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## Eventide. 10s.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—3.

W. H. MONK.

6

**A** BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me  
abide :

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

2 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.

3 I need Thy presence every 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, Lord, abide with  
me.

H. F. LYTE.

## St. Leonard. C. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

H. SMART.

7

THE shadows of the evening hours  
Fall from the darkening sky ;  
Upon the fragrance of the flowers  
The dews of evening lie.

2 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven  
We kneel at close of day ;  
Look on Thy children from on high,  
And hear us while we pray.

3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
Oh, do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before Thy mercy rise.

4 The brightness of the coming night  
Upon the darkness rolls ;  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade :  
So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
That one by one depart.

6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine :  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,  
And trust in things divine.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

## Merrial. 6. 5.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—5.

J. BARNBY

8

NOW the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh;  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky;

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

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

4 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.

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

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

S. BARING GOULD.

## Chesterfield. C. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

T. HAWEIS.

9

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,  
With rays of beauty shine;  
Oh let Thy favor crown our days,  
And all their round be Thine.

2 With Thee let every week begin,  
With Thee each day be spent,  
For Thee each fleeting hour employed,  
Since each by Thee is lent.

3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labors cease;  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

## Thursley. L. M.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—1.

W. H. MONK.

### IO

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near ;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

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

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

J. KEBLE.

## Weber. 7s.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—3.

FROM VON WEBER.

### II

SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away ;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall forever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity ;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. DOANE.

## Tallis's Hymn. L. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

T. TALLIS.

12

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, Oh, keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

T. KEN.

Belmont. C. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

S. WEBBE.

13

NOW from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

J. MASON.

## Ellerton. 10s.

KEY OF A $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—5.

E. J. HOPKINS.

### I4

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching  
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.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from  
shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

J. ELLERTON.

**Jernshaw.** C. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

J. BOOTH.

**15**

**B**LEST day of God! most calm, most bright,  
The first, the best of days ;  
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,  
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;  
His rising thee did raise,  
And made thee heavenly and divine  
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind ;  
And they the day of Christ who love,  
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear ;  
For, Lord, the day is Thine ;  
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

J. MASON.

## Dies Dominica. 7. 6.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. B. DYKES.

16

- O** DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright ;  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Through ages joined in tune,  
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the great God Triune.
- 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 triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise ;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise ;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand ;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.
- 4 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls :  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

C. WORDSWORTH.

## Adeste fideles. P. M.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. READING.

17

**O**H COME, all ye faithful, joyful and  
triumphant ;  
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem ;  
Come and behold Him born the King of  
angels ;  
Oh come, let us adore Him,  
Oh come, let us adore Him,  
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Glory to God in the highest ;  
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

3 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy  
morning ;  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given ;  
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing ;  
Oh come, let us adore Him,  
Oh come, let us adore Him,  
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

TRANSLATED BY F. OAKELEY.

## Herald Angels. 7s.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

MENDELSSOHN.

18

**H**ARK! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

4 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.

5 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!

CHARLES WESLEY.

## Gabriel. C. M.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—5.

TRADITIONAL.

19

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed;  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song.

N. TATE.

## Carol. D. C. M.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—5.

R. S. WILLIS.

20

IT came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold ;  
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King ;  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

2 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 lonely plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow !  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 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.

E. H. SEARS.

## Avesion. P. M.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—5.

### 21

**S**HOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing,  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king.

- 1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!  
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon  
earth.

Shout the glad tidings, etc.

- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo  
round:  
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
How His people with joy everlasting are  
crowned:

Shout the glad tidings, etc.

- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:  
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and  
the skies:

Shout the glad tidings, etc.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

## St. Louis. P. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

L. H. REDNER.

22

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem !  
How still we see thee lie ;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by ;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light ;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

2 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.

3 How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given !  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

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

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PHILLIPS-BROOKS.

## Regent Square. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—5.

H. SMART.

### 23

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
Ye, who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night ;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;  
Brighter visions beam afar :  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## Nativity. C. M.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—3.

H. LAHEE.

24

JOY to the world! the Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

I. WATTS.

Dir. 7s.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—1.

C KOCHER.

25

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ ;  
All to Thee, our God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the plenty summer pours ;  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores ;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain ;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss, and public wealth,  
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams :  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,  
May we give Thee of our best ;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove ;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.

L. BARBAULD.

## St. George or Windsor. 7s.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

G. J. ELVEY.

26

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
C Raise the song of harvest-home :  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin :  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied ;  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear :  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home ;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away ;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final harvest-home ;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
There, forever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide :  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

HENRY ALFORD.

## Berthold. 7. 6.

KEY OF E ♭. FIRST NOTE—3.

B. TOURS.

27

FROM glory unto glory! Be this our joyous  
song;

As on the King's own highway, we bravely  
march along.

From glory unto glory! O word of stirring cheer,  
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad  
New Year.

2 From glory unto glory! What great things He  
hath done,  
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs  
He hath won!

From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings  
crown

The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own  
so freely down!

3 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our  
way;

The fulness of His promises crowns every  
brightening day;

The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more we learn to know the ful-  
ness of His love.

4 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to  
strength we go,

While grace for grace abundantly shall from  
His fulness flow,

To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste  
here,

Until His very presence crown our happiest New  
Year.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## Benevento. 7s. D.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—1.

S. WEBBE.

28

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasteth through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run  
Never-more to meet us here ;  
Fixed in an eternal state  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless Thy word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above.

JOHN NEWTON.

## Easter Hymn. 7s.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—5.

W. H. MONK.

29

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Alleluia!

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

Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing

Alleluia!

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

Alleluia!

ANON.

## St. George, or Windsor. 7s.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

G. J. ELVEY.

30

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide  
Flowing from His piercèd side ;  
Praise we Him, Whose love divine  
Gives His sacred blood for wine,  
Gives His body for the feast,  
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,  
Paschal victim, Paschal bread ;  
With sincerity and love  
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,  
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;  
Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light :  
Now no more can death appall,  
Now no more the grave enthrall ;  
Thou hast opened Paradise,  
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
Sin alone can this destroy ;  
From sin's power do Thou set free  
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise ;  
Holy Father, praise to Thee,  
With the Spirit, ever be.

R. CAMPBELL.

## Rotterdam. 7. 6.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—3.

B. TOURS.

31

THE day of resurrection !  
Earth, tell it out abroad ;  
The Passover of gladness,  
The Passover of God.  
From death to life eternal,  
From earth unto the sky,  
Our Christ hath brought us over  
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light ;  
And, listening to His accents,  
May hear so calm and plain  
His own "All hail," and hearing,  
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin,  
The round world keep high triumph,  
And all that is therein ;  
Let all things seen and unseen  
Their notes together blend,  
For Christ the Lord is risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

tr. J. M. NEALE.

## Easter Hymn. 7s.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. WORGAN.

32

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say,  
Raise your joys and triumphs high  
Sing ye heavens and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won.  
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;  
Lo, He sets in blood no more.
- 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, O 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.

CHARLES WESLEY.



# Hymns



# General Selections



## Webb. 7. 6.

KEY OF B♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

G. J. WEBB.

33

THE morning light is breaking ;  
The darkness disappears ;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears ;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Sion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above ;  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation !  
Pursue thy onward way ;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay ;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home ;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim "The Lord is come !"

S. F. SMITH.

## Camden. L. M.

KEY OF E $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—1.

J. B. CALKIN.

### 34

**F**LING out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
The sun, that lights its shining folds,  
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign;  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls  
That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory, only in the cross;  
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. DOANE.

# Missionary Hymn. L. M.

KEY OF E $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—1.

L. MASON.

35

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high :  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole :  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

R. HEBER.

## Duke Street. L. M.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. HATTON.

36

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

I. WATTS.

## Selwyn. L. M.

KEY OF A $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—5.

MENDELSSOHN.

37

ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!  
Put on Thy strength! the nations shake!  
And let the world adoring see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone:  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favor come;  
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;  
And let our wandering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
In every clime, of every name;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WM. SHRUBSOLE.

Cambridge. S. M.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—1.

R. HARRISON.

38

WE give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be :  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled  
Are straying from the Fold !

4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be ;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. HOW.

## Intercession. L. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

39

O THOU through suffering perfect made,  
On Whom the bitter cross was laid ;  
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,  
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,  
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind ;  
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,  
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure  
The pains and woes Thou didst endure ;  
For all who need, Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, oh, far more, let each keen pain  
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,  
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod  
Bring back the wanderer nearer God !

5 Oh, heal the bruised heart within !  
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin !  
Give life and health in bounteous store,  
That we may praise Thee evermore !

W. W. HOW.

# Melita. 8s.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. B. DYKES.

40

O THOU, Who madest land and sea,  
And guidest all, in all their ways,  
Who hearest those who bring to Thee  
Their sacrifice of prayer and praise ;  
Oh, hear Thy children as they bring  
Themselves a lowly offering !

2 Great God, Who with a Father's love  
Dost watch o'er all created things,  
And gatherest all, below, above,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings ;  
Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.

3 Come, heavenly Father, come to-day,  
For we Thy children come to Thee,  
And Thou wilt never say us, nay,  
If come we in humility ;  
New-born in Thee, O Father, bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.

4 Cast forth upon the barren strand  
Of this lone world, to Thee we fly ;  
In faith and hope, we fain would stand  
Beneath Thy sheltering arm for aye ;  
Stretch forth Thy hand, and pitying bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.

5 And may we all with joyful mind  
Our hearts as living offerings bring,  
The first-fruits of our life, to find  
A Father in our heavenly King ;  
And learn in life and death to bless  
Thee, "Father of the fatherless."

G. THRING.

## Broadlands. 6s.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—5. ARR. BY E. F. RIMBAULT.

41

- THOU Who with dying lips  
Thy mother didst commend  
Unto the tender care  
Of Thy belovèd friend ;  
Thou Who by Lazarus' grave  
In human grief didst groan,  
Turn, Lord, Thine eyes on those  
Left in the world alone.
- 2 Thou Who didst call Thy Twelve  
Their home and friends to leave,  
And in Thy kingdom all,  
Yea, more than all, receive,  
To those bereft of all,  
Thy pitying love extend,  
And let them find in Thee,  
Father, and home, and friend.
- 3 Thou Who didst say of old,  
"Thine orphans lend to me ;  
Unto the fatherless  
I will a Father be,"  
Thy promises are sure ;  
Help us to trust Thee still ;  
To those who need Thee sore,  
That faithful word fulfill.
- 4 Thou Who in Thy still rest  
Our dear ones safe dost keep ;  
Thou Who shalt bring them back  
One day from their long sleep,  
Oh, keep us by Thy grace,  
That we at last may be,  
When that bright morning dawns,  
At home with them and Thee.

E. WIGLESWORTH.

# Wareham. L. M.

KEY OF B♭. FIRST NOTE—1.

W. KNAPP.

42

FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer :  
We plead for those who plead for Thee ;  
Successful pleaders may they be !

2 How great their work, how vast their charge !  
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge :  
Their best acquirements are our gain ;  
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine  
Their words, and let those words be Thine ;  
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
In humble strains Thy grace implore,  
And feel Thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
Distressèd souls forget their pains ;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Sion rear her drooping head.

B. BEDDOME

## Wareham. L. M.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—1.

W. KNAPP.

43

O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands ;

2 Grant that all we who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place ;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong ; to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea ;  
And when we bring them to Thy throne,  
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The minds that guide, endue with skill ;  
The hands that work, preserve from ill ;  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect ;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever blessèd Trinity !

J. M. NEALE.

## Melita. 8s.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. B. DYKES.

44

**E**TERNAL Father! strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. WHITING.

Southwell. C. M.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—1.

H. S. IRONS.

45

FATHER of mercies! in Thy Word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be Thy Name adored  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou forever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

## Mendon. L. M.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—1.

GERMAN.

46

LORD of all being ; throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !

- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;  
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign ;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

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## Pass Me Not. 8. 5.

KEY OF E FIRST NOTE—3.

W. H. DOANE.

47

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry ;  
While on others Thou art smiling  
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief,  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief !

3 Trusting only in Thy merits,  
Would I seek Thy face,  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace !

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom on earth have I besides Thee,  
Whom in heaven but Thee !

MRS. F. J. CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE.

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## Conquest. 7. 6.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—5.

J. STAINER.

48

- 0 LORD, our strength in weakness,  
We pray to Thee for grace ;  
For power to fight the battle,  
For speed to run the race ;  
When Thy baptismal waters  
Were poured upon our brow,  
We then were made Thy children,  
And pledged our earliest vow ;
- 2 We then were sealed and hallowed  
By Thy life-giving word ;  
Were made the Spirit's temples,  
And members of the Lord ;  
With His own blood He bought us,  
And made the purchase sure ;  
His are we: may He keep us  
Sober, and chaste, and pure.
- 3 Conformed to His own likeness  
May we so live and die,  
That in the grave our bodies  
In holy peace may lie ;  
And at the resurrection  
Forth from those graves may spring,  
Like to the glorious body  
Of Christ, our Lord and King.
- 4 The pure in heart are blessed,  
For they shall see the Lord  
Forever and forever  
By seraphim adored ;  
And they shall drink the pleasures,  
Such as no tongue can tell,  
From the clear crystal river,  
And life's eternal well.

C. WORDSWORTH.

## St. George or Windsor. 8.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

G. J. ELVEY.

49

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star.  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of joy or hope foretell?  
Traveller, yes ; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
Traveller, ages are its own ;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight ;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo ! the Son of God is come.

J. BOWRING.

## St. Peter. C. M.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

A. R. REINAGLE.

50

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray ;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,  
Brook by the traveller's way ;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high ;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky ;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day ;  
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay :

4 Word of the everlasting God,  
Will of His glorious Son ;  
Without Thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won ?

5 Lord, grant us all a right to learn  
The wisdom it imparts ;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn,  
With simple, childlike hearts.

B. BARTON.

# Refuge. 7s.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. P. HOLBROOK

51

JESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is nigh,  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, 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 defenseless 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 ;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

## Toplady. 7s.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—5.

T. HASTINGS.

52

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids 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.

A. M. TOPLADY.

St. Peter. C. M.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

A. R. REINAGLE.

53

OH, help us, Lord ; each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succor give :  
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live !

2 Oh, help us when our spirits cry  
With contrite anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dry,  
Oh, help us, Lord, the more !

3 Oh, help us through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe !  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high :  
We have no help but Thee.  
Oh, help us so to live and die  
As thine in heaven to be !

H. H. MILMAN.

## Penitence. 6. 5.

KEY OF D $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—3.

S. LANE.

54

IN the hour of trial,  
Jesu, plead for me ;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee ;  
When Thou see'st me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favor  
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures  
Would this vain world charm ;  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm ;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil, and woe ;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below ;  
Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see ;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again ;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesu, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

J. MONTGOMERY.

# Stephanos. P. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

H. W. BAKER.

55

ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distrest?  
“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 diadem, as monarch,  
That His brown adorns?  
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns.”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
“Sorrow vanquished, 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.”

J. M. NEALE.

Bethany. P. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

L. MASON.

56

NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross,  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer 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  
Altars I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

Olivet. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—1.

L. MASON.

57

MY faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine !

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

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day ;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away ;  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside !

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 !

RAY PALMER.

Hamburg. L. M.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—1.

ARR. BY L. MASON

58

MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and Thee :  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

I. WATTS.

## Martyrdom. C. M.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—5.

H. WILSON.

59

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see ;  
True penitence impart ;  
And let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

J. D. CARLYLE.

## St. Edith. 7. 6.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. H. KNECHT.

60

O JESU, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
His Name and sign who bear:  
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred:  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, 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.

W. W. HOW.

## Rathburn. 8. 7.

KEY OF C FIRST NOTE—5.

J. CONKEY.

61

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

2 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.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

5 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.

J. BOWRING.

## Jesu, Magister Bone. 7. 6.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. B. DYKES.

62

O LAMB of God, still keep me  
Near to Thy wounded side!  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace I can abide.  
What foes and snares surround me!  
What doubts and fears within!  
The grace that sought and found me,  
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
I feel my life secure;  
Only in Thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure:  
Thine arm the victory gaineth  
O'er every hateful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,  
With rapture, face to face;  
One-half hath not been told me  
Of all Thy power and grace:  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

J. G. DECK.

St. Barnabas. D. S. M.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—1.

ALIQUIS.

63

THOU art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies ;  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise :  
But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care opprest ;  
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter agony,  
To pass unto Thy crown ;  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be ;  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.  
Lord, by Thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
At Thy right hand on high.

E. L. TOKE.

## Diademata. D. S. M.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—1.

G. J. ELVEY.

64

CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne ;  
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own :  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him Who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God  
Before the worlds began,  
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,  
Crown Him the Son of Man ;  
Who every grief hath known  
That wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for His own,  
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
For those He came to save ;  
His glories now we sing  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died, eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,  
Who over all doth reign,  
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,  
For ransomed sinner slain,  
Now lives in realms of light,  
Where saints with angels sing  
Their songs before Him day and night,  
Their God, Redeemer, King.

M. BRIDGES.

St. Cuthbert. 8. 6. 8. 4.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. B. DYKES.

65

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

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

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

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

H. AUBER.

## St. Agnes. C. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. B. DYKES.

66

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys :  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise :  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

I. WATTS.

## Mendon. L. M.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—1.

GERMAN.

67

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray ;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
Fulness of joy forever there :  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him forever blest.

S. BROWNE.

## Nicæa. P. M.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. B. DYKES.

68

**H**OLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
Thee:

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 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.

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 power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,  
and sky, and sea:  
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

R. HEBER.

## Wesley. 11. 10.

KEY OF B ♭. FIRST NOTE—1.

LOWELL MASON.

69

**H**AIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning :  
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain :  
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning  
Zion triumphant begins its glad reign.

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold ;  
Hail to the millions from bondage returning ;  
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing ;  
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ring-  
ing ;  
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;  
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion ;  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

THOS. HASTINGS.

By permission Thos. S. Hastings.

## Moultrie. 8. 7.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

G. F. COBB.

70

**R**OUND the Lord in glory seated  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Filled His temple, and repeated  
Each to each the alternate hymn :  
“Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.”

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
“Holy, Holy, Holy,” singing,  
“Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High.”  
With His seraph train before Him,  
With His holy Church below,  
Thus unite we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

3 “Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.”  
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
With Thine angel hosts we cry  
“Holy, Holy, Holy,” blessing  
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

R. MANT.

## MOSCOW. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

F. GIARDIUI.

71

- COME, Thou almighty King,  
Help us Thy Name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend!  
Come, and Thy people bless;  
Come, give Thy word success:  
'Stablish Thy righteousness,  
Saviour and Friend!
- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour!  
Thou, Who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!
- 4 To Thee, great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## Paradise. P. M.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. BARNBY.

72

- O PARADISE, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest;  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture, through and through,  
In God's most holy sight?
- 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,  
We long to sin no more;  
We long to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We shall not wait for long;  
E'en now the loving ear may catch  
Faint fragments of thy song;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep us in Thy love,  
And guide us to Thy happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

F. W. FABER.

# Pilgrims. P. M.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—3.

H. SMART.

73

**H**ARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are  
    swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
    shore;  
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are  
    telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
    Angels of Jesus,  
    Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome  
    The pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
    "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
    come;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-  
    ing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
    Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
    The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
    Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to  
    Thee.  
    Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-  
    ing;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-  
    ing,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless  
    love.  
    Angels of Jesus, etc.

F. W. FABER.

# Materna. C. M.

KEY OF D ♯. FIRST NOTE—5.

S. A. WARD.

74

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow can be found,  
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun;  
For God Himself gives light.

4 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

5 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,  
The living waters flow,  
And on the banks, on either side,  
The trees of life do grow.

6 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring:  
There evermore the angels are,  
And evermore do sing.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!

ANON.

## Urbs Beata. 7. 6.

KEY OF A ♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

G. F. LE JEUNE.

75

- JERUSALEM, the golden !  
With milk and honey blest ;  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.  
I know not, oh, I know not,  
What joys await us there !  
What radiancy of glory !  
What bliss beyond compare !
- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
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 blessèd  
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David ;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast.  
And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessèd country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesu, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest !  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

J. M. NEALE.

## Dominus Regit Me. P. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. B. DYKES.

76

THE King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never ;  
I nothing lack if I am His,  
And He is mine forever.

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

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth !

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

HENRY W. BAKER.

## Autumn. 8.

KEY OF A<sup>b</sup>. FIRST NOTE—1.

SPANISH MELODY.

77

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
G Pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty :  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains  
Whence the living waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna  
In this barren wilderness ;  
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,  
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

W. WILLIAMS.

## Dulce Carmen. 8. 7.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—1.

HAYDN (?).

78

- L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee :  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us ;  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy :  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. EDMESTON.

## Lux Benigna. 10. 4.

KEY OF A<sub>7</sub>. FIRST NOTE—5.

J. B. DYKES.

79

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling 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 distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2 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.

3 So long Thy power has blest 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.

J. H. NEWMAN.

## Love Divine. 8. 7.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—1.

G. F. LE JEUNE.

80

LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive ;  
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be alway blessing ;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing ;  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be :  
Let us see our whole salvation,  
Perfectly secured in Thee :

6 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.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## Trust. 8. 7.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—5.

MENDELSSOHN.

81

- SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to grateful lays :  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.
- 4 By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come ;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

P. ROBINSON.

## Watermouth. 7. 6.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

A. H. MANN

82

- O** SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love !  
O Name of might and favor,  
All other names above !  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee, O Christ, we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our holy Lord and King.
- 2 O bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously has wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought ;  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee, O Christ, we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our gracious Lord and King.
- 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power divine ;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is Thine ;  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee, O Christ, we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## Coronation. C. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

O. HOLDEN.

83

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call:  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call;  
The God incarnate! Man divine!  
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 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!

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
Before Him prostrate fall!  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. PERRONET.

## Brasted. 7s.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

P. WEIMAR.

84

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing!  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!  
Sion's city is in sight:  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

J. CENNICK.

## Sefton. L. M.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. B. CALKIN

85

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates !  
Behold, the King of glory waits ;  
The King of kings is drawing near ;  
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried ;  
Mercy is ever at His side ;  
His kingly crown is holiness ;  
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the Ruler is confest !  
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King of triumph comes !

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart !  
Make it a temple, set apart  
From earthly use for heaven's employ,  
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

5 Redeemer, come ! I open wide  
My heart to Thee : here, Lord, abide !  
Let me Thy inner presence feel :  
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

G. WEISSEL.

## Rejoice. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—5.

J. BARNEY.

86

REJOICE, the Lord is King !  
Your Lord and King adore !  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your heart ! lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love :  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above.  
Lift up your heart ! lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

3 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet.  
Lift up your heart ! lift up your voice !  
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

4 Rejoice in glorious hope !  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home.  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;  
The trump of God shall sound : Rejoice !

C. WESLEY.

## Dulce Carmen. 8. 7.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—1.

HAYDN (?).

87

- PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
1 To His feet thy tribute bring ;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing :  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress ;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us ;  
Well our feeble frame He knows ;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Widely yet His mercy flows.
- 4 Angels in the height adore Him !  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Saints triumphant bow before Him !  
Gathered in from every race.  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. LYTE.

## Hanover. 10. 11.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

W. CROFT.

88

- OH, worship the King, all glorious above !  
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love !  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 Oh, tell of His might. Oh, sing of His grace !  
Whose robe is the light ; Whose canopy, space.  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds  
form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills ; it descends to the  
plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies, how tender ! how firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !
- 5 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

R. GRANT.

## Creation. D. L. M.

KEY OF B ♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

F. J. HAYDN.

89

THE spacious firmament on high,  
T With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

## Webb. 7. 6.

KEY OF B ♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

G. J. WEBB.

90

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,  
Great David's greater Son;  
Hail in the time appointed  
His reign on earth begun.  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free:  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever,  
His changeless Name of Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## Vox Dilecti. C. M. D.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—3.

J. B. DYKES.

91

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say :  
"Come unto Me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon this breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water ; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's Light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk  
Till all my journey's done.

H. BONAR.

## St. Thomas. S. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

A. WILLIAMS.

92

OH, bless the Lord, my soul!  
His grace to thee proclaim!  
And all that is within me join  
To bless His holy Name!

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!  
His mercies bear in mind!  
Forget not all His benefits!  
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;  
He will with patience wait;  
His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;  
He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love;  
Upholds thee with His truth;  
And like the eagle He renews  
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!  
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

## Frederick. 11.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—5.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

93

I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough of life's woes full, enough for its  
cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within ;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

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 yon 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.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

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## Vienna. 7s.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. H. KNECHT.

### 94

SONGS of praise the angels sang ;  
S Heaven with alleluias rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive lead captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth ;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

Need. 6. 4. 6. 4. 7. 6. 7. 4.

KEY OF A ♭. FIRST NOTE—1.

R. LOWRY.

95

I NEED Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord ;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee ;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,  
I come to thee !

2 I need Thee every hour ;  
Stay Thou near by ;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain ;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour ;  
Teach me Thy will ;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One ;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessèd Son !

MRS. ANNA S. HAWKES.

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## Retreat. L. M.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—3.

T. HASTINGS.

96

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all beside more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more;  
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL.

## King of Glory. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

KEY OF D $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—1.

H. W. PARKER.

97

IN loud exalted strains,  
The King of glory praise ;  
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,  
Through everlasting days ;  
But Sion, with His presence blest,  
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come ;  
And with Thy favor crown  
This temple as Thy home,  
This people as Thy own ;  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries ;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies :  
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe Thy truth and love ;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above :  
Till all who humbly seek Thy face  
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

B. FRANCIS.

## St. Thomas. S. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

A. WILLIAMS.

98

- I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Sion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. DWIGHT.

## Russian Hymn. 10s.

KEY OF E $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—5.

A. T. SWOFF.

99

**R**ISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!  
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate  
kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

ALEX. POPE.

## Wareham. L. M.

KEY OF B♭. FIRST NOTE—1.

W. KNAPP.

### 100

- T**RIUMPHANT Sion, lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead !  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known :  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruins shall repair :  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

# St. George's, or Windsor. 7s.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

G. J. ELVEY.

101

PLEASANT are Thy courts above  
In the land of life and love ;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe.  
Oh, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fulness, God of grace !

2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High !  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair  
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls ! their praises flow  
Ever in this vale of woe ;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies :  
On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;  
Guide me through a world of sin ;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art ;  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me !

H. T. LYTE.

## Glorious Things. 8. 7.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—3.

G. F. LE JEUNE.

### 102

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
G Sion, city of our God ;  
He, Whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for His own abode :  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint, when such a river  
Ever will their thirst assuage ?  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Thus deriving from their banner,  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna,  
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !  
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.  
'Tis His love His people raises  
Over self to reign as kings :  
And as priests, His solemn praises  
Each for a thank-offering brings.

JOHN NEWTON.

## Aurelia. 7. 6.

KEY OF E♭. FIRST NOTE—3.

S. S. WESLEY.

103

- THE Church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the word :  
From heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy Bride ;  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.
- 2 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.
- 3 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore ;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.
- 4 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won :  
O happy ones and holy !  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. STONE,

## Work Song. 7. 6. 7. 5.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—5.

LOWELL MASON.

### 104

WORK, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours ;  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers ;  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun ;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon ;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon :  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store :  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies ;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies :  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more :  
Work, while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

Eden. 6. 4.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—3.

105

SAVIOUR, I follow on  
S Guided by Thee;  
Seeing not yet the hand  
That leadeth me;  
Hushed be my heart and still,  
Fear I no further ill;  
Only to meet Thy will  
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,  
Thirst to relieve;  
Manna from heaven falls  
Fresh every eve!  
Never a want severe  
Caused my eye a tear,  
But Thou dost whisper near  
“Only believe.”

3 Saviour I long to walk  
Closer with Thee:  
Led by Thy guiding hand  
Ever to be:  
Constantly near Thy side,  
Quickened and purified,  
Living for Him who died  
Freely for me.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

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Byefield. C. M.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—1.

THOS. HASTINGS.

106

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold he prays !"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## All Saints. C. M.

KEY OF B ♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

H. S. CUTLER.

107

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain :  
His blood-red banner streams afar :  
Who follows in His train ?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain ;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong :  
Who follows in His train ?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came :  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

6 A noble army : men and boys,  
The matron and the maid ;  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.

7 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain :  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

R. HEBER.

## Marlow. C. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. CHETHAM.

108

- A** M I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

I. WATTS.

## Diademata. S. M.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—1.

G. J. ELVEY.

109

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on ;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power ;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

## Lincoln. 7. 6.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—1.

M. VULPIUS.

### 110

- O** HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread  
With Jesus as your Fellow  
To Jesus as your Head!
- 2 Oh, happy if ye labor  
As Jesus did for men!  
Oh, happy if ye hunger  
As Jesus hungered then!
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried,  
He carried as your due:  
The crown that Jesus weareth,  
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To Him alone will turn;
- 5 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure;
- 6 What are they but His jewels,  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize!

J. M. NEALE.

## Beethoven. 7. 6.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

BEETHOVEN.

### III

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Toward heaven, thy destined place.  
Sun and moon and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn!  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon thy Saviour will return,  
To take thee to the skies:  
There is everlasting peace,  
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;  
There will sorrow ever cease,  
And crowns of joy be given.

R. SEAGRAVE.

## Dennis. S. M.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. G. NAGELL.

### 112

OH, where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
For evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest :  
Alone are found in Thee  
The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

## Vexillum. 6. 5.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—3.

H. SMART.

113

**B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.  
Journeying o'er the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
And with hearts united  
Take our heavenward way.  
Brightly gleams our banner  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet :  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray ;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

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, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.  
Brightly gleams, etc.

T. J. POTTER.

St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—5.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

114

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before!  
Christ the royal Master  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before!

2 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.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, etc.

S. BARING GOULD.

David. 6. 5.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

T. MORLEY.

115

SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,  
S Listen while we sing ;  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King.  
All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee :  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die :  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there,  
Where no pain, no sorrow,  
Toil, or care, is known,  
Where the angel legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven ;  
Life has lost its shadows ;  
Pure the light within ;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

G. THWING.

## Warfare. 6. 5.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

G. W. CHADWICK

116

FORWARD! be our watchword,  
Steps and voices joined ;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind :  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head ;  
Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led ?  
Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight !  
Jordan flows before us ;  
Sion beams with light.

2 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.

H. ALFORD.

## Ellacombe. 7. 6.

KEY OF B $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—5.

GERMAN.

117

COME, praise your Lord and Saviour  
In strains of holy mirth!  
Give thanks to Him, O children,  
Who lived a child on earth!  
He loved the little children,  
And called them to His side,  
His loving arms embraced them,  
And for their sake He died.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee  
With songs of holy joy;  
For Thou on earth didst sojourn  
A pure and spotless boy.  
Make us like Thee, obedient,  
Like Thee from sin-stains free,  
Like Thee in God's own temple,  
In lowly home like Thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,  
The lowly maiden's son:  
In Thee all gentlest graces  
Are gathered into one.  
Oh, give that best adornment  
That Christian child can wear,  
The meek and quiet spirit  
Which shone in Thee so fair!

4 O Lord, with voices lifted  
We sing our songs of praise;  
Be Thou the light and pattern  
Of all our childhood's days;  
And lead us ever onward,  
That while we stay below,  
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,  
In grace and wisdom grow.

W. W. HOW.

Lyte. 6s. 4s.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE--3.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

118

JESUS, Thy name I love  
All other names above,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Oh, Thou art all to me!  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus my Lord!

2 Thou blessed Son of God  
Hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Jesus my Lord!  
O how great is Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus my Lord!

JAS. G. DECK.

# Webb. 7. 6.

KEY OF B♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

G. J. WEBB.

119

- STAND up, stand up, for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross !  
Lift high His royal banner !  
It must not suffer loss :  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead ;  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus !  
The trumpet call obey !  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day !  
Ye that are men now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes !  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus !  
Stand in His strength alone !  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own :  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And watching unto prayer,  
When duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there !
- 4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus !  
The strife will not be long :  
This day, the noise of battle ;  
The next, the victor's song.  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be ;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

G. DUFFIELD.

By permission of H. H. Duffield.

Naomi. C. M.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—3.

LOWELL MASON.

120

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise :

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend :  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE.

## St. Crispin. 8. 8. 8. 6.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—3.

G. J. ELVEY.

### 121

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

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.

C. ELLIOTT.

## Hughton. L. M.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—5.

### 122

HE leadeth me ! oh, blessed thought !  
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught !  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain :

He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !  
By His own hand He leadeth me !  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine :  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. GILMORE.

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# Portuguese Hymn, by M. Portugal.

11s. or Adeste Fideles.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. READING.

123

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word !  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 Fear not, I am with thee ; oh, be not dismayed !  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to His foes ;  
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to  
shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

G. KEITH.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11. 10.

KEY OF D♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

S. WEBBE.

### 124

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish ;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
“Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure.”

3 Here see the Bread of life ; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from  
above ;  
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

THOS. MOORE.

## Protection. 8s.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—5

J. PEARCE.

125

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,  
Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,  
My all to Thy covenant care,  
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me ;  
And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,  
Unseen, yet forever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,  
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul He delights to defend.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Boylston. S. M.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—5.

L. MASON.

126

BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Jesus' love :  
The fellowship of Christian minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one ;  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,  
Not like the world's, our pain ;  
But one in Christ, and one in heart,  
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

J. FAWCETT.

## Blessed Home. 6s.

KEY OF A<sub>7</sub>. FIRST NOTE—3.

J. STAMER.

127

THERE is a blessèd home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace :  
Good angels know it well ;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell ;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb Who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side !  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done !

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.

H. W. BAKER.

## Dawn.

KEY OF A<sub>7</sub>. FIRST NOTE—3.

E. P. PARKER.

128

- ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I am nearer my home to-day  
Than I ever have been before ;
- 2 Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea,  
Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the "many mansions" be ;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown ;
- 4 But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the deep and unknown stream  
To be crossed ere we reach the light.
- 5 Jesus, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of my faith :  
Let me feel Thee near when I stand  
On the edge of the shore of death ;
- 6 Feel Thee near when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink ;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think.

PHOEBE CARY.

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## Spoehr. C. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—5.

SPOHR.

129

- WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
    Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
    With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
    To Thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
    That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
    Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
    Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
    In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
    Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
    Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
    My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
    The gathering storms shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
    That heart will rest on Thee.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

## Salamis. P. M.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—1.

GREEK MELODY.

130

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,  
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;  
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,  
Kneel and adore Him : the Lord is His name.

- 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
High on His heart He will bear it for thee ;  
Comfort thy sorrows and answer thy prayerfulness ;  
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as  
thine ;  
Truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and  
fearfulness,  
He will accept for the Name that is dear ;  
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
Trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## Ariel. C. P. M.

KEY OF E $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—5.

FROM MOZART  
BY LOWELL MASON.

131

- O COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth  
Which in my Saviour shine,  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine ;  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne ;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face ;  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

## Christmas. C. M.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—3.

FROM HÄNDEL.

132

**A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## More Love. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—3.

T. E. PRENTISS.

133

**M**ORE love to Thee, O Christ!  
More love to Thee!  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest:  
Now Thee alone I seek;  
Give what is best:  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee!  
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
My love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

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## Greenville. 8. 7. 4.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

134

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound :  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound ;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

JOHN FAWCETT.

## Old Hundred. L. M.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—6.

G. FRANC.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghest.

THOMAS KEN.

# Chants



## Venite, exultemus Domino.

1 O come, let us sing | unto . the | Lord : let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

2 Let us come before his présence with | thanks . = | giving : and shów ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lórd is a | great . = | God : and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the córners | of the | earth : and the stréngth of the | hills is | his . = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it : and his hánds pre | pared . the | dry . = | land.

6 O come let us wórship and | fall . = | down : and knéel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For hé is the | Lord our | God : and we are the people of his pasture \* ánd the | sheep of | his . = | hand.

8 O worship the Lórd in the | beauty . of | holiness : let the whole eárrh | stand in | awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cómeth to | judge the | earth : and with righteousness to judge the wórld and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Fáther | and . to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end . = | A . = | men.

## Te Deum.

135

*F. f* We praise | thee O | God : we acknowl-  
edge | thee to | be the | Lord.

*F. 2* All the éarth doth | worship | thee : thé  
| Father | ever- | -lasting.

3 To thee all A'ngels | cry a- | -loud : the  
Héavens, and | all the | Powers there- | -in.

4 To thee Chérubin and | Seraph- | -in : cón-  
tinual- | -ly do | cry,

5 Hóly | Holy | Holy : Lórd | God of | Saba-  
| -oth ;

6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes- |  
-ty : óf | thy | Glo- | -ry.

7 The glorious cómpany | of . the A- | -pos-  
tles : praise | — | — | thee.

8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets :  
práise | — | — | thee.

<sup>2nd</sup>  
*part.* 9 The nóble | army . of | Martyrs : práise | —  
| — | thee.

10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the |  
world : dóth ac- | -know- | -ledge | thee ;

11 Thé | Fa- | -ther : óf an | infinite | Majes-  
| -ty ;

12 Thíne ad- | -orable | true : ánd | on- | —  
-ly | Son ;

13 A'lso the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com- |  
-fort- | -er.

14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory : O' | — |  
— | Christ.

15 Thou art the éver- | -lasting | Son : óf | —  
the | Fa- | -ther.

*mf* 16 When thou tookest upón thee to de- | -liver  
| man : thou didst humble thysélf to be | born | of  
a | Virgin.

17 When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness  
. of | death : thou didst open the Kíngdom of |  
Heaven to | all be- | -lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God :  
ín the | Glory | of the | Father.

19 We believe that | thou shalt | come : tó |  
be | our | Judge.

20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | ser-  
vants : whom thou hast redéemed | with thy |  
precious | blood.

21 Make them to be númered | with thy |  
Saints : ín | glory | ever- | -lasting.

22 O Lórd | save thy | people : ánd | bless  
thine | herit- | -age.

23 Góv- | — -ern | them : ánd | lift them | up  
for | ever.

*F. f* 24 Dáy | by | day : wé | magni- | -fy | thee ;

*F.* 25 A'nd we | worship . thy | Name : éver |  
world with- | -out | end.

*mf* 26 Vóuch- | -safe O | Lord : to kéepe us this  
| day with- | -out | sin.

27 O Lórd have | mercy . up- | -on us : háve  
| mer- | -cy up- | -on us.

28 O Lórd let thy mércy | be up- | -on us : ás  
our | trust | is in | thee.

29 O Lord in thée | have I | trusted : lét me |  
never | be con- | -founded.

These Chants are from the Cathedral Psalter by permission of Messrs.  
Novello, Ewer & Co.

## Gloria in Excelsis.

136

1 Glory be to | God on | high, | and on earth |  
peace, good- | will- - towards | men.

2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship  
| thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee  
for | thy great | glory.

3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, | God the |  
Father | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus |  
Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son | of the  
| Father,

5 That takest away the | sins- -of the | world,  
|| have mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins- -of the |  
world, || have mercy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins- -of the |  
world, re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God  
the | Father, | have mercy | upon | us.

9 For thou | only- -art | holy : || thou | only |  
art the | Lord :

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy |  
Ghost, || art most high in the | glory- -of | God the  
| Father, || A- | men.

## Benedictus.

137

*F. mf* Blessed be the Lórd | God of | Israel : for  
he hath vísited | and re- | deemed . his | people ;

*F.* 2 And hath raised up a míghty sal- | -vation | for  
us : in the hóuse | of his | servant | David ;

3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy |  
Prophets : which have béen | since the | world be-  
| -gan ;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies  
: and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us ;

5 To perform the mercy prómised | to our |  
forefathers : ánd to re- | -member . his | holy |  
Convenant ;

6 To perform the oath which he swáre to our  
| forefather | Abraham : thát | he would | give |  
us ;

7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of  
our | enemies : might sérve | him with- | -out |  
fear ;

8 In holiness and ríghteous- | -ness be- | -fore  
him : áll the | days | of our | life.

9 And thou Child shalt be called the Próphet  
| of the | Highest : for thou shalt go before the  
face of the Lórd | to pre- | pare his | ways ;

10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto . his  
| people : fór the re- | -mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God :  
whereby the day-spring fróm on | high hath | visited  
| us ;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness\*  
and ín the | shadow . of | death : and to guide our  
féet | into . the | way of | peace.

*F. f* Glory be to the Fáther, | and . to the | Son :  
ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*F.* As it was in the beginning\* is nów, and | ever  
| shall be : wórld wíthout | end. | A- | -men.

## Jubilate Deo.

138

PSALM C.

*f* O be joyful in the Lórd | all ye | lands : serve  
the Lord with gladness\* and come before his | pres-  
ence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lórd | he is | God : it is  
he that hath made us and not we ourselves\* we are  
his people, and the | sheep of | his | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanks-  
giving \* and into his | courts with | praise : be  
thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his  
| Name.

*mf* 4 For the Lord is gracious \* his mércy is |  
ever- | -lasting : and his truth endureth from géner-  
| -ation . to | gener- | -ation.

An asterisk (\*) is a direction to take breath.

## Magnificat.

139

*F. mf* My soul doth mágni- | -fy the | Lord : and  
my spirit háth re- | -joiced . in | God my | Saviour.

*F.* 2 Fór he | hath re- | -garded : the lówliness |  
of his | hand- | -maiden.

3 Fór be- | -hold from | henceforth : áll gen-  
er- | -ations . shall | call me | blessed.

4 For he that is mighty hath | magnified |  
me : ánd | holy | is his | Name.

<sup>2nd</sup>  
<sub>part.</sub> 5 And his mércy is on | them that | fear him :  
throughóut | all | gener- | -ations.

6 He hath showed stréngth | with his | arm :  
he hath scattered the proud in the imágin- | -ation |  
of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the míghty | from their |  
seat : and háth ex- | -alted . the | humble . and |  
meek.

8 He hath filled the húngry with | good |  
things : and the rích he hath | sent | empty .  
a- | -way.

9 He remembering his mercy hath hólpen his |  
servant | Israel : as he promised to our fore-  
fathers \* A'braham | and his | seed for | ever.

*F. f* Glory be to the Fáther, | and . to the | Son :  
ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*F.* As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever |  
shall be : wórld without | end. | A- | -men

## Cantate Domino.

140

PSALM XCVIII.

*F. f* O sing unto the Lórd a | new | song : for  
hé hath | done | marvellous | things.

*F. 2* With his own right hand \* and wíth his |  
holy | arm : háth he | gotten . him- | -self the |  
victory.

3 The Lord decláred | his sal- | -vation : his  
righteousness hath he openly shówed in the | sight |  
of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth,  
tóward the | house of | Israel : and all the ends of  
the world have séen the sal- | -vation | of our |  
God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lórd | all  
ye | lands : sing, re- | -jice and | give | thanks.

6 Praise the Lórd up- | -on the | harp : sing to  
the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks- | -giving.

7 With trúmpets | also and | shawms : O show  
yourselves jóyful be- | -fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise \* and áll that |  
therein | is : the round wórd, and | they that |  
dwell there- | -in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands \* and let  
the hills be joyful togéther be- | -fore the | Lord :  
fór he | cometh . to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteousness sháll he | judge the |  
world : ánd the | people | with | equity.

*F. f* Glory be to the Fáther, | and . to the | Son :  
ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*F.* As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and |  
ever | shall be : wórd without | end. | A- | -men.

## Bonum Est Confiteri.

141

PSALM XCII.

*f* It is a good thing to give thánks | unto . the |  
Lord : and to sing praises únto thy | Name | O  
most | Highest ;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness éarly | in the |  
morning : and of thy trúth | in the | night- | -sea-  
son ;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings \* ánd  
up- | -on the | lute : upon a loud instrument | ánd  
up- | -on the | harp.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glád |  
through thy | works : and I will rejoice in giving  
praise, for the óper- | ations | of thy | hands.

## Deus Misereatur.

142

PSALM LXVII.

*F. mf* God be merciful únto | us and | bless us :  
and show us the light of his countenance \* ánd be |  
merciful | unto | us ;

*F. 2* That thy way may be knówn up- | -on ||  
earth : thy sáving | health a- | -mong all | nations.

*F. 3* Let the people práise | thee O | God : yéa  
let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejóice | and be | glad : for  
thou shalt judge the folk righteously \* and góvern  
the | nations . up- | -on | earth.

*F. 5* Let the people práise thee | O | God : yéa  
let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the éarth bring | forth her | in-  
crease : and God, even our own Gód, shall | give |  
us his | blessing.

<sup>2nd</sup>  
<sup>part.</sup> 7 Gód | shall | bless us : and all the ends of  
the | world shall | féar | him.

*F. f* Glory be to the Fáther, | and . to the | Son :  
ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*F.* As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and |  
ever | shall be : wórld without | end. | A- | -men.

## Benedic Anima Mea.

143

PSALM CIII.

*F. f* Praise the Lórd | O my | soul : and all that  
is withín me | praise his | holy | Name.

*F. 2* Praise the Lórd | O my | soul : ánd for- | -get  
not | all his | benefits ;

3 Who forgíveth | all thy | sin : and héaleth |  
all | thine in- | -firmities ;

4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | -struction :  
and crowneth thee with | mercy . and | loving-  
-kindness ;

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his \* yé  
that ex- | -cel in | strength : ye that fulfil his com-  
mandment \* and hearken únto the | voice | of his |  
word.

6 O praise the Lórd, all | ye his | hosts : ye  
sérvants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

<sup>2nd</sup>  
<sub>part.</sub> 7 O speak good of the Lórd, all ye works of  
his \* in all pláces of | his do- | -minion : práise  
thou the | Lord | O my | soul.

*F. f* Glory be to the Fátter, | and . to the | Son :  
ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

*F.* As it was in the beginning \* is nów, and | ever |  
shall be : wórd without | end. | A- | -men.

## Psalm of Thanksgiving.

144

*F. f* O Praise the Lord \* for it is a good thing to sing praises | unto . our | God : yea a joyful and pleasant thing it | is to | be | thankful.

*F. 2* The Lord doth build | up Je- | -rusalem : and gather together the | out- | -casts of | Israel.

3 He healeth those that are | broken . in | heart : and giveth | medicine . to | heal their | sickness.

4 He telleth the number | of the | stars : and calleth them | all | by their | names.

5 Great is our Lord \* and great | is his | power : yea, and his | wisdom | is | infinite.

6 The Lord setteth | up the | meek : and bringeth the ungodly | down | to the | ground.

7 O sing unto the Lord with | thanks- | -giving : sing praises upon the | harp | unto . our | God.

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds \* and prepareth rain | for the | earth : and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains \* and herb | for the | use of | men.

9 Who giveth fodder | unto . the | cattle : and feedeth the young | ravens . that | call up- | -on him.

10 He hath no pleasure in the strength | of an | horse : neither delighteth | he in | any . man's | legs.

11 But the Lord's delight is in | them that | fear him : and put their | trust | in his | mercy.

12 Praise the Lord | O Je- | -rusalem : praise thy | God | O | Sion.

13 For he hath made fast the bars | of thy | gates : and hath | blessed . thy | children . with- | -in thee.

14 He maketh peace | in thy | borders : and filleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.

## Domini Est Terra.

PSALM XXIV.

145

*f* The earth is the Lord's \* and áll that | therein  
| is : the compass of the wórlđ, and | they that |  
dwell there- | -in.

2 For he hath fóunded it up- | -on the | seas :  
and prepared | it up- | -on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hÍll | of the |  
Lord : or who shall rise úp | in his | holy | place ?

4 Even he that hath clean hánds and a | pure  
| heart : and that hath not lift up his mind unto  
vanity\* nor swórn | to de- | -ceive his | neighbour.

5 He shall receive the bléssing | from the |  
Lord : and righteousness fróm the | God of | his  
sal- | -vation.

6 This is the generátion of | them that | seek  
him : even of thém that | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads O ye gates \* and be ye  
lift up ye éver- | -lasting | doors : and the KÍng |  
of | glory | shall come | in.

8 Whó is the | King of | glory : it is the Lord  
strong and mighty \* éven the | Lord | mighty . in  
| battle.

9 Lift up your heads O ye gates\* and be ye  
lift up ye éver- | -lasting | doors : and the KÍng of  
| glory | shall come | in.

10 Whó is the | King of | glory : even the  
Lord of hósts | he . is the | King of | glory.

## Dominus Regit Me.

PSALM XXIII.

146

1 The Lórd | is my | shepherd || I | shall— |  
— not | want.

2 He maketh me to lie dówn in | green— |  
pastures : || he léadeth me be- | -side the | still — |  
waters.

3 Hé re- | -storeth my | soul : || he leadeth me  
in the paths of ríghteousness | for his | name's— |  
sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of  
the shadow of déath, I will | fear no evil ; || for thou  
art with me ; thy ród and thy | staff, they | comfort  
| me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the  
présence | of mine | enemies ; || thou anointest my  
head with óil ; my | cup — | runneth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
áll the | days—of my | life, || and I will dwell in  
the hóuse of the | Lord for- | -ev— | -er.

PSALM CXXI.

147

1 I will lift up mine éyes | unto—the | hills, ||  
fróm | whence— | cometh—my | help.

2 My help cómeth | from the | Lord || which |  
made— | heaven—and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy fóot | to be | movéd ||  
hé that | keepeth—thee | will not | slumber.

4 Behold, hé that | keepeth | Israel || sháll |  
neither | slumber nor | sleep.

5 The Lórd | is thy | keeper ; || the Lord is thy  
sháde up- | -on thy | right— | hand.

6 The sun shall not smíte | thee by | day, ||  
nór the | moon— | by— | night.

7 The Lord shall presérve thee | from all | evil ;  
|| hé | shall pre- | -serve thy | soul.

8 The Lórd shall preserve thy going óut and  
thy | com-ing | in ; || from this time fórth, and |  
even—for- | -ev - er- | -more.

PSALM XIX.

148

The heavens decláre the | glory . of | God :  
and the fírmament | sheweth . his | handy- | -work.

2 One dáy | telleth . an- | -other : and one  
níght | certi- | -fieth . an- | -other.

3. There is neíther | speech nor | language :  
bút their | voices . are | heard a- | -mong them.

4 Their sound is gone óut into | all | lands :  
and their wórds into the | ends | of the | world.

5 In them hath he set a tábernacle | for the |  
sun : which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of  
his chamber \* and rejóiceth as a | giant . to | run  
his | course.

6 It goeth forth from the uttermost part of  
the heaven \* and runneth about unto the énd of |  
it a- | -gain : and there is nothing híd | from the |  
heat there- | -of.

7 The law of the Lord is an undefiled lów,  
con- | -verting . the | soul : the testimony of the  
Lord is sure \* and gívethe | wisdom | unto . the |  
simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are ríght and re- |  
-joice the | heart : the commandment of the Lord  
is pure \* and gívethe | light | unto . the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is cléan and en- | -dur-  
eth . for | ever : the judgments of the Lord are  
trúe, and | righteous | alto- | -gether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold \* yéa  
than | much fine | gold : sweeter álso than | honey |  
and the | honeycomb.

11 Moreover, by thém is thy | servant | taught :  
and in kéeing of them | there is | great re- |  
-ward.

*mp* 12 Who can téll how | oft . he of- | -fendeth :  
O cleanse thou mé | from my | secret | faults.

13 Keep thy servant also from presumptuous  
sins \* lest they get the domínion | over | me : so

shall I be undefiled, and innocent | from the |  
great of- | -fence.

14 Let the words of my mouth \* and the medi-  
tation | of my | heart : be álway ac- | ceptable | in  
thy | sight,

15 O' |— | Lord : my | strength and ! my re- |  
-deemer.

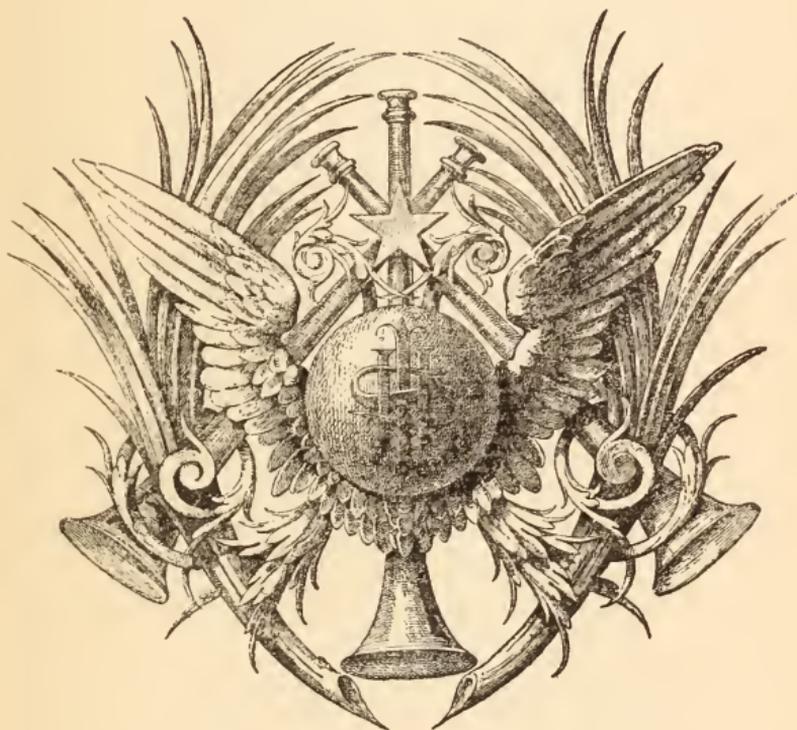
## The Lord's Prayer.

CHANT.

149

OUR Father, who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name,  
Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done on earth  
As it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive those who trespass against us;  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil,  
For thine is the kingdom,  
And the power, and the glory,  
Forever and ever. Amen.

# Patriotic Selections





## Blest of God.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

J. TROWBRIDGE.

150

- B**LEST of God, the God of Nations,  
Hail! Columbia! Hail to thee!  
Let the lips of happy millions  
Sound the notes of Jubilee!  
Northern breezes waft the anthem!  
South winds blowing, swell the strain!  
While the Rockies catch the echo,  
Sending back the glad refrain.
- 2 Faith, a pilgrim, rocked thy cradle,  
By the sullen, wintry sea,  
And the patriot arm of valor  
From each foe defended thee.  
Dews of youth still brightly sparkle  
On thy brow so queenly fair,  
Yet what name, in song or story,  
Can to-day with thine compare?
- 3 Starry banners, proudly waving,  
Greet the rosy morning light,  
From Katahdin's cloud-capp'd summit,  
To Tacoma's snow-crown'd height,  
Fertile plains and teeming waters  
Fill thy lap with wealth untold,  
But thy children's fond devotion  
Far outweighs thy treasured gold.
- 4 Filial souls, with love adore thee,  
Where the palmettos arch the glade,  
Loyal sons proclaim thy glory,  
'Neath the mountain pine-tree shade:  
One in heart, with voices blending,  
North and South, your tribute raise!  
Sound aloud the mighty chorus!  
Shout! O shout! Columbia's praise!

GRANVILLE PUTNAM.

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## America.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

HENRY CAREY.

151

MY country ! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing ;  
Land where my fathers died !  
Land of the pilgrims' pride !  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring !

2 My native country, thee—  
Land of the noble free—  
Thy name I love !  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet freedom's song ;  
Let mortal tongues awake ;  
Let all that breathe partake ;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God ! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing ;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light ;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King !

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

## The Star Spangled Banner.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—5.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

152

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's  
last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the  
perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly  
streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in  
air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still  
there.

CHORUS.

Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the  
deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering  
steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first  
beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream :

CHORUS.

'Tis the star-spangled banner: Oh, long may it  
wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps'  
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the  
grave :

CHORUS.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth  
wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their loved home and wild war's desola-  
tion ;

Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n res-  
cued land

Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved  
us a nation !

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto : " In God is our trust ! "

CHORUS.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.

## Hail, Columbia.

KEY OF G. FIRST NOTE—1.

—PHYL.

153

**H**AIL, Columbia! happy land!  
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band!  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.  
Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altars reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty!  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,  
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;  
While offering peace sincere and just,  
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,  
That truth and justice shall prevail,  
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be, etc.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

## The Red, White and Blue.

KEY OF A ♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

D. F. SHAW.

154

OH, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee ;  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When Liberty's Form stands in view ;  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white and blue,

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue,  
When borne by the red, white and blue,  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,  
And threaten'd the land to deform,  
The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm :  
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,  
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
With her flag proudly floating before her,  
The boast of the red, white and blue,

The star spangled banner bring hither,  
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave ;  
May the wreaths they have won never wither,  
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave ;  
May the service united ne'er sever,  
But hold to their colors so true ;  
The army and navy forever,  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

# The Breaking Waves Dashed High.

KEY OF D. FIRST NOTE—5.

ARR. MISS BROWNE.

155

- THE breaking waves dash'd high,  
T On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
The woods against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed ;  
The heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark  
On wild New England's shore.
- 2 Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted came ;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
Or trump that sings of fame,  
Nor as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear,  
They shook the depths of deserts gloom  
With hymns of lofty cheer.
- 3 Amid the storm they sang,  
The stars heard and the sea !  
The sounding aisles of woodland rang  
With anthems of the free.  
The ocean eagle soared  
O'er rolling wave's white foam,  
The rocking pines in forest roar'd,  
To bid them welcome home.
- 4 What sought they thus afar ?  
Bright jewels of the mine ?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine !  
Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod :  
They left unstained what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

# March of the Men of Columbia.

KEY OF A $\flat$ . FIRST NOTE—1.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

156

FROM the hillside, from the hollow,  
Do you hear like rushing billow,  
Wave on wave, that surging follow,  
Till they shake the ground?  
Hail this day of happy omen,  
'Tis the tramp of gath'ring freemen,  
Labor's hosts of sturdy yeomen,  
Swell th' exulting sound.  
Loose the folds asunder,  
Flag we rally under ;  
The placid sky, now bright on high,  
We'll rend with shouts like thunder.

CHORUS.

Onward press, our country needs us ;  
Onward press, 'tis glory leads us ;  
Hark ! the watchword high that speeds us,  
Freedom, God, and Right.

Lo ! the tyrant's days are numbered,  
Liberty no longer slumbers,  
Error dark no longer cumbers,  
Risen is the sun.  
North and south, fell hate defying,  
East and west, with love undying,  
All in friendship true are vieing,  
Firmly bound in one.  
Louder swell the chorus,  
Till the welkin o'er us  
Reflects again the joyous strain,  
And discord flies before us.

CHORUS.

Onward press, our country, etc.

H. A. CLARKE.

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# Battle Hymn of the Republic.

KEY OF B♭. FIRST NOTE—5.

157

**M**INE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord ;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
of wrath are stored ;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible  
swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Glory! glory! Hal-  
lelujah!  
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching  
on.

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

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! etc.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows  
of steel ;  
“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my  
grace shall deal ;  
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent  
with his heel,”  
Since God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! etc.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgment seat ;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,  
my feet !  
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory ! glory ! etc.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across  
the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you  
and me ;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make  
men free,  
While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory ! glory ! etc.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

# Long Live America.

KEY OF B $\flat$  FIRST NOTE—5.

W. H. PONTIUS.

158

AMERICA, so proud and free,  
My song, my heart I give to thee!  
Full high thy brave, strong wing has won,  
Thine eagle eye is on the sun;  
Still upward be thy heav'nward flight,  
Still upward mount, till lost in light,  
Still upward mount, till lost in light,

CHORUS.

America, so proud and free,  
My song, my heart I give to thee;  
Long live, long live America!  
Long live, long live America!

Thou art so sweet in thy repose,  
The world thy friend, abashed thy foes;  
Thou seekest not the battle plain,  
Thy fields wave with the golden grain;  
The sheaves which thou dost garner in,  
Come with the harvest's merry din,  
Come with the harvest's merry din.

CHORUS.

America, so proud and free, etc.

America, so proud and free,  
I give my song, my heart to thee!  
Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly  
In every clime, 'neath every sky;  
Still rise a yeomen race to stand,  
For God and home, and native land.

CHORUS.

America, so proud and free, etc.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

By permission of the author.

## Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—5.

159

COVER them over with beautiful flow'rs,  
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of  
ours,  
Lying so silent by night and by day,  
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.  
Give them the meed they have won in the past ;  
Give them the honors their future forecast ;  
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife ;  
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

CHORUS.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over,  
Parent and husband, brother and lover,  
Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours,  
Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,  
Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die ;  
Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray ;  
Hearts that have yearned for the home far away.  
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,  
Now their great souls have gone soaring above ;  
Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,  
Then in her bosom they found them a grave.

CHORUS.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over,  
Parent and husband, brother and lover,  
Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours,  
Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away,  
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day.  
They, who in mountain and hill-side and dell,  
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.  
Softly the grass-blades creep round their repose ;  
Sweetly above them the wild flowret blows ;  
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,  
Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.

CHORUS.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over,  
Parent and husband, brother and lover,  
Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours,  
Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs.

When the long years have rolled slowly away,  
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day ;  
When, at the angel's loud trumpet and tread,  
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead.  
When the great world its last judgment awaits ;  
When the blue sky shall fling open its gates,  
And our long columns march silently through,  
Past the Great Captain for final review.

CHORUS.

Blessings for garlands shall cover them over,  
Parent and husband, brother and lover,  
God will reward those dead heroes of ours,  
Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs.

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# The Watch by the Rhine.

KEY OF C. FIRST NOTE—1.

CARD WILHELM.

160

A CRY is heard like thunder sound ;  
The clash of swords, the waves rebound—  
On to the Rhine, our river free !  
Who will its brave defenders be ?

CHORUS.

Dear Fatherland, may peace be thine !  
Dear Fatherland, may peace be thine !  
Fast stands and sure the watch, the watch by  
the Rhine,  
Fast stands and sure the watch, the watch by  
the Rhine.

A myriad voices join the cry,  
A myriad glances flash reply,  
Each German, honest, true, and bold,  
The sacred boundary will hold !

Chorus. Dear Fatherland, etc.

To heav'n his eager glances fly,  
Whence heroes gaze approvingly,  
And swears, with haughty pride, the Rhine  
Shall German be while life is mine !

Chorus. Dear Fatherland, etc.

The oath resounds, the stream runs by,  
The banners flutter out on high.  
On to the Rhine, our river free !  
We all will its defenders be !

Chorus. Dear Fatherland, etc,

MAX SCHENKENBERGER.

## Marseilles.

KEY OF A. FIRST NOTE—5.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

161

YE sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise.  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and pow'r unbounded,  
To mete and vend the light and air.  
To mete and vend the light and air.  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.

# Austrian National Hymn.

KEY OF F. FIRST NOTE—1.

FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

162

**L**AND of greatness! Home of glory!  
Mighty birthplace of the free;  
Famed alike in song and story!  
All thy sons shall honor thee.  
North and South are firmly banded,  
East and West as one unite!  
All by honor well commanded,  
Strong in striving for the right,  
All by honor well commanded,  
Strong in striving for the right.

2 Noble deeds of old inspiring,  
Ev'ry heart with lofty aim,  
Now our emulation firing,  
Lead us on to greater fame.  
So shall love and truth unshaken,  
Sturdy courage, honest worth,  
Mighty echoes still awaken,  
To the farthest bounds of earth,  
Mighty echoes still awaken,  
To the farthest bounds of earth.

3 Homes by safe defence surrounded,  
Rights which make our freedom sure,  
Laws on equal justice founded,  
These will loyalty secure.  
While with love and zeal unceasing,  
We are joining heart and hand,  
Shine, in brightness yet increasing,  
Shine, O dearest Fatherland,  
Shine, in brightness yet increasing,  
Shine, O dearest Fatherland.

A. J. FOXWELL.

## Russian National Air.

KEY OF E. FIRST NOTE—5.

ALEXIS LVOFF.

163

GOD the All-terrible! King, who ordainest  
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings  
Thy sword:

Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou  
reignest;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken  
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;

Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

3 God the All-righteous One! Man hath defied  
Thee;

Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;

Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside  
Thee;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening  
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;  
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is  
hastening;

Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

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