

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK  
OF HYMNS



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THE CHILDREN'S  
BOOK OF HYMNS







*Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts.*



# THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF HYMNS

*With Illustrations by*  
CICELY M. BARKER



FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY  
NEW YORK CHICAGO

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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*The Children's Book of Hymns* is the outcome of a wish to provide for the home a collection of hymns worthy to be treasured through life.

The illustrations by Miss Cicely M. Barker, in color and in line, speak for themselves.

The suggestion to issue such a book came from Miss Margaret Weed of Jacksonville, Florida, to whom, with the illustrator and her sister, Miss Dorothy O. Barker, is due the selection of hymns to be included.

*To the Memory of*  
*ALICE DORRANCE BANCROFT*

*In Appreciation of her*  
*Vision and Love of little Children*

*This book is dedicated*

*“ Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee.”*

# LIST OF HYMNS

IN ALPHABETIC ORDER

	Hymn No.
Above the Clear Blue Sky - - - - -	2
All Glory, Laud, and Honour - - - - -	17
All People that on Earth do Dwell - - - - -	6
All Things Bright and Beautiful - - - - -	1
Around the Throne of God - - - - -	37
As with Gladness - - - - -	12
Away in a Manger - - - - -	10
Christ for the World - - - - -	23
Do No Sinful Action - - - - -	29
Eternal Father, Strong to Save - - - - -	44
Fairest Lord Jesus - - - - -	3
Fight the Good Fight - - - - -	33
For all the Saints - - - - -	47
Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken - - - - -	25
God is Working His Purpose Out - - - - -	27
Golden Harps are Sounding - - - - -	22
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing - - - - -	8
Holy, Holy, Holy - - - - -	46
Hushed was the Evening Hymn - - - - -	31
I Love to Hear the Story - - - - -	15
I Think when I Read - - - - -	16
Jesus Bids Us Shine - - - - -	28
Jesus Calls Us; o'er the Tumult - - - - -	26

## LIST OF HYMNS

	Hymn No.
Jesus Christ is Risen To-day - - - - -	20
Jesus Lives! Thy Terrors Now - - - - -	21
Jesus, Tender Shepherd - - - - -	42
Love Divine - - - - -	24
Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep - - - - -	39
Nearer, my God, to Thee - - - - -	32
Now Thank We All Our God - - - - -	5
Now the Day is Over - - - - -	40
O Come, all ye Faithful - - - - -	13
O God, our Help in Ages Past - - - - -	49
O Jesus, Thou art Standing - - - - -	30
O Little Town of Bethlehem - - - - -	9
Once in Royal David's City - - - - -	11
Onward, Christian Soldiers - - - - -	34
Praise the Lord! Ye Heav'ns, Adore Him - - - - -	45
Saw you never in the Twilight - - - - -	14
Stand up, Stand up, for Jesus - - - - -	48
Sun of my Soul - - - - -	43
The Day Thou Gavest - - - - -	41
The King of Love - - - - -	36
There is a Green Hill Far Away - - - - -	18
Thou didst leave Thy Throne - - - - -	19
Through the Night Thy Angels Kept - - - - -	38
We are Soldiers of Christ - - - - -	35
We Plough the Fields - - - - -	4
While Shepherds Watched - - - - -	7

*For INDEX OF TUNES see page 83*

## LIST OF COLOR PLATES

	Page
Accept the gifts we offer For all Thy love imparts    -   -   -   -   -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
How great is God Almighty, Who has made all things well    -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	15
All glory be to God on high, - And in the earth be peace -    -   -   -   -   -   -   -	23
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay -   -   -   -   -   -   -	29
As they offered gifts most rare At Thy cradle rude and bare        -   -   -   -   -   -   -	33
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me -   -   -   -   -	37
. . . Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!    -   -   -   -   -	45
Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring    -   -   -   -   -   -   -	49
As of old Saint Andrew heard it By the Galilean lake        -   -   -   -   -   -   -	53
Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God -    -   -   -   -   -   -	61
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep    -   -   -   -   -   -   -	69
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy little lamb to-night -   -   -   -   -   -   -	73

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THE CHILDREN'S  
BOOK OF HYMNS

# 1. All Things Bright and Beautiful

GREYSTONE. (6.7.6.7. D., with refrain.)

W. R. WAGHORNE, 1906,

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all. *Fine.*

*The remaining verses begin here.*

Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings,

He made their glow - ing col - ours, He made their ti - ny wings. *D.C.*

(By permission of The H. W. Gray Company)

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning  
That brightens up the sky;  
*All things bright and beautiful, &c.*

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
We gather every day;  
*All things bright and beautiful, &c.*

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one;  
*All things bright and beautiful, &c.*

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.  
*All things bright and beautiful, &c.*

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-95).



*How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.*

## 2. Above the Clear Blue Sky

CHILDREN'S VOICES. (6666. 4444.)

*In moderate time.*

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1818-1901.

A - bove the clear blue sky, In hea - ven's bright a - bode,

The an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God: Al - le -

lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King, Al - le - lu - ia!

(Copyright. By permission of A. Weekes & Co., Ltd., London, on behalf of the Executors of the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins.)

But God from children's tongues  
On earth receiveth praise;  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise:

Alleluia!

We too will sing to God our King  
Alleluia!

O blessèd Lord, Thy truth  
To all Thy flock impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia!

Then shall we sing to God our King  
Alleluia!

O may Thy holy Word  
Spread all the world around!  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound  
Alleluia!

All then shall sing to God their King  
Alleluia!

John Chandler (1806-76).

### 3. Fairest Lord Jesus

ST. ELIZABETH. (568. 558.)

LEIPZIG, 1842.

Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of

God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish,

Thee will I hon - our, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.

(By permission of Dr. David Evans.)

Fair are the meadows,  
Fairer still the woodlands,  
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:  
Jesus is fairer,  
Jesus is purer,  
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,  
Fairer still the moonlight,  
And all the twinkling, starry host:  
Jesus shines brighter,  
Jesus shines purer,  
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon.

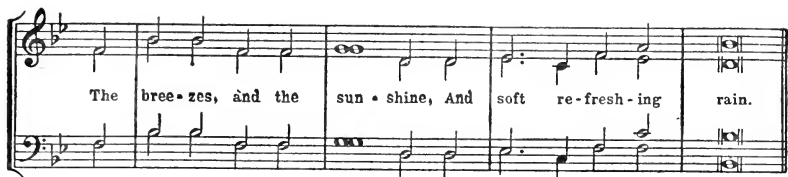


## 4. We Plough the Fields

DRESDEN. (76. 76. D. and refrain).

*In moderate time.*

JOHANN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULZ, 1747-1800.

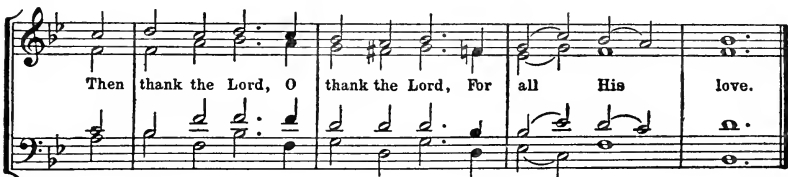


The bree-zes, and the sun • shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain.

REFRAIN.



All good gifts a - round us Are sent from Heav'n a - bove,



Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love.

He only is the Maker  
 Of all things near and far;  
 He paints the wayside flower;  
 He lights the evening star;  
 The winds and waves obey Him;  
 By Him the birds are fed;  
 Much more to us, His children,  
 He gives our daily bread.  
 All good gifts, &c.

We thank Thee then, O Father,  
 For all things bright and good,  
 The seed-time and the harvest,  
 Our life, our health, our food;  
 Accept the gifts we offer  
 For all Thy love imparts,  
 And, what Thou most desirest,  
 Our humble, thankful hearts.  
 All good gifts, &c.

*M. Claudius.*  
 (Translated by Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817-78).)

# 5. Now Thank We All Our God

*NUN DANKET.* (67. 67. 66. 66.)

*Very slow.*

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598-1662.

Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces,

Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joi - ces;

Who from our mo - ther's arms Hath bless'd us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

Oh may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessèd peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed;  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.



All praise and thanks to God,  
 The Father, now be given,  
 The Son, and Him Who reigns  
 With Them in highest heaven,  
 The One eternal God  
 Whom earth and heaven adore,  
 For thus it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

*Martin Rinkart (1586-1649).  
 (Translated by Catherine Winkworth (1829-78).)*

## 6. All People that on Earth do Dwell

OLD 100th. (L.M.)

FRENCH PSALTER, 1551.

*Slow and dignified.*

All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed:  
 Without our aid He did us make:  
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,  
 Approach with joy His courts unto;  
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;  
 His mercy is for ever sure;  
 His truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.

*William Kethe (c. 1593).*

## 7. While Shepherds Watched

WINCHESTER. (C. M.)

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

The second system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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

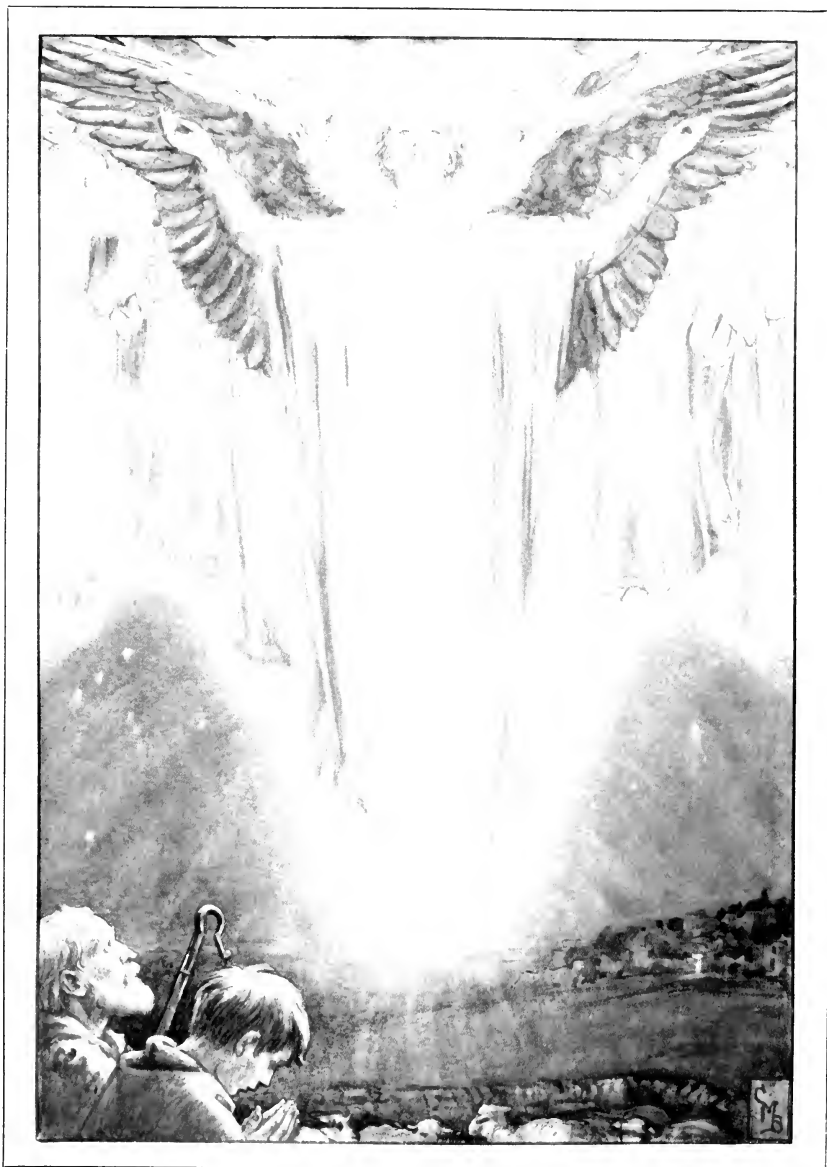
“To you in David’s town this day  
Is born of David’s line  
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.”

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

“All glory be to God on high,  
And in the earth be peace;  
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men  
Begin and never cease.”

*Nahum Tate (1652-1715).*



*All glory be to God on high,  
And in the earth be peace.*

# 8. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

BETHLEHEM. (77. 77. D. and refrain).

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809-47.

*In moderate time.*

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King,

The first system of musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King,"

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled."

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;"

With the an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the hymn. The melody ends with a final cadence in the treble clef, and the accompaniment ends with a final cadence in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "With the an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

## REFRAIN

*Unison.*

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King.

*Org.*

The musical score is written for voice and organ. The voice part is in a single line (unison) and the organ part is in two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King." The organ part provides accompaniment for the voice.

*(By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.)*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord,  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
 Hail, the Incarnate Deity!  
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
 Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and Life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.  
 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.  
 Hark! the herald angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King.

*Charles Wesley (1707-88).*

# 9. O Little Town of Bethlehem

ST. LOUIS. (7.6.8.6. D.)

LEWIS H. REDNER, 1868.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Where children pure and happy  
Pray to the blessèd Child,  
Where misery cries out to Thee,  
Son of the mother mild;  
Where charity stands watching,  
And faith holds wide the door,  
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,  
And Christmas comes once more.

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;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

*Phillips Brooks (1835-93).*



## 10. Away in a Manger

CRADLE SONG. (11 11. 11 11).

WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1838-1921.

*Moderately slow. Unison.*

A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The lit-tle Lord

Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.

(By permission of the Hope Publishing Co.)

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,  
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

*Anon.*





*The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.*

# 11. Once in Royal David's City

IRBY. (87. 87. 77.)

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT. 1805-76.

*In moderate time.*

Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,

Where a mo - ther laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:

Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

He came down to earth from heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

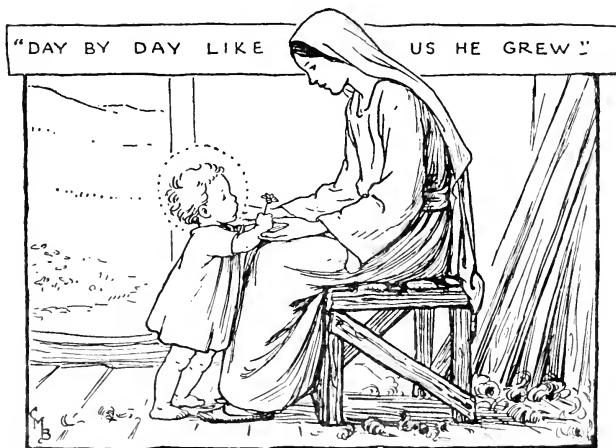
And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
He would honour and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
In whose gentle arms He lay;  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern;  
Day by day like us He grew;  
He was little, weak and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.

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

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

*Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-95).*



## 12. As with Gladness

*DIX.* (77. 77. 77.)

CONRAD KOCHER, 1786 - 1872

*In moderate time.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has five measures, and the second system has five measures. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold;  
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we E - ver - more be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,  
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare  
At Thy cradle rude and bare,  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

*William Chatterton Dix (1837-98).*



*As they offered gifts most rare  
At Thy cradle rude and bare.*

# 13. O Come, all ye Faithful

ADESTE FIDELES. (Irr.)  
In moderate time.

18th Century

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

come ye to Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him

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

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

God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created;  
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Glory to God  
In the highest;  
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

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

*Eighteenth Century.*  
(Translated by Frederick Oakeley (1802-80).)

# 14. Saw you never in the Twilight

THE WISE MEN. (ADVENT) (8.7.8.7. D.)

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1881.

Saw you nev - er, in the twi - light, When the sun had left the skies,

Up in heav'n the clear stars shi - ning Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes?

So of old the wise men, watch - ing, Saw a lit - tle stran - ger star,

And they knew the King was giv - en, And they foll - owed it from far.

(By permission of Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.)

Heard you never of the story  
 How they crossed the desert wild,  
 Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
 Till they found the holy Child?  
 How they opened all their treasure,  
 Kneeling to that infant King;  
 Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
 Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not that lowly baby  
 Was the bright and morning Star?  
 He who came to light the Gentiles,  
 And the darkened isles afar?  
 And we, too, may seek His cradle;  
 There our hearts' best treasures bring;  
 Love, and faith, and true devotion  
 For our Saviour, God, and King.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-95).

# 15. I Love to Hear the Story

NYLAND. (76. 76. D.)  
*Moderately slow.*

Finnish Hymn Melody.

I love to hear the sto - ry Which an gel voi - ces tell,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

I am both weak and sin - ful; But this I sure - ly know,

The Lord came down to save me Be - cause He loved me so.

I'm glad my blessèd Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be;  
And, if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so.

To sing His love and mercy  
My sweetest songs I'll raise;  
And, though I cannot see Him,  
I know He hears my praise;  
For He has kindly promised  
That even I may go  
To sing among His angels,  
Because He loves me so.

*Emily Huntington Miller (1833-1913).*





*I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me.*

# 16. I Think when I Read

SALAMIS. (Irr.)

*In moderate time.*

Greek Air:

I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong

men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should

like to have been with them then; I — wish that His hands had been

placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me, — And that

I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love;  
And, if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest and brightest and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

*Jemima Luke (1813-1906).*

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## 17. All Glory, Laud, and Honour

*ST. THEODULPH.* (76. 76. D.)

*Slow and majestic.*

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, c. 1615.

All glo - ry, laud, and ho - nour To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring!

Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.

*All glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring!*  
The company of Angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created make reply.

*All glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring!*  
The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went,  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.

*All glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring!*  
To Thee before Thy Passion  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee now high exalted  
Our melody we raise.

*All glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring!*  
Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

*All glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring!*

*St. Theodulph of Orleans (c. 821).  
(Translated by John Mason Neale (1818-66).)*

# 18. There is a Green Hill Far Away

HORSLEY. (C M.)

WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1774-1858.

*In moderate time.*

There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming Blood,  
And try His works to do.

*Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-95).*

# 19. Thou didst leave Thy Throne

MARGARET. (Irr.)

TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1826-1910.

*In moderate time.*

Thou didst leave Thy throne And Thy king-ly crown When Thou cam-est on earth for me,  
 But in Beth-le-hem's home Was there found no room For Thy ho-ly Na-tiv-i-ty:  
 O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus; There is room in my heart for Thee.

(By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.)

Heaven's arches rang  
 When the angels sang,  
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree;  
 But of lowly birth  
 Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,  
 And in great humility:  
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest,  
 And the bird its nest  
 In the shade of the forest tree;  
 But Thy couch was the sod,  
 O Thou Son of God,  
 In the deserts of Galilee;  
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord,  
 With the living word  
 That should set Thy people free;  
 But, with mocking scorn,  
 And with crown of thorn,  
 They bore Thee to Calvary:  
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;  
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

When heaven's arches ring,  
 And her choirs shall sing,  
 At Thy coming to victory,  
 Let Thy voice call me home,  
 Saying, "Yet there is room,  
 There is room at My side for thee!"  
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
 When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott (1836-97).

## 20. Jesus Christ is Risen To-day

WORGAN. (Four 7's with Alleluia.)

Altered from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

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

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

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

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

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

Alleluia!

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

Alleluia!

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

*Latin, Fourteenth Century.*

(Translated by Tate and Brady, 1698. Stanza 4, Charles Wesley.)





... Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

# 21. Jesus Lives! Thy Terrors Now

ST. ALBINUS. (78. 78. and Hallelujah.)

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-76.

*In moderate time.*

Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can, O Death, no more ap - pal us; Je - sus

lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thral us. Al - le - lu - ia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given;  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia!

*Christian F. Gellert (1715-69).  
(Translated by Frances Elizabeth Cox (1812-97).)*

## 22. Golden Harps are Sounding

HERMAS. (65. 65. D. and refrain.)  
Brightly.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-79.

Golden harps are sounding, An-gel voi-ces ring, Pear-ly gates are o-pened,

O-pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of Love,

REFRAIN.

Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is en-ded,

Joy-ful-ly we sing: Je-sus hath as-cen-ded! Glo-ry to our King!

He Who came to save us,  
He Who bled and died,  
Now is crowned with glory  
At His Father's side.  
Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die,  
Jesus, King of Glory,  
Is gone up on high.

Praying for His children,  
In that blessèd place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace,  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you,  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-79).

(Music and words by permission of James Nisbet & Co., Ltd.)

## 23. Christ for the World

KIRBY BEDON. (6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.)

EDWARD BUNNETT, 1887.

Christ for the world we sing!— The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing  
zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o-ver-borne,  
Sin-sick and sor-row-worn,— Whom Christ doth heal.

(By permission of The Congregational Union of England and Wales.)

Christ for the world we sing!  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With fervent prayer;  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost  
From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing!  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing!  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.



*Christ for the world we sing!  
The world to Christ we bring.*

## 24. Love Divine

LOVE DIVINE. (8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

GEORGE F. LE JEUNE, 1842-1904.

Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

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

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

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

(By permission of The H. W. Gray Company.)

Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy life receive;  
 Come to us, dear Lord, and never,  
 Never more Thy temples leave.  
 Thee we would be always blessing;  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;  
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

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

Charles Wesley (1707-88).

# 25. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken

AUSTRIAN HYMN. (87. 87. D.)

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN, 1732-1809.

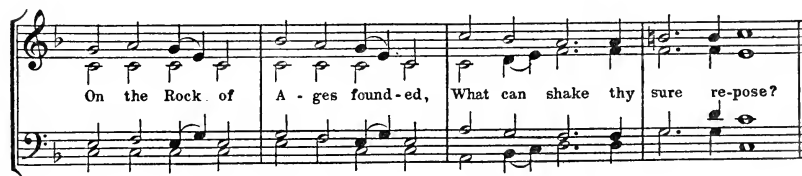
*Moderately slow.*



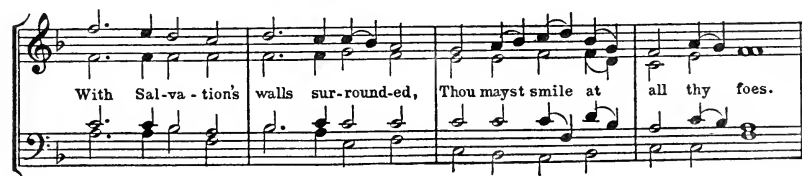
Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God.



He whose word cannot be broken Form'd Thee for His own abode.



On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?



With Salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

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 while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;  
Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age?

Saviour, since of Zion's city  
I, through grace, a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy Name.  
Fading is the world's best pleasure,  
All its boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

*John Newton (1725-1807).*

## 26. Jesus Calls Us; o'er the Tumult

GALILEE. (8. 7. 8. 7.)

WILLIAM H. JUDE, 1887.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea,". The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, 'Chris-tian, fol-low Me:'". The music is in a 3/2 time signature and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat).

(By permission of Reid Bros., Limited)

As of old Saint Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

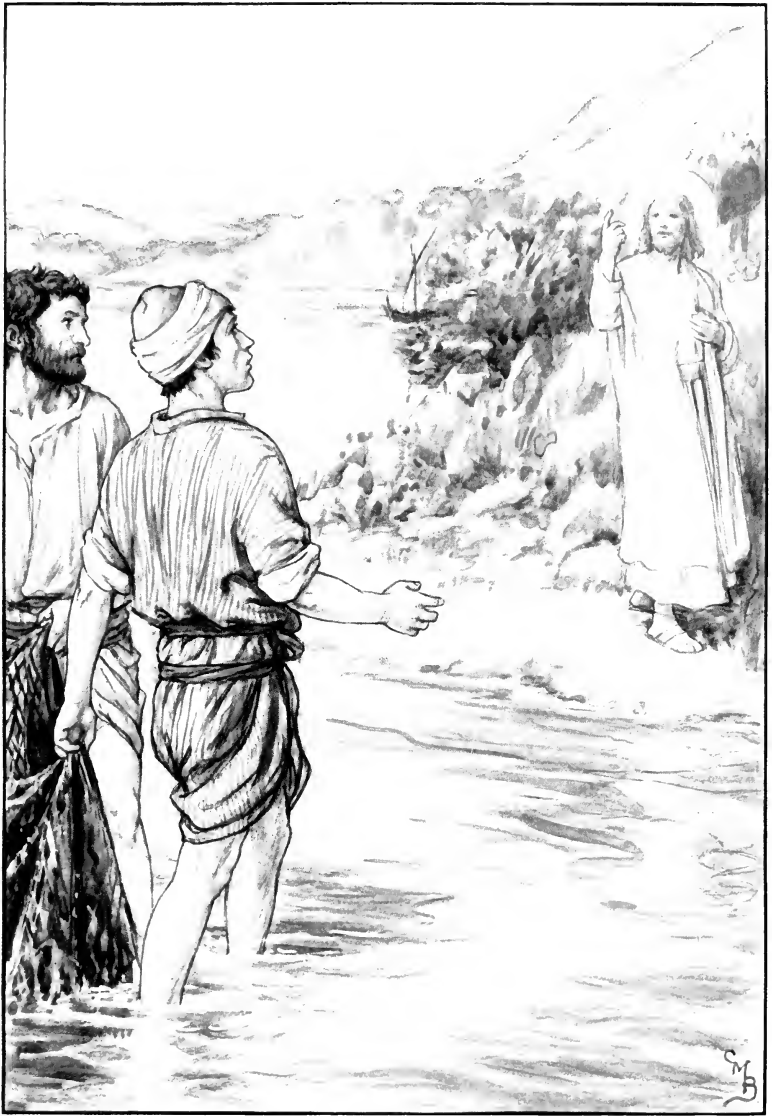
Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, " Christian, love Me more ".

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
" That we love Him more than these ".

Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-95).





*As of old Saint Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake.*

# 27. God is Working His Purpose Out

*BENSON.* (Irreg.)

*In moderate time*  $\text{♩} = 84.$

M. D. KINGHAM.

v. 1, 5.

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

God is work-ing His pur - pose out, and the time is draw-ing near.\*

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

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

\* For verses 2 and 5.

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

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

March we forth in the strength of God, with the banner of Christ unfurled,  
That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine throughout the world:

ight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,  
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

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

Arthur Campbell Ainger (1841-1919).

(Music and words by permission of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

## 28. Jesus Bids Us Shine

LUMETTO. (55. 65. 64. 64.)

*In moderate time.*

UNISON.

EDWARD ARTHUR, 1974 -

Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lit-tle candle burning in the night.

In this world is darkness; So let us shine, You in your small corner and I in mine.

(From the Revised Church Hymnary. By permission of the Oxford University Press.)

Jesus bids us shine,  
First of all for Him;  
Well He sees and knows it,  
If our light grows dim:  
He looks down from heaven  
To see us shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,  
Then, for all around;  
Many kinds of darkness  
In the world are found—  
Sin, and want, and sorrow;  
So we must shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

Susan Warner (1819-85).

## 29. Do No Sinful Action

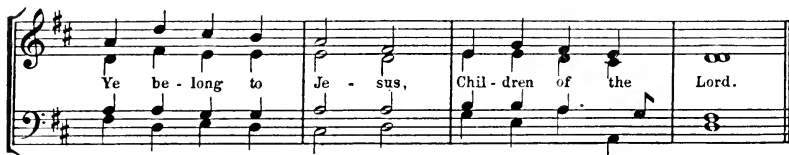
NEWLAND. (6.5.6.5)

*Brightly.*

T. ARMSTRONG.



Do no sin - ful ac - tion. Speak no ang - ry word.



Ye be - long to Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,  
Christ is pure and true;  
And His little children  
Must be holy too.

There 's a wicked spirit  
Watching round you still,  
And he tries to tempt you  
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,  
Though 't is hard for you  
To resist the evil,  
And the good to do.

Christ is your own Master,  
He is good and true,  
And His little children  
Must be holy too.

*Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-95).*

# 30. O Jesus, Thou art Standing

JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1799.  
EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871.

ST. HILDA. (7. 6. 7. 6. D.)

O Je-sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door,

In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the thres-hold o'er:

Shame on us, Christ-ian broth-ers, His name and sign who bear:

O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him stand-ing—there!

O Jesus, 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!

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

*William Walsham How (1823-97).*

# 31. Hushed was the Evening Hymn

SAMUEL. (66. 66. 88.)

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

*In moderate time.*

Hushed was the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark, The

lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark, When

sud-den-ly a voice Di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine.

(By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.)

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

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

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

O give me Samuel's mind,  
 A sweet un-murm'ring faith,  
 Obedient and resigned  
 To Thee in life and death,  
 That I may read with child-like eyes  
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James Drummond Burns (1823-64).

# 32. Nearer, My God, to Thee

BETHANY. (6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.)

LOWELL MASON, 1856.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross  
That 'rais - eth me, Still all my song would be, Near - er, my  
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

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

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

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

*Sarah Flower Adams (1805-48).*

### 33. Fight the Good Fight

PENTECOST. (L.M.)

WILLIAM BOYD, 1864.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Fight the Good Fight'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: 'Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown eternally.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

(By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.)

Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

*John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-75).*





*Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God.*

# 34. Onward, Christian Soldiers

ST. GERTRUDE. (65. 65. D. and refrain)

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

*Brightly.*

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

(By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.)

At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, &c.

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, &c.

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, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, laud, and honour  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and Angels sing.  
Onward, &c.

*Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924).*

*(By permission of A. W. Ridley & Co.)*

# 35. We are Soldiers of Christ

MILITES. (12. 9. 12. 9.)

W. H. MONK, 1823 - 89

We are sol-diers of Christ, who is might-y to save,

And His Ban-ner the Cross is un-furled; We are pledged to be faithful and

stead-fast and brave Against Sa-tan, the flesh, and the world.

(By permission of Miss Florence Monk.)

We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,  
And our faith and our hope are the same;  
And we think of the Cross on which Jesus has died,  
When we bear the reproach of His Name.

At the font we were marked with the Cross on our brow,  
Of our grace and our calling the sign;  
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,  
For the armour we wear is divine.

We will watch ready-armed if the Tempter draw near,  
If he come with a frown or a smile;  
We will heed not his threats, nor his flattery hear,  
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,  
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,  
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,  
And our spirits their freedom shall win.

Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,  
 While we follow where Christ leads the way;  
 'T were dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,  
 We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,  
 In the might of our God we will stand;  
 Oh! what joy to be crowned and be pure evermore,  
 In the peace of our own Fatherland.

Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-96).

(By permission of The Vicar, St. Alban's, Birmingham.)

## 36. The King of Love

DOMINUS REGIT ME. (87 87 Iambic.)  
*In moderate time.*

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-76.

The King of Love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth ne-ver;

I no-thing lack if I am His And He is mine for e-ver.

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

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.

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

Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;  
 Thy Unction grace bestoweth:  
 And oh, what transport of delight  
 From Thy pure Chalice floweth!

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

Henry Williams Baker (1821-77).

## 37. Around the Throne of God

SONG 34 (ANGELS' SONG). (L.M.)

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.

A - round the throne of God a band Of bright and glor - ious an - gels stand,

The first system of the musical score is written for voice and lute. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/2 time signature. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are: "A - round the throne of God a band Of bright and glor - ious an - gels stand,". The score consists of two staves: a vocal line and a lute line. The vocal line features a melody with various note values including minims, crotchets, and quavers. The lute line provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Sweet harps with - in their hands they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "Sweet harps with - in their hands they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold." The musical notation continues with similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic support between the vocal and lute parts.

Some wait around Him ready still  
To sing His praise and do His will,  
And some, when He commands them, go  
To guard His servants here below.

Lord, give Thine angels every day  
Command to guard us on our way,  
And bid them every evening keep  
Their watch around us while we sleep.

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

*John Mason Neale (1818-66).*

# 38. Through the Night Thy Angels Kept

HORSHAM. (77. 77)

English Traditional Melody.

*Slow.*

Through the night Thy An - gels kept Watch be-side me while I slept;

Now the dark has passed a - way, Thank Thee, Lord, for this new day.

(From the English Hymnal. By permission of the Oxford University Press.)

North and south and east and west  
May Thy holy name be blest;  
Everywhere beneath the sun,  
As in heaven, Thy will be done.

Give me food that I may live;  
Every naughtiness forgive;  
Keep all evil things away  
From Thy little child this day.

William Canton (1845-1926).

(By permission of Mrs. Canton.)



# 39. Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep

BUCKLAND. (17. 77.)  
*Moderately slow.*

LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1836-83.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are: Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody. The lyrics are: No - thing can Thy pow'r with - stand; None can pluck us from Thy hand.

Loving Saviour, Thou didst give  
Thine own life that we might live;  
And the hands outstretched to bless  
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

We would praise Thee every day,  
Gladly all Thy will obey,  
Like Thy blessèd ones above  
Happy in Thy precious love.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;  
Suffer not our steps to stray  
From the straight and narrow way.

Where Thou ledest we would go,  
Walking in Thy steps below,  
Till before our Father's throne  
We shall know as we are known.

*Jane Eliza Leeson (1807-82).*





*Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep.*

# 40. Now the Day is Over

MERRIAL. (6. 5. 6. 5)

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing - nigh;  
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

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

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

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

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

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

Glory to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to thee, blest Spirit,  
Whilst all ages run.

*Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924).*

*(Music and words by permission of A. W. Ridley & Co.)*

# 41. The Day Thou Gavest

French Psalter 1549.

LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU. (98.98.) Composed or arranged by LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1510-?.  
*Moderately slow.*

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the last two lines. The music is in a major key (one sharp, F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderately slow'. The score features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, and the piano accompaniment is shown in the bass clef. There are some musical notations such as triplets and fermatas.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton (1826-93).

(By permission of the Oxford University Press.)

## 42. Jesus, Tender Shepherd

BROCKLESBURY. (8. 7. 8. 7.)

CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD, 1868.

Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light.

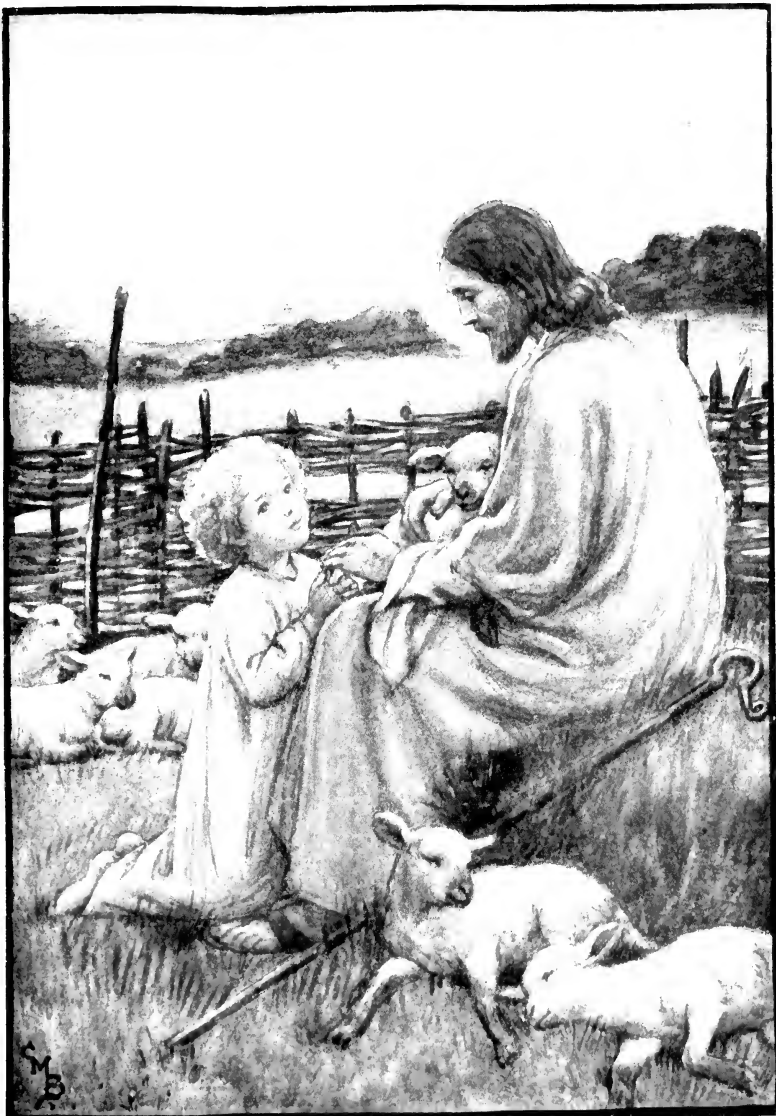
The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a soprano line and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note. The second system also ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

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

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

*Mary Lundie Duncan (1814-40).*





*Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night.*

# 43. Sun of my Soul

HURSLEY (L.M.)

*In moderate time.*

*Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, c. 1774.*

Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not

night if Thou be near; O may no earth - born

cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

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

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.

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.

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

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

*John Keble (1792-1866).*

# 44. Eternal Father, Strong to Save

MELITA. (88.88.68.)

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-76.

*Moderately slow.*

E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,

Who bid'st the migh - ty o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep;

O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.

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

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

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.

*William Whiting (1825-78).*

# 45. Praise the Lord! Ye Heav'ns, Adore Him

AUSTRIAN HYMN. (87. 87. D.)

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN, 1732 - 1809.

*Moderately slow.*

Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels in the height:

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars and light:

Praise the Lord! for He hath spo - ken, Worlds His migh - ty voice o - beyed;

Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their gui - dance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;  
Never shall His promise fail;  
God hath made His saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;  
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His Name!

*Founding Hospital Hymns (1809).*



# 46. Holy, Holy, Holy

NICÆA. (11. 12. 12. 10.)

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-76.

*Moderately slow*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! — Lord God Al - migh - ty!

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

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! — mer - ci - ful and migh - ty;

God in Three Per - sons, — Bles - sed Tri - ni - ty!

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

Holy, Holy, Holy! 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.

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!

*Reginald Heber (1783-1826).*



## 47. For all the Saints

SARUM. (10. 10. 10. 4.)

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1868.

For all the saints who from their labours rest, Who Thee by

faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je-sus,

be for ev-er blessed, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:  
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.  
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Alleluia.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of glory passes on His way.  
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Alleluia! Amen.

*M. Walsham How (1864).*

# 48. Stand up, Stand up, for Jesus

WEBB. (7. 6. 7. 6. D.)

GEORGE J. WEBB, 1837.

Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!

The first system of music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note 'Stand', a quarter note 'up,', a dotted quarter note 'stand', a quarter note 'up,', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'Je -', a quarter note 'sus,', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'Ye', a quarter note 'sol -', a dotted quarter note 'diers', a quarter note 'of the', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'Cross!', and a final whole note. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It, must not suf - fer loss:

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note 'Lift', a quarter note 'high', a dotted quarter note 'His', a quarter note 'roy -', a dotted quarter note 'al', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'ban -', a quarter note 'ner!', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'It,', a quarter note 'must', a dotted quarter note 'not', a quarter note 'suf -', a dotted quarter note 'fer', a quarter note 'loss:', and a final whole note. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns.

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory. His ar - my shall He lead;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note 'From', a quarter note 'vic -', a dotted quarter note 'tory', a quarter note 'un -', a dotted quarter note 'to', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'vic -', a quarter note 'tory.', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'His', a quarter note 'ar -', a dotted quarter note 'my', a quarter note 'shall', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'He', a quarter note 'lead;', and a final whole note. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns.

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note 'Till', a quarter note 'ev -', a dotted quarter note 'ery', a quarter note 'foe', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'is', a quarter note 'van -', a dotted quarter note 'quished,', a quarter note 'And', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'Christ', a quarter note 'is', a quarter note 'Lord', a quarter rest, a dotted quarter note 'in -', a quarter note 'deed.', and a final whole note. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns.

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.

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 armour,  
And watching unto prayer,  
When duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there!

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.

*George Duffield, Jr. (1858).*

# 49. O God, our Help

ST. ANNE. (C.M.)

WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:

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

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

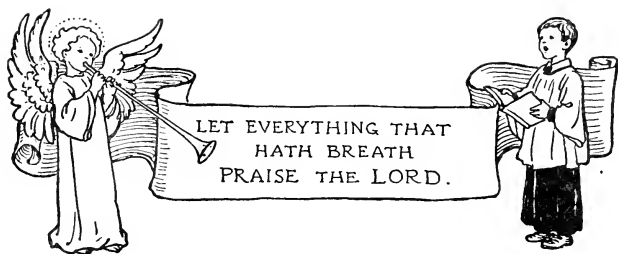
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

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

*Isaac Watts (1719); Psalm 90.*

## INDEX OF TUNES

	Hymn No.								Hymn No.
Adeste Fideles - - -	13	Margaret - - -							19
(Angels' Song) - - -	37	Melita - - -							44
Austrian Hymn - - -	25, 45	Merrial - - -							40
Benson - - -	27	Milites - - -							35
Bethany - - -	32	Newland - - -							29
Bethlehem - - -	8	Nicæa - - -							46
Brocklesbury - - -	42	Nun Danket - - -							5
Buckland - - -	39	Nyland - - -							15
Children's Voices - - -	2	Old Hundredth - - -							6
Cradle Song - - -	10	Pentecost - - -							33
Dix - - -	12	St. Albinus - - -							21
Dominus Regit Me - - -	36	St. Anne - - -							49
Dresden - - -	4	St. Elizabeth - - -							3
Galilee - - -	26	St. Gertrude - - -							34
Greystone - - -	1	St. Hilda - - -							30
Hermas - - -	22	St. Louis - - -							9
Horsham - - -	38	St. Theodulph - - -							17
Horsley - - -	18	Salamis - - -							16
Hursley - - -	43	Samuel - - -							31
Irby - - -	11	Sarum - - -							47
Kirby Bedon - - -	23	The Wise Men (Advent) - - -							14
Les Commandemens de Dieu - - -	41	Webb - - -							48
Love Divine - - -	24	Winchester - - -							7
Lumetto - - -	28	Worgan - - -							20







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