HYMN TUNES

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED
AND
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., NEW YORK.
PREFACE.

The fifty-six tunes, with the twelve arrangements, in this volume have been gathered from various sources, and, so far as can be ascertained, the collection is complete. Nos. 5, 33, 35, and 44, are printed from manuscripts found after the composer's death, which occurred November 22nd, 1900. The first (No. 5) of these tunes is a setting of the late Mrs. Alexander's familiar words, "The rosy hues of early dawn," originally composed for the "Hymnary." The manuscript of No. 33 is dated "June 16, 1899." Words for Nos. 29, 30, 33, and 40 have been specially written by Miss Mary Bradford Whiting.

The Hymn-Tune creativeness of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan covered a period of thirty-two years. In 1867 he contributed to "A Hymnal, chiefly from The Book of Praise," edited by the late John Hullah, and in the same year to "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship," a collection compiled for the use of the Presbyterian Church of England; in 1899 he composed the tune named "Victoria," No. 33 in the present collection. Between these two dates he wrote twelve tunes for the "Hymnary"—one of them being his familiar setting of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's words, "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—and he edited the music edition of "Church Hymns": these are the landmarks, so to speak, of his contributions to the common worship-song of the Church.

For eleven years (1861-1872) in the early part of his career, Arthur Sullivan held the organistships of two London churches—St. Michael’s, Chester Square, Pimlico, and St. Peter’s, Cranley Gardens, Kensington. To this practical experience of a congregation's needs and capabilities, his success as a hymn-tune composer is in a large measure due. "One of the brightest and last-risen stars of our English musical hemisphere," wrote John Hullah of him in the Preface of the Hymnal referred to above. These words, charged with the sincerity of honest conviction, if somewhat prophetic at the moment they were written, have been indelibly endorsed by the hand of Time.

London, 1902.
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### HYMN TUNES

**ARTHUR SULLIVAN**
CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

1.
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 Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3.
Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4.
Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.
2  O where shall rest be found.

Ecclesiastical Hymns and Tunes for All Occasions.

D.S.M.

1  There is a death whose pang
   Outlasts the fleeting breath;
   O what eternal horrors hang
   Around the second death!

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

3  There is a life above,
   Unmeasured by the flight of years,
   The life of perfect love, the rest
   Of immortality. Amen.

J. Montgomery.

1  God moves in a mysterious way
   His wonders to perform:
   He plants His footsteps in the sea,
   And rides upon the storm.

2  Deep in unfathomable mines
   Of never-failing skill
   He treasures up His bright designs,
   And works His sovereign will.

3  Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
   The clouds ye so much dread
   Are big with mercy, and shall break
   In blessings on your head.

4  Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
   But trust Him for His grace;
   Behind a frowning providence
   He hides a smiling face.

5  His purposes will ripen fast,
   Unfolding every hour;
   The bud may have a bitter taste,
   But sweet will be the flower.

6  Blind unbelief is sure to err,
   And scan His work in vain;
   God is His own interpreter,
   And He will make it plain. Amen.

W. Cowper.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My 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.

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.

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 travelling days are done. Amen.
5  The roseate hues of early dawn.

THE ROSEATE HUES.

D.C.M.

THE ROSEATE HUES OF EARLY DAWN.

1.

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

2.

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night.

3.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy Life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.
6 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

Veni Creator. L.M.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2. Thy blessed unction from above Is comfort, life, and fire of love. Enable, with perpetual light, The dimness of our blinded sight.

3. Anoint and cheer our soiled face With the abundance of Thy grace. Keep far our foes, give peace at home; Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

4. Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee, of both, to be but One; That, through the ages all along, This may be our endless song:

Praise to Thy eternal merit, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

(10)

7 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Praise Deo. 6.4.6.6.4.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee;\nE'en though it be a cross That raiseth me;\nStill all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear Steps unto heav'n, All that Thou sendest me In mercy given, Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

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

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

S. F. Adams.
We are but strangers here.

FATHERLAND (or St. Edmund). 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

1.
We are but strangers here,
Heaven is our Home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is our Home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
Heaven is our Fatherland,
Heaven is our Home.

2.
What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our Home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our Home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach Home at last;
Heaven is our Home.

3.
There at our Saviour's side
Heaven is our home;
May we be glorified;
Heaven is our Home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest:
Heaven is our Home.

4.
Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our Home.
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our Home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own Right Hand,
Jesus, in Fatherland:
Heaven is our Home! Amen.

T. R. TAYLOR.

(13)
Onward, Christian soldiers.

St. Gertrude.

6.5, 12 lines.

With the Cross of Jesus,
Cross of Jesus,
A-men.

With the Cross of Jesus,

1 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 At the sign of triumph,
Satan's armies 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.

3 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, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

4 What the Saints established
That we hold for true:
What the Saints believed
That believe we too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that Faith will hold—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled.
Onward, &c.

5 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.

6 Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song:
Glory, land, and honour,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

S. Baring Gould.
10 Brightly gleams our banner.

St. Theresa.
Soprano Voices in Unison.
6.5, 12 lines.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky,
   Wa-ving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high!
   March-ing through the desert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
   Still, with hearts u-ni-ted, Sing-ing on our way,

2. Jesu, Lord and Master,
   At Thy sacred feet,
   Here, with hearts rejoicing,
   See Thy children meet.

3. Pattern of our childhood,
   Once Thys elf a child,
   Make our childhood holy,
   Pure, and meek, and mild.

4. All our days direct us,
   In the way we go:
   Crown us still victorious
   Over every foe:

5. Then with saints and Anges
   May we join above,
   Offering prayers and praises.
   At Thy Throne of love.

Brightly gleams, &c.
Brightly gleams, &c.
Brightly gleams, &c.
Brightly gleams, &c.

T. J. Potter.
11 Hushed was the evening hymn.

Hushed was the evening hymn,  
The Temple courts were dark;  
The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark;  
When suddenly a Voice divine  
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

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

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

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

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

J. B. Burns.

12 Safe home, safe home in port.

Safe home, safe home in port!  
Not cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provision short,  
And only not a wreck:  
But oh! the joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage perils o'er.

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

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

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

5 The exile is at home!  
O nights and days of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins, and doubts, and fears:  
What matter now this bitterness?  
The King has wiped those tears away.

6 O happy, happy bride!  
Thy widowed hours are past,  
The Bridgroom at thy side,  
Thou all His own at last:  
The sorrows of thy former cup  
In full fruition swallowed up. Amen.  

J. M. Neale.
13 From Egypt's bondage come.

Pilgrimage. 6.6.6.4.7.

Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia! We are travelling home to heaven! Amen.

1 From Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Alleluia! We are travelling home to heaven!

2 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!
Alleluia! We are travelling home to heaven!

1 O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Oh, sin that hath no equal;
So fast to bar the gate!

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!

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. Amen.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

15

St. Kevin.

Stately.

7.6.7.6. D.

Let no tears to-day be shed.

16

St. Milliscroit.

Tenderly.

7.7.4.

1 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
   Of triumphant gladness!
   God hath brought His Israel
   Into joy from sadness,—
   Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
   Jacob's sons and daughters,—
   Led them with unmolested feet
   Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
   Christ hath burst His prison,
   From the frost and gloom of death
   Light and life have risen.

3 All the winter of our sins,
   Long and dark, is flying
   From His light to whom we give
   Thanks and praise undying.

4 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
   With the day of splendour,
   With the royal feast of feasts,
   Comes its joy to render;
   Comes to glad Jerusalem,
   Who with true affection
   Welcomes in unwearied strains
   Jesus' Resurrection!

5 Then let us turn again:
   Whose heart is true and loyal:
   The promise shall be fulfilled
   The praise be ever glowing;
   His joy shall be our glory
   In life, death, and eternity.

6 Grant the prize without the course,
   Crowns without the battle's force.
   Alleluia!

7 God, who lovest innocence,
   Hastes to take His darling hence.
   Alleluia!

8 Christ, when this sad life is done,
   Join us to Thy little one;
   Alleluia!

9 And in Thine own tender love,
   Bring us to the ranks above.
   Alleluia! Amen.

Tr. J. M. Neale.

Tr. R. F. Littledale.
17 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.

LACRIMAE.

1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

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

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

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place. Amen.

I. WILLIAMS

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18 In the hour of my distress.

EVELYN.

Not too fast.

1 In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

2 When I lie upon my bed
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
While mine eyes their night-watch keep,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

4 When the tempter me pursueth,
And the sins of all my youth
Stand arrayed in naked truth,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

5 When the Judgment is revealed,
And the book of doom unsealed;
When to Thee I have appealed,
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me. Amen

R. HERRICK.
1 Jesu, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 Deeper has the darkness grown;
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, O leave us not alone:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Thou our great Example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward, earth-bound heart:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 Foolish, weak, and sad we lie;
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our helper, always nigh:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

5 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

8 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

9 May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

10 When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

11 May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow creatures' weal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

12 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

13 Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

14 Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

15 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

16 So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And for ever blessed be:
Lord, in mercy hear us. Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.
JESU, LIFE OF THOSE WHO DIE.

JUDGMENT.
11 When Thy summons we obey,
On the dreadful Judgment Day,
Let not fear our soul dismay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 While the lost in terror fly,
May we see with joyful eye
Our Redemption drawing nigh:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 May we see Thee on Thy Throne,
As the Saviour we have known
And have followed as our own:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 May we, then, among the blest,
Who Thy Name on earth confessed
Hear Thee calling us to rest:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

HELL.
15 From the awful place of doom,
Where in rayless outer gloom,
Dead souls lie as in a tomb:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

16 From the black, the dull despair
Ruined men and angels share;
From the dread companions there:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

17 From the unknown agonies
Of the soul that helpless lies,
From the worm that never dies:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

18 From the lusts that never tame,
From the fierce mysterious flame,
From the everlasting shame:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

HEAVEN.
19 Where Thy saints in glory reign,
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Pure from every guilty stain:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

20 Where the captives find release,
Where all foes from troubling cease,
Where the weary rest in peace:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

21 Where the pleasures never cloy,
Where in Angel's holy joy,
God-like men their powers employ:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

22 Where in wondrous light are shown
All Thy dealings with Thine own,
Who shall know as they are known:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

23 Where, with loved ones gone before,
We may love Thee, and adore
In Thy presence evermore:
Bring us, Holy Jesu.

Amen.
T. B. Pollock.

JESU, LIFE OF THOSE WHO DIE.

DEATH.
6 We are dying day by day,
Soon from earth we pass away!
Lord of Life, to Thee we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Ere we hear the Angel's call,
And the shadows round us fall,
Be our Saviour, be our All:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Wean our hearts from things below,
Make us all Thy love to know,
Guard us from our ghostly foe:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Shelter us with Angel's wing,
To our souls Thy pardon bring;
So shall death have lost its sting:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 In the gloom Thy light provide,
Safely through the valley guide;
Thou we trust, for Thou hast died!
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

28 }
Be Thou with us every day.

Litany No. 3

1.
Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn, and when we pray.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2.
When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3.
Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4.
May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5.
May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6.
May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7.
May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8.
Jesu, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9.
Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10.
Jesu, whom we hope to see,
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee.
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

T. B. Pollock.

(30)
Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!

Who by His wisdom did create  
The painted heavens so full of state:
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!

Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain:
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!

Who by His all-commanding might  
Did fill the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!

Let us therefor wave forth  
His mighty majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!  
Amen.  
J. MILTON.

1. Let us with a gladsome mind
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
While my eyelids close in death,
When I again appear before Thee,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne:
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.
A. M. TOPLADY.
1 Saviour! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Searce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By Thine hour of whelmig fear;
By Thine agony and prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and gibe, and scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn Litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy Throne in heaven restored
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany! Amen.

R. Grant.
HE IS GONE—A CLOUD OF LIGHT.

1 He is gone—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor Angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Whereasoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find:
To our Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.
26 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.

TENDER SHEPHERD, THOU HAST STILLED.

THE LONG HOME.

1. Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
   Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:
   Ah, how peaceful, piteous, and mild,
   In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
   And no sigh of anguish sore.
   Heaves that little bosom more.

2. In this world of care and pain,
   Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
   To the sunny heavenly plain
   Thou dost now with joy receive it;
   Clothed in robes of spotless white,
   Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3. Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
   Where it lives may soon be living,
   And the lovely pastures see
   That its heavenly food are giving;
   Then the gain of death we prove,
   Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

J. W. MEINHOLD, & C. WINEWORTH

27 My God, I thank Thee.

CARROW.

1. My God, I thank Thee Who hast
   Made the earth so bright,
   So full of splendour and of joy,
   Beauty and light;
   So many glorious things are here,
   Noble and right.

2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast
   Joy to abound,
   So many gentle thoughts and deeds
   Circling us around;
   That in the darkest spot of earth
   Some love is found.

3. I thank Thee more that all our joy
   Is touched with pain,
   That shadows fall on brightest hours,
   Though thorns remain,
   So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
   And not our chain.

4. For Thou, Who knowest, Lord, how
   Our weak heart clings,
   Hast given us joys, tender and true,
   Yet all with wings,
   So that we see, gleaning on high,
   Diviner things.

5. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
   The best in store:
   We have enough, yet not too much
   To long for more,—
   A yearning for a deeper peace
   Not known before.

6. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
   Though amply blest,
   Can never find, although they seek,
   A perfect rest,
   Nor ever shall, until they lean
   On Jesu's breast. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.
Art thou weary, art thou languid.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid,
   Art thou sore distressed?
   "Come to Me," saith One, and "coming,
   Be at rest."

2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
   If He be my Guide?
   "In His Feet and Hands are Woundprints,
   And His Side."

3. Is there diadem as Monarch,
   That His Brow 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 labour,
   Many a tear."

5. If I still hold closely to Him,
   What hath He at last?
   "Sorrow vanquished, labour 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?
   "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
   Answer, Yes!" Amen.

Tr. J. M. Neale.

Stars of evening, softly gleaming.

1. Stars of evening, softly gleaming
   In the fading West,
   With your heavenly light is streaming
   Hope to hearts oppressed!
   Toil is over, cease from sorrow,
   Till to-morrow
   Sleep and rest!

2. Hark! the evening bells are bringing
   Hope of glad release,
   Welcome strains their chimes are ringing—
   "Labour now shall cease;
   Though the day be long and dreary,
   To the weary
   Cometh peace!"

3. Heavenly Father! watch beside us
   Till the dawn of light,
   And whatever may betide us
   Guard us by Thy might!
   Trusting in Thy gracious keeping,
   Calmly sleeping
   Through the night.

4. So when Death's dark clouds fall slowly
   Over land and sea,
   May Thy light, serene and holy,
   On our pathway be;
   Leading us to joy transcending
   In unending
   Rest with Thee! Amen.

Mary Bradford Whiting.
30 At Thine altar, Lord, we gather.

At Thine altar, Lord, we gather
On this gladsome day;
Hear us now, oh, heavenly Father,
While we humbly pray.
Keep Thy servants, blessings send them,
And defend them
All their way.

1. Grant them love in boundless measure,
   Love that cannot die;
   Love, the holiest, purest treasure
   Of Thy gifts on high.
   Daily labour and endeavour,
   Love will ever Glorify!

2. Lord, be Thou their help prevailing
   Till life’s day be past,
   May their courage be unyielding
   And their faith be fast.
   In Thy heavenly grace confiding,
   Firm abiding
   To the last!

3. May their heart to heart communion
   Still more blissful prove,
   Till they reach the perfect union
   Of their home above.
   Heaven shall crown the troth thus pledged,
   Reunited
   In Thy love! Amen.

(MARY BRADFORD WHITING)

31 Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

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 fault, that calms each fear,
   And speaks of Heaven.

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

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

(HARRIET AUBER)

(42)
O Paradise! O Paradise!

1 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, &c.

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

4 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, &c.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
We shall not wait for long;
Even now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. Amen.

F. W. FABER.
To mourn our dead we gather here.

Victoria
8.6.8.8.8.
Slowly, with devotion.

1.
To mourn our dead we gather here
In love and grief to-day;
Oh! thou whom we have held so dear,
Whom God hath called away—
Farewell!
A last farewell we say!

2.
The strife is hushed in peace divine,
The earth's task is o'er,
Now everlasting rest is thine
Upon the heavenly shore.
Farewell!
Farewell for evermore!

3.
By faith we hear the triumph song
That greets thy ransomed soul,
Thy Saviour's love, through woe and wrong,
Hath led thee to thy goal.
Farewell!
Death's waves between us roll!

4.
Yet through our tears a whisper sweet
Falls with a heavenly strain,
What though we part 'tis but to meet,
For joy comes after pain!
Farewell!
Until we meet again!

5.
Across Death's dim and shadowy sea
Bright rays of sunrise move,
From that far Land where we would be—
The deathless Land of Love!
Farewell!
We meet again above! Amen.

Mary Bradford Whiting.

(46)
1 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   He hath burst His bonds in twain,
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   Alleluia! swell the strain!
   For our gain He suffer'd loss
   By Divine decrees;
   He hath died upon the Cross,
   But our God is He.
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   He hath burst His bonds in twain;
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   Alleluia! swell the strain!

2 See the chains of death are broken;
   Earth below and heaven above
   Joy in each amazing token
   Of His rising, Lord of love;
   He for evermore shall reign
   By the Father's side,
   Till He comes to earth again,
   Comes to claim His Bride.
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   He hath burst His bonds in twain;
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   Alleluia! swell the strain!

3 Glorious Angels downward thronging
   Hail the Lord of all the skies;
   Heav'n, with joy and holy longing
   For the Word Incarnate, cries,
   "Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
   Gleam, ye starry train!
   All creation, find a voice;
   He o'er all shall reign."
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   He hath burst His bonds in twain;
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   O'er the universe to reign.

   A. T. Gurney.
THOU TO WHOM THE SICK AND DYING.

1.
I'mou to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.

2.
Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying;
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.

3.
May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4.
So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,

GODFREY THRING.
Of Thy love some gracious token,
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain:
O direct us
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more! Amen.

T. KELLY.

Who trusts in God, a strong abode.
1 Who trusts in God, a strong abode
   In heaven and earth possesses;
   Who looks in love to Christ above,
   No fear his heart oppress;
   In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
   Sweet hope and consolation;
   Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
   Our great and sure salvation!

2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
   And worldly scorn assail us,
   While Thou art near we will not fear,
   Thy strength shall never fail us.

Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
   Our feet shall stand securely;
   Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
   For Thou shalt guard us surely.
   O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
   Our body, soul, and spirit,
   Until we stand at Thy right hand,
   Through Jesus's saving merit.

Amen.

Tr. B. H. Kennedy.

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.

Golden Sheaves.  8.7.8.7. D.

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous Hand confessing,
Upon Thine Altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing;
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace eternal,
Thou, Who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary;
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

Oh, blessed is that land of God,
Where Saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river;
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.  Amen.

W. C. Dix.
HARK! A THRILLING VOICE IS SOUNDING.

1.
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding:
'Christ is nigh!' it seems to say;
'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!'

2.
Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
All the powers of darkness vanish;
Christ our Day Star mounts the skies.

3.
Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven:
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

4.
So when next He shines in glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
Not for chastening, but salvation,
Unto us shall He appear.

5.
Honour, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

TR. E. CASWALL.
O GOD, THE RULER OF OUR RACE.

1 O God, the Ruler of our race,
The ways of men ordaining,
Anoint our King with sov'reign grace,
His right and cause maintaining.
Our Stay and Refuge Thou hast been
In every generation,
O let Thy mercy still be seen
And hear our supplication!

2 From every heart ascends the prayer—
For evermore defend him,
O shield him with a Father's care
And heavenly counsel lend him.
Thine ear is open to his call,
Thy love his footsteps guideth,
Thou wilt not suffer him to fall
Who in Thy love abideth!

3 O day of joy, send out thy light
With strains of gladness ringing,
While all our realms in one unite
Their heartfelt homage bringing.
The God who blessed us in the past
Is still His mercy proving,
'Tis He who binds us firm and fast
In love unmoved, unmov ing!

4 All praise and honour be to Thee,
The God of pow'r and glory,
We own Thy might and majesty
And humbly bow before Thee.
God save our King and Queen, we cry,
Through life forsake them never,
Then may they reign with Thee on high
For ever and for ever! Amen.

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.
Love divine, all love excelling.

Falfield (or Formosa).

1.
Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2.
Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy Life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave
Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

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

CH. WESLEY.
COURAGE, BROTHER! DO NOT STUMBLE.

1 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
   Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
   "Trust in God and do the right."
Let the road be rough and dreary,
   And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
   Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Perish policy and cunning,
   Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
   Trust in God, and do the right.
Trust no party, sect, or faction;
   Trust no leaders in the fight,
But in every word and action
   Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
   Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion:
   Trust in God, and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
   Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
   Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
   Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
   Trust in God, and do the right.
Courage, brother! do not stumble,
   Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble:
   "Trust in God, and do the right."

Norman Macleod.
1 Jesu, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on Thee;
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

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1 O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life l owe;
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

G. MATHER.
45 The Saints of God! Their conflict past.

SAINTS OF GOD. 8.8.8; 8.8.

THE SAINTS OF GOD! THEIR CONFLICT PAST!

1. The Saints of God! Their conflict past,
   And life's long battle won at last,
   No more they need the shield or sword,
   They cast them down before their Lord:—
   O happy Saints! for ever blest,
   At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

2. The Saints of God! Their wanderings done,
   No more their weary course they run,
   No more they faint, no more they fall,
   No foes oppress, no fears appal:—
   O happy Saints! for ever blest,
   In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3. The Saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
   Safe landed on that blissful shore,
   No stormy tempests now they dread,
   No roaring billows lift their head:—
   O happy Saints! for ever blest,
   In that calm haven of your rest!

4. The Saints of God their vigil keep
   While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
   Till from the dust they too shall rise
   And soar triumphant to the skies:—
   O happy Saints! rejoice and sing,
   He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

5. O God of Saints! to Thee we cry;
   O Saviour! plead for us on high;
   O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
   Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
   That with All Saints our rest may be
   In that bright Paradise with Thee! Amen.

Archbishop Maclagan.

(66)
46 Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go.

VALETE.

8.8.8.8; 8.8.

Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our mind instill,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow,
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

1. All toil is blest, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Let not our works by strife be soiled,
Or by deceit our hearts ensnared.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

2. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Saviour, and our All.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

3. Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.


F. W. Faber.

47 Show me not only Jesus dying.

CHRISTUS.

9.6.9.6. D.

1 Show me not only Jesus dying,
As on the Cross He bled,
Nor in the tomb a Captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
Not only in that form suspended
My Saviour hid me see,
For, to the highest heavens ascended,
He reigns in majesty!

2 Though still that shameful cross is glorious,
Where His dear Blood was spilt,
That Cross of shame, where He victorious
Hath cancelled all our guilt;
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation
Shall strength and succour give?
He lives, our Captain of salvation;
And therefore we shall live!

3 By death He death itself defeated,
And overcame the grave;
He rose, His triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save!
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him;
Lord Jesu, own us then! Amen.

J. Conder

Lead, kindly Light.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amidst the encircling gloom, Lead me on; The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; do not ask to see the distant scene; One step enough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but I lov'd the garish day, now. Lead Thou me on. I lov'd the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years.
49 Thou God of Love.

Thou God of Love.

To rest in hope! from this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled.

2.
Oh! when our hearts are burdened with the weight
Of life, and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
To our life's close. Amen.

J. E. Browne.
50 Father of heaven, Who hast created all.

St. Francis.

1. Father of heaven, Who hast created all
   In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er him in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on his soul impress;
O Father, hear!

O Son of God, Who diedst for us,
Behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take him to Thy fold;
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend him through this earthly strife,
And lead him on the path of life,
O Son of God!

2. O Holy Ghost, Who broodedst o'er the wave,
   Descend upon this child;
Give him undying life, his spirit love
   With waters unsealed;
Grant him, while yet a babe, to be
   A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

3. O Triune God, what Thou command'st is done;
   We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on him Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God! Amen.

Tr. C. Winkworth.

51 Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord.

Cuna Domini.

1. Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord,
   And drink the holy Blood for you out-pour'd.

2. Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
   With souls refresh'd, we render thanks to God.

3. Salvation's Giver, Christ, the Only Son,
   By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

4. Offer'd was He for greatest and for least,
   Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

5. Victims were offered by the law of old,
   Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.

6. He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
   Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

7. Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
   And take the safeguard of salvation here.

8. He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
   To all believers life eternal yields;

9. With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
   Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

10. Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
    All nations at the Doom, is with us now. Amen.

Tr. J. M. Neale.
52 Sing Alleluia forth in dueous praise.

Holy City.

1. Sing Alleluia forth in dueous praise, O citizens of heaven: In sweet notes raise an

endless Alleluia!

2. Ye powers who stand before the Eternal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo to the height an endless Alleluia!

3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding wake again An endless Alleluia!

4. In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice To render to the Lord with thankful voice An endless Alleluia!

5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this—An endless Alleluia!

6. There, in one grand acclaim for ever ring The strains which tell the honour of your King—An endless Alleluia!

7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back! This is the food and drink which none shall lack; An endless Alleluia!

8. While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays An endless Alleluia!

9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing Glory for evermore: to Thee we bring an endless Alleluia! Amen.

Tr. John Ellerton.

(76)
53 God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest.

GOD THE ALL-TERIBLE! KING, WHO ORDAINEST.

1.
God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

2.
God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

3.
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!

4.
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!

5.
God the all-pitiful! Is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

6.
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! Amen.

H. F. CHORLEY & JOHN ELLERTON.
Welcome, happy morning!

Wel comes, happy morning (or Fortunatus). Five 11's.

1.

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;  
Hell to-day is vanquished, Heaven is won to-day!  
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!  
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

2.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now:  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,  
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's God-head true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, Manhood didst put on:  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

5.

Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:  
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;  
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

6.

Loose the souls long imprisoned, bound with Satan's chain  
All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,  
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day! Amen.

Tr. JOHN ELLETON.

(80)
When through the torn sail.

I.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Saviour:—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

2.

O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3.

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace, Thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish." Amen.

Bishop Heber
The strain upraise of joy and praise.

The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia.

To the glory of their King shall the

Sullivan—Hymn Tunes—Novello's Edition 9
THE STRAIN UPRaise OF JOY AND PRAISE.

dwell, The blessed ones, with joy the chor-us swell, Al-le-

in; The plan-ets, beam-ing on their heav-en-ly

way. The shine-ing con-stel-la-tions, join and say, Al-le-

Ye thun-ders echo-ing loud and deep, ye lightnings, wildly bright, (In sweet consent) unite your Al-le-lu-ia.

SOPRANO.

Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on pi-ti-ous light,

Ped.
THE STRAIN UPRaise OF JOY AND PRAISE.

Tenors and Basses.

Ye floods and ocean billows, ye snow, (Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and)

summer glow, (Ye groves that wave in spring,) Al-le-lu-ia.

Sopranos.

First let the birds, with painted plumage, say, (Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say) Al-le-lu-ia.

Chor- us, Al-le-lu-ia. (Thou jubilant abyss of) ocean, cry, Al-le-lu-ia.

(88)
THE STRAIN UPRaise OF JOY AND PRAISE.

Ye tracts of earth and continents re-ply... Al-le-lu-ia. To God, who all creation

made, (The frequent hymn) Al-le-lu-ia. (This is the strain, the eternal) strain, the Lord Almighty)

loves, Al-le-lu-ia. (This is the song, the heavenly song,) that Christ the King ap-

- proves, Al-le-lu-ia. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-

wa-king, Al-le-lu-ia. And children's voices echo, answer ma-king,

Al-le-lu-ia. Now from all men be out-poured, Al-le-

(90)
THE STRAIN UPRAISE OF JOY AND PRAISE.

In to the Lord, With Alleluia

evermore, The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One, Praise be

(T. M. Neale)
ARRANGEMENTS.

57

For ever with the Lord.

For ever with the Lord.


1.
“For ever with the Lord!”
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
’Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.

2.
My Father’s house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith’s foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
* Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of Saints,
Jerusalem above.

3.
“For ever with the Lord!”
Father, if ’tis Thy Will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfill.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

4.
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
“For ever with the Lord!”

J. Montgomery.
A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

1. A few more years shall roll,
    A few more seasons wane,
And we shall be with those that rest
    Till Christ shall come again:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
    My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
    And take my sins away.

2. A few more suns shall set
    O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where God Himself
    Lights all the glorious clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
    My soul for that bright day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
    And take my sins away.

3. A few more storms shall beat
    On this stern rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
    And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
    My soul for that calm day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
    And take my sins away.

4. A few more struggles here,
    A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
    And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
    My soul for that blest day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
    And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
    And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who liveth
    That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
    My soul for that glad day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
    And take my sins away.

A men.

H. Bonar.
The Son of God goes forth to war.

1. The Son of God goes to war, A royal 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,
   Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

4. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In midst of mortal pain,
   He prayed for them who did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

Men's Voices.

6. They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;

They bowed the neck the death to feel: Who fol-lows in His train?

Voices and Organ.

7. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed.

Sullivan—Hymn Tunes—Novello's Edition. II
While shepherds watched their flocks by night.

Bethlehem. D.C.M. Old Carol.

1.
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,
A 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:—

6.
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease." Amen.

N. Tate.
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.

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

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The words of peace they bring:
Oh! listen now, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing!

O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well
This weary world below;
Thou seest how men climb the way
With painful steps and slow.
Oh! still the jarring sounds of earth
That round the pathway ring,
And bid the toilers rest awhile
To hear the Angels sing. Amen.

E. H. SEARS.
Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy foot we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from Thy lofty Throne,
And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we look'd, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land;
With plying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

J. H. Gurney.
63 With the sweet word of peace.

Par. 6.6.8.4. Old Melody.

Last verse thus:

1. With the sweet word of peace
   We bid our brethren go;
   Peace as a river to increase,
   And ceaseless flow.

2. With the calm word of prayer
   We earnestly commend
   Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
   Eternal Friend!

3. With the dear word of love
   We give our brief farewell;
   Our love below, and Thine above
   With them shall dwell.

4. With the strong word of faith
   We stay ourselves on Thee;
   That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,
   Their help shall be.

5. Then the bright word of hope
   Shall on our parting gleam,
   And tell of joys beyond the scope
   Of earthborn dream.

6. Farewell! in hope, and love,
   In faith, and peace, and prayer;
   Till He whose home is ours above
   Unite us there! Amen.

G. Watson.

64 Winter reigneth o'er the land.

Clarence. Four 7's.

5th and 6th verses. A little faster.

1. Winter reigneth o'er the land,
   Freezing with its icy breath;
   Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
   All is chill and drear as death.

2. Yet it seemeth but a day
   Since the summer flowers were here,
   Since they stacked the balmy hay,
   Glorious from its wintry tomb.

3. Sunny days are past and gone:
   So the years go, speeding fast,
   Onward ever, each new one
   Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.

4. Life is waning; life is brief;
   Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
   Each one, like the falling leaf,
   Soon shall fade—and fall—and die.

5. But the sleeping earth shall wake,
   And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
   And all Nature rising break
   From its wintry tomb.

6. So, Lord, after slumber blest
   Comes a bright awakening,
   And our flesh in hope shall rest
   Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.

Holy Spirit! Come in might!

From Thy dwelling-place of light
Thy pure beamance radiance give.
Come, Thou helper of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in us will stay,
All our good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
On our dryness pour Thy dew,
Wash the stains of sin away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

O Strength and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;
FOR ALL THY LOVE AND GOODNESS.

3.
A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in all the air.
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
All nature singeth aloud to God; there is gladness everywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

4.
The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on the hill and on the plain:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the trees again:
Glory to the Lord!

5.
The works of Thy hands are very fair; and for all Thy bounteous love
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
But what, if this world is so fair, is the Better Land above?
Glory to the Lord!

6.
Oh, to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their wintry grave!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall come to save
Glory to the Lord!

7.
Oh, to dwell in that happy land, where the heart cannot choose but sing!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of the blessed ones is a beautiful endless Spring:
Glory to the Lord! Alleluia. Amen.
F. JANE DOUGLAS and Bp. W. WALSHAM HOW.
Carol for Christmas Day.

1. All this night bright angels sing, Never was such carolling; Hark! a voice which loudly cries, "Mortals, mortals, wake and rise. Joy to gladness Turns your sadness; From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night, though day be done."

2. Wake, O earth, wake everything, Wake and hear the joy I bring; Wake and joy; for all this night Heaven and every twinkling light, All amazing, Still stand gazing; Angels, Powers, and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun to see!

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

3. Hail! O Sun, O blessed Light, Sent into this world by night; Let Thy rays and heavenly pow'r shine in these dark souls of ours. For, most duly, Thou art truly God and man, we do confess; Hail! O Sun of Righteousness! W. Austin.

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