

**THE
MIRFIELD MISSION
HYMN - BOOK**

**PUBLISHED BY
THE COMMUNITY OF THE RESURRECTION
MIRFIELD**

*To be obtained from
The Secretary, House of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorks.*

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PREFACE

PRAYERS FOR THE MISSION.

O LORD, without Whom our labour is lost, and with Whom Thy little ones go forth as the mighty; revive Thy work in the coming Mission by a rich outpouring of the HOLY SPIRIT in love and power and converting grace, and grant to Thy labourers a pure intention, patient faith, sufficient success upon earth, and the bliss of serving Thee in heaven; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

O GOD, bless the Mission to my soul, and to the souls of many more, and use us in Thy service: for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Amen.

OUR FATHER, Which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

THE MIRFIELD MISSION HYMN-BOOK was first published by the Community of the Resurrection in 1907. It has been widely used, not only in our own parochial Missions, but also as a supplement to other books in ordinary parochial worship. More than 700,000 copies have been sold. During the past few years the publication of the *English Hymnal* and a new edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* has indicated a great advance in the quality of both the words and the music of the hymns in common use. In deference to our musical and literary critics we have omitted some of the familiar mission hymns; but we have deliberately retained others, which an educated taste would reject, because we are assured by experienced missionaries that they have proved their power to elicit and express the devotion of simple folk to our Lord and Saviour. We have in consequence made room for some fifty additional hymns, and in particular those which emphasize the social and sacramental side of the message, and more fully express Catholic ideals of devotion. We have aimed not at compromise, but at comprehension; for it is the happy experience of our mission fathers that the fullest expression of devotion to our Blessed Lord, and the evangelical assertion of the power of His precious Blood, leads on to the fullness of Catholic worship, and the application of our religion to the social service of mankind.

Amongst the new tunes will be found some which appear for the first time in our book; some of the best Welsh melodies, and two or three specimens of Italian tunes, which are specially interesting, because they were connected with the very beginning of parochial missions in the Western Church.

We have retained, and added to, the number of hymns appropriate to the Church's seasons, because our book is often used where no other is available. We have revised the Introductory Service and other supplementary matter, without which, in our judgment, no mission hymn-book is complete.

We desire to express our gratitude to the following owners of copyright who have kindly granted the use of hymns or tunes:—The Proprietors of the following hymn-books: *The Church Hymnary*; the *Congregational Hymnary*; the *English Hymnal*; *Hymns Ancient and Modern*; the *Oxford Hymn-Book*; the *Public School Hymn-Book*; Messrs. W. Gwyllyn Evans and Son; Messrs. Morgan and Scott; Messrs. Nisbet and Co.; Messrs. Novello and Co.; Messrs. Hughes and Son; Mrs. T. Adams; the Hon. Rev. J. G. Adderley; the Rev. Canon Hay Aitken; Miss Amps; the Rev. Fr. Andrew, S.D.C.; the Rev. J. Baden-Powell; the Rev. S. Baring-Gould; the Rev. A. H. Baverstock; the Rev. Dr. Bickersteth; Mr. L. Body; the Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne; Mr. C. Bowdler; Miss L. E. Broadwood; Capt. F. Burgess; Lady Carbery; Mr. G. K. Chesterton; the Rev. Canon V. S. S. Coles; the

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Our best thanks are also due to the Rev. S. Swire, the Rev. R. M. Tuke, Mr. E. Brown, and Mr. C. Jackson, for invaluable help in preparing the music edition; and to Mr. Herbert H. Fletcher, our Secretary, for much valuable help in preparing the book for the press.

Every effort has been made to ensure that no copyright, either of words or music, should be infringed; and if we have failed in any case we desire to apologize, and to promise that the omitted acknowledgment shall be inserted at the earliest opportunity.

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NOTE.—*As far as possible the name of the author and composer is given with each hymn and tune, together with the date of first publication. When the latter is not known, the date of birth and death (if not still living) is given.*

INTRODUCTORY SERVICE OF THE MISSION.

When the Clergy and Choir have taken their accustomed places, and while the Missioners kneel at the Chancel step, the Bishop (or in his absence the Parish Priest) shall say:

In the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

A Hymn, calling for the guidance of the HOLY SPIRIT—e.g., No. 17—shall then be sung, the Choir and Congregation standing and the Missioners alone kneeling. Afterwards shall be said:

V. The LORD be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

CHRIST, have mercy upon us.

LORD, have mercy upon us,

Our FATHER.

V. We wait for Thy loving kindness, O LORD.

R. In the midst of Thy temple.

V. O LORD, look down from heaven,

R. Behold and visit this vine.

V. Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness.

R. And Thy saints sing with joyfulness.

V. Turn us again, O LORD God of hosts.

R. Show the light of Thy countenance, and we shall be whole.

V. LORD, hear our prayer.

R. And let our cry come unto Thee.

V. The LORD be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Most Merciful FATHER, we beseech Thee to send upon these Thy servants Thy heavenly blessing; that they may be clothed with righteousness, and that Thy word spoken by their mouths may have such success that it may never be spoken in vain. Grant also that we, and all who shall assemble here during the Mission, may have grace to hear and receive what they shall deliver out of Thy most Holy Word, or agreeable to the same, as the means of our salvation; that in all our words and deeds we may seek Thy glory, and the increase of Thy Kingdom; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

Let us pray for the conversion of sinners.

V. O let the wickedness of the ungodly come to an end.

R. But guide Thou the just.

Let us pray.

Almighty GOD, we beseech Thee to hear our prayers for such as sin against Thee, or neglect to serve Thee; that Thou wouldest vouchsafe to bestow upon them true repentance, and an earnest longing for Thy service; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

Let us pray for the strengthening of the faithful.

V. They will go from strength to strength.

R. And unto the GOD of GODS appeareth every one of them in Zion.

Let us pray.

Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, O LORD, to strengthen and confirm all Thy faithful, and to lift them up more and more continually to heavenly desires; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

Then shall the Choir and Congregation be seated; and the Bishop, if he is present, shall bid the Missioners welcome and commend them to the people.

In the absence of the Bishop the Parish Priest may say some such words as these :

Dearly beloved in the LORD, moved as we humbly trust by GOD the HOLY GHOST, we have long been preparing for a Mission in this place; and I, with anxious care for the souls committed to my charge, with the consent and blessing of . . . Bishop of this Diocese, entrust to you the conduct of the Mission; and this Congregation joins with me in bidding you welcome, even as Cornelius and his household welcomed St. Peter at Cæsarea:

"Now therefore we are all present in the sight of GOD to hear all things that have been commanded thee of the LORD" (Acts x. 33).

May He, Who hath given you the will to do this work, give you health and strength of mind and body, with all spiritual power that you need, that this Mission may promote the glory of God and the good of many souls, and bring to you an eternal reward.

At the conclusion of the address the Congregation shall stand and the Missioners shall kneel, and the Bishop (or the Parish Priest) shall lay his hand on the head of each in turn, saying :

GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, GOD the HOLY GHOST, bless, guide, and strengthen you, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

After the blessing the Parish Priest shall conduct the Missioners to their place in Choir. A hymn shall then be sung, and one of the Missioners shall give the opening address of the Mission. His sermon ended, he may call upon the people to join him in fervent prayer, with acts of faith, penitence, and consecration to the work.

1

MILES LANE.

C.M.

W. SHRUBSOLE, 1779.



ALL hail the power of JESUS' Name ;
Let Angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball ;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might
And crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your GOD,
Who from His Altar call ;
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His Grace,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David LORD did call,
The GOD Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His Feet,
And crown Him LORD of all.

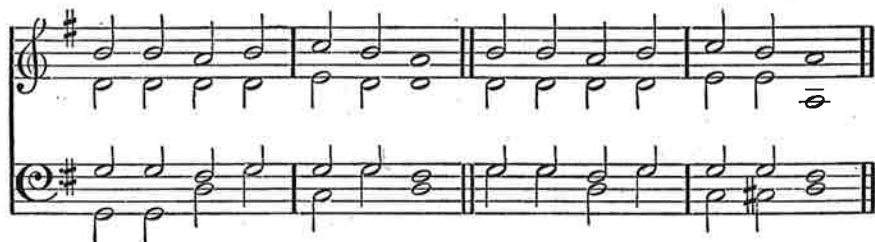
Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crownèd LORD of all.

E. PERRONETT, 1780.

SPANISH CHANT.

7.7.7.7.7.

ANON.



ALL my sins uprising now,
Wring my heart and brand my brow ;
Sins of childhood, sins of youth,
Despite done to Grace and Truth :
Is there mercy left for me ?—
Jesus died ! He died for thee.

Deeds and words and fancies vain,
Darker, deadlier made the stain
On the record kept on high,
On my soul condemned to die :
Is there cleansing left for me ?—
Jesus bled ! He bled for thee.

Ah, my heart is hard within,
Callous through repeated sin ;
When I fain would kneel and pray
Satan steals the power away ;
Say, what hope remains for me ?—
Jesus prayed ! He prays for thee.

Once, far back in earlier years,
I bedewed my couch with tears ;
Now no gracious drops will flow
From the deeper fount of woe ;
Death and Judgment wait for me !—
Jesus wept ! He wept for thee.

Dare I lift my shameful face,
I who trampled on His Grace ?
Dare I seek the Throne of light,
Where His Saints are clad in white ?
How they all would shrink from me !—
Jesus bends ! He bends to thee.

Jesus died, to make thee whole ;
Jesus bled, to wash thy soul ;
Jesus prayed, and thou hast part ;
Jesus wept, to break thy heart ;
Jesus bends ! poor sinner, see !
Rise ! Look up ! He calleth thee !

G. S. HODGES, 1875.

ROSETTENVILLE.
(First Tune.)

8.7.8.7.

G. W. HART, C.R., 1904.



I.

ALL we have we owe to JESUS,
His dear children all are we ;
Through all troubles He will bring
us
His bright home in Heaven to
see.

With the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
He is ever GOD the SON ;
There was never a beginning
To the Holy Three in One.

Once He laid aside His glory,
And was born a little Child,
Of the Blessed Virgin Mary—
Maiden meek, and Mother mild.

Thirty years in secret dwelling,
He fulfilled His FATHER'S Will,
And for three years showed His
glory,
Patient and obedient still.

Then He blessed the little children,
And His mighty works He
wrought ;

And He taught His true disciples
How to serve Him as they ought.

Then He let the wicked traitor
Sell Him to His cruel foes ;
Let the soldiers strip and scourge
Him,

For our sakes, with bitter blows.

On the Cross they nailed His Body,
And they set Him up on high ;
Thus the GOD of earth and Heaven
For our sins did truly die.

From the Cross His Blood was
streaming,

All our sins to wash away :
In that Precious Blood He washed
us
On our bright baptismal day.

Cleansed from sin, His FATHER'S
children

And His members we became,
Gifts of faith and grace receiving
Through the power of His dear
Name.

SPRINGWOOD.
(Second Tune.)

8.7.8.7.

S. SWIRE, 1904.



A - men.

II.

Now dear JESUS reigns in Heaven,
Yet is with us here below:
Smiles upon us when we please
Him,
Sorrows when astray we go.

Therefore we must give Him gladly
Every action, thought, and word;
And His loving voice of warning
Must within our hearts be heard.

If the devil should persuade us
Our dear LORD to disobey.
Very earnestly to JESUS
For His pardon we must pray.

He will give it if we ask Him,
And if still our hearts are sad,
Words of Holy Absolution
From His Priest shall make us
glad.

Greater things He yet will give us,
For our LORD is very good;

He will give us at His Altar
His own Body and His Blood.

When to satisfy our longing
Will that happy day arrive?
That we may be ready for it,
Daily, daily, let us strive.

First in Holy Confirmation
We the sevenfold gifts must share
Of the HOLY GHOST descending
On us at the Bishop's prayer.

Then may we receive our SAVIOUR,
Taste His sweetness, and His
love.

Feed on Him in faith adoring
Till we reign with Him above.

All we have we owe to JESUS,
His dear children all are we,
Through all troubles He will bring
us

His bright home in Heaven to
see.

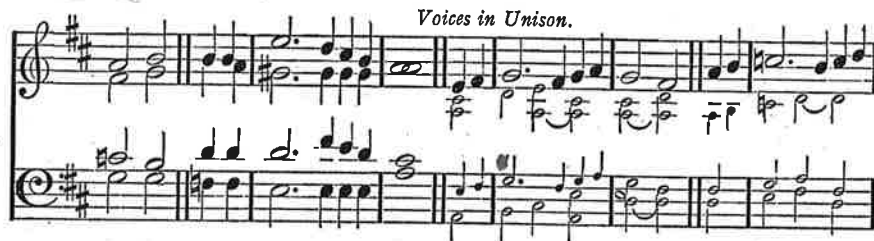
V. S. S. COLES (1845-)

4

EUCHARISTICA.

8.7.8.7.D.

J. W. ELLIOT, 1874.



Voices in Unison.



In harmony.

poco rall.

A - men.

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

[Or Tune 103.]

ALLELUIA! sing to JESUS!
His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
JESUS out of every nation
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood.
Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?
Alleluia! Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! King Eternal,
Thee the LORD of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy Throne:
Thou within the veil hast enter'd,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

Alleluia! sing to JESUS!
His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
JESUS out of every nation
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood.

W. C. DIX, 1866.

5

MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBBE, 1782.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Whose only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy
need;

In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessed Word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or
hell;

And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,

And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

And many a quicken'd soul with-
in

There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

O give repentance, true and deep,
To all Thy lost and wandering
sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

That so from Angel hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the Blest, adore
Thy Name, O GOD, for evermore.

SIR H. W. BAKER, 1868.

6

UNDE ET MEMORES.

10.10.10.10.10.10.

W. H. MONK, 1875.

(By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.)

AND now, O FATHER, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's
Tree,
And having with us Him That pleads
above,
We here present, we here spread forth
to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine
Eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, FATHER, look on His anointed
Face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy Grace,
Our prayer so languid and our faith so
dim;
For lo! between our sins and their re-
ward
We set the Passion of Thy SON our LORD.

And then for those, our dearest and our
best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true
weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white
and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to
persevere.

And so we come; O draw us to Thy Feet,
Most patient SAVIOUR, Who canst love
us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and
free,
And grant us never more to part with
Thee.

W. BRIGHT, 1873.

7

BULLINGER.

8.5.8.3.

E. W. BULLINGER, 1874.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
 Be at rest!"

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

Hath He diadem as Monarch
 That His Brow adorns?
 "Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan past."

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

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
 Answer, Yes!"

J. M. NEALE, 1862

8

SOLOTHURN.

L.M.

Swiss Traditional Melody.

In unison.

(From the English Hymnal.)

AROUND the throne of God a band
 Of glorious Angels always stand;
 Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
 And on their heads are crowns of gold.
 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 guide 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.

J. M. NEALE, 1843.

9

WAREHAM.

L.M.

W. KNAPP, 1738.

ASHAMED of Thee! O dearest LORD,
 I marvel how such wrong can be;
 And yet how oft in deed and word
 Have I been found ashamed of Thee.
 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
 Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
 Whose feet the way of sorrows trod
 To bring me to Thy home above;
 Ashamed of Thee!—of that blest Name
 Which speaks of mercy full and free!

Nay, LORD, be this my only shame,
 That I have been ashamed of Thee.
 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love Divine
 Was not ashamed of our lost race,
 But even this cold heart of mine
 Doth make Thy home and dwelling place.
 Ashamed of Thee! O LORD, I pray
 This cruel wrong no more may be;
 And in Thy last great Advent-day
 Oh, be not Thou ashamed of me!

Bp. WALSHAM HOW, 1882.

10

ANGELUS.

L.M.

G. JOSEPH, 1657.



At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O LORD, around Thee lay ;
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !
Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near,
What if Thy Form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O SAVIOUR CHRIST, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;
And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;
And none, O LORD, have perfect rest,
And none are wholly free from sin ;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O SAVIOUR CHRIST, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide ;

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. TWELLS, 1868.

11

ST. ALBAN.

8.8.6.D.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865.



Ave Maria ! blessèd Maid !
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade !
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee, so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus' holy Dove !

Ave Maria ! Mother blest,
To whom, caressing and caressed,
Clings the eternal Child ;
Favoured beyond Archangels' dream,
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
Thy new-born SAVIOUR smiled.

Thou wept'st, meek Maiden, Mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven :
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side Heaven !

A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer :
E'en from the Tree He deign'd to bow
For her His agonizèd Brow,
Her, His sole earthly care.

Ave Maria ! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine ;
For He, thy Son and SAVIOUR, vows
To crown all lowly, lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

J. KEBLE, 1827.

12

BENEATH THE CROSS.

7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

I. D. SANKEY, 1875.

Musical score for 'Beneath the Cross' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a simple harmonic accompaniment. The final system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

BENEATH the Cross of JESUS
 I fain would take my stand—
 The shadow of a mighty Rock,
 Within a weary land.
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From the burning of the noontide heat,
 And the burden of the day.
 O safe and happy shelter !
 O refuge tried and sweet !
 O trysting-place where Heaven's love
 And Heaven's justice meet.
 As to the holy Patriarch
 That wondrous dream was given,
 So seems my SAVIOUR'S Cross to me—
 A ladder up to Heaven.
 There lies beneath its shadow,
 But on the further side,
 The darkness of an awful grave
 That gapes both deep and wide ;

And there between us stands the Cross,
 Two arms outstretched to save,
 Like a watchman set to guard the way
 From that eternal grave.
 Upon that Cross of JESUS
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me ;
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 Two wonders I confess—
 The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.
 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
 For my abiding place ;
 I ask no other sunshine
 Than the sunshine of His Face ;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all—the Cross.

E. C. CLEPHANE, 1872.

13

TRENTHAM.

S.M.

R. JACKSON, 1894.

Musical score for 'Trentham' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a simple harmonic accompaniment. The final system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
 Fill me with life anew,
 That I may love what Thou dost love,
 And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Until my heart is pure ;
 Until with Thee I will one will
 To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Till I am wholly Thine ;
 Until this earthly part of me
 Glows with Thy fire Divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 So shall I never die,
 But live with Thee the perfect life
 Of Thine eternity.

E. HATCH, 1878.

BALLO DI MANOVA.
Unison.

IRREGULAR.

Arranged by
W. H. FRERE, C.R.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a melody, a second treble clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment, and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is irregular.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with three staves, maintaining the same instrumental arrangement and key signature as the first system.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece with three staves, maintaining the same instrumental arrangement and key signature.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece with three staves, maintaining the same instrumental arrangement and key signature.

The musical notation for the hymn consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a melody, a second treble clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment, and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

From Coferati's *Corona di Sacre Canzoni* (1689).

I.

CHRIST from Heaven descended ; the SON of GOD most holy
Stooped to our nature, and lived a servant lowly ;
In our human nature, and for the world's salvation
Torments He suffered, and anguish of temptation,
Men and fiends assailed Him,
His own disciples failed Him.
Yet He bore His Manhood unscathed in full perfection
Through Cross and Passion to glorious Resurrection.

CHRIST the world's Redeemer, His FATHER's love revealing,
Wrought mighty wonders of mercy and of healing ;
Outcasts lone and sinners He drew with love most tender
To life and freedom, and joy of self-surrender.
Still His message ringeth,
Abounding hope it bringeth—
Come to Me, ye weary, rest for your souls I give you ;
Come, heavy laden, your sins I will forgive you.

II.

CHRIST for ever liveth in light for ever glorious ;
CHRIST ever reigneth o'er every foe victorious ;
CHRIST in highest glory His Manhood ever weareth,
Now on His Bosom His brethren's names He beareth ;
Opened are Heaven's portals
To all earth's ransomed mortals :
CHRIST for ever pleadeth with ceaseless intercession
His perfect offering that covers man's transgression.

Thou, O CHRIST, hast triumphed, and in Thy Church Thou livest ;
Life to her members, eternal life, Thou givest :
Take, O King of Glory, take now Thy sceptre royal,
Reign Thou unchallenged in humble hearts and loyal ;
No mischance can sever
Thine own from Thee for ever ;
Praises unto Thee, LORD, Thy Church is aye addressing—
Thine be for ever the glory and the blessing.

T. R.

15

ST. DEINIOL.

D.C.M. (with refrain).

S. H. NICHOLSON,
1922.*In unison.*

REFRAIN.

A - men.

CHRIST is the Sacrifice we plead
Before th' eternal Throne ;
His Cross alone can cancel guilt
And for our sins atone.
We shelter 'neath that sacrifice
In every hour of need ;
And at the Altar bending low
That Sacrifice we plead.

Beneath the veil of bread and wine,
Our LORD Who reigns above
Is present as our Sacrifice ;
O praise His wondrous love.

CHRIST is the heavenly Food that gives
To every famished soul
New life and strength, new joy and hope,
And faith that maketh whole.
For we are made for GOD alone,
Without Him we are dead ;
No food sufficeth for the soul
But CHRIST the Living Bread.

Beneath the veil of bread and wine
Our LORD Who reigns above
Is present as our Heavenly Food ;
O praise His wondrous love.

CHRIST is the Unity that binds
In one the near and far ;
For we who share His life divine
His living body are.
On earth, and in the realms beyond,
One fellowship are we ;
And at the Altar we are knit
In mystic unity.

Beneath the veil of bread and wine
Our LORD Who reigns above
Is present as our Unity ;
O praise His wondrous love.

T. REES, C.R., 1922.

SOLDIERS OF THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

8.7.8.7.D. (with refrain).

T. MORLEY.

In unison.

(Or A. & M., 711 Supplement.)

CHRISTIANS, sing the Incarnation
Of th' Eternal SON of GOD,
Who, to save us, took our nature,
Soul and body, flesh and blood:
God, He saw man's cruel bondage,
Who in death's dark dungeon lay;
MAN, He came to fight man's battle,
And for man He won the day.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate SON of GOD,
Who for man as Man hath conquer'd
In our own true flesh and blood.

King of kings and Lord of Angels,
He put off His glory-crown,
Had a stable-cave for palace,
And a manger for His throne;
Helpless lay, to Whom creation
All its life and being owed,
And the lowly Hebrew Maiden
Was the Mother of her GOD.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate SON of GOD,
Who conceal'd His dazzling GODHEAD
'Neath the veil of flesh and blood.

Through a life of lowly labour
He on earth was pleased to dwell,
All our want and sorrow sharing,
GOD with us, EMMANUEL:
Yet a dearer, closer union
JESUS in His love would frame;
He, the Passover fulfilling,
Gave Himself as Paschal Lamb.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate SON of GOD,
Who the heav'nly gifts bequeath'd us
Of His own true Flesh and Blood.

Then, by man refused and hated,
GOD for man vouchsafed to die,
Love divine its depth revealing
On the heights of Calvary;
Through His dying the dominion
From the tyrant death was torn,

When its Victim rose its Victor
On the Resurrection morn.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate SON of GOD,
Who through His eternal SPIRIT
Offers His own Flesh and Blood.

Forty days of mystic converse
Lived on earth the Risen One,
Speaking of His earthly kingdom,
Ere He sought His heav'nly Throne:
Then, His latest words a blessing,
He ascended up on high,
And through rank on rank of Angels
Captive led captivity.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate SON of GOD,
Who the Holiest place hath enter'd
In our flesh and by His Blood.

Now upon the golden Altar,
In the midst before the Throne,
Incense of His intercession
He is offering for His own.
And on earth at all His altars
His true Presence we adore,
And His Sacrifice is pleaded,
Yea, till time shall be no more.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate SON of GOD,
Who, abiding Priest for ever,
Still imparts His Flesh and Blood.

Then, adored in highest Heaven,
We shall see the Virgin's Son,
All creation bow'd before Him,
MAN upon th' eternal Throne:
Where, like sound of many waters
In one ever-rising flood,
Myriad voices hymn His triumph,
Victim, Priest, Incarnate GOD.
Worthy He all praise and blessing
Who, by dying, death o'ercame:
Glory be to GOD for ever!
Alleluia to the LAMB!

VENI CREATOR.
In unison.

17

L.M.

TRADITIONAL.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

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.

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 Thine eternal merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT.

Tr. Bp. COSIN, 1627.

18

L.M.

JAMES BADEN POWELL,
1876.

WORSHIP.
Vivace.

COME, let us sing the Song of songs,
The Saints in Heaven began the strain,
The homage which to CHRIST belongs:
Worthy the LAMB, for He was slain.
Slain to redeem us by His Blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to GOD:
Worthy the LAMB, for He was slain.
To Him Who suffered on the tree,
Our souls at His Soul's price to gain,
Blessing and praise, and glory be:
Worthy the LAMB, for He was slain.

To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power, in Heaven and earth pro-
claim.
Honour, and majesty, and might:
Worthy the LAMB, for He was slain.

Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in Heaven with Him we
reign,
This song our Song of songs shall be:
Worthy the LAMB, for He was slain.

J. MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

19

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

S. WEBBE, 1792.



COME, Thou HOLY SPIRIT, come ;
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of Light Divine ;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine.

Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet refreshment here below ;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold Gifts descend ;
Give them virtue's sure reward ;
Give them Thy salvation, LORD ;
Give them joys that never end.

Tr. E. CASWALL, 1847.

22

O most Blessèd Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill ;
Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

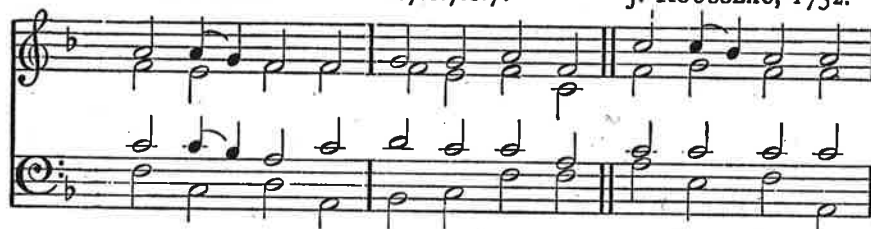
Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew :
Wash the stains of guilt away :
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.

20

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

J. ROUSSEAU, 1752.



COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Come in mercy's gracious hour ;
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able, He is willing ; doubt no more.
Come, ye needy, come and welcome !
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy !
Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the Fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous ; sinners JESUS came to call.

Saints and Angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the LAMB :
While the blissful seats of Heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name :
Alleluia ! sinners here may sing the same.

J. HART, 1759.

23

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you ; 'tis the SPIRIT'S rising beam.
Agonising in the garden,
Lo ! the SAVIOUR prostrate lies ;
On the blood-stained Cross behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies—
" It is finished !"—finished the great Sacrifice.
Lo ! th' Incarnate GOD, ascended,
Pleads the merits of His Blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude :
None but JESUS can do helpless sinners good.

N.B.—The first four syllables of the last line are repeated in each verse.

21

ST. AGNES.

10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN, 1861.

Musical score for 'St. Agnes' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a repeat sign. The second system also has a repeat sign. The third system ends with the text 'A - men.' written above the treble staff.

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

(Or Tune 39.)

COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng,
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me, and with My FATHER here,
With Me and with My FATHER not alone.

Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears,
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won :
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

Come ye and rest : the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink :
The Bread of Life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the Wine of Love to drink.

Then fresh from converse with your LORD, return
And work till daylight softens into even ;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in Heaven.

BP. E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1872.

22

DAILY, DAILY.

8.7.8.7.D.

TYROLESE AIR.

Musical score for 'Daily, Daily' and 'Tyrolese Air' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a repeat sign. The second system is labeled 'REFRAIN.' and has a repeat sign. The third system ends with the text 'A - men.' written above the treble staff.

DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made ;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid ;
*Oh, that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly ;
I would seek the gates of Zion,
Far beyond the starry sky !*
All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold ;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
In the midst of that dear City
CHRIST is reigning on His throne.

And the Angels swing their censers
In a ring about His Feet.

From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City,
Like a beam of silver light.

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
And the great redeemed throng.

Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain !
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain !

S. BARING GOULD, 1867.

23

WEBER.

7.7.7.7.

C. M. VON WEBER,
1786-1826.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

I have long withstood His Grace,
Long provoked Him to His Face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

There for me the SAVIOUR stands ;
Shows His wounds and spreads His Hands !
God is love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

JESUS, answer from above,
Is not all Thy nature love ?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss Thy Feet ?

If I rightly read Thy Heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine Ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

C. WESLEY, 1745.

24

WARFARE.

6.5.6.5.

L. J. HUTTON, 1880.

FAITHFUL warriors, bearing
Jesus' cross and shame ;
Faithful warriors, daring
All in JESUS' Name.

Hard the path and dreary
In a world of sin ;
Hard the fight and weary
With the lusts within.

Hark ! the Voice that calls you
" Warriors, follow Me ;
All that now befalls you
Shall your glory be."

On through strife and sorrow
Force your steadfast way :
Bright shall be to-morrow
After dark to-day.

On His Word relying,
True and steadfast be ;
Every foe defying,
March to victory.

T. B. POLLOCK, 1836-96.

25

STELLA.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

Easy Hymn Tunes, 1851.

First system of musical notation for 'STELLA', featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature.

Second system of musical notation for 'STELLA'.

Third system of musical notation for 'STELLA'.

Fourth system of musical notation for 'STELLA', ending with the text 'A - men'.

FATHER, Who dost Thy children feed
With Manna rained from above ;
Who dost the Saving Chalice give,
Filled by Thy Hand in wondrous
love ;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

O Word made Flesh, Whom we adore,
The Living Bread sent down from
Heaven !
Whose wondrous Passion here show^{forth}
Is the great pledge of sin forgiven ;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

O HOLY SPIRIT, Who dost deign
These earthly elements to bless,
Making the bread His Flesh to be,
The wine His Blood, as we confess ;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

Ye holy Angels, who, with us,
Around God's Altar lowly bow,
Adoring there the Crucified,
Whose precious Death is pleaded now,
O praise Him for His mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament !

Ye blessed Saints, enthroned on high,
Who once the paths of earth did tread,
Who reached in safety GOD's abode,
As strengthened by this Living Bread ;
O praise Him for His mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

O HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Whom we love,
Guide, strengthen, save us here below,
And bring us to our home above,
To praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

G. BODY, 1874.

26

DUKE STREET.

L.M.

J. HATTON, 1793.

First system of musical notation for 'DUKE STREET', featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature.

Second system of musical notation for 'DUKE STREET', ending with the text 'A-men'.

(Or A. & M. 540.)

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.

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.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

27

SHIPSTON.

8.7.8.7.

English Traditional Melody.



FIRMLY I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One,
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the SON.

And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified,
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.

Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong.
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the Holy, Him the strong.

And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church as His creation,
And her teachings as His own.

Adoration aye be given
With and through the angelic host,
To the GOD of earth and heaven,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

J. H. NEWMAN, 1865.

28

EBENEZER.

8.7.8.7.D.

T. J. WILLIAMS.



REFRAIN.



(By permission of W. Gwenlyn Evans and Son, Carnarvon.)

FROM the depths of sin and failure,
From despair as black as night,
LORD, we hear our brothers calling
For deliv'rance and for light.

Use us, LORD, to speed Thy king-
dom;
Through us may Thy will be
done;
Give us eyes to see the vision
Of a world redeem'd and won.

By the love that bore in silence
Man's contempt and Satan's dart;
By the longing for the lost ones
That consumes the SAVIOUR'S
Heart;

By the SAVIOUR'S Blood that bought
us,
By the peace His merits bring,
By the SPIRIT That constrains us
Now on earth to crown Him King

T. REES, C.R., 1916.

29

AUSTRIA.

8.7.8.7.D.

F. J. HAYDN, 1797.

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 may'st 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 ?

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring—
Showing that the LORD is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day ;
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they
pray.

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.

J. NEWTON, 1779.

30

ST. NINIAN.

6.5.6.5.

ANON. Harmonized by S.S.

(Or A. & M. 107.)

GLORY be to JESUS
Who, in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the Life-blood
From His sacred Veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find ;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the Blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
Terror-struck departs ;

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood.

E. CASWALL, 1857.

31

PENITENTIA.

10.10.10.10.

E. DEARLE, 1874.

A - men.

(Or 39; or 144.)

GOD made me for Himself, to serve Him here
With love's pure service and in filial fear;
To show His praise, for Him to labour now;
Then see His glory where the Angels bow.

All needful grace was mine, through His dear SON,
Whose life and death my full salvation won:
The grace that would have strengthen'd me, and taught;
Grace that would crown me when my work was wrought.

And I, poor sinner, cast it all away;
Lived for the toil or pleasure of each day;
As if no CHRIST had shed His precious Blood,
As if I owed no homage to my GOD.

O HOLY SPIRIT, with Thy fire Divine,
Melt into tears this thankless heart of mine;
Teach me to love what once I seemed to hate,
And live to GOD, before it be too late.

SIR H. W. BAKER, 1876.

32

ST. DENYS.

8.5.8.5.8.8.8.5.

S. H. NICHOLSON, 1922.

A - men.

God of Love, and Truth, and Beauty,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
Fount of order, law, and duty,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
As in Heav'n Thy Hosts adore Thee,
And their faces veil before Thee,
So on earth, LORD, we implore Thee,
Hallowed be Thy Name.

LORD, remove our guilty blindness,
Hallowed be Thy Name,
Show Thy Heart of loving-kindness,
Hallowed be Thy Name.

By our heart's deep-felt contrition,
By our mind's enlightened vision,
By our will's complete submission,
Hallowed be Thy Name.

In our worship, LORD most holy,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
In our work, however lowly,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
In each heart's imagination,
In the Church's adoration,
In the conscience of the nation,
Hallowed be Thy Name.

T. REES, C.R., 1922.

33

LUTHER.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Geistliche Lieder
(Wittenberg), 1535

GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in CHRIST shall first arise
At that last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their LORD surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His Presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

The ungodly, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His Throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour.
Thy wondrous love extending;
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

B. RINGWALDT and others, 1802.

34

LLANFAIR.

7.4.7.4.D.

Welsh Hymn Melody.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Alleluia!
To His Throne above the skies;
Alleluia!
CHRIST, the LAMB for sinners given,
Alleluia!
Enters now the highest Heav'n.
Alleluia!

There for Him high triumph waits;
Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Alleluia!
He hath conquer'd death and sin:
Alleluia!
Take the King of glory in.
Alleluia!

Lo! the Heav'n its LORD receives,
Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Alleluia!
Though returning to His Throne,
Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia!

See! He lifts His Hands above;
Alleluia!
See! He shows the prints of love;
Alleluia!
Hark! His gracious Lips bestow
Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below.
Alleluia!

Still for us He intercedes,
Alleluia!
His prevailing Death He pleads,
Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place,
Alleluia!
He the first-fruits of our race.
Alleluia!

LORD, though parted from our sight
Alleluia!
Far above the starry height,
Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies.
Alleluia!

C. WESLEY, 1739.

35

No. LXI. LA MEUNIÈRE. Irregular.

NOUVEAUX CANTIQUES SPIRITUELS
PROVENÇEAUX. AVIGNON, 1749.
Arranged by W. H. Frère, C.R.

Musical score for 'La Meunière' in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system includes a vocal line and two piano accompaniment lines. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts.

HARK! a sweet Voice calleth—"Come, follow Me,
Heed not what befalleth, but follow Me."

*My soul rejoice,
It is the Voice
Of CHRIST the SAVIOUR.
Hearken to His call;
Follow, leaving all.*

"Leave all sinful pleasure, come, follow Me,
I have nobler treasures, so follow Me."

"I will all forgive thee, come, follow Me,
I will succour give thee, so follow Me."

"Take thy cross and bear it, come, follow Me,
I will with thee share it, so follow Me."

"Through the darkness wending, come, follow Me,
On to light unending, O follow Me."

"Death shall not us sever, come, follow Me,
Trust My love for ever, and follow Me."

T. R.

36

St. BEES.

7.7.7.7.

J. B. DYKES, 1862.

Musical score for 'St. Bees' in G major, 7/8 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts, ending with 'A-men.' written above the vocal line.

HARK, my soul! it is the LORD;
'Tis thy SAVIOUR, hear His Word;
JESUS speaks; and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

"I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

LORD, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more.

W. COWPER, 1768.

37

MORIAH.

8.7.8.7.D.

Welsh Hymn Melody.

Slow.

A - men.

He is pleading, by His sorrows,
By the bitter pain He bore,
For the comfort of your pity,
That your heart should love Him more.
Can you think of Him heart-broken,
With His gentle Face so marred,
And pass on as tho' 'twere nothing
That the outstretched Hands are scarred?

He is pleading, by your burdens,
By your weariness and smart,
By life's wild unanswered questions,
And your emptiness of heart.
Will you keep your care, unheeding
The calm Voice that offers rest?
And your soul drift, farther, farther,
From the shelter of that Breast?

He is pleading, by the darkness
Of the life without His light,
By the ever-thickening shadows,
And the coming on of night;
Will you choose the deepening twilight,
With its final chill and gloom,
While sweet dawn breaks thro' the windows
Of the brightening upper room?

He is pleading, ever pleading,
Here below, as there above,
By the FATHER'S perfect pity,
And the SPIRIT'S tender love.
He is pleading, *now* is pleading
With the sheep that He hath found—
Yield your heart, your life, to JESUS,
That His love may fold you round.

W. ST. HILL BOURNE (1846.

38

MONKS GATE.

II.II.I2.II.

English Traditional Melody.

A - men.

(By permission of Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.)

[Or A. & M. 676 (Supplement).]

He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the MASTER.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight;
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, LORD, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy SPIRIT,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

J. BUNYAN (1628-1688), and others.

39

ELLERS.

10.10.10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1869.

(By permission of Lady Carbery.)

HERE, O my LORD, I see Thee face to face ;
 Here faith can touch and handle things unseen ;
 Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy Grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ;
 Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven ;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
 It is enough, my LORD—enough indeed ;
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood ;
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
 Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O LORD, my GOD.

H. BONAR, 1855.

40

HOLD THE FORT.

8.5.8.5. and Refrain.

P. BLISS, 1871.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

Ho, my comrades ! see the signal
 Waving in the sky !
 Reinforcements now appearing,
 Victory is nigh !

" Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
 JESUS signals still,
 Wave the answer back to Heaven,
 " By Thy Grace we will."

See the mighty host advancing,
 Satan leading on ; —
 Mighty men around us falling,
 Courage almost gone !

See the glorious banner waving !
 Hear the trumpet blow !
 In our Leader's Name we'll triumph
 Over every foe !

Fierce and long the battle rages,
 But our help is near :
 Onward comes our great Commander,
 Cheer, my comrades, cheer !

P. BLISS, 1871.

41

NICEA.

11.12.12.10.

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

HOLY, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
GOD in THREE Persons, Blessèd TRINITY!

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 shall 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.

Bp. HEBER, 1827.

42

ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

S. H. NICHOLSON, 1922.

In unison. Not too fast. 8.7.8.7.D.

HOLY SPIRIT, ever dwelling
In the holiest realms of light;
HOLY SPIRIT, ever brooding
O'er a world of gloom and night;
HOLY SPIRIT, ever raising
Sons of earth to thrones on high;
Living, life-imparting SPIRIT,
Thee we praise and magnify.

HOLY SPIRIT, ever working
Through the Church's ministry;
Quickening, strengthening, and absolving,
Setting captive sinners free;
HOLY SPIRIT, ever binding
Age to age, and soul to soul,
In a fellowship unending—
Thee we worship and extol.

HOLY SPIRIT, ever living
As the Church's very life;
HOLY SPIRIT, ever striving
Through her, in a ceaseless strife;
HOLY SPIRIT, ever forming
In the Church the mind of CHRIST;
Thee we praise with endless worship
For Thy fruit and gifts unpriced.

T. REES, C.R., 1922.

43

BROMSGROVE

C.M.

COLLINS.

(Or A. & M. 438.)

How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the Blood of CHRIST have wash'd
Those robes that shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the Throne on high,
And serve the GOD they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The LAMB, Which dwells amidst the Throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And GOD the LORD from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

I. WATTS and W. CAMERON, 1707.

44

HOLY NAME.

C.M. and Refrain.

J. H. STOCKTON,
1813-1877.

REFRAIN.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

How sweet the Name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

*Sweetest note in Seraph's song,
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
JESUS!—JESUS!—JESUS!*

It makes the wounded spirit whole.
And calms the troubled breast ;
Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

J. NEWTON, 1779.

45

LONSDALE.

8.7.8.7.

HON. M. CAULDFIELD.

(Or Tune 37.)

HUSH, my soul, what Voice is pleading?
Thou canst feel its silent power;
Who is this that speaks so gently
In this solemn evening hour?

"Stay, poor sinner; life is fleeting,
And thy soul is dark within;
Wilt thou wait till outer darkness
Close in gloom thy life of sin?"

Hark! it is a Voice of sweetness,
Tenderly it speaks, and true!
Dark and sad, yet strangely yearning
For a peace I never knew.

Half inclined to stay and listen,
Half inclined to go away,
Still I linger, for it whispers
"Harden not thy heart to-day!"

What is this that steals upon me?
Can it be that at my side,
In His own mysterious Presence,
Stands the wondrous Crucified?

"Why, poor sinner, wilt thou linger?
I am waiting to forgive;
See the meaning of these wound-prints:
I have died, that thou may'st live!"

Hush, my soul! it is thy SAVIOUR;
And He seeks His lost one now!
He is waiting; flee not from Him,
Venture near, before Him bow.

Tell thy sins; He will forgive thee;
And He will not love thee less;
For the Human Heart of JESUS
Overflows with tenderness.

J. H. LESTER, 1883.

46

CONVENTION.

10.7.10.7. and Refrain.

W. H. DOANE.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

I AM Thine, O LORD; I have heard Thy Voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed

LORD.

To the Cross where Thou hast died.

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed

LORD.

To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, LORD,
By the power of Grace Divine.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

Oh! the pure delight of a single hour,
That before Thy Throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my
GOD

I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot touch
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1875.

47

CAIRNBROOK.

8.5.8.3.

E. PROUT, 1887.

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(Or Tune 7.)

I AM trusting Thee, LORD JESUS,
Trusting only Thee !
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free !

I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy Feet I bow ;
For Thy Grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing,
In the crimson flood ;
Trusting Thee to make me holy,
By Thy Blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me ;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power ;
Thine can never fail ;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, LORD JESUS,
Never let me fall !
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1878.

50

48

I HEAR THY WELCOME
VOICE.s.m. and
Refrain.L. HARTSOUGH,
1878.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

I HEAR Thy welcome Voice,
That calls me, LORD, to Thee,
For cleansing in the precious Blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

*I am coming, LORD,
Coming now to Thee,
Wash me, cleanse me in the Blood
That flow'd on Calvary.*

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure :
Thou dost my vileness fully
cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis JESUS calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and Heaven above.

And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but bring the plea.

All hail, atoning Blood !
All hail, redeeming Grace !
All hail, the gift of CHRIST our
LORD,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

L. HARTSOUGH, 1878.

51

49

KINGSFOLD.

D.C.M.

English Traditional Melody.
(Noted by L. E. BROADWOOD).

(Or A. & M. 257.)

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 look'd 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.

H. BONAR, 1846.

* In verses 2 and 3 lines 5 and 6 run thus:

50

ECCLES.

6.6.6.6.

B. LUARD SELBY, 1904.

(COPYRIGHT 1904 by the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.)

I HUNGER and I thirst;
JESU, my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My lifelong wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.

Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began,
Feed me, Thou Bread of GOD:
Help me, Thou SON OF MAN.

For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1866.

51

BOWDLER, No. 178.

7.6.7.6.D.

C. BOWDLER, 1881.

FINE.

(Or A. & M. 330.)

I LOVE to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The LORD came down to save me,
Because He loves me so.

*I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.*

I'm glad my blessed SAVIOUR
Was once a child like me,
To shew 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 loved 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.

E. M. MILLER, 1867.

52

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

II.II.II.II.

H. WATRIN.

I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one again ;
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore,
And, as He passed by me, I knelt to adore.

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy Wounds they are deep,
The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep ;
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent they have made in Thy Side ?

Ah, me ! how the thorns have entangled Thy Hair,
And cruelly riven that Forehead so fair !
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering Breath ;
And lo, on Thy Face is the shadow of death !

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd ! and is it for me
This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee ?
Ah, then let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn !

E. CASWALL, 1814-1878.

53

DEPENDENCE.

10.10. and Refrain.

R. LOWRY, 1872.



REFRAIN.



(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

I NEED Thee ev'ry hour, most gracious LORD,
No tender voice like Thine, can peace afford.

*I need Thee, O I need Thee; ev'ry hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my SAVIOUR! I come to Thee.*

I need Thee ev'ry hour, stay Thou near by:
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

I need Thee ev'ry hour, in joy or pain:
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

I need Thee ev'ry hour, teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

A. S. HAWKES, 1872.

54

FAR LAND.

Irregular.

IRA D. SANKEY,
1840-1908.*sostenuto.*

REFRAIN.



(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

IN the land of strangers,
Whither thou art gone,
Hear a far Voice calling,
My son! My son!

*Welcome! wand'rer, welcome!
Welcome back to home.
Thou hast wander'd far away,
Come home! come home!*

From the land of hunger,
Fainting, famished, lone,
Come to love and gladness,
My son! My son!

See the door still open,
Thou art still My own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! My son!

See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here are rest and plenty,—
My son! My son!

Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! My son!

H. BONAR, 1808-1889.

55

HERONGATE.

L.M.

English Traditional Melody.

(By permission of Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.)

It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That GOD'S OWN SON should come from Heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true :
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died
For love of those who loved Him not.

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin ;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His Heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure ;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, LORD ;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

Bp. W. WALSHAM How, 1872.

56

JERUSALEM.

C.M.

T. W. STANFORTH, 1866.

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

JERUSALEM, my happy home !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil !
No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darkness night ;
There every soul shines as the sun ;
There God Himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy Saints are crowned with glory great,
They see GOD face to face,
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the choir,
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tune surpassing sweet,
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

I.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye may be.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square.
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God, that I were there !

II.

Te Deum doth S. Ambrose sing,
S. Austin doth the like !
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalen hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With blessed Saints whose harmony
In ev'ry street doth ring.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

F. B. P. (16th cent.).

57

MONOD.

6 5.6.5.

ANON.

(Or A. & M. 324.)

JESU, gentlest SAVIOUR,
God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

JESU, gentlest SAVIOUR,
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear LORD, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

F. W. FABER, 1854.

58

HOLLINGSIDE.

7.7.7.7.D.

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

60

(Or Tune 120.)

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

C. WESLEY, 1740

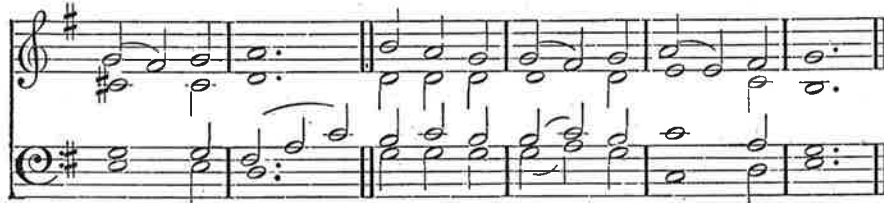
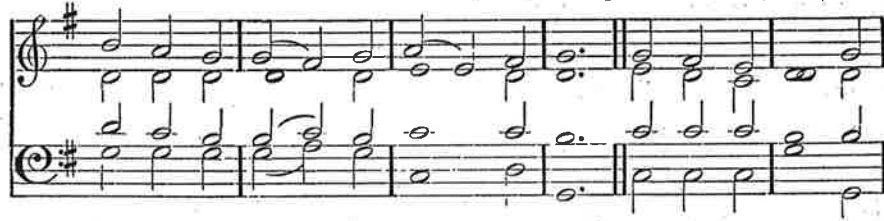
61

59

ST. CATHERINE.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

H. F. HEMBY and
J G. WALTON, 1907.



(Or Tune 25.)

JESU, my LORD, my GOD, my All,
Hear me, blest SAVIOUR, when I call ;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.

*JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O! make me love Thee more and more.*

JESU, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name ?

JESU, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought !
So far exceeding hope or thought !

JESU, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I am or have is Thine ;
And Thou, my SAVIOUR, Thou art mine.

H. COLLINS, 1854.

60

SANCTUARY.

8.7.8.7.

C. J. DICKINSON, 1861.



(Or Tune 45.)

JESU ! Refuge of the weary !
Object of the spirit's love ;
Fountain in life's desert dreary,
SAVIOUR from the world above.

O how oft Thine Eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall ;
Yet Thou, on the Cross extended,
Bore the penalty for all.

Yet, no vow repentant breathing,
Still we pass Thy sacred Cross,
Though, 'neath thorns Thy Forehead wreathing,
Dropped the Bloody Sweat for us.

Yet Thy sinless Death hath bought us
Life eternal, peace, and rest ;
What Thy Grace alone hath taught us,
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

JESU ! would our hearts were burning
With more fervent love for Thee,
Would our eyes were ever turning
To Thy Cross of agony.

So, in pain and rapture blending,
Might our failing eyes grow dim,
While the heart would soar ascending
To the circling Cherubim.

Then in glory parted never
From the Blessed SAVIOUR'S Side,
Graven on our hearts for ever
Be the Cross and Crucified.

Then the Wounds with which He bought us
We shall worship evermore ;
And the Shepherd Good, Who sought us,
With enraptured hearts adore.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1755.

61

ST. ANDREW.

8.7.8.7.

E. H. THORNE, 1875.

Musical score for St. Andrew, first system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a steady rhythm.

A-men.

(By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.)

JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet Voice soundeth,
Saying, " Christian, follow Me."

As of old St. 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.

C. F. ALEXANDER, 1852.

62

EASTER HYMN.

7.4.7.4.D.

Altered from melody in
Lyra Davidica, 1708.

Musical score for Easter Hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is simple and features a prominent eighth-note pattern.

64

Musical score for St. Andrew, second system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music continues from the first system.

Musical score for St. Andrew, third system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music continues from the second system.

Musical score for St. Andrew, fourth system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music concludes with a final 'A-men'.

A-men.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia !
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia !
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia !

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

But the pain which He endured
Alleluia !
Our salvation hath procured ;
Alleluia !
Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia !
Where the Angels ever sing.
Alleluia !

ANON., 1708.

63

SICILIAN MARINERS.

8.7.8.7.

ANON.



JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be ;

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
GOD and Heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my SAVIOUR too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
GOD of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me ;
Show Thy Face, and all is bright.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what SPIRIT dwells within thee,
What a FATHER's smile is thine,
What a SAVIOUR died to win thee ;—
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own Hand shall guidethee there.

Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

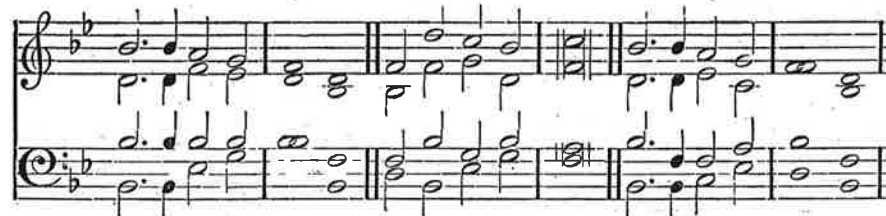
H. F. LYRE, 1824.

64

GOSHEN.

6.5.6.5.D.

Bible Class Magazine, 1860.



JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul ;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in Heaven or on earth like Thee :
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, LORD, for me.

JESUS, I may trust Thee. Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the Angel at Thy wondrous Birth ;
Written, and for ever, on Thy Cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that Name.

JESUS, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days :
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy Face—
None too vile or loathsome for a SAVIOUR'S Grace.

JESUS, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
Though Thy Voice of pity I have never heard ;
When Thy SPIRIT teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy Feet.

JESUS, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt,
Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out ;
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy Blood,
These my soul's salvation, Thou my SAVIOUR, GOD !

M. J. WALKER, 1855.

65

CORPUS CHRISTI.

8.6.9.6.

H. F. SHEPPARD.

V. 4. But

V. 5. But

An - gels

A - men.

Thou art

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Cross I cannot see,
But the Crucified is offer'd there,
And He was slain for me.

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Flesh I cannot see,
But that Flesh is given to be our
food,
And It was scourged for me.

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Blood I cannot see,
But the Chalice glows with those red
drops
On Calvary shed for me.

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Face I cannot see,
But Angels there behold the Brow
Thorn-crown'd for love of me.

JESUS, my Maker and my GOD,
Thy Godhead none may see,
But Thou art present, GOD and Man,
In Thy Sacrament with me.

H. N. OXENHAM.

66

NEAR THE CROSS.

Irregular.

W. H. DOANE.

REFRAIN.

A-men.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

JESUS, keep me near the Cross ;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.

*In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever ;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.*

Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me ;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

Near the Cross ! O LAMB of GOD,
Bring its scenes before me ;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1869.

67

ST. ALBINUS.

7.8.7.8.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.

(Or A. & M. 140 [2].)

JESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal us;
JESUS lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us. Alleluia!

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

C. F. GELLERT, 1757.

68

ST. SCHOLASTICA.

Unison.

6.5.6.5.

FR. IGNATIUS. O.S.B.

(Or Tune 99.)

JESUS! stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.
Breathe Thy HOLY SPIRIT
Into every heart,

Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.
Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of th' Eternal Day!

W. PENNEFATHER, 1872.

69

DISMISSAL.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

W. L. VINER, c. 1850.

(Or Tune 114.)

JESUS! speak to me in love,
Restless, storm-tossed in my sin,
With Thy mighty Voice, O LORD,
Thy great calm create within;
Bid the stormy winds to cease,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.

To Thee, JESU, do I fly,
Wakened from my soul's dread sleep;
None but Thou canst save me, LORD,
In this hour of anguish deep;
Thou alone canst give release,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.

Boldly at Thy Throne of Grace,
LORD, I now forgiveness seek;
In Thy tender, pitying Love,
To my soul Thy pardon speak.
JESU! make my anguish cease,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.

Prince of Peace! who in Thy death
Didst for me the ransom pay,
Cleanse me in Thy precious Blood,
Give to me Thy peace to-day.
Now, LORD, grant my soul release,
Now, LORD, bid me go in peace.

C. BODY, 1874.

70

KENSINGTON NEW.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

J. TILLEARD, 1866.



JUDGE eternal, throned in splendour,
 LORD of lords, and King of kings,
 With Thy living fire of judgment
 Purge this realm of bitter things :
 Solace all its wide dominion
 With the healing of Thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
 For the hour that brings release :
 And the city's crowded clangour
 Cries aloud for sin to cease ;
 And the homesteads and the woodlands
 Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O GOD, Thine own endeavour :
 Cleave our darkness with Thy sword :
 Feed the faint and hungry heathen
 With the richness of Thy Word :
 Cleanse the body of this empire
 Through the glory of the LORD.

H. SCOTT HOLLAND, 1906.

71

ST. CRISPIN.

L.M.

SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1863.



(Or E. H. 316.)

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

Just as I am, though toss'd about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
 Because Thy promise I believe,

Just as I am (Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down),
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,

Just as I am, of that free love
 The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
 Here for a season, then above,

C. ELLIOTT, 1836.

72

KNOCKING.

Irregular.

G. F. ROOT, 1874.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

KNOCKING, knocking! who is there?
 Waiting, waiting, O how fair!
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before;
 Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
 Wilt thou not undo the door?

Knocking, knocking; still He's there!
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
 But the door is hard to open,
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,
 Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
 Yes, the piercèd Hand still knocketh,
 And beneath the crownèd Hair
 Beam the patient Eyes, so tender,
 Of thy SAVIOUR waiting there.

H. STOWE, 1867.

73

SANDON.

10.4.10.4.10.10.

C. H. PURDAY, 1860.

(Or A. & M. 266.)

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

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

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

J. H. NEWMAN, 1834.

74

PICARDY.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

French Traditional Carol.

To be sung in unison.

(From the English Hymnal.)

Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded, for with blessing in His Hand,
CHRIST our GOD to earth descendeth, our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth He stood,
LORD of lords, in human vesture—in the Body and the Blood—
He will give to all the faithful His own Self for heavenly Food.

Rank on rank the host of Heaven spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of light descendeth from the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish as the darkness clears away.

At His feet the six-winged Seraph; Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence, as with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, LORD most high.

Tr. G. MOULTRIE, 1829-1885.

75

FATHER HENRY.

Slow. (First Tune.)

9.6.9.6.

HON. J. G. ADDERLEY.

IGNATIUS.

Slow. (Second Tune.)

9.6.9.6.

J. H. LESTER.

LET me come closer to Thee, JESUS;
O! closer day by day,
Let me lean harder on Thee, JESUS,
Yes, harder all the way.
Let me show forth Thy beauty, JESUS,
Like sunshine on the hills.
O! let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness
In joyous sparkling rills.

Yes, like a fountain, precious JESUS,
Make me and let me be;
Keep me and use me daily, JESUS,
For Thee, for only Thee.

In all my heart and will, O JESUS,
Be altogether King,
Make me a loyal subject, JESUS,
To Thee in everything.

Thirsting and hungering for Thee, JESUS,
With blessed hunger here;
Longing for home on Zion's mountain,—
No thirst, no hunger there.

FR. IGNATIUS, O.S.B., 1883.

CRUCIFER. 10.10 and Refrain. S. H. NICHOLSON, 1916.

Unison.

Lift high the Cross, the love of CHRIST pro - claim

Till all the world . . . a - dore . . . His sa - cred Name.

Harmony.

D.C.

Org. A-men.

(Copyright, 1915, by the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.).

LIFT high the Cross, the love of CHRIST proclaim
Till all the world adore His Sacred Name.

Come, brethren, follow where our Captain trod,
Our King victorious, CHRIST the SON of GOD.

*Lift high the Cross, the love of CHRIST proclaim,
Till all the world adore His Sacred Name.*

Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
The hosts of GOD in conquering ranks combine.

Each new-born soldier of the Crucified
Bears on his brow the seal of Him Who died.

This is the sign which Satan's legions fear,
The mystery which Angel hosts revere.

Saved by this Cross whereon their LORD was slain,
The sons of Adam their lost home regain.

From north and south, from east and west they raise
In growing unison their song of praise.

O LORD, once lifted on the glorious Tree,
As Thou hast promised, draw men unto Thee.

Let every race and every language tell
Of Him Who saves our souls from death and hell.

From farthest regions let them homage bring
And on His Cross adore their SAVIOUR KING.

Set up Thy Throne, that earth's despair may cease
Beneath the shadow of its healing peace.

So shall our song of triumph ever be,
Praise to the Crucified for victory.

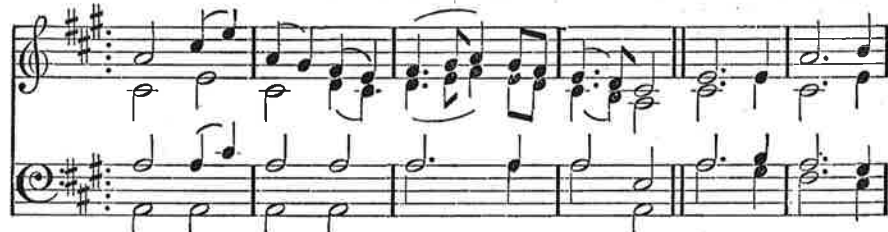
G. W. KITCHIN and M. R. NEWBOLT, 1887.

77

HELMSLEY.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

T. OLIVERS, 1765.



Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand Saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment, come away!

Blest redemption, long expected,
See! His solemn pomp to share,
All His Saints, by men rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of GOD appear!

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne!
SAVIOUR, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
O come quickly!
Alleluia! come, LORD, come!

J. CENNICK and C. WESLEY, 1758.

80

78

EVEN ME.

8.7.8.7.3.7.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1862.



LORD, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing:
Let Thy grace descend on me.

Even me! even me!

* *Let Thy grace descend on me.*

Pass me not! O gracious FATHER!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.

Pass me not! O tender SAVIOUR;
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour!
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.

Pass me not! O mighty SPIRIT!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of JESU'S merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me.

Love of GOD, so pure and changeless!
Blood of CHRIST, so rich and free!
Grace of GOD, so strong and boundless!
Magnify it all in me.

Pass me not—but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O LORD, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.

E. CODNOR, 1860.

* Repeat the fourth line of each verse.

81

79

ST. PHILIP.

7.7.7.

W. H. MONK, 1861.



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

Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

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

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

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere our eyes behold Thy Face.

I. WILLIAMS, 1844.

80

HOLLEY.

L.M.

G. HEWS, 1835.



LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, LORD, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, LORD, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, LORD, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, LORD,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, LORD, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
Until Thy blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

81

RUSTINGTON.

8.7.8.7.D.

SIR H. PARRY, 1897.

A-men.

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

LORD, Thy ransomed Church is waking
Out of slumber far and near,
Knowing that the morn is breaking
When the Bridegroom shall appear;
Waking up to claim the treasure
With Thy precious Life-blood bought,
And to trust in fuller measure
All Thy wondrous Death hath wrought.

Praise to Thee for this glad shower,
Precious drops of latter rain,
Praise, that by Thy SPIRIT'S power
Thou hast quickened us again—
That Thy Gospel's priceless treasure
Now is borne from land to land,
And that all the FATHER'S pleasure
Prosper in Thy piercèd Hand.

Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wandering throng,
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song:
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
Praise for souls believing, tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

Set our hearts, O LORD, on fire
With the love of Thy dear Name;
Touch our lips, our souls inspire
Now to spread abroad Thy fame;
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come;—
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
Then, LORD, take Thy servants home.

S. G. STOCK, 1874.

82

HUMILITY.

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.4.

J. S. MITCHELL, 1873.

A - men.

Low at Thy piercèd Feet,
SAVIOUR of all,
Helpless and sorrowful,
Prostrate I fall,
O cast me not away,
Forgive my sin this day,
Forgive my sin,
All, all my sin.

Sinful my life has been,
Unclean, unclean,
All my iniquity
Thine eye hath seen:
Cleanse Thou my soul to-day,
Wash all my sins away,
In Thine own Blood,
Thy precious Blood.

By all Thy grief and pain,
Forgive me now;
Before Thy Cross in shame
Lowly I bow.
LORD, let that Blood of Thine
Wash now this soul of mine:
Wash Thou my soul,
My guilty soul.

Thou didst for me endure
Dread Calvary,
Sin's punishment and shame,
All, all for me.
On Thee my guilt was laid,
By Thee my debt was paid,
To set me free,
And keep me free.

LORD, I accept Thee now,
Accept Thou me;
I have delayed too long,
And grieved Thee.
By all Thy love to me,
I give myself to Thee;
Make me Thine own,
All, all Thine own.

J. STEPHENS, 1863.

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN
THE GLORY.

Irregular.

H. WALFORD DAVIES.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the LORD;
2. He hath sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat;
3. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies CHRIST was born a - cross the sea,
4. He is com - ing like the glo - ry of the morn - ing on the wave;

Fervently.



1. He is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
2. He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His Judge-ment seat:
3. With a glo - ry in His Bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me;
4. He is wis - dom to the migh - ty: He is suc - cour to the brave.



1. He hath loosed the fat - al light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword,
2. O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him, be ju - bi - lant, my feet!
3. As He died to make men ho - ly, let us live to make men free!
4. So the world shall be His foot - stool, and the soul of time His slave;



1. His.. Truth is march - ing on!
2. Our.. GOD is march - ing on!
3. While GOD is march - ing on!
4. Our.. GOD is march - ing on!



Org.

JULIA WARD HOWE, c. 1862.

84

IRCHESTER.

Irregular. H. R. PALMER, 1834-1907.

REFRAIN.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

MORE holiness give me,
 More sweetness within ;
 More patience in suffering,
 More sorrow for sin ;
 More faith in my SAVIOUR,
 More sense of His care :
 More joy in His service,
 More purpose in prayer.

*Come, my SAVIOUR, and help me,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep me ;
 Thou each moment wilt save me ;
 Thou art saving me now.*

MORE gratitude give me,
 More trust in the LORD ;
 More pride in His glory,
 More hope in His word ;
 More tears for His sorrows,
 More pain at His grief ;
 More meekness in trial,
 More praise for relief.

MORE purity give me,
 More strength to o'ercome ;
 More freedom from earth-stains,
 More longings for home ;
 More fit for the kingdom,
 More used would I be :
 More blessed and holy,
 More, SAVIOUR, like Thee.

P. BLISS, 1873.

85

OLIVET.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

L. MASON, 1833.



My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou LAMB of Calvary,
SAVIOUR Divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

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

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

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

R. PALMER, 1830.

86

No. LXXIII. GRIMAUDIN. Irregular.

NOUVEAUX CANTIQUES SPIRITUELS
PROVENÇEAUX. (AVIGNON, 1749),
Arranged by W. H. Frere, C.R.



NARROW thy path, O pilgrim lone, through wilderness wide ;
Rough is the way with rock and stone, O hast thou a guide ?
CHRIST is my Guide : the SON of GOD
This road so steep Himself hath trod.

Hunger and thirst, O pilgrim weak, now over thee brood,
Where, in the desert bare and bleak, obtainest thou food ?
CHRIST is my Food : He doth impart
His Life Divine to my frail heart.

Weary thou art, O pilgrim faint, with troubles oppressed ;
Out in the wild, O lonely saint, where findest thou rest ?
CHRIST is my Rest : His Church my home ;
And Heaven's bright Hosts to cheer me come.

Short is the day, O pilgrim frail, on cometh the night ;
Then, as the shadows deep prevail, where shalt thou find light ?
CHRIST is my Light : and CHRIST the Way
That leads through death to endless day.

T. R.

Musical score for 'Aleste Fideles' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' in the final system.

(Or as set in English Hymnal, 28.)

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore 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,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

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,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

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.

Tr. F. OAKELEY, 1841.

Musical score for 'Hiding in Thee' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The piece concludes with 'A - men.' in the final system.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

O COME to the merciful SAVIOUR, Who calls you,
O come to the LORD, Who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright Home above, where the sun never sets.

O come then to JESUS, Whose Arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And JESUS will show you His beautiful Face.

Then come to the SAVIOUR, Whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not! 'tis JESUS! and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the Home and the Glory above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
O fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the SAVIOUR Whose Blood you have spilt!

O come then to JESUS, and say how you love Him,
And swear at His feet you will keep in His Grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him;
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

Then come to His Feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame!
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our LORD to be true to His Name.

F. W. FABER, 1854

89

DIVINE COMPASSION.

C.M.

G. W. HART, C.R., 1918.



(Or Tune 102.)

O DEAREST LORD, Thy sacred Brow
With thorns was pierced for me ;
O pour Thy blessing on my head,
That I may think for Thee.

O dearest LORD, Thy sacred Hands
With nails were pierced for me ;
O send Thy blessing on my hands,
That they may work for Thee.

O dearest LORD, Thy sacred Feet
With nails were pierced for me ;
O send Thy blessing on my feet,
That they may follow Thee.

O dearest LORD, Thy sacred Heart
With spear was pierced for me ;
O shed Thy blessing on my heart,
That I may live for Thee.

FR. ANDREW, S.D.C., 1906.

94

90

BELMONT.

C.M.

S. WEBBE, JUNR.



(Or A. & M. 630.)

O FOR a closer walk with GOD,
A calm and heav'nly frame :
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the LAMB.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy DOVE, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast,

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with GOD,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the LAMB.

W. COWPER. 1772.

95

91

SAWLEY.
(First Tune.)

C.M.

J. WALCH, 1857.

BANGOR.
(Second Tune.)

C.M.

WILLIAM TANS'UR, 1724.

O FOR a heart to praise my GOD,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely shed for me;—
A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
Where JESUS reigns alone;—

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;—
A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love Divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, LORD, of Thine;—

Thy nature, gracious LORD, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love.

C. WESLEY, 1742.

96

92

EVAN.

C.M.

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.

(Or A. & M. 522.)

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace:

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.

JESUS! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music to the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean,
His Blood availed for me.

He speaks—and, listening to His Voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

See all your sins on JESUS laid;
The LAMB of GOD was slain,
His Soul was once an Offering made
For every soul of man.

C. WESLEY, 1767.

97

GIBBONS.

7.6.7.6.D.

J. D. SEDDING, 1861.



(Or Tune 141.)

O GOD of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die ;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,

From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good LORD !

Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall.
Bind all our lives together ;
Smite us and save us all ;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

G. K. CHESTERTON, 1906.

ST. ANNE.

C.M.

W. CROFT, 1708.



O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence 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 guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

I. WATTS, 1719.

95

WOLVERCOTE.
Unison.

7.6.7.6.D.

ANON.

(Or A. & M. 271.)

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, JESUS, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O JESUS, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in Heav'n receive me,
My SAVIOUR and my Friend.

J. E. BODE, 1869.

96

BATTYEFORD.

6.6.6.6.

G. W. HART, C.R., 1922.

O JESU, bless our homes,
And make them like to Thine;
Be bitterness unknown,
Bid love and kindness shine.

Let work be bravely done,
As Joseph toiled of old,
For Thee and Thy reward,
Not only for earth's gold.

Let love of GOD be first,
And daily prayers arise,
As once from Nazareth
Thine own soared to the skies.

Then let Thy blessing bring
Just such prosperity
As Thou shalt deem most fit
To keep us true to Thee.

Let lowliness abound,
That sweet humility
Of Mary's sinless heart
Which made her dear to Thee.

And to Thy better Home
O bring us at the last,
To praise Thee with Thy Saints
When earthly joys are past.

A. H. BAVBRSTOCK.

97

WALDEGRAVE.

6.8.6.8.

S. SWIRE, 1898.

O JESUS! GOD and Man!
For love of children once a Child!
O JESUS! GOD and Man!
We hail Thee, SAVIOUR, sweet and mild.

O JESUS! GOD and Man!
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for eternity.

O JESUS! Mary's Son!
On Thee for grace we children call;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.

O JESUS! bless our work,
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive;
O happy, happy they
Who in the Church of JESUS live!

O JESUS! great and good,
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who so rememberest us alway.

F. W. FABER, 1849.

102

98

ST. MARGARET.
Unison.

8.8.8.8.6.

A. L. PEACE, 1885.

(Or A. & M. 699 [2nd] Supplement.)

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

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.

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.

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.

G. MATHESON, 1881

103

99

NORTH COATES.

6.5.6.5.

T. R. MATTHEWS, 1862.



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

O MY SAVIOUR, lifted
From the earth for me,
Draw me, in Thy mercy,
Nearer unto Thee.

Speed these lagging footsteps,
Melt this heart of ice,
As I scan the marvels
Of Thy Sacrifice.

Lift my earth-bound longings,
Fix them, LORD, above ;
Draw me with the magnet
Of Thy mighty love.

LORD, Thine Arms are stretching
Ever far and wide,
To enfold Thy children
To Thy loving Side.

And I come, O JESUS :—
Dare I turn away ?
No ! Thy love hath conquered,
And I come to-day :

Bringing all my burdens,
Sorrow, sin, and care,
At Thy Feet I lay them,
And I leave them there.

BP. W. WALSHAM HOW, 1876.

104

100

HESPERUS.

L.M.

H. BAKER, 1866.



(By permission of the Editor of "Worship Song.")

O SOUL of JESUS, sick to death,
Thy Blood and prayer together plead,
My sins have bowed Thee to the
ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

My GOD ! my GOD ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the
bough ?

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the
air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O LORD ?
Wilt Thou not work this hon-
in me
The grace Thy Passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee ?

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him Who bears the
world
A load that He could scarcely bear.

O by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And by Thy woes and bloody
Sweat,
O wash my guilty conscience clear.

F. W. FABER, 1849.

105

101

CONFIDENCE.

L.M.

W. MOORE and S. S.



(Or A. & M. 353.)

O THOU Who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew Divine
On all who seek a SAVIOUR'S love ;

Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those who teach, pure hearts and
wise, [prayer ;
Faith, hope, and love, all warm'd by
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people
there.

Give those who learn, the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind ;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one ;
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good LORD, Thy Grace be
given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to Heav'n
We taste our immortality.

BP. J. ARMSTRONG, 1847.

102

STRACATHRO.

C.M.

Scottish Hymn Melody.



(Or A. & M. 315.)

ONCE, only once, and once for all,
His precious life He gave ;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

"One offering, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say ;
But what He never can repeat
He shews forth day by day.

For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood ;

So He, Who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power.
Presents Himself for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.

His Manhood pleads where now It lives
On Heaven's eternal Throne,
And where in mystic right He gives
Its Presence to His own.

And so we show Thy death, O LORD,
Till Thou again appear ;
And feel, when we approach Thy Board,
We have an Altar here.

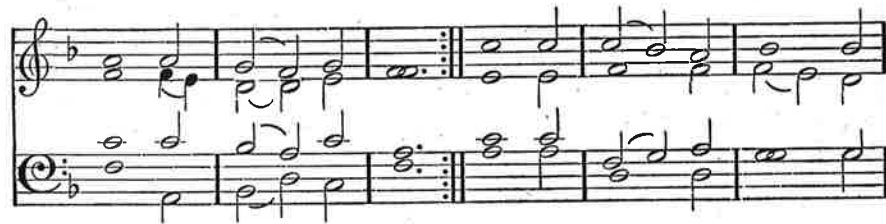
All glory to the FATHER be.
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

W. BRIGHT, 1866.

HYFRYDOL.

Slow and dignified.

8.7.8.7.D.

Melody by
R. H. PRICHARD, 1811-1887.*(From the English Hymnal.)*

ONCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, GOD'S new MESSIAH,
Offering each the bloom or blight—
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit,
Till his LORD is crucified.

By the light of burning martyrs,
CHRIST, Thy bleeding Feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the Cross that turns not back.
New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth GOD within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL, 1819-1891.

ARMAGEDDON.

6.5.6.5.D. and Refrain.

Adapted by
SIR JOHN GOSS.

REFRAIN.



(By permission of Nisbet and Co., Ltd.)
(Or A. & M. 391 [2nd] Supplement.)

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!*

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.

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.

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

S. BARING GOULD, 1864.

105

PASS ME NOT.

8.5.8.5. and Refrain. W. H. DOANE, 1868.

Musical score for 'Pass Me Not' in G major, 8.5.8.5. and Refrain. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is the main melody. The second system is the refrain. The third system concludes with 'A - men.'.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

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

SAVIOUR, SAVIOUR,
Hear my humble cry!
And, while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Long, O LORD, I spurn'd Thy pleading,
And Thy love to me;
Heard Thy Voice but lived unheeding,
Now I turn to Thee.

Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief:

Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy Face:
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy Grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Keep me, SAVIOUR, ever faithful
Till I reach Thy Home;
And I hear Thy Voice so welcome
Saying, "Blessed, come!"

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1870.

106

PAX VOBIS.

Irregular.

HON. J. G. ADDERLEY
and A. G.

Musical score for 'Pax Vobis' in B-flat major, Irregular. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked 'Very smoothly.' The second system includes the instruction 'Repeat last line of each verse.' and the lyrics 'JE - SUS is here, JE - SUS is here, JE - SUS is here.' The third system concludes with 'A - - men.'.

Peace, peace:
JESUS is here.
Peace, peace:
Angels are near—
We are not left alone,
Here at His Altar Throne
Heaven and earth are one,
JESUS is here.

Kneel, kneel:
JESUS is King.
Kneel, kneel:
Offerings bring—
Dear Babe of Bethlehem,
GOD of Jerusalem,
Love is His diadem,
JESUS is King.

Soft, soft:
Whisper your need.
Soft, soft:
Thee, soft:
The FATHER will heed.
Given the Holy Food,
Now as upon the Rood
Pleadeth the Precious Blood,
Whisper your need.

Rest, rest:
Infinite Love.
Rest, rest:
Here as above,
Now on His gentle Breast
Weary ones find their rest,
Truest and tenderest,
Infinite Love.

FR. ANDREW, S.D.C., 1902.

107

SONG 46.

10.10.

O. GIBBONS, 1623.



(Or A. & M. 537.)

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of JESUS whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of JESUS, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On JESUS' Bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In JESUS' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
JESUS we know, and He is on the Throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
JESUS has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And JESUS call us to Heav'n's perfect peace.

BP. E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1875.

108

PRAISE, MY SOUL,

8.7.8.7.8.7.

SIR J. GOSS, 1869.

Unison.



(By permission of Lady Carbery.)

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven ;
To His Feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing ?
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Glorious in His faithfulness !

Father-like He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His Hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face :
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise with us the GOD of grace !

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

109

HEBDOMADAL.

C.M.

BP. T. B. STRONG, 1908.



(From the Oxford Hymn-Book, by permission of the Oxford University Press.)

(Or Tune 132; or A. & M. 172.)

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our GOD!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive, and should prevail.

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
GOD'S Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

J. H. NEWMAN, 1865.

110

ANGELS OF JESUS.

Irregular.

Swiss Air.



116



REFRAIN.



"QUIT you like men!" Life's battle lies be-
fore you;
Will ye prove traitors to your Prince above?
Will ye desert His standard floating o'er you—
The bannered Cross of JESU'S dying love?

*Faithful and loyal, LORD, may we be,
Living or dying, still faithful unto
Thee,
Serving the CHRIST, and in serving
Him made free*

"Quit you like men!" Heaven's victor-voices
call you;
O be ashamed of all your coward shame;
Let not the fear of man or fiend appal you;
They always win who fight in JESU'S name.

"Quit you like men!" No longer slaves of
passion, [greed;
Led by your lusts or Mammon's selfish
No more enthralled by some unholy fashion,
Freed by GOD'S SON, then are ye free indeed.

"Quit you like men!" Be true to your true
nature;
Are not our bodies temples of our GOD?
Grow up in CHRIST to manhood's perfect
stature, [trod.
Tread in the steps the Perfect Man hath

"Quit you like men!" "Behold the Man!"
that liveth, [GOD;
And once was slain, that ye may live to
Take to your hearts th' eternal life He giveth—
Peace, pow'r and pardon, purchased with
His Blood.

W. HAY AITKEN, 1887.

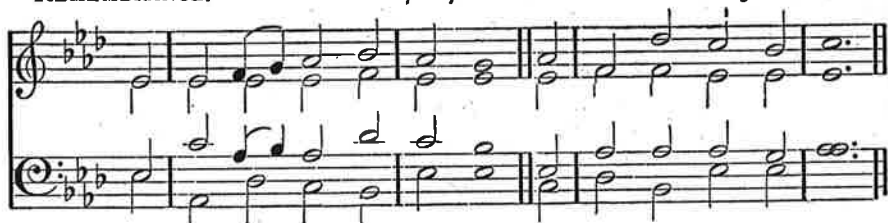
117

111

REMEMBRANCE.

7.6.7.6.

J. BOOTH.



(Or Tune 143.)

REDEEMED, restored, forgiven
Through JESU'S precious Blood,
Heirs of His Home in Heaven,
O praise our pardoning GOD!

Praise Him in tuneful measures
Who gave His SON to die;
Praise Him whose sevenfold treasures
Enrich and sanctify!

Once on the dreary mountain
We wandered far and wide,
Far from the cleansing Fountain,
Far from the pierced Side;

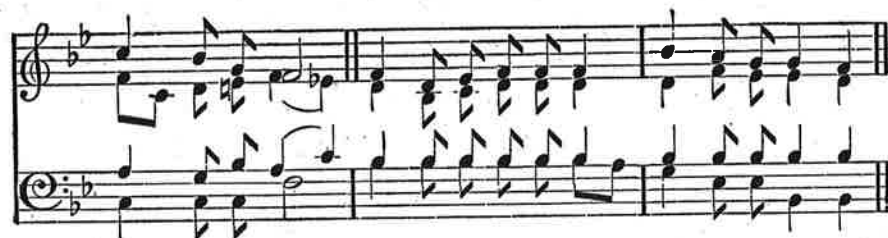
But JESUS sought and found us
And washed our guilt away;
With cords of love He bound us
To be His own for aye.

Dear Master, Thine the glory
Of each recovered soul;
Ah! who can tell the story
Of love that made us whole?

Not ours, not ours the merit;
Be Thine alone the praise,
And ours a thankful spirit
To serve Thee all our days.

Now keep us, Holy SAVIOUR,
In Thy true love and fear;
And grant us of Thy favour
The grace to persevere;

Till, in Thy new creation,
Earth's time-long travail o'er,
We find our full salvation,
And praise Thee evermore.
SIR H. W. BAKER, 1876.



(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of JESUS, the mighty to save.

*Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
JESUS is merciful,
JESUS will save.*

Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive, if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,
Crush'd by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that Grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more.

Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the LORD will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a SAVIOUR has died.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1870.

112

ROSLYNLEE.

6.5.10.6.5.10. and Refrain.

W. H. DOANE,
1870.



113

ST. THOMAS.

S.M.

ANON.



(Or A. & M. 706; or 755 Supplement.)

REVIVE Thy work, O LORD,
Thy mighty Arm make bare ;
Speak with the Voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Disturb this sleep of death ;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty Breath.

Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
And hungering for the Bread of Life
O may our spirits be.

Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Exalt Thy precious Name ;
And, by the HOLY GHOST, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

Revive Thy work, O LORD,
And give refreshing showers ;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, LORD, be ours !

A. MIDLANE, 1858.

114

ROCK OF AGES.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD, c. 1850.



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.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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 !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment Throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. TOPLADY, 1775.

115

SAFE IN THE ARMS
OF JESUS.

Irregular.

W. H. DOANE,
1869.

The musical score for 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system includes the instruction 'rall. in Refrain.' and ends with 'FINE.' and 'A - men.'. The third system continues the melody. The fourth system concludes with 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

SAFE in the Arms of JESUS,
Safe on His gentle Breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of Angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

*Safe in the Arms of JESUS,
Safe on His gentle Breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.*

SAFE in the Arms of JESUS,
Safe from corroding care,

Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

JESUS, my heart's dear refuge,
JESUS has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1869.

116

SHALL WE NOT LOVE
THEE, MOTHER DEAR?

c.m. and Refrain.

T. ADAMS.

The musical score for 'Shall We Not Love Thee, Mother Dear?' is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system includes the instruction 'rall. in Refrain.' and ends with 'A - men.'. The third system is labeled 'REFRAIN.' and ends with 'A - men.'.

SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom JESUS loves so well?
And to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell?

*Yes, we will love thee, Mother dear,
Whom JESUS loves so well.*

Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.

And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be;
In it to suffer for our sake,
By it to make us free.

Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food:
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
Th' Incarnate SON of GOD.

O wondrous depth of Grace Divine
That He should bend so low!
And Mary, O, what joy 'twas thine
In His dear love to know.

Joy to be Mother of the LORD,
And thine the truer bliss,
In every thought, and deed, and word,
To be for ever His.

And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well;
And to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.

JESU, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with GOD the FATHER One,
And SPIRIT evermore.

*JESU, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore.*

SIR H. W. BAKER, 1868.

117

REVERTIMINI.

7.7.7.7.D.

ANON.



SINNERS, turn ! Why will ye die ?
 GOD, your Maker, asks you why—
 GOD, Who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the works of His own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love and die ?

SINNERS, turn ! Why will ye die ?
 GOD, your SAVIOUR, asks you why—
 GOD, Who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that ye might live.
 Will you let Him die in vain,
 Crucify your LORD again ?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace and die.

SINNERS, turn ! Why will ye die ?
 GOD the SPIRIT asks you why—
 He Who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love :
 Will ye not His Grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your GOD and die ?

Dead already, dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin ;
 Dead to GOD, while here you breathe,
 Pant you after second death ?
 Will you still your sin retain ?
 Will ye still in death remain ?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,—
 Why will ye for ever die ?

C. WESLEY, 1741.

118

SOUTHPORT.

S.M.

J. DAVIES.
 Harmonised by S. S.



(Or A. & M. 270.)

SOLDIERS of CHRIST ! arise,
 And put your armour on ;
 Strong in the strength which GOD sup-
 plies,
 Through His Eternal SON.

Strong in the LORD of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power ;
 Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
 Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endued ;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of GOD.

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

That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may obtain, through CHRIST alone,
 A crown of joy at last.

JESU, Eternal SON,
 We praise Thee and adore,
 Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE
 AND SPIRIT evermore.

C. WESLEY, 1749.

L'VEERHURST.

8.7.8.7.D.

J. LANGRAN, 1863.

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

SON OF GOD, ETERNAL SAVIOUR,
 Source of life and truth and grace,
 Son of Man, Whose birth incarnate
 Hallows all our human race,
 Thou, our Head, Who, throned in glory,
 For Thine own dost ever plead,
 Fill us with Thy love and pity,
 Heal our wrongs, and help our need.

As Thou, LORD, hast lived for others,
 So may we for others live ;
 Freely have Thy gifts been granted,
 Freely may Thy servants give.
 Thine the gold and Thine the silver,
 Thine the wealth of land and sea,
 We but stewards of Thy bounty,
 Held in solemn trust for Thee.

Come, O CHRIST, and reign among us,
 King of love, and Prince of peace,
 Hush the storm of strife and passion,
 Bid its cruel discords cease ;
 By Thy patient years of toiling,
 By Thy silent hours of pain,
 Quench our fevered thirst of pleasure,
 Shame our selfish greed of gain.

Ah, the past is dark behind us,
 Strewn with wrecks and stained with blood ;
 But before us gleams the vision
 Of the coming brotherhood.
 See the Christlike host advancing,
 High and lowly, great and small,
 Linked in bonds of common service
 For the common LORD of all.

SON OF GOD, ETERNAL SAVIOUR,
 Source of life and truth and grace,
 Son of Man, Whose birth incarnate
 Hallows all our human race,
 Thou Who prayedst, Thou Who willest
 That Thy people should be one,
 Grant, O grant our hope's fruition :
 Here on earth Thy will be done.

S. C. LOWRY, 1893.

120

ABERYSTWYTH.

7.7.7.7.D.

J. PARRY, 1879.



(By permission of Hughes and Son, Publishers, Wrexham.)

SOUL of JESUS, make me whole,
Meek and contrite make my soul;
Thou most stainless Soul Divine,
Cleanse this sordid soul of mine;
Hallow this my contrite heart,
Purify my every part;
Soul of JESUS, hallow me,
Mercy, mercy, LORD, on me.

Save me, Body of my LORD,
Save a sinner, vile, abhorred;
Sacred Body, wan and worn,
Bruised and mangled, scourged and torn;
Pierced Hands, and Feet, and Side,
Rent, insulted, crucified:
Save me—to the Cross I flee;
Mercy, mercy, LORD, on me.

Blood of JESUS, stream of life,
Sacred stream with blessing rife,
From Thy broken Body shed
On the Cross, that Altar dread;
Given to be our Drink Divine,
Fill my heart and make it Thine;
Blood of CHRIST, my succour be;
Mercy, mercy, LORD, on me.

Holy Water, stream that poured
From Thy riven Side, O LORD,
Wash Thou me, without, within,
Cleanse me from the taint of sin,
Till my soul is clean and white,
Bathed, and purified, and bright
As a ransomed soul should be—
Mercy, mercy, LORD, on me.

Jesu, by the wondrous power
Of Thine awful Passion hour,
By the unimagined woe
Mortal man may never know;
By the curse upon Thee laid,
By the ransom Thou hast paid,
By Thy Passion comfort me—
Mercy, mercy, LORD, on me.

JESU, by Thy bitter death,
By Thy last expiring breath,
Give me the eternal life,
Purchased by that mortal strife;
Thou didst suffer death that I
Might not die eternally;
By Thy dying quicken me—
Mercy, mercy, LORD, on me.

Mercy, mercy, let me be
Never parted, LORD, from Thee;
When the hour of death is near,
And my spirit faints for fear,
Call me with Thy Voice of love,
Place me near to Thee above,
With Thine Angel host to raise
An undying song of praise.

ANON.

121

ST. DAVIDS.

8.7.8.7.D.

I. WILLIAMS, 1922.



(Or Tunes 45 or 81.)

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the SAVIOUR Who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet?

It is GOD! His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our FATHER, and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in GOD's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty'.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the SAVIOUR;
There is healing in His Blood.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
For the love of GOD is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Pining souls! come nearer JESUS,
And, O! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.
If our faith were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our LORD.

F. W. FABER, 1862.

122

ILFRACOMBE.

C.M.

S. WEBBE.



SPiRiT Divine, attend our pray'rs,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,
O come, Great SPiRiT, come!

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

SPiRiT Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, Great SPiRiT, come!

A. REED, 1829.

123

HUDDERSFIELD.

S.M.

ANON.

(Or A. & M. 706 Supplement).

STAND up, and bless the LORD,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up, and bless the LORD your GOD
With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

Stand up, and bless the LORD ;
The LORD your GOD adore :
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1824.

Oh, for the living flame,
From His own Altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heav'n our thought!

GOD is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in CHRIST proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

124

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

7.6.7.6.D. and Refrain.

A. GIEBEL.

In unison.

132

REFRAIN.
Harmony. A tempo.

Stand up for JESUS !
Stand up, stand up for JESUS !
Ye soldiers of the Cross !
Lift high His roy-al

ban - ner, it must not, it must not suffer loss. A - men.

(Or A. & M. 542 Supplement.)

STAND up ! stand up for JESUS !
Ye soldiers of the Cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And CHRIST is LORD indeed.

*Stand up ! for JESUS !
Ye soldiers of the Cross !
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not, it must not suffer loss.*

Stand up ! stand up for JESUS !
The trumpet-call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day ;
"Quit you like men" and serve Him
Against unnumbered foes ;

Your 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,
Where 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 evercometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

G. DUFFIELD, 1868.

133

125

GROSSER GOTT.

L.M.

GERMAN.



(Or A. & M. 24 [1].)

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

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.

If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

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.

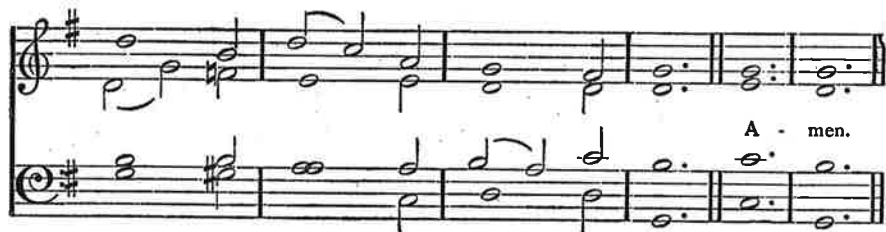
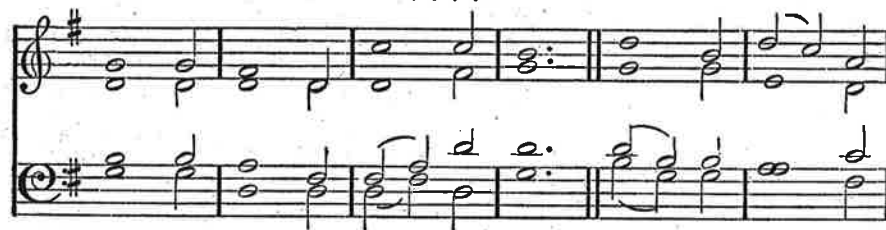
J. KEBLE, 1827.

126

DEDICATION.

7.7.7.7.

From MOZART.



TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, LORD, to Thee ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my heart, it is Thine Own,
It shall be Thy royal Throne ;
Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my love ; my LORD, I pour
At Thy Feet its treasure-store ;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1878.

THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7.6.7.6.D. and Refrain. W. H. DOANE, 1866.



REFRAIN.



(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of JESUS and His glory,
Of JESUS and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defil'd.

*Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of JESUS and His love.*

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
GOD'S remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon ;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave ;
Remember ! I'm the sinner
Whom JESUS came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear,
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story :
"CHRIST JESUS makes thee whole."

128

UNIVERSITY.

C.M.

C. COLLIGNON, 1794.

(Or Tune 132; or English Hymnal 488.)

THE Church of God a kingdom is,
Where CHRIST in power doth reign,
Where spirits yearn till, seen in bliss,
Their LORD shall come again.

Glad companies of saints possess
This Church below, above;
And God's perpetual calm doth bless
Their paradise of love.

An Altar stands within the shrine
Whereon, once sacrificed,
Is set, Immaculate, Divine,
The Lamb of GOD, the CHRIST.

There rich and poor, from countless lands,
Praise GOD on mystic Rood;
There nations reach forth holy hands
To take GOD's holy Food.

There pure life-giving streams o'erflow
The sower's garden-ground;
And faith and hope fair blossoms show,
And fruits of love abound.

O King, O CHRIST, this endless grace
To us and all men bring,
To see the vision of Thy Face
In joy, O CHRIST, our King.

L. B. C. L. MUIRHEAD.

129

AURELIA.

7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864.

138

THE Church's one foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From Heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

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

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;

Yet Saints their watch are keeping;
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the Vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the THREE in ONE,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
LORD, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. STONE, 1866.

130

WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

SIR G. SMART, 1795.



(Or A. & M. 301.)

THE Head that once was crown'd with
thorns
Is crown'd with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's Brow.

The highest place that Heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of Heaven.

They suffer with their LORD below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

To them the Cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. KELLY, 1820.

131

ITALIAN AIR.

7.6.7.6. and Refrain.

ANON.



THE Saints all crowned with glory,
In Heaven's eternal day,
To JESUS our Redeemer,
For our salvation pray.

*The Saints, our dearest brothers,
Who now with JESUS dwell,
Are by the world derided,
But we will love them well.*

We love that sacred Virgin,
The Mother of our GOD ;
We love the LORD'S Apostles,
Who in His footsteps trod.

We love the noble Martyrs,
The Virgin choir we love ;
The Matrons and Confessors,
And all the Saints above.

Then, JESUS, let Thy Mother
And all the Saints entreat
That we may share their glory,
And worship at Thy Feet.

ANON.

132

RICHMOND.

C.M.

Adapted from T. HAWES, 1734-1820,
by S. WEBBE (the younger).

A - - men.

(Or Tune 94.)

THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
Who follows in His train ?

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

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

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

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the SPIRIT came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they
knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to
feel ;
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S Throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O GOD, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

BP. R. HEBER, 1827.

133

REVIVAL.

C.M.

ANON.

A - men.

Repeat for REFRAIN.

THERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,
Drawn from EMMANUEL'S veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

*I do believe, I will believe,
That JESUS died for me ;
That on the Cross He shed His Blood,
From sin to set me free.*

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying LAMB, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of GOD
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. COWPER, 1772.

134

HORSLEY.

C.M.

W. HORSLEY, 1844.



(Or Tune 91.)

THERE is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear LORD was crucified,
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 suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heav'n,
Saved by His precious Blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heav'n, 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.

C. F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

135

THE NINETY AND NINE.

Irregular.

I. D. SANKEY, 1840-1908.



(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

* The last line in each verse is repeated, and the crotchets marked with an asterisk are omitted in verse 3.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely
lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold ;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Far from the tender Shepherd's care.

" LORD, hast Thou not here Thy ninety and
nine ;
Are they not enough for Thee ?"
But the Shepherd made answer : " This of
Mine
Has wandered away from Me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the mountain to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the LORD
passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Faint and weary, and ready to die.

" LORD, whence are those blood-drops all the
way
That mark out the mountain's track ?"
" They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
" LORD, whence are Thy Hands so rent and
torn ?"
" They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of Heaven,
" Rejoice ! I have found My sheep !"
And the Angels echoed around the Throne,
" Rejoice, for the LORD brings back His own !"

E. C. CLEPHANE, 1874.

136

NEWINGTON.

7.7.7.7. ARCHBISHOP MACLAGAN, 1875.

A - men.

THINE for ever ! GOD of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever ! LORD of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife :
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever ! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
SAVIOUR, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever ! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, LORD, from earth to Heav'n.

M. F. MAUDE, 1848

137

CRANHAM.

6.5.6.5.D.

G. VON HOLST.

146

A - men.

(Or English Hymnal 356.)

THINK, O LORD, in mercy
On the souls of those
Who, in faith gone from us,
Now in death repose.
Here 'mid stress and conflict
Toils can never cease ;
There, the warfare ended,
Bid them rest in peace.

Often were they wounded
In the deadly strife ;
Heal them, Good Physician,
With the balm of life.
Every taint of evil,
Frailty and decay,
Good and gracious SAVIOUR,
Cleanse and purge away.

Rest eternal grant them,
After weary fight ;
Shed on them the radiance
Of Thy heav'nly light.
Lead them onward, upward,
To the holy place,
Where Thy Saints made perfect
Gaze upon Thy Face.

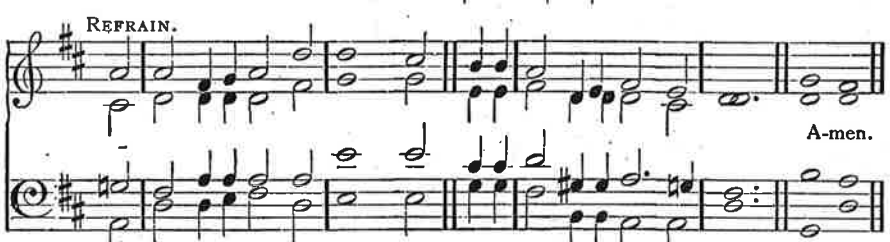
E. S. PALMER, 1901.

138

MARGARET.

Irregular.

T. R. MATTHEWS, 1876.



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

THOU didst leave Thy Throne and Thy kingly
Crown

When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no
room

For Thy holy Nativity:

*O come to my heart, LORD JESUS,
There is room in my heart for Thee.*

Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;

But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:

The foxes found rest, and the bird had its nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;

But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou SON of
God,
In the desert of Galilee:

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:

When the heavens shall ring, and the Angels
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."

E. E. S. ELLIOTT, 1864.

139

SACRAMENTUM UNITATIS. 10.10.10.10.10.10.

C. H. LLOYD, 1889.



(By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.)

(Or Tune 6.)

THOU, Who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray
That all Thy Church might be for ever
one,

Grant us at every Eucharist to say,
With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be
done."

O may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity!

For all Thy Church, O LORD, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to
cease.

Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of
Peace;

Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy
Fold;

O bring them back, Good Shepherd of the
sheep—

Back to the Faith which Saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that Faith
doth keep;

Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

So, LORD, at length when Sacraments shall
cease,

May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy Saints in one unbroken peace,

One with Thy Saints in one unbounded love;
More blessed still, in peace and love to be
One with the TRINITY in UNITY.

W. H. TURTON, 1881.

140

ST. OSWALD.

8.7.8.7.

J. B. DYKES, 1857.

(Or Tune 81.)

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One, the light of GOD's own Presence
O'er His ransom'd people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our GOD inspires:

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in GOD begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty FATHER
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

S. BARING-GOULD, 1867.

141

MEIRIONYDD.

7.6.7.6.D.

Welsh Hymn Melody.

150

(Or A. & M. 604 [2] Supplement: English Hymnal 545.)

THY Hand, O GOD, has guided
Thy flock, from age to age;
The wondrous tale is written,
Full clear, on every page;
Our fathers own'd Thy goodness,
And we their deeds record;
And both of this bear witness,
One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

Thy heralds brought glad tidings
To greatest, as to least;
They bade men rise, and hasten
To share the great King's feast;
And this was all their teaching,
In every deed and word,
To all alike proclaiming
One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

When shadows thick were falling,
And all seem'd sunk in night,
Thou, LORD, didst send Thy servants,
Thy chosen sons of light;
On them and on Thy people
Thy plenteous Grace was pour'd,
And this was still their message,
One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

Through many a day of darkness,
Through many a scene of strife,
The faithful few fought bravely,
To guard the nation's life.
Their Gospel of redemption,
Sin pardon'd, man restored,
Was all in this enfolded,
One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

And we, shall we be faithless?
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down?
Shall we evade the conflict,
And cast away our crown?
Not so: in GOD's deep counsels
Some better thing is stored;
We will maintain, unflinching,
One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

Thy mercy will not fail us,
Nor leave Thy work undone;
With Thy right Hand to help us,
The victory shall be won;
And then, by men and Angels,
Thy Name shall be adored,
And this shall be their anthem,
"One Church, one Faith, one LORD."

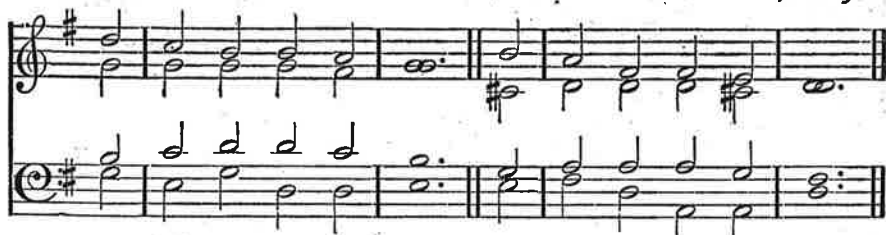
E. H. PLUMPTRE, 1889.

142

ST. CECILIA.

6.6.6.6.

L. G. HAYNE, 1863.



Thy kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O CHRIST, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy Face before?

We pray Thee, LORD, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

L. HENSLEY, 1867.

143

MISSIONARY.

7.6.7.6.D.

L. MASON, 1829.



To-day Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been;
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy precious Blood can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.

To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a FATHER'S welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in Heaven.

To-day our FATHER calls us,
His Holy SPIRIT waits;
His blessed Angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our FATHER'S Home.

O, all-embracing mercy!
O, ever-open door!
What should we do without Thee.
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair;
We know one gate is open,
One Ear will hear our prayer!

O. ALLEN, 1861.

144

DALKEITH.

10.10.10.10.

T. HEWLETT, 1866.

A-men.

(Or Tune 31.)

I.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at Heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me, "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy Land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are Hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the Voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heaven, the FATHER'S child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

II.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the FATHER'S courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous LORD;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down,

Nought can I bring, dear LORD, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. STONE, 1866.

145

CHISLEHURST.

8.7.8.7.D.

C. C. CONVERS, 1870.

A-men.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

WHAT a friend we have in JESUS,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to GOD in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to GOD in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the LORD in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
JESUS knows our every weakness;
Take it to the LORD in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Rest on Him thy spirit's burden—
Take it to the LORD in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the LORD in prayer;
In His Arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find thy solace there.

J. SCRIVEN, 1857.

ROCKINGHAM.

L.M.

Adapted by
E. MILLER, 1731-1807.

Musical score for 'Rockingham' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady melody. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

(Or as set in A. & M. 108; English Hymnal 107.)

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the death of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His Body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I. WATTS, 1707.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS. II. II. II. II. and Refrain. E. O. EXCELL.

Musical score for 'Count Your Blessings' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each. The melody is a simple, repetitive pattern of eighth notes. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Count Your Blessings', showing the first system of the refrain.

REFRAIN.

Second system of the musical score for 'Count Your Blessings', featuring the lyrics 'Name them one by one,' written above the notes.

Third system of the musical score for 'Count Your Blessings', featuring the lyrics 'See what God hath done,' written above the notes. The word 'Org.' is written below the final notes.

Fourth system of the musical score for 'Count Your Blessings', featuring the lyrics 'A-men.' written below the final notes. The words 'rit.' and 'a tempo.' are written above the notes.

WHEN upon life's billows you are tempest-
tossed,
When you are discouraged thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by
one, [done]
And it will surprise you what the LORD hath

*Count your blessings, name them one by
one, [done];
Count your blessings, see what God hath
Count your blessings, name them one by
one, [hath done].
And it will surprise you what the LORD*

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to
bear?

Count your many blessings, every doubt will
fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by.

When you look at others with their lands and
gold
Think that CHRIST has promised you His
wealth untold,
Count your many blessings; money cannot
buy [high].
Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on

So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be discouraged, GOD is over all,
Count your many blessings, Angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's
end.

I. OATMAN.

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand;—
Whence came all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their SAVIOUR's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the LAMB have gain'd.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the ALMIGHTY contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face.

Tr. F. E. Cox, 1841.

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, LORD of all. A - men.

Who is He, in yonder stall,
At Whose Feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the LORD! O wondrous story!
'Tis the LORD, the King of Glory!
At His Feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him LORD of all!
At His Feet we humbly fall—the LORD of
all:
Crown Him, LORD of all!

Who is He, in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

Lo! at midnight, Who is He,
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

Who is He that on yon Throne
Rules the world of light alone?

B. R. HANBY, 1866.

150

HERMAS.

6.5.6.5.D. and Refrain. F. R. HAVERGAL, 1871.

REFRAIN.

(By permission of Nisbet and Co.)
(Or Tune 104.)

WHO is on the LORD's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the LORD's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy Grace Divine,
We are on the LORD's side;
SAVIOUR, we are Thine.

JESUS, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own Life Blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy great redemption,
By Thy Grace Divine,
We are on the LORD's side;
SAVIOUR, we are Thine.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy Grace Divine,
We are on the LORD's side,
SAVIOUR, we are Thine.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy Grace Divine,
Always on the LORD's side,
SAVIOUR, always Thine.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1871.

151

VIOLS.

II.12. and Refrain.

P. BLISS.

REFRAIN.

(By permission of Morgan and Scott, Ltd.)

WITH harps and with viols there stand a great throng,
In the presence of JESUS and sing this new song:

*"Unto Him Who hath loved us and washed us from sin,
Unto Him be the glory for ever, Amen."*

All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.

He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us, and taught us this new song to sing.

How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.

Alone in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing this new song shall sing.

A. T. PEARSON, 1886.

LASST UNS ERFREUEN.

Melody from "Geistliche Kirchengesäng"
(Cöln, 1623).

Unison.

8.8.4.4.8.8. and Alleluias.

Harmony.

Unison.

Harmony.

Unison.

Harmony.

YE Watchers and ye Holy Ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

O higher than the Cherubim,
More glorious than the Seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the LORD,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,
All Saints triumphant, raise the song,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

DEN DES VATERS SINN
GEBOREN.

8.7.8.7.8.7.6.

Melody by
J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1670-1739.
Harmony from "Zions Harfe" (1855).

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the final measure of the bass line.

YE who own the faith of JESUS
Sing the wonders that were done,
When the love of GOD the FATHER
O'er our sin the victory won,
When He made the Virgin Mary
Mother of His only SON.

Hail Mary, full of grace.

Blessèd were the chosen people
Out of whom the LORD did come,
Blessèd was the land of promise
Fashioned for His earthly home;
But more blessèd far the Mother,
She who bare Him in her womb.

Wherefore let all faithful people
Tell the honour of her name,
Let the Church, in her foreshadowed,
Part in her thanksgiving claim;
What CHRIST'S Mother sang in gladness
Let CHRIST'S people sing the same.

Let us weave our supplications,
She with us and we with her,
For th' advancement of the faithful,
For each faithful worshipper,
For the doubting, for the sinful,
For each heedless wanderer.

May the Mother's intercessions
On our homes a blessing win,
That the children all be prospered,
Strong and fair and pure within,
Following our LORD'S own footsteps,
Firm in faith and free from sin.

For the sick and for the agèd,
For our dear ones far away,
For the hearts that mourn in secret,
All who need our prayers to-day,
For the faithful gone before us,
May the holy Virgin pray.

Praise, O Mary, praise the FATHER,
Praise thy SAVIOUR and thy SON,
Praise the everlasting SPIRIT,
Who hath made thee ark and throne;
O'er all creatures high exalted,
Lowly praise the THREE in ONE.

V. S. S. COLES, (1845-)

154

FORTITUDE. Irregular and Refrain. H. R. PALMER, 1868.

REFRAIN.

A - men.

(Or Tune 84.)

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
 Each vict'ry will help you some other to win;
 Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to JESUS: He will carry you through.

*Ask the SAVIOUR to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
 He is willing to aid you;
 He will carry you through.*

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
 God's Name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
 Look ever to JESUS: He will carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh GOD giveth a crown;
 Through faith we shall conquer, tho' often cast down;
 Our LORD and our SAVIOUR our strength will renew,
 Look ever to JESUS: He will carry you through.

H. R. PALMER, 1865.

Litanies.

155 Litany of the Holy Childhood.

Ego Vixi.
In unison.

7-7-7-6.

HON J. G. ADDERLEY.

Musical score for 'Litany of the Holy Childhood' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with the word 'A-men.' written below the treble staff.

(Or A. & M. 473 [3].)

I.

GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
See us kneeling at Thy Throne;
Hear us, Holy TRINITY.

JESU, Who a little child,
Born of Mary undefiled,
GOD and man hast reconciled;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, in a stable born,
On that wintry Christmas morn,
To the world a mark for scorn;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Whom in midnight sky,
Angels welcomed with the cry,
"Glory be to GOD on high!"
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Whom the shepherds greet,
Kneeling at Thine Infant Feet,
Finding there GOD's mercy-seat;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Whom the wise men sought,
And their richest offerings brought,
By a star divinely taught;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Who didst deign to flee,
In Thy earliest infancy,
From King Herod's cruelty;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Who didst all things make,
Yet obeyedst, for our sake,
Her whose nature Thou didst take;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Who hadst here to bear
Human sorrow, human care,
That Thou mightest with us share;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

II.

From all vanity and pride,
Falshoods told, and truth denied,
And from seeking faults to hide,
Keep us, Holy JESU.

From much care for outward show,
From each angry word and blow,
And from joy at others' woe,
Keep us, Holy JESU.

From refusing to obey,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Lest we from Thy fold should stray,
Keep us, Holy JESU.

That Thy Presence we may win,
From all thoughts and deeds of sin,—
All that is not pure within,—
Keep us, Holy JESU.

III.

By Thy coming here to dwell,
GOD with us, EMMANUEL,
Saving us from sin and hell,
Save us, Holy JESU.

By Thy Childhood's early years,
By Thy Infant griefs and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy JESU.

By Thy Blood for us outpoured,
By Thy Name by all adored,
Save us, JESU, GOD and LORD,
Save us, Holy JESU.

V. HUTTON.

156 Litany of Penitence.

LITANY A.
Unison.

II. 10. 11. 7.

H. A. BRANSCOMBE.

Musical score for 'Litany of Penitence' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with the word 'A-men.' written below the treble staff.

(By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.)

FATHER, Whose love we have wronged by transgression,
CHRIST, Who wast nailed for our sins on the Tree,
SPIRIT, Who givest the grace of repentance;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

I.

JESU, adorable SAVIOUR of sinners,
Author of penitence, Hope of our souls,
Plentiful Fountain of grace and compassion:
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

Thou Who didst empty Thyself of Thy
glory,
Thou Who Thy parents on earth didst obey,
Thou Who for our sake enduredst temptation,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

Thou Who hast shown us the love of the
FATHER,
Meeting with mercy the prodigal son,
Sonship and home to the lost one restoring,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

JESU, Who once by the well to the sinner
Clearly the sins of her heart didst reveal,
Leading her gently to faith and repentance,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

Thou Who didst enter the house of Zaccheus,
Blessing his faith and accepting his love,
When for wrong-doing he made restitution;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

The following should be sung at the end of either Part:

That Thou wouldst draw us to heart-felt contrition,
That Thou wouldst help us our sins to confess,
That Thou wouldst grant us the grace of amendment,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

That we may bring forth works meet for repentance,
That we give place to the devil no more,
That Thou wouldst lead us to sure perseverance,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

II.

CHRIST, with the Twelve the last Passover
keeping,
Ere on the Cross the true LAMB should be
[slain]
Sacrifice offered for all and for ever,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

JESU, alone with the blood-sweat upon Thee,
JESU, in agony bowed to the earth,
JESU, Thy will to the FATHER resigning;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

JESU, from Annas to Caiaphas hurried,
Blindfolded, stricken, and falsely accused,
Rudely blasphemed, and declared a blas-
phemer;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

JESU, denied by Thine eager Apostle,
Whom with a look Thou didst straightway
recall,
Moving him straightway to tears and contrition;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

Thou Who wast wounded to heal our trans-
gressions,
Lifted on high to draw all men to Thee,
There on the Cross in Thy majesty reigning,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

V. S. S. COLES, 1016.

157 Litany of Intercession.

HUGO.

7.7.7.6.

ANON.

Harmonized by S. S.

In unison.

(Or A. & M. 463 [1]; 464 [2]; 467 [2])

GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heav'nly Throne,
Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

JESU, evermore adored,
As we claim Thy promised word,
Gather'd in Thy Name, O LORD,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

For Thy Church so dear to Thee,
That she may for ever be
Kept in peace and unity,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

For the rulers of our land,
That they may at Thy command
Right promote and wrong withstand,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

For Thy priests in every place,
That relying on Thy Grace
They with patience run their race,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

All our loved ones we commend,
LORD, to Thee, man's truest Friend,
Guard and guide them to the end,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Some on beds of sickness lie,
Some in want and hunger cry;
LORD, their every need supply,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Some are lonely, some are sad,
Some have lost the joy they had;
With true comfort make them glad,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Some have fallen from Thy Grace,
Wearied in their heav'nward race
May they rise and seek Thy Face
We beseech Thee, JESU

Some are sunk in deadly sin
With no spark of love within;
In their souls Thy work begin,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That whoever now doth lie
In his mortal agony
To the last may feel Thee nigh,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That the souls for whom we pray
Of the faithful pass'd away
May find mercy in that Day,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

V. HUTTON AND OTHERS.

158

Acts of Devotion, etc.

POPLAR.

BP. T. B. STRONG, 1908.

God be in my head, And in my un - der - stand - ing;

God be in my eyes, And in my look - - - ing;

God be in my mouth, And in my speak - - - ing;

God be in my heart, And in my think - - - ing;

God be at my end, And at my de - part - - - ing. A - men.

(From the Oxford Hymn Book, by permission of the Oxford University Press.)

159 The End of Man.

Unison.

J. GRAY.

God made me to know, and love, and serve Him here on
 earth; and to be with Him for ev - er - more in Heaven.

160 A Rule of Life (for Children).

Unison.

G. W. H.

Ev' - ry day.. i'll kneel to pray, Morn-ing as well as night;
 Ev' - ry week God's Altar I'll seek, And wor-ship in.. His sight...

W. H. F.

161 Acts of Faith, Hope, and Love (for Children).

ANON.

1. O	my GOD,	I be - lieve	in.. Thee;	keep	me ...	safe.
2. O	my GOD,	I ... hope	in.. Thee;	keep	me ...	safe.
3. O	my GOD,	I ... do	love Thee;	keep	me ...	safe.

162 Act of Contrition (for Children).

G. W. H.

JE - sus suf - fered, JE - sus' died! Oh, the cru - el shame!
 Him they mocked and cru - ci - fied. I'm the one to blame.

E. F. N.

163 A Prayer of St. Richard of Chichester.

G. W. H.

O Ho - ly JE - sus, most mer - ci - ful Re - deem - er,
 Friend and Bro - ther, May I know Thee more clear - ly,
 love Thee more dear - ly, and fol - low Thee more near - ly.

164

(I.)

Benedictus.

Blessed is He That cometh in the Name of the LORD. Hosanna in the highest.

(II.)

Agnus Dei.

O Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

O Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

O Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace.

(III.)

Agnus Dei.

O Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest.

O Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest.

O Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest everlasting.

165

(I.)

Ⓞ Salutaris.

O SAVING Victim ! opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below ;
Our foes press on from every side,—
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, blest ONE in THREE ;
O grant us life that shall not end
In our true native land with Thee.

(II.)

Tantum ergo.

Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere ;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here ;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes the inward vision clear.

Glory let us give, and blessing
To the FATHER and the SON ;
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run ;
Ever, too, His love confessing,
Who, from Both, with Both is One.

166

(I.)

O SAVIOUR of the world, Who by Thy Cross and Precious Blood
hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee,
O LORD.

(II.)

∇. We adore Thee, O CHRIST, and we bless Thee.
Ry. Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

(III.)

From pain to pain,
From woe to woe,
With loving hearts
And footsteps slow
To Calvary with CHRIST we go.
See how His Precious Blood
At every Station pours ;
Was ever grief like His ?
Was ever sin like ours ?

167

Anima Christi.

SOUL of CHRIST, sanctify me.
Body of CHRIST, save me.
Blood of CHRIST, refresh me.
Water from the Side of CHRIST, wash me.
Passion of CHRIST, strengthen me.
O Good JESU, hear me.
Within Thy Wounds hide me.
Suffer me not to be separated from Thee.
From the malicious enemy defend me.
In the hour of my death call me.
And bid me come to Thee.
That with Thy Saints I may praise Thee
For ever and ever. Amen.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

My GOD, I believe in Thee, and all Thy Church doth teach, because Thou hast said it, and Thy word is true.

AN ACT OF HOPE.

My GOD, I hope in Thee, for grace and for glory, because of Thy promises, Thy mercy and Thy Power.

AN ACT OF LOVE.

My GOD, I love Thee with all my heart, because Thou art so good; and for Thy sake I love my neighbour as myself.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

O my GOD, I am very sorry for all the sins by which I have offended Thee and I resolve to try by Thy Grace never to sin again.

AN ACT OF CONSECRATION.

O my GOD, I give myself to Thee, in union with the offering of JESUS CHRIST on the Holy Cross.

PSALM 51.

1 I HAVE mercy upon me, O GOD, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences.

2 Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified in Thy saying, and clear when Thou art judged.

5 Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

6 But lo, Thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

7 Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Turn Thy face from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.

10 Make me a clean heart, O GOD: and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from Thy Presence: and take not Thy HOLY SPIRIT from me.

12 O give me the comfort of Thy help again: and stablish me with Thy free Spirit.

13 Then shall I teach Thy ways unto the wicked: and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O GOD, Thou that art the GOD of my health: and my tongue shall sing of Thy righteousness.

15 Thou shalt open my lips, O LORD: and my mouth shall show Thy praise.

16 For Thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it Thee: but Thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

17 The sacrifice of GOD is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O GOD, shalt Thou not despise.

18 O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-offerings and oblations: then shall they offer young bullocks upon Thine Altar.

Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON: and to the HOLY GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 130.

1 OUT of the deep have I called unto Thee, O LORD: LORD, hear my voice.

2 O let Thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

3 If Thou, LORD, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O LORD, who may abide it?

4 For there is mercy with Thee: therefore shalt Thou be feared.

5 I look for the LORD; my soul doth wait for Him: in His word is my trust.

6 My soul fleeth unto the LORD: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

7 O Israel, trust in the LORD, for with the LORD there is mercy: and with Him is plenteous redemption.

8 And He shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON: and to the HOLY GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 103.

1 PRAISE the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me praise His holy Name.

2 Praise the LORD, O my soul: and forget not all His benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thy sin: and healeth all thine infirmities;

4 Who saveth thy life from destruction: and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things: making thee young and lusty as an eagle.

6 The LORD executeth righteousness and judgment: for all them that are oppressed with wrong.

7 He showed His ways unto Moses: His works unto the children of Israel.

8 The LORD is full of compassion and mercy: long-suffering, and of great goodness.

9 He will not always be chiding: neither keepeth He His anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins: nor rewarded us according to our wickednesses.

11 For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth: so great is His mercy also toward them that fear Him.

12 Look how wide also the east is from the west: so far hath He set our sins from us.

13 Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children: even so is the LORD merciful unto them that fear Him.

14 For He knoweth whereof we are made: He remembereth that we are but dust.

15 The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. 16 For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the merciful goodness of the LORD endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear Him: and His righteousness upon children's children;

18 Even upon such as keep His covenant; and think upon His commandments to do them.

19 The LORD hath prepared His seat in Heaven: and His Kingdom ruleth over all.

20 O praise the LORD, ye Angels of His, ye that excel in strength: ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the Voice of His words.

21 O praise the LORD, all ye His hosts: ye servants of His that do His pleasure.

22 O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of His, in all places of His dominion: praise thou the LORD, O my soul.

Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON: and to the HOLY GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 150.

1 O PRAISE GOD in His holiness :
praise Him in the firmament of His
power.

2 Praise Him in His noble acts :
praise Him according to His excellent
greatness.

3 Praise Him in the sound of the
trumpet : praise Him upon the lute
and harp.

4 Praise Him in the cymbals and
dances : praise Him upon the strings
and pipe.

5 Praise Him upon the well-tuned
cymbals : praise Him upon the loud
cymbals.

6 Let every thing that hath breath
praise the LORD.

Glory be to the FATHER, and to the
SON : and to the HOLY GHOST ;

As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be : world without end.
Amen.

Te Deum.

WE praise Thee, O GOD : we ac-
knowledge Thee to be the LORD.

All the earth doth worship Thee :
the FATHER everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud :
the Heavens and all the Powers
therein.

To Thee Cherubin and Seraphin :
continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy : LORD GOD of
Sabaoth ;

Heaven and earth are full of the
Majesty : of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the
Apostles : praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the
Prophets : praise Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs : praise
Thee.

The Holy Church throughout all the
world : doth acknowledge Thee ;

The FATHER : of an infinite Majesty ;
Thine honourable, true : and only

SON ;
Also the HOLY GHOST : the Com-
forter.

Thou art the King of Glory : O
CHRIST.

Thou art the everlasting SON : of the
FATHER.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to
deliver man : Thou didst not abhor
the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the
sharpness of death : Thou didst open the
Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of
GOD : in the glory of the FATHER.

We believe that Thou shalt come :
to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy
servants : whom Thou hast redeemed
with Thy precious Blood.

Make them to be numbered with
Thy Saints : in glory everlasting.

O LORD, save Thy people : and bless
Thine heritage.

Govern them : and lift them up for
ever.

Day by day : we magnify Thee ;
And we worship Thy Name : ever
world without end.

Vouchsafe, O LORD : to keep us this
day without sin.

O LORD, have mercy upon us : have
mercy upon us.

O LORD, let Thy mercy lighten upon
us : as our trust is in Thee.

O LORD, in Thee have I trusted : let
me never be confounded.

Magnificat.

MY soul doth magnify the LORD :
and my spirit hath rejoiced in GOD
my SAVIOUR.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness
of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all
generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath
magnified me : and holy is His
Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear
Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His
Arm : He hath scattered the proud in
the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from
their seat : and hath exalted the
humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good
things : and the rich He hath sent
empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath
holpen His servant Israel : as He
promised to our forefathers, Abraham
and his seed, for ever.

Glory be to the FATHER, and to the
SON : and to the HOLY GHOST ;

As it was in the beginning, is now
and ever shall be : world without end.
Amen.

Nunc Dimittis.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant
depart in peace : according to Thy
word.

For mine eyes have seen : Thy
salvation.

Which Thou hast prepared : before
the face of all people ;

To be a Light to lighten the Gentiles,
and to be the Glory of Thy people Israel

Glory be to the FATHER, and to the
SON : and to the HOLY GHOST ;

As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be : world without end
Amen.

Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

A MISSION is meant to touch the conscience, to inform the mind, and to bend the will; and all Christian people who come under its influence are invited to make a solemn promise:—*i.e.*, to give up what is wrong, to believe what is true and to do what is right; or, in other words, to renew the three Baptismal Vows.

Question 1.

Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?

Answer. I renounce them all.

Question 2.

Dost thou believe in **GOD** the **FATHER** Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth? And in **JESUS CHRIST** His Only-begotten **SON** our **LORD**? And that He was conceived by the **HOLY GHOST**; born of the Virgin Mary; that He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; that He went down into hell, and also did rise again the third day; that He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of **GOD** the **FATHER** Almighty; and from thence shall come again at the end of the world, to judge the quick and the dead?

And dost thou believe in the **HOLY GHOST**; the Holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Remission of sins; the Resurrection of the flesh and Everlasting Life after death?

Answer. All this I steadfastly believe.

Question 3.

Wilt thou then obediently keep **GOD's** holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?

Answer. I will endeavour so to do, **GOD** being my helper.

Those who are unbaptized or unconfirmed, or who have long neglected Holy Communion, should give their names to one of the Missioners, or to the Parish Priest without delay, that they may be prepared for the Sacraments.

Resolution and Rule of Life.

BESIDES the Renewal of Baptismal Vows, everyone who means to profit by the Mission should make some special Resolution; and there is no better resolution than one to make and keep a Rule of Life.

Every Christian should have his own rule about—

- Private prayer.
- Public worship.
- Self-examination and Confession of sin.
- Holy Communion.
- Bible reading.
- Almsgiving.
- Fasting.
- Avoiding occasions of sin.
- Service of others.

ADDITIONAL TUNES

18

WARRINGTON.
(Second Tune.)

L.M.

R. HARRISON, 1784.



70

RHUDDLAN.
(Second Tune.)

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Welsh Traditional Melody.

The first system of musical notation for 'RHUDDLAN' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a traditional hymn style with block chords and moving lines.

The second system of musical notation for 'RHUDDLAN' continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the one-sharp key signature and common time.

The third system of musical notation for 'RHUDDLAN' concludes the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs. The word 'A - men.' is written at the end of the upper staff.

(From the English Hymnal.)

71

SAFFRON WALDEN.
(Second Tune.)

8.8.8.6.

A. H. BROWN, 1830-

The first system of musical notation for 'SAFFRON WALDEN' consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

The first system of musical notation for 'ST. COLUMBA' consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature.

The second system of musical notation for 'ST. COLUMBA' continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs. The word 'A - men.' is written at the end of the upper staff.

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90

ST. COLUMBA.
(Second Tune.)

C.M.

Traditional Irish Melody.

The first system of musical notation for 'ST. COLUMBA (Second Tune)' consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature.

The second system of musical notation for 'ST. COLUMBA (Second Tune)' continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs.

The third system of musical notation for 'ST. COLUMBA (Second Tune)' concludes the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs. The word 'A - men.' is written at the end of the upper staff.

KINGS LYNN.
(Second Tune.)
Unison.

93

7.6.7.6.D.

English Traditional Melody.

First system of musical notation for Kings Lynn, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

Second system of musical notation for Kings Lynn, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation for Kings Lynn, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation for Kings Lynn, concluding with the text "A - men." written below the staff.

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101

HEREFORD.
(Second Tune.)

L.M.

S. S. WESLEY, 1872.

First system of musical notation for Hereford, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

Second system of musical notation for Hereford, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation for Hereford, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation for Hereford, concluding with the text "A - men." written below the staff.

(By permission of the Royal College of Music.)

104

ST. GERTRUDE.
(Second Tune.)

6.5.6.5. and Refrain.

SIR A. SULLIVAN.

First system of musical notation for 'St. Gertrude', featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

Second system of musical notation for 'St. Gertrude'.

Third system of musical notation for 'St. Gertrude'.

Fourth system of musical notation for 'St. Gertrude'.

Fifth system of musical notation for 'St. Gertrude' with lyrics. The lyrics are: **f** Onward, Christian sol - - diers, March-ing as to.. war, war, With.. the

First system of musical notation for 'Animæ Hominum' with lyrics. The lyrics are: With the Cross of JE - SUS Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

With the Cross of JE - SUS

(By permission of Messrs. Novello and Co.)

121

ANIMÆ HOMINUM.
(Second Tune.)

8.7.8.7.

A. T. BLANCHET.

First system of musical notation for 'Animæ Hominum'.

Second system of musical notation for 'Animæ Hominum'.

Third system of musical notation for 'Animæ Hominum' with lyrics. The lyrics are: A - men.

123

CARLISLE.
(Second Tune.)

S.M.

C. LOCKHART, 1792.

The first system of musical notation for 'CARLISLE' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note D, followed by a dotted quarter note E, and then a half note F. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation for 'CARLISLE' continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

124

MORNING LIGHT.
(Second Tune.)

7.6.7.6.D.

G. J. WEBB, 1837.

The first system of musical notation for 'MORNING LIGHT' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note D, followed by a dotted quarter note E, and then a half note F. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation for 'MORNING LIGHT' continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line.

The first system of musical notation for 'MARCHING' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note D, followed by a dotted quarter note E, and then a half note F. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation for 'MARCHING' continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

140

MARCHING.
(Second Tune.)

8.7.8.7.

MARTIN SHAW.

The first system of musical notation for 'MARCHING' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note D, followed by a dotted quarter note E, and then a half note F. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation for 'MARCHING' continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

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24, Berners St., London, W.1.)

THORNBURY.
(Second Tune.)

7.6.7.6.D.

B. HARWOOD.

Verses 1, 2, 4 and 6, Unison.

f

1. Thy Hand, O God, has guid - ed Thy flock, from age to age;
 2. Thy her-alds brought glad tid - ings To great - est, as to least;
 4. Thro' many a day of dark - ness, Thro' many a scene of strife,
 6. Thy Mer - cy will not fail us, Nor leave Thy work un - done;

With dignity.

f

The won-drous tale is writ - ten, Full clear, on ev - 'ry page;
 They bade men rise, and hast - en To share the great King's feast;
 The faith - ful few fought brave - ly, To guard the Na - tion's life.
 With Thy right Hand to help us, The Vic - t'ry shall be won;

Our fa - thers own'd Thy good - ness, And we their deeds re - cord;
 And this was all their teach - ing, In ev - 'ry deed and word,
 Their Gos - pel of re - demp - tion, Sin pardon'd, man re - stored,
 And then, by men and an - gels, Thy Name shall be a - dored,

ff

And both of.. this bear wit - - ness,
 To all a - like pro - claim - ing } "One Church, one
 Was all in this en - fold - ed,
 And this shall be their an - them,

ff

In Harmony.

Faith, one LORD."

A - men.

mf Verses 3 and 5, Harmony.

3. When shadows thick were fall - ing, And all seem'd sunk in night,....
 5. And we, shall we be faith - less? Shall hearts fail, hands hang down?....

Thou, LORD, didst send Thy ser - vants, Thy cho - sen sons of light.
 Shall we e - vade the con - flict, And cast a - way our crown?

On them and on Thy peo - ple Thy plenteous Grace was pour'd,....
 Not so: in GOD's deep coun - sels Some bet - ter thing is stored;....

VOICES. One Church, one

And this was still their mes - sage, One Church, one
 We will main - tain, un - flinch - ing, One Church, one

ff

ORGAN.

ff

Faith, one LORD.....

Faith, one LORD, one Faith, one.. LORD.
 Faith, one LORD, one Faith, one.. LORD.

FROM PAIN TO PAIN, FROM
 WOE TO WOE.

G. W. HART, C.R., 1925.

Not too fast.

From pain to pain, from woe to woe, with lov - ing hearts and

foot - steps slow, To Cal - va - ry with CHRIST we.. go.

See how His pre - cious blood at ev - 'ry sta - tion pours;

Was ev - er grief like His?.... Was ev - er sin like ours?

First Line of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Metre.
I love to hear the story	51	{ 1. Bowdler, No. 178 (7. 7. 6. 6. D.). 2. Gosterwood (7. 6. 7. 6. D.) App.
I met the Good Shepherd	52	The Good Shepherd (11. 11. 11. 11.).
I need Thee ev'ry hour	53	Dependence (Irreg.).
In the land of strangers	54	Far Land (Irreg.).
It is a thing most wonderful	55	Herongate (L. M.).
Jerusalem, my happy home	56	Jerusalem (C. M.).
Jesu, gentlest Saviour	57	Monod (6. 5. 6. 5.).
Jesu, Lover of my soul	58	Hollingside (7. 7. 7. 7. D.).
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All	59	{ 1. St. Catherine (8. 8. 8. 8. 8.). 2. St. Chrysostom (8. 8. 8. 8. 8.). App.
Jesu, Refuge of the weary	60	Sanctuary (8. 7. 8. 7.).
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	61	St. Andrew (8. 7. 8. 7.).
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	62	Easter Hymn (7. 4. 7. 4. D.).
Jesus, I my cross have taken	63	Sicilian Mariners (8. 7. 8. 7.).
Jesus, I will trust Thee	64	Goshen (6. 5. 6. 5. D.).
Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament	65	Corpus Christi (Irreg.).
Jesus, keep me near the Cross	66	Near the cross (Irreg.).
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	67	St. Albinus (7. 8. 7. 8. 4.).
Jesus stand among us	68	St. Scholastica (6. 5. 6. 5.).
Jesus! speak to me in love	69	Dismissal (7. 7. 7. 7. 7.).
Judge eternal, throned in splendour	70	{ 1. Kensington New (8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.). 2. Rhuddlan (8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.) App.
Just as I am, without one plea	71	{ 1. St. Crispin (L. M.). 2. Saffron Walden (8. 8. 8. 6.) App.
Knocking, knocking, who is there?	72	Knocking (Irreg.).
Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling	73	Sandon (Irreg.).
Let all mortal flesh keep silence	74	Picardy (8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.).
Let me come closer to Thee, Jesus	75	{ 1. Fr. Henry (9. 6. 9. 6.). 2. Ignatius (9. 6. 9. 6.).
Lift high the Cross, the love of Christ	76	Crucifer (10. 10. and Refrain).
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	77	Helmsley (8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.).
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	78	Even me (8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 7.).
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	79	St. Philip (7. 7. 7.).
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	80	Holley (L. M.).
Lord, Thy ransomed Church is waking	81	Rustington (8. 7. 8. 7. D.).
Low at Thy pierced feet	82	Humility (Irreg.).
Mine eyes have seen the glory	83	Mine eyes have seen (Irreg.).
More holiness give me	84	Irchester (Irreg.).
My faith looks up to Thee	85	Olivet (Irreg.).
Narrow thy path, O pilgrim lone	86	Grimaudin (Irreg.).
O come, all ye faithful	87	Adeste Fideles (Irreg.).
O come to the merciful Saviour	88	Hiding in Thee (Irreg.).
O dearest Lord, Thy sacred Brow	89	Divine Compassion (C. M.).
O for a closer walk with God	90	{ 1. Belmont (C. M.). 2. St. Columba (C. M.) App.
O for a heart to praise my God	91	{ 1. Sawley (C. M.). 2. Bangor (C. M.).
O for a thousand tongues to sing	92	Evan (C. M.).
O God of earth and altar	93	{ 1. Gibbons (7. 6. 7. 6. D.). 2. Kings Lynn (7. 6. 7. 6. D.) App.
O God, our help in ages past	94	St. Anne (C. M.).
O Jesus, I have promised	95	Wolvercote (7. 6. 7. 6. D.).
O Jesus, bless our homes	96	Battycove (6. 6. 6. 6.).
O Jesus! God and Man	97	Waldegrave (6. 8. 6. 8.).
O love that will not let me go	98	St. Margaret (8. 8. 8. 8. 6.).
O my Saviour lifted	99	North Coates (6. 5. 6. 5.).
O soul of Jesus, sick to death	100	Hesperus (L. M.).
O Thou Who makest souls to shine	101	{ 1. Confidence (L. M.). 2. Hereford (L. M.) App.
Once, only once, and once for all	102	Stracathro (C. M.).
Once to every man and nation	103	Hyfyrdol (8. 7. 8. 7. D.).
Onward, Christian soldiers	104	{ 1. Armageddon (6. 5. 6. 5. D. and Re- frain). 2. St. Gertrude (6. 5. 6. 5. Ter.) App.

First Line of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Metre.
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour	105	Pass me not (Irreg.).
Peace, peace, Jesus is here	106	Pax Vobis (Irreg.).
Peace, perfect peace	107	Song 46 (10. 10.).
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	108	Praise my soul (8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.).
Praise to the Holiest in the height	109	Hebdomadal (C. M.).
"Quit you like men," life's battle	110	Angels of Jesus (Irreg.).
Redeemed, restored, forgiven	111	Remembrance (7. 6. 7. 6.).
Rescue the perishing	112	Roslynlee (Irreg.).
Revive Thy work, O Lord	113	St. Thomas (S. M.).
Rock of ages, cleft for me	114	Rock of Ages (7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.).
Safe in the arms of Jesus	115	Safe in the Arms of Jesus (Irreg.).
Shall we not love thee, Mother dear	116	Shall we not love thee (C. M.).
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	117	Revertimini (7. 7. 7. 7. D.).
Soldiers of Christ, arise	118	Southport (S. M.).
Son of God, eternal Saviour	119	Deerhurst (8. 7. 8. 7. D.).
Soul of Jesus, make me whole	120	Aberystwyth (7. 7. 7. 7. D.).
Souls of men, why will ye scatter	121	{ 1. St. Davids (8. 7. 8. 7. D.). 2. Anima Hominum (8. 7. 8. 7.) App.
Spirit Divine, attend our prayers	122	Ilfracombe (C. M.).
Stand up and bless the Lord	123	{ 1. Huddersfield (S. M.). 2. Carlisle (S. M.) App.
Stand up! stand up for Jesus	124	{ 1. Stand up for Jesus (7. 6. 7. 6. D. and Refrain). 2. Morning Light (7. 6. 7. 6. D.) App.
Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour dear	125	Grösser Gott (L. M.).
Take my life and let it be	126	Dedication (7. 7. 7. 7.).
Tell me the old, old story	127	The old, old story (7. 6. 7. 6. D. and Re- frain).
The Church of God a kingdom is	128	University (C. M.).
The Church's one foundation	129	Aurelia (7. 6. 7. 6. D.).
The Head that once was crowned	130	Wiltshire (C. M.).
The saints all crowned with glory	131	Italian Air (7. 6. 7. 6. D.).
The Son of God goes forth to war	132	Richmond (C. M.).
There is a fountain filled with blood	133	Revival (C. M. and Refrain).
There is a green hill far away	134	Horsley (C. M.).
There were ninety and nine	135	The Ninety and Nine (Irreg.).
Thine for ever, God of love	136	Newington (7. 7. 7. 7.).
Think, O Lord, in mercy	137	Cranham (6. 5. 6. 5. D.).
Thou didst leave Thy throne	138	Margaret (Irreg.).
Thou, Who at Thy first Eucharist	139	Sacramentum Unitatis (10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.).
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	140	{ 1. St. Oswald (8. 7. 8. 7.). 2. Marching (8. 7. 8. 7.) App.
Thy Hand, O God, has guided	141	{ 1. Meirionydd (7. 6. 7. 6. D.). 2. Thornbury (7. 6. 7. 6. D.) App.
Thy kingdom come, O God	142	St. Cecilia (6. 6. 6. 6.).
To-day Thy mercy calls us	143	Missionary (7. 6. 7. 6. D.).
Weary of earth and laden with my sin	144	Dalkeith (10. 10. 10. 10.).
What a Friend we have in Jesus	145	Chislehurst (8. 7. 8. 7. D.).
When I survey the wondrous Cross	146	Rockingham (L. M.).
When upon life's billows	147	Count your blessings (Irreg.).
Who are these like stars appearing	148	All Saints (8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.).
Who is He in yonder stall	149	Resonet in Laudibus (Irreg.).
Who is on the Lord's side?	150	Hermas (6. 5. 6. 5. D. and Refrain).
With harps and with viols	151	Viols (11. 12. and Refrain).
Ye watchers and ye holy ones	152	Lasst uns erfreuen (Irreg.).
Ye who own the faith of Jesus	153	Den des vaders sinn geboren (8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 6.).
Yield not to temptation	154	Fortitude (Irreg.).
LITANIES		
Litany of the Holy Childhood	155	Ego Vixi.
Litany of Repentance	156	Litany A.
Litany of Intercession	157	Hugo.

ACTS OF DEVOTION, ETC.

<i>First Line of Hymn.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Name of Tune and Metre.</i>
God be in my head	158	Poplar.
The End of Man	159	Anon.
A Rule of Life (for Children)	160	
Act of Faith, Hope and Love (for Children)	161	
Act of Contrition	162	
A Prayer of St. Richard of Chichester	163	
Benedictus and Agnus Dei	164	
O Salutaris and Tantum ergo	165	
O Saviour of the world, etc.	166	From pain to pain. App.
Anima Christi	167	
Acts of Faith, etc.	168	
Psalms 51	169	
Psalms 130	170	
Psalms 103	171	
Psalms 150	172	
Te Deum	173	
Magnificat	174	
Nunc Dimittis	175	