THE ABRIDGED

ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

FOR USE IN

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

BY

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GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON
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Part IV

SONGS OF DEVOTION

No. 1. LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY

St. PHILIP

1. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day, Ere the time shall pass away, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho - ly Jesu, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching tears, Ere that day of doom appears.
3. Lord, on us Thy spir-it pour, Knee-ling low-ly at Thy door, Ere it close for ev - er - more.
4. Judge and Saviour of our race, Grant us, when we see Thy face, With Thy ransom'd ones a place.
5. On Thy love we rest alone, And that love shall then be known By the pardon'd, round Thy throne.

No. 2.

ROCK OF AGES

A. M. TOPLADY

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye-strings break in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

From Tucker's Hymnal, by permission of the publishers, the Century Co.
No. 3. MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS BELS
Prelude. Geo. Edgar Oliver

1. Merry, merry chiming bells,
Clear and sweet their carol swells, joyful news their music tells,

2. In a manger far away,
Once the infant Saviour lay; We will sing His birth today,

3. Let the glorious tidings fly,
Angels sing, and earth reply; Glory be to God on high!

No. 4. HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP
T. C. Tildesley Franz Art

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tempest cloud may lower, The surge of sin may din of war may roll, With all her raging flight, Grief may oppress the childhood's winsome page, In manhood's joyous bloom, In feeble-ness and beat up on earth's troubled shore; God doth His own in safety keep,
soul, Throughout the weary night; God doth His own in safety keep,
age, In death's dark gathering gloom, God will His own in safety keep,
REJOICE TO-DAY

REV. HENRY R. BALDWIN
FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK

1. Re-joice to-day with glad ac-cord, For Christ, the Lord, is come: Ful-fill-ed the pro-
2. Be-hold Him in a man-ger laid: A help-less lit-tle one; For whom Ju-de-a's
3. The King of Heav'n—the Prince of life, Assum-es a mor-tal frame; He comes to en-
4. Hail, glorious Prince! Hail, blessed Son! On this Thy na-tal day Let love and peace un-

phet-ic word, In Da-vid's Bethle-hem. For un-to us a Child is born; To
mother's pray'd; The long'd-expected Son. No earthy pomp sur-rounds His bed, His
in-to strife, To weave immor-tal fame. His wea-poms Truth and Righteousness; The
trameled run, O'er all the earth hold sway, Till human pas-sion, sin, and wrongs, Are

us a Son is giv'n: To raise our fal-len na-ture up, And make us heirs of Heav'n.
home no pil-lar'd hall:—They had not where to lay His head, Save in the cat-tle stall,
cause the good of all, The help-less sons of A-dam's race, The ru-ined by the fall,
numbered with the past, And earth with her ten thousand tongues, Shall praise Thee 'First and Last.'
No. 6.

NAZARETH *

H. F. CHORLEY

UNISON CHORUS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT

1. Thou poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore; Lo! the Lord of Heaven

Hath to mortals given Life for-ev'er-more, Life for-ev'er-more,

(Small notes for close.)

Life for-ev'er-more.

1. Shepherds who folded your flocks beside you,
2. Kings from a far land, draw near and behold Him,
3. Wind, to the cedars proclaim the joyful story,

Tell what was told by angel voices near; To you this night is born He who will

Led by the beam whose warning bade you come, Your crowns cast down, with rosy royal en-

Wave of the sea, the tidings bear afar, The night is gone! behold in all its

1 & 2

guide you Thou paths of peace to living waters clear. Thou poor be the chamber, come

fold Him; Your King descends to earth from brighter home.

glo-ry, All broad and

here, come and adore, Lo! the Lord in Heaven, Hath to mortals given

D.S. twice. 3

Life for-ev'er-more.

D. C. al Fine.

bright riseth' eternal morn-ing star.

* The piano accompaniment may be had at any music store. Let various combinations of voices be used in different verses of the song.
No. 7.

SION *

UNISON CHORUS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

Andantino.

1. There is a Citt-y build-ed Up-on a peace-ful hill, Where

none are ev-er wea-ry, Nor an-y suf-fer ill. Its tow’rs flash bright in the sunlight, Its

ev-er weak and willful, To earthy things weeding, But still our hearts are wait-ing, And

jas-per gates stand wide, And pure are they and ho-ly Who ev-er there a-bide, And

long-ing for that day, Which brings us to that Citt-y As pure of heart as they, Which

2. Sweet mem’ries of their sing-ing A-cross our dream-ing ring, Whilst,

pure are they and ho-ly Who ev-er there a-bide, Af-ter the storm they

rest in peace, Where there shall be no night; Af-ter the toil they find re-lease,

Af-ter the darkness, light, End-ed life’s weary quest, Nev-er a-gain to roam,

Af-ter the strife at rest, Af-ter the wand’ring, home. Af-ter the wand’ring,

home. Af-ter the wand’ring, af-ter the strife, Af-ter the wand’ring,

home. Af-ter the wand’ring, the wan-d’ring, home.

*This song with piano-forte accompaniment may be obtained at any music store.
No. 8. CHRISTMAS FANFARE AND CAROL

Maestoso.

Hark! I hear, sweet and clear, Voices sing of Christ the King!

(Voice parts may be played, but only if necessary.)

In the night still and bright, Hark! the word of praise is heard.
1. Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing Thro' the midnight, loud and clear;
2. How the bitter winter weather Beats without the window-pane!
3. Let us not forget in gladness That the poor are at the gate;
4. Welcome, dear old Christmas, welcome! Well we've loved thee in the past,

Hark! the happy voices singing, Once again is Christmas near!
Closer draw your chairs together, Hand clasp hand in friendly strain:
Let us think how want and sadness Often are their only fate:
And when grave grown and old, Still we love and hold thee fast:

Happy Christmas! Thou art ever welcome here!
Happy Christmas! What care we for wind or rain?
Happy Christmas! For the poor as for the great.
Happy Christmas! We will love thee to the last.
No. 9.

THE PALMS

J. FAURE

1. Let the palms wave on this most happy day, Let e'en the flow'rs show mirth and gladness,
   Je-sus, Thy voice can enter all our hearts, Sing-ing to us of joy and mer-cy.
   Je-ru-sa-lem, thou cit-y of our love, Let us our grat-i-tude be tell-ing.

2. Je-sus is here to take all grief a-way, And free our hearts from earthy sad-ness.
   Oh, tender one from whom love ne'er departs, Glad-ly we bring our lov-ing souls to Thee.
   Je-sus of Beth-lhem now reigns a-bove; To Him let songs of praise be swell-ing.

3. In hap-py song join ev'-ry voice, Let ev'-ry one His praise be loud-ly sing-ing. Ho-
   san-na! let each rejoice, Blessed is He who comes bringing to us sal-

4. | staccato. |

---
No. 10. SING, O CHILDREN, SING WITH GLADNESS

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

F. R.

In march time.

1. Sing, O children, sing with gladness, Raise your happiest, noblest strain,
2. Once He tasted death for all men—He of all mankind the head,
3. Now in heaven, yet ever near us, From the Father's throne He views

Sing the praises of your Saviour, Come from heav'n to earth as man.
Spotless He among the sinful, Lord of Life among the dead.
All things gathered and completed,—All His ransomed ones He knows.

Semi-Chorus.

Him let all your voices honor, All your songs exalt His name,
Well He wrought our full salvation, And the captor captive led,
When the crown of His dominions He before the throne shall cast,—

Tell how He came down from heav'n, Saving men from sin and shame.
Till throughout the wide creation All things hail Him as their head.
Then throughout the wide creation Heav'n and earth be one at last.
No. 11. **WAKE! AND TUNE YOUR YOUTHFUL VOICES**

(CHRISTMAS CHORUS.)

**John G. Robinson**  
Maestoso.  

Frank Treat Southwick

1. Wake! and tune your youthful voices, 'Tis the anniversary morn, When all heav'n and earth rejoices, O'er Christ, our Saviour born. Angels came from brightest glory, ray of sadness Dim the day when Christ was born! Giving joy for every sorrow,

Singing carols of His birth, And the shepherds spread the story, Peace to every troubled breast, Pointing out a bright tomorrow

"Peace, goodwill to men on earth!" Wake! and tune your youthful voices, 'Tis the anniversary morn, When all heav'n and earth rejoices O'er Christ, our Saviour born.

2. Shout aloud your songs of gladness, On this joyful Christmas morn, Let no dismal
No. 12.  

**ALLELUIA**  

**Boys' Voices.**

1. Lord of ev'-ry land and na-tion, "An-cient of e-ter-nal days,"
2. For the grand-eur of Thy na-ture, Name be-yond a ser-aph's tho't,
3. "Bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry," Shall Thy praise un-ut-tered lie?
4. Go, re-tur-n im-mor-tal Sav-iour, Leave Thy foot-stool, take Thy throne,

**Girls' Voices.**

Sounded thro' the wide cre-a-tion, Be Thy just and law-ful praise.
For cre-a-ted works of pow-er, Works with skill and kind-ness wrought.
Shun my tongue the guilt-y si-lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.
Thence re-tur-n and reign for-ev-er, Be the king-dom all Thine own.

**All.**

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  

A-men.
No. 13.  

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Grazioso.

1. This tree was grown on Christmas day, Hail to merry Christmas! Old and young to-
gether say, Hail to merry Christmas! Bright the colored tapers shine,

Hail to blessed Christmas! Bright to-day the love divine, Hail to blessed Christmas! This

2. Gifts hang here for every one;
Hail to happy Christmas!
God gave man this day His Son,
Hail to merry Christmas!
Bright and light our Christmas Tree;
Hail to joyful Christmas!

Bright and light our hearts must be,
Hail to joyful Christmas!
Cho. Dance, then, children, dance and sing,
Hail to merry Christmas!
All the merry chorus ring,
Hail to merry Christmas!
No. 14.  THE TREES AND THE MASTER

J. P. McCaskey, by per.
Harmonized and adapted by JOHN HYATT BREWER

Sidney Lanier

1. In-to the woods my Mas-ter went, Clean for-spent, for-spent; In-to the woods my
2. Out of the woods my Mas-ter went—And He was well con-tent; Out of the woods my

Mas-ter came—For-spent with love and shame, For-spent with love and shame. But the
Mas-ter came—Con-tent with death and shame, Con-tent with death and shame. When

ol-ives they were not blind to Him; The lit-tle gray leaves were kind to Him; The
death and shame would woo Him last; From un-der the trees they drew Him last. Twas

cres.

thorn-tree had a mind to Him, When in-to the woods He came, . . When
on a tree they slew Him last; When out of the woods He came, . . When

cres.

in-to the woods He came, When in-to the woods He came.
out of the woods He came, When out of the woods He came. A - men.
No. 15. GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN


Rossini

From "The Stabat Mater"

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;
2. See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love,
3. Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear!

He, whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode:
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove:
For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near:

On the rock of ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose!
Who can faint while such a river ever flows thy thirst assuage?
He who gives them daily manna, He who listens when they cry,

With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.
Let Him hear the loud hosanna Rising to His throne on high.
No. 16.

PEACE ON EARTH

J. R. LOWELL

Moderato.

1. "What means this glo-ry round our feet," The Magi mused, "more bright than morn!" And
2. 'Tis eight -een hun-dred years, and more, Since those sweet or-a-ces were dumb; We
3. All round a - bout our feet shall shine A light like that the wise men saw, If

voices chant-ed clear and sweet, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!" "What
wait for Him, like them of yore; A - las! He seems so slow to come! But we our lov-ing wills in - line To that sweet Life which is the Law. So

means this star," the shep-herds said, "That brightens thro' the rock-y glen?" And it was said, in words of gold, No time nor sor-row e'er shall dim, That shall we learn to un-der-stand The sim-ple faith of shep-herds then, And

angels an-swer-ing o-ver-head, Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
lit-tle chil-dren might be bold, In per-fect trust to come to Him. kindly clasping hand in hand, Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
No. 17.  COME, YE DISCONSOLATE

COME, ye dis-con-so-late, where-e'er you lan-guish, Come to the shrine of God,

joy of the des-o-late, Light of the stray-ing, Hope, when all oth-ers die,

fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish,

fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-forter, in God's name say-ing,

Earth has no sor-row, that Heav'n cannot heal, that Heav'n cannot heal.

"Earth has no sor-row, that Heav'n cannot cure, that Heav'n cannot cure."

No. 18.  THE BIRD SONG

CAROL FOR EASTER

THE win-ter is o-ver and gone at last; The days of snow and rain are past.

And gone are the plain-tive days of Lent; The week of the cross of Christ we spent.

A sep-u-lchre sealed, a rock its door; But winter is gone and comes no more. The

And Christ is the song of ev'-ry-thing, For death is winter, and Christ is spring.


Duet.
O'er the fields the flow'res appear; It is the Song-dove's voice we hear.
Now He giveth us joy for woe; Gath-er the flow'res the first that blow.
Seal is broken and now are seen Val-leys and woods and gar-dens green.
Fountains that warble in purl-ing words, Hark, how they echo the song of birds.

The sing-ing of birds, A warb-ling band, And the Spir-it Voice,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb-ling band, And flowers are words,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb-ling band, 'Mid flocks and herds,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb-ling band, And the purl-ing words,

The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our land.
The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our land.
The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our land.
The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our land.

Are words the faith-ful may un-der-stand, Are words the faith-ful may un-der-stand.
The song of all na-ture is heard in our land, The song of all na-ture is heard in our land.
Of brooks and wa-ters are heard in our land, Of brooks and wa-ters are heard in our land.

chorus:

heard in our land. The time it is of the sing-ing, The sing-ing of birds, A warb-ling band, And the Spirit's Voice, The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our land, is heard in our land.

singing of birds,
No. 19.  **THE BLUSHING MAPLE TREE**

HAMILTON AIDÉ  

J. P. McCaskey, by per. Arr.

1. When on the world's first harvest day, The forest trees before the Lord Laid down their autumn offerings Of fruit in sunshine stored, The Maple

2. There ran thro' all the leaf-y wood A murmur and a scornful smile, But silent still the Maple stood, And looked to God the while. And then, while ev'ry leaf, now red and gold, She knew the kiss of God. And still, when only, of them all, Before the world's great harvest King, With empty fell on earth a hush, So great it seemed like death to be, From His white comes the autumn time, And on the hills the harvest lies, Blushing, the hands and silent stood—She had no offering to bring; For throne the mighty Lord Stood down and kissed the Maple tree; At Maple tree recalls Her life's one beautiful surprise; And
in the early summer time, While other trees laid by their hoard, The
that swift kiss there sudden thrilled, In every nerve, thro' every vein, An
still, when comes the autumn time, And on the hills the harvest lies, Blush-

Ma-ple winged her fruit with love, And sent it to the Lord.
ec-sta-zy of joy so great It seemed akin to pain.
ing, the Ma-ple tree re-calls Her beau-ti-ful sur prise. A-men.

No. 20.

A LITTLE WHILE

Mrs. Jane Crewdson

1. O, for the peace that floweth as a riv-er, Making life's desert places bloom and smile; O,
2. "A little while" for patient vig-il-keep-ing, To face the storm and wrestle with the strong, A
3. "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking, To wayside brooks, from far-off fountain fed; Then
4. "A little while to keep the oil from fail-ing," "A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim, And

for the faith to grasp:"Heaven's bright forever,"A-mid the shadows of earth's "little while,"
lit-tle while, to sow the seed with weeping, Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
the parched lip its thirst forev-er slak-ing Be-side the ful-ness of the Fountain-head.
then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hall-ing, We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.
No. 21.

THE ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

WENTWORTH

Miss A. A. Proctor

F. C. Maker

1 Dear Lord, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

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

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

No. 22.

WILLIS

E. H. Sears

R. S. Willis

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

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

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

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.
No. 23. **WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT**

Sir John Bowring, 1825

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

2. Watchman, tell us of the night;
   Higher yet that star ascends,
   Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
   Peace and truth its course portends,
   Watchman, will its beams alone
   Gild the spot that gave them birth.

Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

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

   Traveler, Lo! the Prince of Peace,
   Lo! the Son of God is come,
   Lo! the Son of God is come.

No. 24. **RATHBUN**

Charles Wesley

1. Hail! Thou long expected Jesus,
   Born to set Thy people free;
   From our sins and fears release us,
   Let us find our rest in Thee.

2. Israel's strength and consolation,
   Hope of all the saints Thou art;
   Long desired of ev'ry nation,
   Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.

3. Born Thy people to deliver,
   Born a child, yet God our King,
   Born to reign in us forever,
   Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4. By Thine own eternal Spirit,
   Rule in all our hearts alone;
   By Thine all sufficient merit,
   Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
No. 25.

O COME, EMMANUEL

J. M. NEALE, TE.

1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear,
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

No. 26.

WESTON

CHARLES WESLEY

J. E. ROE

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

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
    Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
    Pure, unsullied may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
No. 27.  PARTING HYMN

E. J. HOPKINS

(Staff not shown)

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

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

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

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
   Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
   Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
   Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

No. 28.  LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART

Arranged from FLJTOW

(Staff not shown)

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
   For the bliss Thy love bestows;
   For the pardoning grace that saves me,
   And the peace that from it flows;
   Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
   This dull soul to rapture raise;
   Thou must light the flame, or never
   Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
   Vainly would my lips express:
   Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
   Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
   Let Thy grace my soul's chief treasure
   Love's pure flame within me raise;
   And since words can never measure,
   Let my life show forth Thy praise.
No. 29.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN


Alexander Ewing

1 Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.
I know not — oh, I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiance of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that see'st no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

No 30.

SEYMOUR

G. W. Doane

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

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

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

4 Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.
No. 31.

HENRY ALFORD

ALFORD

Rev. John Bacchus Dyer

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand,
   In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
   Throng up the steeples of light:
   'Tis finished, all is finished;
   Flung open wide the golden gates,
   And let the victors in.

2. What rush of hallelujahs
   Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
   Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

O day, for which creation
   And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
   A thousand fold repaid!

3. Of what raptured greetings
   On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
   Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
   That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
   Nor widows desolate.

No. 32.

EIN' FESTE BURG

MARTIN LUTHER

1. A mighty fortress is our God,
   A bulwark never failing:
   Our helper He, amid the flood
   Of mortal ills prevailing.
   For still our ancient foe
   Doth seek to work us woe:
   His craft and power are great,
   And armed with cruel hate,
   On earth is not his equal.

2. Did we in our own strength confide,
   Our striving would be losing,
   Were not the right man on our side,
   The man of God's own choosing.

3. His word above all earthly powers —
   No thanks to them — abideth;
   The Spirit and the gifts are ours
   Through Him who with us slideth.
   Let goods and kindred go,
   This mortal life also;
   The body they may kill:
   God's truth abideth still,
   His kingdom is forever.
No. 33.

**BAXTER**

**No. 34. O JESU, THOU ART STANDING**

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1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
   However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
   I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

---

Take Thou my cup, and it
   With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
   My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

---

O Jesu, Thou art standing
   Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
We bear the name of Christians,
   His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

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

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
   In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
   We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
   And leave us nevermore.
No. 35.  
ST. GEORGE’S CHAPEL

Mrs. BAREAUD  
G. J. ELVEY

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days!  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!  
For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the joy which harvests bring,  
Grateful praises now we sing.

2 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o’er the smiling land;  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her overflowing stores;  
These, Great God, to Thee we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And, for these, our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

No. 36. FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY

BERNARD OF CLUNY  
Rev. J. D. HERBON, by per.

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigil keep;  
For very love beholding  
Thy holy name, they weep.  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness  
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!  
O Paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished  
And smiles have no alloy;  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart,  
And none, O Peace, O Sion,  
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
The saints build up thy fabric,  
The corner-stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise:  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They build thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor’s laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.
No. 37.

AURELIA

SAMUEL J. STONE

s. s. WEBLEY

1 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.

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

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;

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

4 '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.

5 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.

No. 38.

WIR PFLÜGEN

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, TR. CAMPBELL

J. A. P. SCHULZ
1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord,
O thank the Lord
For all His love.

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

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

No. 39.

JEWETT

BENJ. SCHMOLKES

C. M. VON WIEBEL

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
O may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.

Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

THE ACADEMY SONG-BOOK
THE ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

No. 40.  
THOMAS HAWKES

ELLACOMBE  
OLD GERMAN MELODY

1. To Thee, my God, my Saviour,  
   My soul, exulting, sings,  
   Rejoicing in Thy favor,  
   Almighty King of kings!  
   I'll celebrate Thy glory,  
   With all the saints above,  
   And tell the joyful story  
   Of Thy redeeming love.

2. Soon as the morn with roses  
   Bedecks the dewy east,  
   And when the sun reposes  
   Upon the ocean's breast,  
   My voice in supplication,  
   My Saviour, Thou shalt hear:  
   Oh, grant me Thy salvation,  
   And to my soul draw near!

3. By Thee through life supported,  
   I pass the dangerous road,  
   With heavenly hosts escorted  
   Up to their bright abode:  
   There cast my crown before Thee,  
   And, all my conflicts o'er,  
   Unceasingly adore Thee:  
   What would an angel more?

No. 41.  
ADESTE FIDELES  
JOHN READING (?)

1. 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, Christ the Lord.

2. Sing, choirs of Angels;  
   Sing in exultation,

Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest!  
O come, etc,

3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
   Born this happy morning,  
   Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
   Word of the Father,  
   Now in flesh appearing.  
   O come, etc.
No. 42.

NICÆA

Reginald Webster

1 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, blessed Trinity.

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

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
   Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
   Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
   All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
   God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

No. 43.

FLEMMING

Elizabeth Charles

1 Praise ye the Father! for His loving-kindness,
   Tenderly cares He for His erring children;
Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in the heavens,
   Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is His compassion,
   Graciously cares He for His chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
   Praise ye the Saviour!

3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of Israel,
   Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
   Praise ye the Triune God!
**No. 44.**

**HARK! HARK, MY SOUL**

_F. W. Faber_  

_J. E. Rose_

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

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

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

4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary,  
   The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
   All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
   And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
   Angels of Jesus, etc.

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**No. 45.**

**SILENT NIGHT**

_Michael Haydn_
No. 46. GLAD LIGHT
CAROL FOR EASTER
ARTHUR LAWRENCE BROWN

1 Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

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

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

1 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft, einsam wacht,
Nur das traut hoch heilige Paar,
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh.

2 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Hirten erst künd gemacht;
Durch der Engel Hallelujah! -
Tont es laut von fern und nah:
Christ, der Retter, ist da!
Christ, der Retter, ist da!

3 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Gottes Sohn, o wie leucht,
Lieb aus deinem göttlichen Mund,
Da uns schlägt dir rettende Stunde,
Christ, in deiner Geburt,
Christ, in deiner Geburt.

1 Glad light illumes this day,
For now his race is run,
And Christ's dear Saint with joy
His heavenly robe has won.
O joyous day! for now
This Champion of the Lord,
Through death's short agony
Has gained his sure reward.

2 The honors of the world
And wealth, he cast away,
He left his desert paths,
And trod the royal way.
O joyous day! etc.

3 O happy brother! thou
Hast found, in glory bright,
The eternal Father's Son,
Who led thee on to light.
O joyous day! etc.

4 Thou, in this vale of tears
Didst for His presence sigh,
He, with His fulness now,
Thy soul doth satisfy.
O joyous day! etc.

5 Thee, Angel choirs salute,
As partner of their state,
Rejoice, thou happy Saint!
For thy reward is great.
O joyous day! etc.

6 We leave our sins, and raise
Our humble prayers with thine,
That we may live and grow,
In Christ the living Vine
O joyous day! etc.
No. 47.
NEARER TO THEE
Sarah F. Adams, 1840
Andante.

FRANZ ABT

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

No. 48.
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE
J. D. Herron, by per.
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
    Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
    And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

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

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

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
    On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
    And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 54.
THE BIRD LET LOOSE

1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
    When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
    Where idle warblers roam.
But high she soars through air and light,
    Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthily bounds her flight,
    Nor shadow dims her way,
Nor shadow dims her way.

2 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
    To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of Thine,
    Our languid hearts inflame.
Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
    Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring,
    Immortal in the skies,
Immortal in the skies.

2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
    And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's discerner air
    To hold my course to Thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
    My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
    Thy freedom in her wings,
Thy freedom in her wings.
No. 55. 

ABIDE WITH ME

H. F. Lyte

1. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
   The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
   When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
   Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

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

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
   What but Thy grace can foil the tempter’s power?
   Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
   Thro’ cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
   Shine thro’ the gloom, and point me to the skies;
   Heav’n’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows
   In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

No. 56. 

CONSOLATION

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN

1. As pants the wearied heart for cooling springs,
   That sinks exhausted in the summer’s chase,
   So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
   So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

2. Lord, Thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
   My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
   And ‘midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
   To Thee, my God, I’ll tune the grateful lay.

3. Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah’s aid?
   Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
   Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
   Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.
No. 57.
CRUSADER'S HYMN
Arranged by R. S. Willis

From the 13th Century

1 Fairest Lord Jesus!
   Jesus is fairer,
   Jesus is purer,
   O Thou of God and man the Son!
   Who makes the woful heart to sing.
   Thou will I cherish,
   Thou will I honor,
   Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
   Fairer still the woodlands,
   Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
   Fair is the sunshine,
   Fairer still the moonlight,
   And all the twinkling starry host;
   Fairer is the sunshine,
   Fairer still the moonlight,
   And all the twinkling starry host;
   Than all the angels heaven can boast.

No. 58.
ASPIRATION

G. Thring

1 Saviour, blessed Saviour!
   Leaving all behind us,
   Listen while we sing,
   May we hasten on,
   Hearts and voices raising
   Backward never looking
   Praises to our King!
   Till the prize is won.
   All we have to offer,
   All we hope to be,
   All we yield to Thee.
   Body, soul, and spirit,
   Higher, then, and higher,
   Where, in joys unthought of,
   Saviour, to its goal;
   We wear the road
   Earthly toils forgotten,
   Saints with angels sing,
   Worn by saints before us,
   Never weary, giving
   Journeying on to God:
   Praises to their King!
No. 59. BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION

BERNARD OF CLUNY

Rev. J. D. Herron, by perm.

1 Brief life is here our portion,
   Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
   The fearless life is there.
   O happy retribution!
   Short toll, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
   A mansion with the best.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
   Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
   No human heart can know;
   And after fleshly weakness,
   And after this world's night,
   And after storm and whirlwind,
   Are calm, and joy, and light.

3 And now we fight the battle,
   But then shall wear the crown
   Of full and everlasting
   And passionless renown;
   And He whom now we trust in,
   Shall then be seen and known,
   And they that know and trust Him,
   Shall have Him for their own.

4 And now we watch and struggle,
   And now we live and hope,
   And Sion in her anguish,
   With Babylon must cope;
   But there is David's Fountain,
   And life in fullest glow;
   And there the light is golden,
   And milk and honey flow.

5 The morning shall awaken
   The shadows flee away,
   And each true-hearted servant
   Shall shine as doth the day;
   There God, our King and Portion,
   In fulness of His grace,
   We then shall see for ever,
   And worship face to face.

No. 60. ST. OSWALD

J. B. Dykes

1 God, my King, Thy might confessing,
   Ever will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
   Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitting;
   Who His majesty can reach?
   Age to age His works transmitting,
   Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
   On Thy might and greatness dwell,
   Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
   And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
   Works by love and mercy wrought—
   Works of love surpassing measure,
   Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
   Slow to anger, vast in love,
   God is good to all creation;
   All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
   Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
   King supreme shall they confess Thee,
   And proclaim Thy sovereign power.
No. 61.  
A LAST PRAYER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

1 Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;
So clear I see that things I thought
Were right and harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

2 So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the call thy leaders gave.
In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me repentant work for Thee.

No. 62.  
THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL

BERNARD OF CLUNY

Rev. J. D. Herbon, by per.

1 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;

3 'Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
Where reposes a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.
O happy, holy portion,
Refinement of the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distress!

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight,
**No. 63. ANGEL VOICES**

**FRANCIS FOTT**

1. Angel voices ever singing
   Round Thy throne of light—
   Angel harps, forever ringing
   Rest not day nor night.
   Thousands only live to bless Thee,
   And confess Thee,
   Lord of might!

2. Thou, who art beyond the farthest
   Mortal eye can scan,
   Can it be that Thou regardest
   Songs of sinful man?

Can we feel that Thou art near us,
   And wilt hear us?
   Yes, we can.

3. Here, Great God, to-day we offer
   Of Thine own to Thee;
   And for Thine acceptance proffer,
   All unworthily,
   Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
   In our choicest
   Melody.

**No. 64. LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER, LEAD US**

**JAMES EDMISTON**

1. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
   O'er the world's tempestuous sea,
   Guard us, guide us, keep us, lead us,
   For we have no help but Thee;
   Yet possessing
   Every blessing,
   If our God our Father be.

2. Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
   All our weakness Thou dost know,
   Thou didst tread this earth before us;
   Thou didst feel its keenest woe;

Lone and dreary,
   Faint and weary,
   Through the desert Thou didst go.

3. Spirit of our God, descending,
   Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
   Love with every passion blending,
   Pleasure that can never decay;
   Thus provided,
   Pardoned, guided,
   Nothing can our peace destroy.
No. 65.

ITALIAN HYMN

John Marriott

1. Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2. Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

3. Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

No. 66.

DENNIS

H. G. Nægeli

1. Come, Thou Almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2. Come, Thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Make Thine own holiness
On us descend.

3. Never from us depart,
Rule Thou in every heart,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

1. How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2. Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell!
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne
And sweet refreshment find.

4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.
No. 68.

HURSLEY

John Keble

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
   It is not night if Thou be near;
   Oh, may no earthborn cloud arise
   To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 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.

3 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!

4 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.

No. 69.

LUX BENIGNA

John Henry Newman

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

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

3 So long Thy power has bled 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.
No. 70.

PARADISE

F. W. FABER

J. BARNBY

Refrain,
Where loyal hearts and true
Where joyful hearts and true

1. O Paradise, O Paradise,
   Who doth not crave for rest?
   Who would not seek the happy land,
   Where they that loved are blest?
   Where loyal hearts and true
   Stand ever in the light,
   All rapture through and through
   In God's most holy sight.

2. O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3. Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
   Oh, keep me in Thy love,
   And guide me to that happy land
   Of perfect rest above.
   Where loyal hearts, etc.

No. 71.

CORONÆ

THOMAS KELLY

W. H. MONK

1. Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
   Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
   On the seat of power enthrone Him,
   While the vault of heaven rings;
   Crown Him! Crown Him!
   Crown the Saviour King of kings.

2. Sinners in derision crowned Him,
   Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
   Saints and angels crowd around Him.
   Own His title, praise His Name:
   Crown Him! Crown Him!
   Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

3. Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
   Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
   Jesus takes the highest station;
   Oh, what joy the sight affords!
   Crown Him! Crown Him!
   King of kings, and Lord of lords,
No. 72.  

MELITA  

J. B. Dykes

1. Let glory be to God on high:  
Son of the Father, who wast slain  
Peace be on earth as in the sky:  
To take away the sins of men;  
Good will to men, we bow the knee,  
O Lamb of God, whose blood was spilt,  
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee.  
For all the world, and all its guilt; —  
We give Thee thanks, Thy name we sing,  
Have mercy on us, through Thy blood;  
Almighty Father, Heavenly King.  
Receive our prayer, O Lamb of God!  
3. O Lord, the sole-begotten Son,  
For Thou art holy; Thou alone,  
Who bore the crimes which we had done;  
At God's right hand, upon His throne,  
Son of the Father, who wast slain  
In all His glory, art adored,  
To take away the sins of men;  
With Thee, O Holy Ghost, one Lord.

No. 73. THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING HOURS

Miss Adelaide A. Procter  

Joseph Benzel, by per.

1. The shadows of the evening hours,  
The brightness of the coming night  
Fall from the darkening sky,  
Upon the darkness rolls;  
Upon the fragrance of the flowers,  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The dews of evening lie;  
The shadows on our souls.  
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven!  
Slowly the rays of daylight fade;  
We kneel at close of day;  
So fade within our heart  
Look on Thy children from on high,  
The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
And hear us while we pray.  
That one by one depart;  
And we pray.  
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,  
The shadows of the evening hours,  
And trust in things divine.
No. 74.
OLIVET
Ray Palmer

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

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

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

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

No. 75.
MARLBOROUGH
H. B. Stowe

1 Still, still with Thee, when rosy morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wing o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, more fair than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought — I am with Thee.
No. 76.

ADDISON

Arr. for this work

1. The spacious firmament on high
   With all the blue ethereal sky,
   And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
   Their great Original proclaim;
   Th' unwearied sun from day to day
   Does his Creator's power display,
   And publishes to every land
   The work of an Almighty Hand.

2. Soon as the evening's shades prevail
   The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
   And nightly to the listening earth
   Repeats the story of her birth.

No. 77. IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

MISS ANNA L. WARING

JOSIAH BENNET, by per.

1. In heavenly love abiding,
   No change my heart shall fear,
   And safe is such confiding,
   For nothing changes here.
   The storm may roar without me,
   My heart may low be laid,
   But God is round about me,
   And can I be dismayed?

2. Wherever He may guide me,
   No want shall turn me back;
   My Shepherd is beside me,
   And nothing can I lack.

3. Green pastures are before me,
   Which yet I have not seen;
   Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
   Where darkest clouds have been;
   My hope I cannot measure;
   My path to life is free;
   My Saviour has my treasure,
   And He will walk with me.
No. 78.

ROUSSEAU'S HYMN

J. J. Rousseau, 1775

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor
   From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
   Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
   In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
   When the mists have rolled away.

2. If we err in human blindness,
   And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
   When we struggle to be just;

   Snowy wings of peace shall cover
   All the anguish of to-day;
When the weary watch is over,
   And the mists have rolled away.

3. When the mists have risen above us,
   As our Father knows His own,
   Face to face with those who love us,
   We shall know as we are known,
Low beyond the orient meadows,
   Floats the golden fringe of day;
   Heart to heart we'll bid the shadows,
   Till the mists have rolled away.

No. 79.

AVON

Thomas Moore

1. There's nothing bright, above, below,
   From flow'rs that bloom to stars that glow,
   But in its light my soul can see
   Some feature of the Deity!

2. There's nothing dark, below, above,
   But in its gloom I trace His love,
   And meekly wait that moment when
   His touch shall turn all bright again.

No. 80.

WHEN I SURVEY

Isaac Watts

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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?

4. 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.
No. 81.

CHRISTUS VICTOR

Sabine Baring-Gould

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan

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

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.

4 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.

2 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.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
   Join our happy throng,
   Blend with ours your voices
   In the triumph-song:
   Glory, laud, and honor
   Unto Christ the King,
   This through countless ages
   Men and angels sing.

3 Like a mighty army
   Moves the church of God;
No. 82.  

ALLES MIT GOTT

FIRST HYMN  
Adapted from Rev. C. A. WALWORTH

1 Holy God, we praise Thy name!  
   Lord of all, we bow before Thee;  
   All in heaven above adore Thee;  
   All on earth Thy sceptre claim.  
   Infinite Thy vast domain,  
   Everlasting is Thy reign.

2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,  
   Angel choirs above are raising;  
   In unceasing chorus praising,  
   Cherubim and Seraphim  
   Fill the heavens with sweet accord.  
   Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

No. 83.  

SECOND HYMN

1 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!  
   Kindlich musst du ihm vertrauen;  
   Darst auf eigene Kraft nicht bauen;  
   Demuth schützt vor stolzem Wahn.  
   [II: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an! ][II

2 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!  
   Die sich ihn zum Führer wählen,  

No. 84.  

HOLY, HOLY LORD

Können nie das Ziel verfehlen;  
Sie nur geh'n auf sich'ter Bahn.  
[II: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an! ][II

3 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!  
   Muth wird dir dein Helfer senden;  
   Fröh wirst du dein Werk vollenden;  
   Denn es ist in Gott gethan.  
   [II: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an! ][II

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts!  
   God Al-might-y, Who wast, and who

art, and art to come,  
   Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts!  
   God Al-might-y!
No. 85.

THALBERG

Mrs. A. L. Waring

1 In heavenly love abiding,
   No change my heart shall fear,
   And safe in such confiding,
   For nothing changes here;
   The storm may roar without me,
   My heart may low be laid,
   But God is round about me,
   And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
   No want shall turn me back;
   My Shepherd is beside me,
   And nothing can I lack;

3 Green pastures are before me,
   Which yet I have not seen;
   Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
   Where darkest clouds have been;
   My hope I cannot measure;
   My path to life is free;
   My Saviour has my treasure,
   And He will walk with me.

No. 86.

LITANY

R. Grant

1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
   Low we bow th' adoring knee,
   When, repentant, to the skies,
   Searce we lift our streaming eyes,
   O, by all Thy pains and woe,
   Suffered once for man below,
   Bending from Thy throne on high,
   Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
   By Thy human griefs and fears,
   By Thy fasting and distress
   In the lonely wilderness;

3 By Thy deep, expiring groan,
   By the sealed sepulchal stone,
   By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
   By Thy power from death to save,
   Mighty God, ascended Lord,
   To Thy throne in heaven restored,
   Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
   Hear our solemn litany.
No. 87. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
   All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
   And glory shone around.

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

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

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

3. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
   Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; who thus
   Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
   And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
   Begin, and never cease."

No. 88. SWEET WILL OF GOD

1. I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
   And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
   To love Thee more and more.
He always wins who sides with God,
   To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
   It triumphs at his cost.

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

2. Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
   And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
   If it be His dear will.
When obstacles and trials seem
   Like prison-walls to be;
I do the little I can do,
   And leave the rest to Thee.
No. 89.     ALL SAINTS
W. C. BRYANT

As shadows cast by cloud and sun,
Fling o'er the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

No. 90.     PASSION CHORALE.

From SEBASTIAN BACH'S "PASSION MUSIC"

O, Sacred Head! once wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now sorrowfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown!
O Sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O, make me Thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

3 Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my sorrow flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies happy through Thy love.
No. 91.

ART THOU WEARY

E. W. BULLINGER

St. Stephanos

1. Art thou weary, art thou lauguid, Art thou sore distress?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there diadem as monarch, That His brow a-dorns?

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wounds, And His side."
"Yea, a crown in very surety, But of thorns."

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His girdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

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

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

7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

No. 92.

ART THOU WEARY

(SECOND TUNE)

J. H. HOPKINS

St. Stephanos
The Academy Song-Book

No. 93. DUNDEE

I. Watts

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 94. THOU GRACE DIVINE, ENCIRCLING ALL.

1. Thou Grace Divine encircling all,
   A soundless, shoreless sea,
   Wherein at last our souls must fall,
   O love of God most free!

2. When over dizzy heights we go,
   One soft hand blindest our eyes;
   The other leads us safe and slow,
   O love of God most wise!

3. And though we turn us from Thy face
   And wander wide and long,
   Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
   O love of God most strong!

4. The saddened heart, the restless soul,
   The toil-worn frame and mind,
   Alike confess Thy sweet control,
   O love of God most kind!

5. But not alone Thy care we claim,
   Our wayward steps to win:
   We know Thee by a dearer name,
   O love of God within!

6. And, filled and quickened by Thy breath
   Our souls are strong and free
   To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
   O love of God, to Thee!

No. 95. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

A. S. Sullivan

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee I'll be than He with His cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, nearer, nearer.

2. Though like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me; My rest a giv'n. Angels to beckon me,

3. There let the way appear Steps unto heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mercy me; Nearer, nearer, nearer.

4. Even tho' it be a cross That raiseth me; Yet in my dreams I'd be, nearer, nearer, nearer.

5. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
No. 96.  GOD’S WILL AND LOVE

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834
A. H. D. TROYTE

My God, my Father, I while I stray
Far from my home on life’s rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

2. Though dark my path and I sad my lot,
Let me be still and I murmur not,
And breathe the prayer diligently taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3. What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer I nigh!
Submissive still would I re- ply,
"Thy will be done!"

4. Though Thou hast called me I to re- sign
What most I prized, it ne’er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

5. Let now my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!

6. Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take a-way
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

No. 97.  GLORIA PATRI

Glo- ry be to the Fa- ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho- ly Ghost. As it

was in the begin- ning, is now, and ev- er shall be, world without end. A- men, A- men.
No. 98. **WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY**

**Gerald Moultrie**  
*Martial.*  
**First Tune**  
**George Edgar Oliver**

We march, we march to victory,  
With the cross of the Lord before us,  
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
And His
Fine,  mf

Holy arms spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of light, A

Holy arms spread o'er us. Our sword is the spirit of God on high, Our

Holy arms spread o'er us. And the choir of angels with song awaits Our

Till close of third verse.  mf

Joyful host to meet Him. And we put to flight the armies of night. That the

Helmet is His salvation. Our banner the cross of Calvary. Our

March to the golden Sion. For our Captain has broken the brazen gates, And

Sons of the day may greet Him. That the sons of the day may greet Him. We

Watchword the Incarnation. Our watchword the Incarnation. We

Burst the bars of iron. And burst the bars of iron. We
No. 98a.  WE MARCH, WE MARCH
GERARD MOLYNEUX
CHORUS.
SECOND TUNE
J. BARNBY

We march, we march to victory! With the cross of the Lord before us,

With His loving eye looking down from the sky, And His holy arm spread o'er us,

FINE.

And His holy arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
3. And the choir of angels with song a-waits
4. Then onward we march, our arms to prove,

In reverent train to meet Him; And we put to flight the arm-ies of night,
Our helmet is His sal-va-tion, Our banner, the Cross of Cal-va-ry,
Our march to the golden Si-on; For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
With the banner of Christ before us, With His eye of love looking down from above,

CHORUS.
D.S. al fine.

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We
Our watchword, the In-car-na-tion, Our watchword the In-car-na-tion.
And burst the bars of i-ron, And burst the bars of i-ron.
And His holy arm spread o'er us, His holy arm spread o'er us.
No. 99. WHEN THE WEARY, SEEKING REST

H. Donar

J. Stainer

1. When the weary, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy-
2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul above; When the prod-
3. When the stranger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hungry
4. When the child with loving heart, Youth or maiden fair, When the aged,

laden cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, gal looks back To His Fa-

craven food, And the poor a friend; When the sail or on the wave trust still, Seek Thy face in prayer; When the widower weeps to Thee,

On Thy name shall call; When the sinner seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall; Stoops to seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace; Bows the fervent knee; When the soldier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee; Sad and lone and low; When the orphan brings to Thee All his orphan woe;

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high.
No. 100. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

H. Bonar

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast.
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, Behold, I freely give The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, I am this dark world's light; Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad; I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream; My I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my star, my sun; And found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.

thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him. in that light of life I'll walk Till all my days are done.
No. 101. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY
A. A. Procter
(Second Tune.)
A. A. Wild

From Hutchins' Church Hymnal, by permission.

No. 102. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT
J. H. Newman
A. L. Peace

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-circling gloom, Lead thou me on;
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldest lead me on;
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me sure it still Will lead me on,

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the

feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step e-nough for me.
gar-lish day; and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
morn those an-gel fa-ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.
No. 103. IN MEADOW AND IN GARDEN

1. In meadow and in garden, We love the flow'rs of earth, That show the love and
d 2. Yet for another service These blossoms we prepare; For worn and weary
3. The earth-ly flow'rs are fading, Yet are they emblems sweet Of ever-lasting

beauty Of Him who gave them birth; For by their gentle fragrance, Their
sufferers, As tokens of God's care! As messengers of comfort, When
flowers, For heav'n's high service meet; Of love and hope and patience, Of

colors pure and bright, They render loving service To God our Lord and Light.
faith and hope are dim, For He who clothes the lilies, Bids them still trust in Him.
faith and joyful praise; Life's purest, sweetest fragrance Throughout all earth-ly days.

No. 104.

(MUSIC OF No. 103)

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
   Mine eyes their vigils keep;
   For very love, beholding
   Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
   Isunction to the breast,
   And medicine in sickness,
   And love, and life, and rest.

2 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
   Thou hast no time, bright day!
   Dear fountain of refreshment
   To pilgrims far away!
   Upon the Rock of Ages
   They raise thy holy tower;
   Thine is the victor's laurel,
   And thine the golden dower.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
   The home of God's elect!
   O sweet and blessed country,
   That eager hearts expect!
   Jesus, in mercy bring us
   To that dear land of rest;
   Who art, with God the Father
   And Spirit, ever blest.
No. 105. IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

HENRY BURTON
Andante.

1. In the secret of His presence I am kept from strife of tongues,
2. In the secret of His presence All the darkness disappears,
3. In the secret of His presence Is a sweet, unbroken rest;

His pavilion is around me, And within are ceaseless songs;
For a sun that knows no setting Throws a rainbow on my tears.
Pleasures rise to glorious fullness, Making earth like Eden blest.

Stormy winds, His word fulfilling, Beat without, but cannot harm,
So the day grows ever brighter, Broad'ning to the perfect noon;
So my peace grows deep and deeper, Wid'ning as it nears the sea,

For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and tempest to a calm.
And the heart grows ever lighter, Heav'n's coming near and soon.
For my Saviour is my keeper, Keeping mine and keeping me.

GEORGE EDGAR OLIVER
No. 106. CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM
ST. ANDREW OF CERTE
J. B. DUKES

1. Christian dost thou see them, On the holy ground, How the pow'rs of
2. Christian dost thou feel them, How they work within, Striving, tempting,
3. Christian dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Always fast and
4. "Well I know thy trouble, O my servant true; Thou art very

Counting gain but loss, In the strength that cometh By the holy cross.
Never be downcast; Gird thee for the battle, Watch, and pray, and fast.
"While I breathe I pray!" Peace shall follow battle, Night shall end in day.
Some day all Mine own, And the end of sorrow Shall be near My throne."

No. 107. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL
J. MONTGOMERY

1. In the hour of trial, Jesus, plead for me; Lest by base de-
2. Should thy mercy send me sorrow, toil, and woe; Or should pain at-
3. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-
ni-al, I depart from Thee. When Thou seest me wav-er,
tend me On my path be-low; Grant that I may nev-er
turn-eth To the dust a-gain; On Thy truth re-ly-ing,

With a look re-call; Nor for fear or fa-vor Suf-fer me to fall.
Fall thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev-er Cast my care on Thee.
Through that mor-tal strife, Je-su, take me, dy-ing, To e-ter-nal life.

No. 108. RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT
ALEXANDER P OPE
Moderate. Geo. Edgar Oliver

1. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Sa-lem, rise! Ex-alt thy tow-ring head, and
2. See a long race thy spa-cious courts a-dorn: See fu-ture sons and daughters
3. See bar-rons na-tions at thy gates at-tend, Walk in thy light, and in thy
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de-cay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains

lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark-ling por-tals wide dis-
yet un-born; In crowding ranks on ev-ry side a-
tem-p-le bend; See thy bright al-tars thronged with prostrate
molt a-way; But fixed His word, His sav-ing pow’r re-

play, And break up on thee in a flood of day.
rise, De-mand-ing life, im-patient for the skies.
kings, While ev-ry land its joy-ous trib-u-te brings.
mains; Thy realm shall last; thy own Mea-si-ah reigns.
No. 109.  

CHORUS OF PILGRIMS  

(TANNHAUSER)  

RICHARD WAGNER  

Adapted by JOHN HYATT BREWER

Andante maestoso.

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee. Thou, pilgrim staff, may rest thee now Since I to God have fulfilled my vow. By penance sore I have atoned, And God's pure law my heart hath owned; My pains hath He with blessing crowned, To God my song shall aye resound, To God my song shall aye re-
sound. . . . . . . Once more, dear home, I with

rap-ture be-hold thee, And great the fields that so sweet-ly en

fold thee; Yes! pil-grim staff, thy toil is o'er, I'll

serve my God... for-ev-er, for-ev-er more.
No. 110.  
THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

Fanny J. Crosby  
M. M.  \( \frac{d}{2} = 72 \)  \( \frac{d}{2} = 76 \).

R. Huntington Woodman

**TRUMPET.**

1. The Christian Flag! be-hold it, And hail it with a song.
2. The Christian Flag! un-furl it, That all the world may see.
3. The Christian Flag! God bless it! Now throw it to the breeze.

And let the voice of millions The joyful strain prolong.
The blood-stained cross of Jesus, Who died to make us free.
And may it wave triumphant O'er land and distant seas.

To ev'ry clime and nation, We send it forth to-day; God speed its glorious mission,
The Christian Flag! unfurl it, And o'er and o'er again, Oh! may it bear the message,
Till all the wide creation Up-on its folds shall gaze, And all the world united,
No. 111. WEARY OF EARTH AND LADEN WITH MY SIN

S. J. STONE

1. Weary of earth and laden with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to enter in;
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glory of that holy land?
3. The while I failest, the sinner's way, Evil is ever with me day by day;

But there no evil thing may find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me, “Come.”
Before the whiteness of that throne appear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall, “Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.”

4. 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 alone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5. 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.
No. 112. ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED

RICHARD MANT

Andante.

1. Round the Lord in glory seated, Cherubim and Seraphim
2. Heaven is still with glory ringing, Earth takes up the angels' cry,
3. "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with Thy fulness stored;

Fill'd His temple; and repeated Each to each th'altemate hymn:
"Holy, holy, holy," singing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, holy, holy Lord.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fulness stored;
With His seraph train before Him, With His holy church below,
Thus Thy glorious name confessing, We adopt Thy angels' cry,

Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Thus unite we to adore Him, Bid we thus our anthem flow:
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing Thee, the Lord our God most high!
Part V

SUPPLEMENTARY

No. 1.

ARBOR DAY SONG

S. F. SMITH

Maestoso.

Geo. Edgar Oliver

1. Joy for the stur- dy trees! Fanned by each fra-grant breeze,
2. Plant them by stream or way, Plant where the chil-dren play,
3. God will His bless-ing send; All things on Him de-pend;

Lovely they stand! The song-birds o'er them thrill, They shade each
And toil-ers rest; In ev-ry verdant vale, On ev-ry
His lovel-ing care Clings to each leaf and flower Like i-vy

tin-kling rill, They crown each swell-ing hill, Low-ly or grand.
sun-ny swale, Wheth-er to grow or fall—God knows eth best.

to its tower; His pres-ence and His power Are ev-ry-where.
No. 2.

LET US SING

All together let us sing; Let us make the wellkin ring; Gentlemen, gentlemen, sing, sing, sing, ladies, sing.

WINTER AND SPRING

Come, let us laugh, ha! hal! hal! let us sing; Never mind the Winter King; laughing and singing turns Winter to Spring.

MAY

The merry month begins to-day, That drives the wintry cold away;

The merry, merry, merry, merry month of May.

MAY COMES SINGING

May comes singing, singing, singing, May comes singing o'er the plain.

May comes singing, la, la, la, la, la, la; May comes singing o'er the plain.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

THE HUNSTMEN

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky, Proclaim it a hunting morning; To horse, my brave boys, and away; Bright Phoebus the hill is adorning; Hark! hark! forward, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra.

GOOD-NIGHT

Good night, good night, Time sounds the warning call; Sweet rest descends to all.

Time, time sounds the warning call. Good night! Sweet rest descends to all.