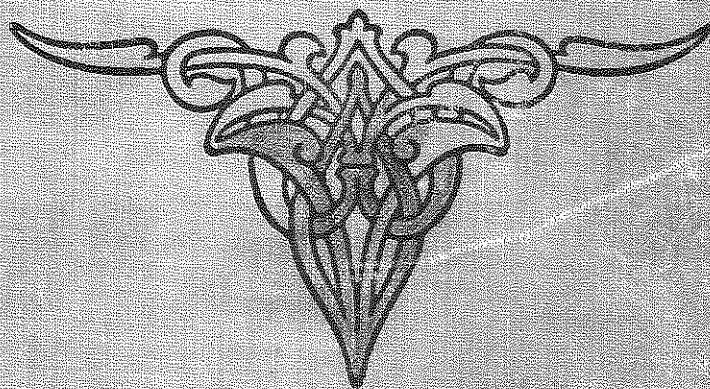


THE ABRIDGED ACADEMY SONG-BOOK



THE ABRIDGED
ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

FOR USE IN
SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

BY

CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, PH.D.
PRESIDENT OF ADELPHI COLLEGE, BROOKLYN

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Part IV

SONGS OF DEVOTION

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

St. PHILIP

W. H. MONK

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 fears, Ere that day of doom appears.
 3. Lord, on us Thy spir-it pour, Kneeling 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

J. B. DYKES

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!

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No. 3. MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS

PRELUDE.

Joyously.

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

1. Mer - ry, mer - ry chim - ing bells,
 2. In a man - ger far a - way,
 3. Let the glo - rious tid - ings fly,

Clear and sweet their car - ol swells, Joy - ful news their mu - sic tells,
 Once the in - fant Sav - iour lay; We will sing His birth to - day,
 An - gels sing, and earth re - ply; Glo - ry be to God on high!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry in the high - est: — Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry in the high - est.

No. 4. HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

T. C. TILDESLEY

FRANZ ADT

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tem - pest cloud may low'r, The surge of sin may
 din of war may roll, With all her rag - ing flight, Grief may op - press the
 child - hood's win - some page, In man - hood's joy - ous bloom, In fee - ble - ness and

beat Up - on earth's troubled shore; God doth His own in safe - ty keep,
 soul, Throughout the wea - ry night; God doth His own in safe - ty keep,
 age, In death's dark gathering gloom, God will His own in safe - ty keep,

He giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep, He giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep. 2. The
 He giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep, He giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep. 3. In
 He giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep, He giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep.

No. 5.

REJOICE TO-DAY

REV. HENRY R. BALDWIN
Alla Breve.

FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK

1. Re-joyce 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, Assumes a mor-tal frame; He comes to en-ter
 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 earthly pomp sur-rounds His bed, His
 in-to strife, To weave immor-tal fame. His wea-pons 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 *

UNISON CHORUS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT

H. F. CHORLEY

CHARLES GOUNOD



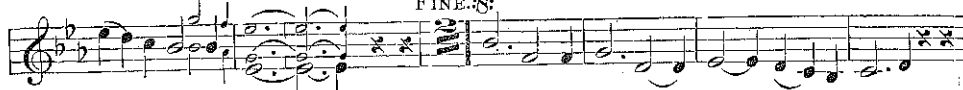
1. Tho' poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore; Lo! the Lord of Heaven



Hath to mor-tals giv - en Life for - ev - er-more, Life for-ev - er-more,

(Small notes for close.)

FINE: 8:



Life for-ev-er - more. . .

1. Shepherds who folded your flocks be-side you,
2. Kings from a far land, draw near and behold Him,
3. Wind, to the ce-dars proclaim the joyful story,



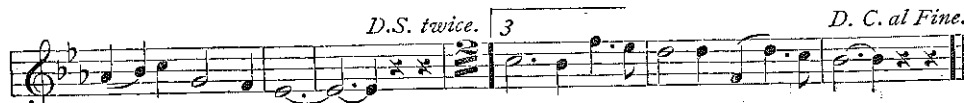
Tell what was told by an - gel voi-ces near; To you this night is born He who will
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come, Your crowns cast down, with roberoyal en-
Wave of the sea, the tid-ings bear a - far, The night is gone! behold in all its



guide you Tho' paths of peace to liv - ing wa-ters clear. Tho' poor be the chamber, come
fold Him; Your King descends to earth from brighter home.
glo - ry, All broad and



here, come and a-dore, Lo! the Lord in Heaven, Hath to mortals giv - en



Life for-ev - er - more. . .

bright ris-es th' eter-nal morn-ing star.

D. C. al Fine.

* 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

PAUL RODNEY

Andantino.

1. There is a Cit - y build - ed Up - on a peace - ful hill, Where
 2. Sweet mem'ries of their sing - ing A - cross our dreaming ring, Whilst,



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 earthly things we cling. 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 Cit - y As pure of heart as they, Which



pure are they and ho - ly Who ev - er there a - bide. Af - ter the storm they
 brings us to that Cit - y As pure of heart as they. 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.

pp

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

pp

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

f

mf

f

ff

In the night, still and bright, Hark ! the word of praise is heard.

mf

f

ff

CAROL, *Pastorale*.

1. Hark! the Christ-mas bells are ring - ing Thro' the mid - night, loud and clear;
2. How the bit - ter win - ter weath-er Beats with-out the win - dow - pane!
3. Let us not for - get in glad-ness That the poor are at the gate;
4. Wel - come, dear old Christ-mas, wel - come! Well we've loved thee in the past,

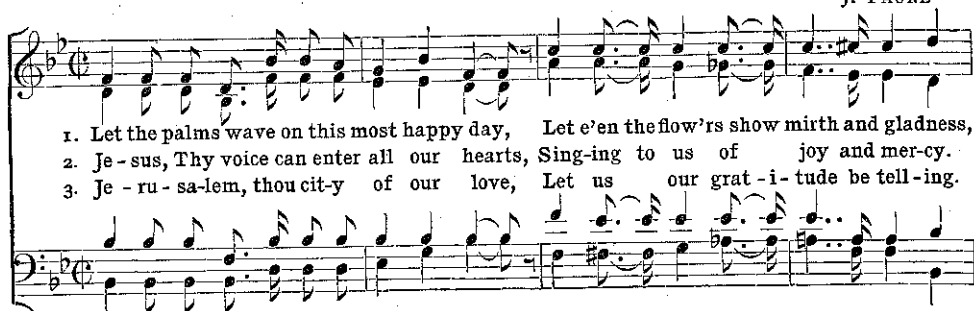
Hark! the hap - py voi - ces sing - ing, Once a - gain is Christ-mas near!
 Clos - er draw your chairs to - geth - er, Hand clasp hand in friend - ly strain:
 Let us think how want and sad - ness Of - ten are their on - ly fate:
 And when grav - er grown and old - er, Still we love and hold thee fast:

Hap - py Christmas! Thou art ev - er wel - come here! . .
 Hap - py Christmas! What care we for wind or rain? . .
 Hap - py Christmas! For the poor as for the great. . .
 Hap - py Christmas! We will love thee to the last. . .

No. 9.

THE PALMS

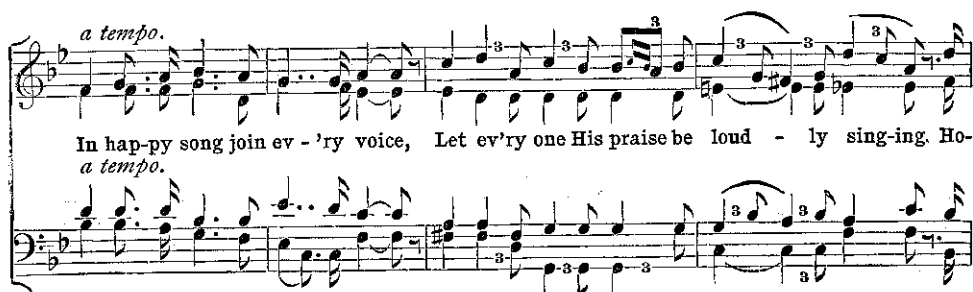
J. FAURE



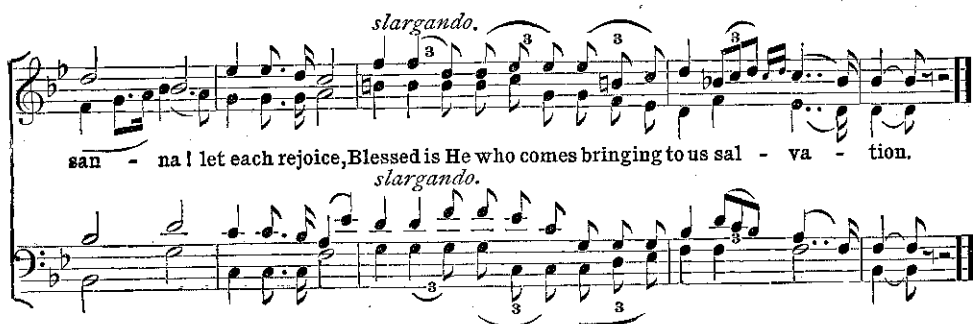
1. Let the palms wave on this most happy day, Let e'en the flow'rs show mirth and gladness,
 2. Je - sus, Thy voice can enter all our hearts, Sing-ing to us of joy and mer-cy.
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem, thou cit-y of our love, Let us our grat-i-tude be tell-ing.



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



a tempo.
 In hap-py song join ev - 'ry voice, Let ev'ry one His praise be loud - ly sing-ing. Ho -
a tempo.



sargando.
 san - na ! let each rejoice, Blessed is He who comes bringing to us sal - va - tion.
sargando.

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

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

F. R.

In march time.

f

1. Sing, O chil-dren, sing with glad-ness, Raise your hap-piest, no - blest-strain,
 2. Once He tast-ed death for all men—He of all man-kind the head,
 3. Now in heav-en, yet ev-er near us, From the Fa-ther's throne He views

Sing the prais-es of your Sav-iour, Come from heav'n to earth as man.
 Spot-less He a - mong the sin - ful, Lord of Life a - mong the dead.
 All things gath-ered and com-plet-ed,— All His ran-somed ones He knows.

SEMI-CHORUS.

mf

Him let all your voi-ces hon-or, All your songs ex-alt His name,
 Well He wrought our full sal-va-tion, And the cap-tor cap-tive led,
 When the crown of His do-min-ions He be-fore the throne shall cast,—

mf

FULL.

ff

Tell how He came down from heav-en, Sav-ing men from sin and shame.
 Till throughout the wide cre-a-tion All things hail Him as their head.
 Then throughout the wide cre-a-tion Heav'n and earth be one at last.

ff

No. 11. WAKE! AND TUNE YOUR YOUTHFUL VOICES

(CHRISTMAS CHORUS.)

JOHN G. ROBINSON
Maestoso.

FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK

1. Wake! and tune your youth-ful voi-ces, 'T is the an-ni-versary morn, When all heav'n and
2. Shout a-loud your songs of glad-ness, On this joy-ful Christmas morn, Let no dis-mal

earth re-joic-es, O-ver Christ, our Sav-iour born. An-gels came from brightest glo-ry,
ray of sad-ness Dim the day when Christ was born! Giv-ing joy for ev-'ry sor-row,

Sing-ing car-ols of His birth, And the shep-herds spread the sto-ry,
Peace to ev-'ry trou-bled breast, Point-ing out a bright to-mor-row

ritard. *ff tempo.*

"Peace, good-will to men on earth!" "Wake! and tune your youthful voi-ces, 'T is the an-ni-
Where the wea-ry all find rest.

ver-sary morn, When all heav'n and earth re-joic-es O-ver Christ, our Sav-iour born!

No. 12.

ALLELUIA

ALBERT LÖWE

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. "Brightness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry," Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?
 4. Go, re - turn im - mor - tal Sav - iour, Leave Thy foot - stool, take Thy throne,



GIRLS' VOICES.



Sound - ed 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 - turn 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

OLD CAROL, Arr.

*Grazioso.**rall.*

1. This tree was grown on Christmas day, Hail to mer - ry Christmas! Old and young to-

rall.

geth - er say, Hail to mer - ry Christmas! Bright the col - ored ta - pers shine,

a tempo.

FINE.

*rall.**a tempo.*

D.C.

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

*rall.**a tempo.*

D.C.

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

SIDNEY LANIER

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

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—Forspent with love and shame, Forspent 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.**rall.*

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

piu lento.

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

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

ROSSINI
From "THE STABAT MATER"

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love,
 3. Round each hab-i-ta-tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear!

He, whose word can - not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a - bode:
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
 For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near:

On the rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose!
 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows thy thirst t'assuage?
 He who gives them dai - ly man - na, He who lis - tens when they cry,—

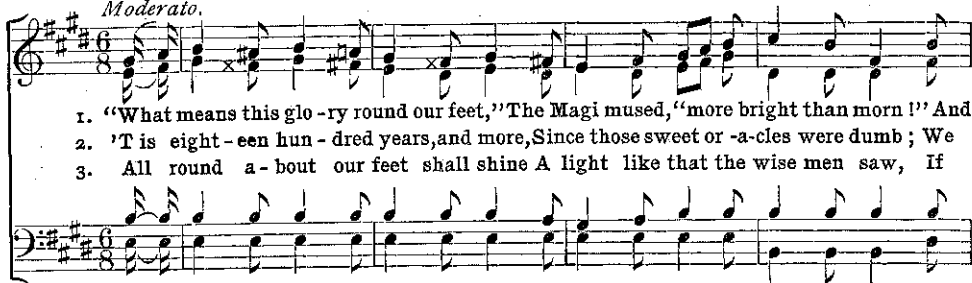
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 Let Him hear the loud ho - san - na Ris - ing to His throne on high.

No. 16.

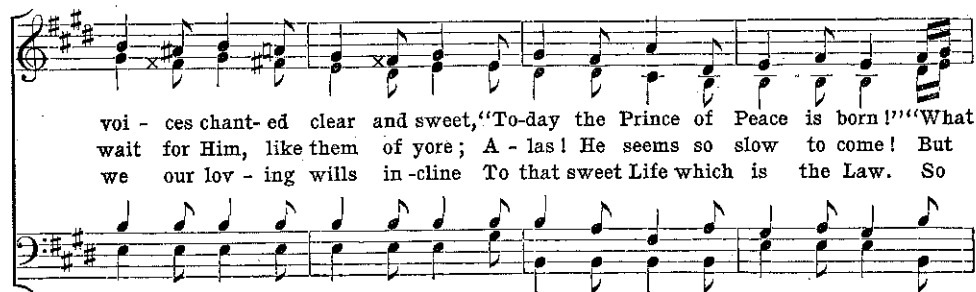
PEACE ON EARTH

J. R. LOWELL

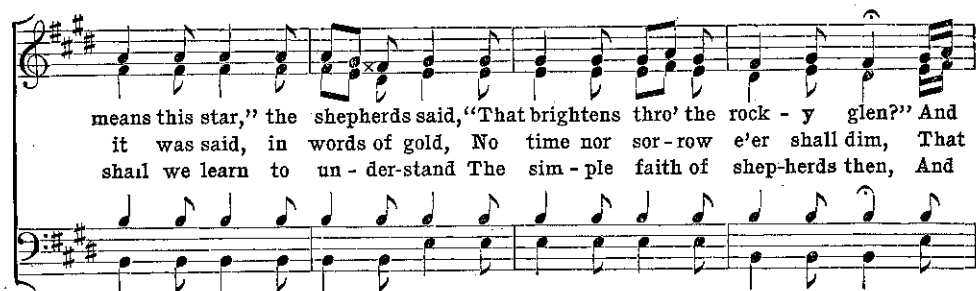
DONIZETTI

Moderato.


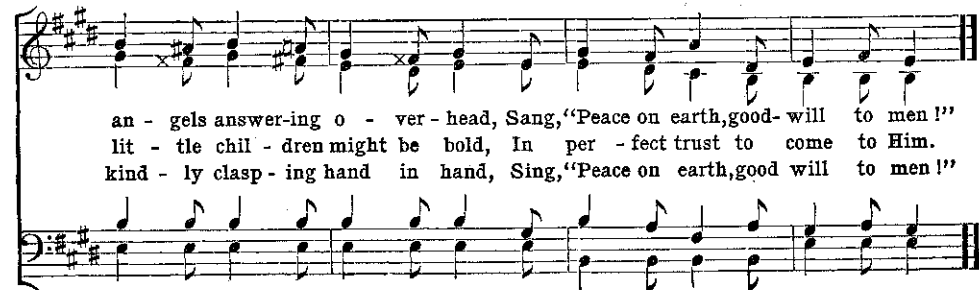
1. "What means this glo-ry round our feet," The Magi mused, "more bright than morn!" And
 2. 'T is eight-een hun-dred years, and more, Since those sweet or-a-cles were dumb; We
 3. All round a-bout our feet shall shine A light like that the wise men saw, If



voi - ces 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-cline To that sweet Life which is the Law. So



means this star," the shepherds 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



an - gels answer-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.
 kind - ly clasp - ing hand in hand, Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

No. 17.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE

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

Rt. Rev. A. C. COXE, D.D.
DUET.

Rev. J. D. HERRON, by per.

1. The win - ter is o - ver and gone at last; The days of snow and rain are past.
2. And gone are the plain - tive days of Lent; The week of the cross of Christ we spent.
3. A sep - ul - chre sealed, a rock its door; But winter is gone and comes no more. The
4. And Christ is the song of ev - 'ry - thing, For death is winter, and Christ is spring.




O-ver the fields the flow'rs ap - pear; It is the Song-dove's voice we hear.
 Now He giveth us joy for woe; Gath-er the flow'rs 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 ech-o the song of birds.




ORGAN.




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,



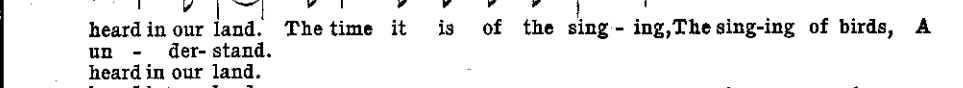
The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our Land, The voice of the Song-dove is
 Are words the faith-ful may un - der-stand, Are words the faith-ful may
 The song of all na - ture is heard in our land, The song of all na - ture is
 Of brooks and wa-ters are heard in our land, Of brooks and wa-ters are



CHORUS.



heard in our land. The time it is of the sing - ing, The sing-ing of birds, A
 un - der-stand.
 heard in our land.
 heard in our land. sing - ing,




p *f* *rall.*
 warblingband, And the Spirit's Voice, The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our land, is heard in our land.
 singing of birds,



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

No. 19. THE BLUSHING MAPLE TREE

HAMILTON AÏDE

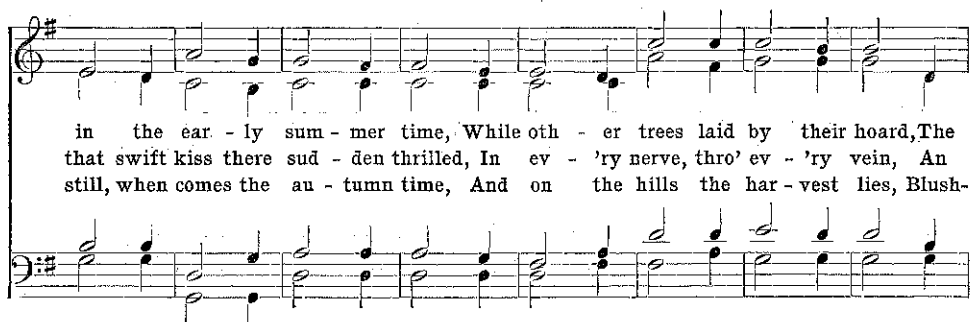
J. P. McCaskey, by per. Arr.

1. When on the world's first har-vest day, The for-est trees be-fore the Lord Laid
 2. There ran thro' all the leaf-y wood A mur-mur and a scorn-ful smile, But
 3. And there be-fore the for-est trees, Blush-ing and pale by turns she stood; In

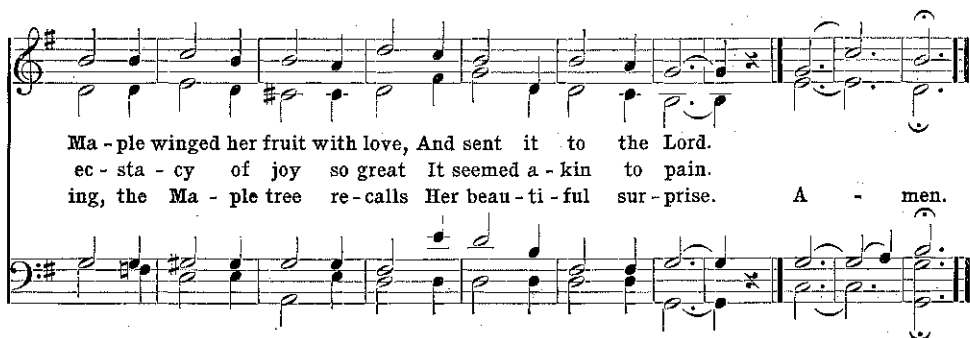
down their au-tumn of-fer-ings Of fruit in sun-shine stored, The Ma-ple
 si-lent still the Ma-ple stood, And looked to God the while. And then, while
 ev-'ry leaf, now red and gold, She knew the kiss of God. And still, when

on-ly, of them all, Be-fore the world's great har-vest King, With emp-ty
 fell on earth a hush, So great it seemed like death to be, From His white
 comes the au-tumn time, And on the hills the har-vest lies, Blush-ing, the

hands and si-lent stood—She had no of-fer-ing to bring; For
 throne the might-y Lord Stooped down and kissed the Ma-ple tree; At
 Ma-ple tree re-calls Her life's one beau-ti-ful sur-prise; And



in the ear - ly sum - mer time, While oth - er trees laid by their hoard, The
that swift kiss there sud - den thrilled, In ev - 'ry nerve, thro' ev - 'ry vein, An
still, when comes the au - tumn time, And on the hills the har - vest lies, Blush -



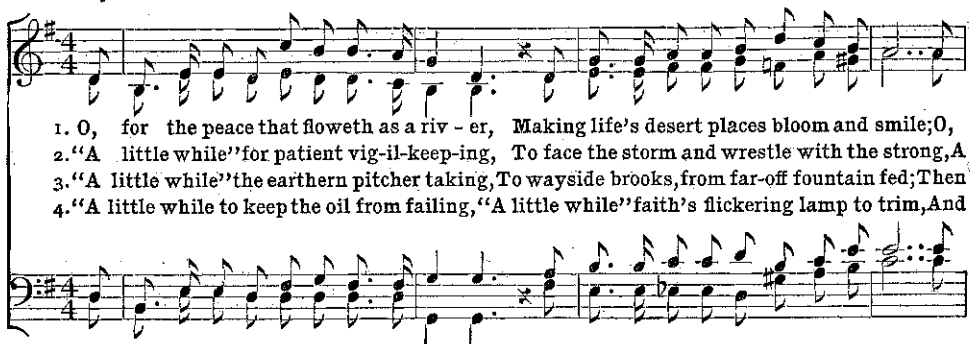
Ma - ple winged her fruit with love, And sent it to the Lord.
ec - sta - cy of joy so great It seemed a - kin to pain.
ing, the Ma - ple tree re - calls Her beau - ti - ful sur - prise. A - men.

No. 20.

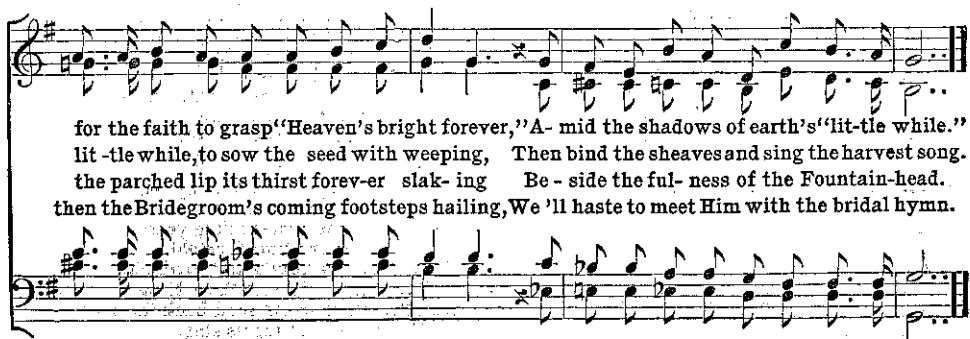
A LITTLE WHILE

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON

Rev. J. D. HERRON, by per.



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 failing, "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 "lit - tle while."
lit - tle while, to sow the seed with weeping, Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
the parched lip its thirst fore - er slak - ing Be - side the ful - ness of the Fountain - head.
then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing, We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

No. 21.

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, too, 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.

3 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.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

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 heav'n 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

LOWELL MASON

The musical score for 'Watchman, Tell Us of the Night' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The score includes a main melody, a piano accompaniment, and a chorus section. The chorus is marked 'Chorus' and 'for Third Verse'. The score is divided into sections for the first and second verses, and a chorus for the third verse.

- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon 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.
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 wanderings 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

ITHAMAR CONKEY

The musical score for 'Rathbun' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The score includes a main melody, a piano accompaniment, and a chorus section. The score is divided into sections for the first and second verses, and a chorus for the third verse.

- 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, Tr.

FROM 12TH CENTURY



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. ROR



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, unspotted 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



- 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.
- 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.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day; 4
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 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 FLOTOW



- 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

ST. BERNARD, A.D. 1150. NEALE, TR.

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 radiancy 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

WEBER



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.

ALFORD

HENRY ALFORD

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES



- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light :
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin :
Fling 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 O then 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

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.

- Dost ask who that may be ?
Christ Jesus, it is He ;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.
- 3 His word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth ;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
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

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856

U. C. BURNAP. By per.



- 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.

No. 34. O JESU, THOU ART STANDING

Rev. W. W. How, 1864

J. H. KNECHT



- 1 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 lo! that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred,

O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!

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

No. 35.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

MRS. BARBAULD

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. HERRON, by per.



1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils 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 unprired;
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. WESLEY



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 oppress,
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 forevermore;
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. CAMPRELL

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. SCHMOLKE

C. M. VON WEBER



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."

No. 40.

ELLACOMBE

THOMAS HAWEIS

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,
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 WEBER

Rev. J. B. DYKES



- 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 wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in 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

FLEMMING



- 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. ROE

Org. Ped.

pp

- 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.

No. 45.

SILENT NIGHT

MICHAEL HAYDN

pp



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 traute hoch heilige Paar,
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!

2 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Hirten erst kund gemacht;
Durch der Engel Halleluja!
Tönt 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 lacht,
Lieb aus deinem göttlichen Mund,
Da uns schlägt die rettende Stund',
Christ, in deiner Geburt,
Christ, in deiner Geburt.

No. 46.

GLAD LIGHT

CAROL FOR EASTER

ARTHUR LAWRENCE BROWN



1 Glad light illumines 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 its 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
cres.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, 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;
Extol 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. 53.

DEVOTION

ANNA STEELE

GERMAN



- 1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay,
Unconscious of decay.

- 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.

No. 54.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE

THOMAS MOORE

- 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 shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way,
Nor shadow dims her way.

- 2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's serenest 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. LYRE

W. H. MONK



- 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. [flee;

No. 56.

CONSOLATION

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN



- 1 As pants the wearied hart 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;
- 3 And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 4 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

FROM THE 12TH CENTURY

Arranged by R. S. WILLIS



1 Fairest Lord Jesus!
 Ruler of all nature!
 O Thou of God and man the Son!
 Thee will I cherish,
 Thee 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;

Jesus is fairer,
 Jesus is purer,
 Who makes the woful heart to sing.

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

No. 58.

ASPIRATION

G. THRING

J. B. DYKES



1 Saviour, blessed Saviour!
 Listen while we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King!
 All we have to offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee.

2 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God:

Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

3 Higher, then, and higher,
 Bear the ransomed soul,
 Earthly toils forgotten,
 Saviour, to its goal;
 Where, in joys unthought of,
 Saints with angels sing,
 Never weary, giving
 Praises to their King!

No. 59. BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION

BERNARD OF CLUNY

Rev. J. D. HERRON, by per.



- 1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
- 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 befiteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
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

FAMILIAR MELODY



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. HERRON, 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 rests a peace untroubled,
 Peace holy and profound.
 O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for 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 POTT

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



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?
Yea, 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 EDMESTON

GOUNOD



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

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

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

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

No. 65.

ITALIAN HYMN

JOHN MARRIOTT

FELICE GIARDINI



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 Blesséd 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.

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.

No. 67.

DENNIS

H. G. NÄGELI



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.

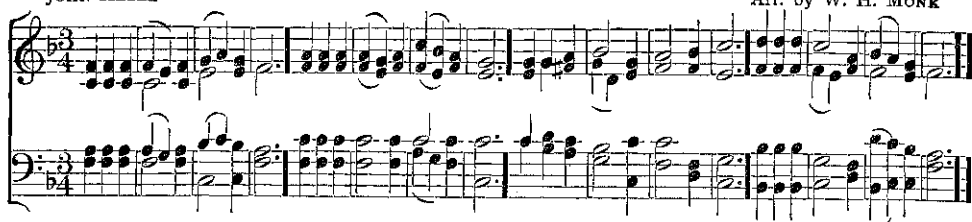
4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

No. 68.

HURSLEY

JOHN KEBLE

Arr. by W. H. MONE



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

J. B. DYKES



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 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.

No. 70.

PARADISE

F. W. FABER

J. BARNEY



REFRAIN,
Where loyal hearts and true



Where loy - al 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:
Peace be on earth as in the sky:
Good will to men, we bow the knee,
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee.
We give Thee thanks, Thy name we sing,
Almighty Father, Heavenly King.

2 O Lord, the sole-begotten Son,
Who bore the crimes which we had done;

Son of the Father, who wast slain
To take away the sins of men;
O Lamb of God, whose blood was spilt,
For all the world, and all its guilt;—

3 Have mercy on us, through Thy blood;
Receive our prayer, O Lamb of God!
For Thou art holy; Thou alone,
At God's right hand, upon His throne,
In all His glory, art adored,
With Thee, O Holy Ghost, one Lord.

No. 73. THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING HOURS

Miss ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

JOSEPH BENSEL, by per.



1 The shadows of the evening hours,
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers,
The dews of evening lie;
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

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

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

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine,

No. 74.

OLIVET

RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON



- 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! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above!
A ransomed soul!

No. 75.

MARLBOROUGH

H. B. STOWE

Arr. by Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN



- 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;

While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

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

No. 77. IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

Miss ANNA L. WARING

JOSEPH BENSEL, 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:

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh;
And I will walk with Him.

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

ANNIE HERBERT

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 bide the shadows,
Till the mists have rolled away.

No. 79.

AVON

THOMAS MOORE

V. C. T.



- 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 charmed 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.

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.

3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the church of God;

Brothers, we are treading,
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope 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.

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.

No. 82.

ALLES MIT GOTT

GROBE



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 muszt du ihm vertrauen;
 Darfst auf eig'ne Kraft nicht bauen;
 Demuth schützt vor stolzem Wahn.
 ||: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!:||

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

Können nie das Ziel verfehlen;
 Sie nur geh'n auf sich'rer Bahn.
 ||: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!:||

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

No. 84.

HOLY, HOLY LORD

SPOHR



No. 85.

THALBERG

Mrs. A. L. WARING

LUDDEN'S VOCAL CLASS BOOK, by per.



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;

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

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

LUDDEN'S VOCAL CLASS BOOK, by per.



1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce 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;

By Thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thy deep, expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

No. 87. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

Arranged from METHFESSEL



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

F. M. FABER

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.

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

H. S. CUTLER



1 As shadows cast by cloud and sun,
 Flit 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.

2 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"



1 O Sacred Head! once wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down;
 Now scornfully 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.

2 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?

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 succor 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

ST. STEPHANOS

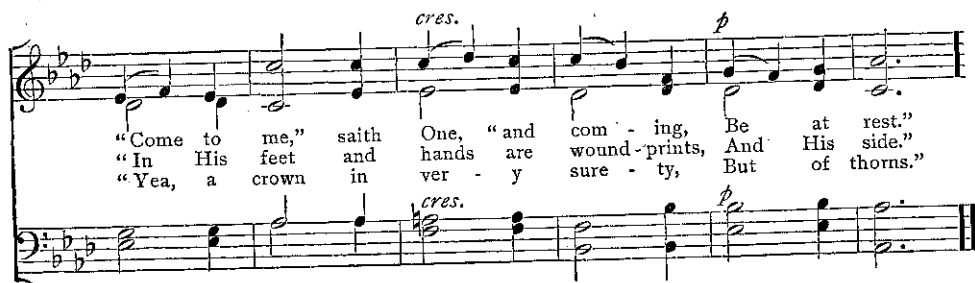
E. W. BULLINGER

mp



1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?

cres.



"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."

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

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

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

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

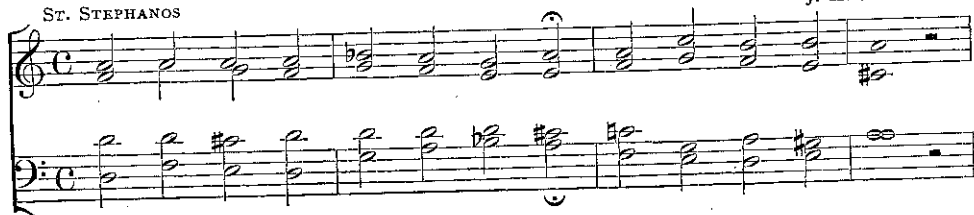
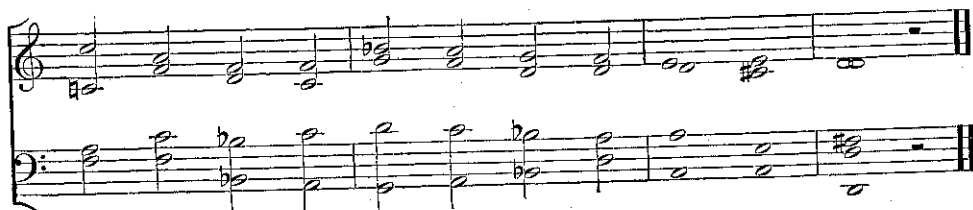
No. 92.

ART THOU WEARY

(SECOND TUNE)

ST. STEPHANOS

J. H. HOPKINS

No. 93.

DUNDEE

I. WATTS

G. FRANC

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the sha - dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing 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 blinds 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. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer - cy

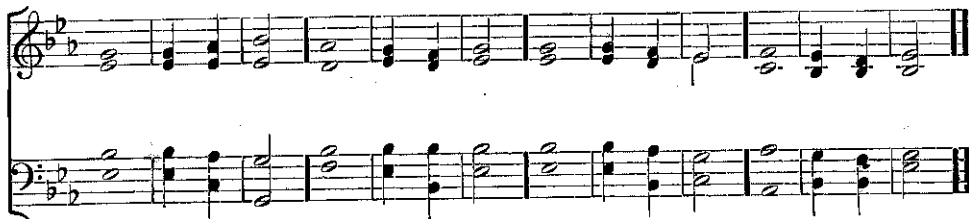
me; Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 giv'n. An - gels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 96.

GOD'S WILL AND LOVE

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834

A. H. D. TROYTE



1 My God, my Father, | 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 | sad my | lot,
Let me be still and | murmur | not,
And breathe the prayer di- | vinely | taught,
"Thy | will be | done!"

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

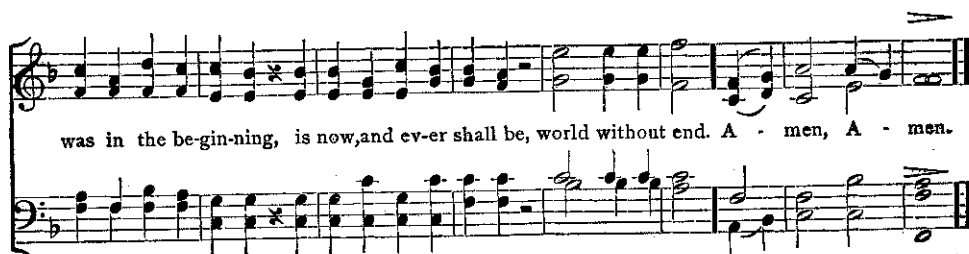
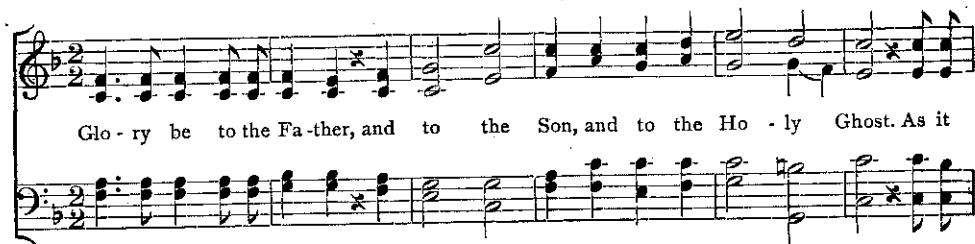
4 Though Thou hast called me | to re- | sign
What most I prized, it | ne'er was | mine:
I have but yielded | what was | Thine;
Thy | will be | done!

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



No. 98. WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY

GERALD MOULTRIE

FIRST TUNE

GEORGE EDGAR OLIVER

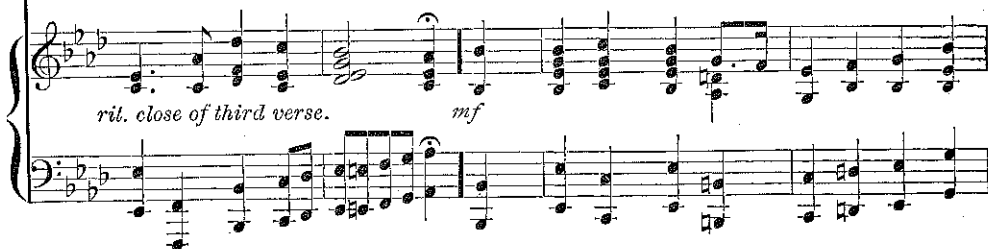
Martial.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be -

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

FINE. *mf*

ho - ly arms spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of light, A
 ho - ly arms spread o'er us. Our sword is the spir - it of God on high, Our
 ho - ly arms spread o'er us. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our



joy - ful host to meet Him, And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the
 hel - met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our
 march to the gold - en Si - on, For our Cap - tain has brok - en the braz - en gates, And



sons of the day may greet Him, That the sons of the day may greet Him. We
 watchword the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword the In - car - na - tion. We
 burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. We



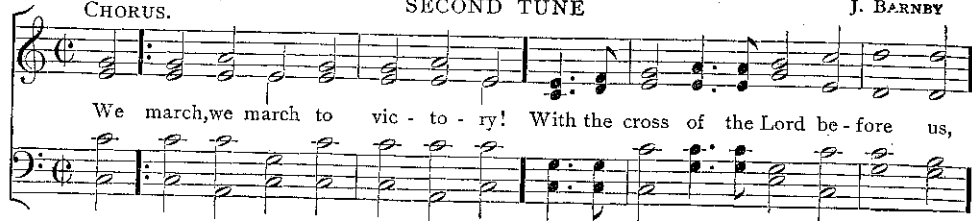
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WE MARCH, WE MARCH

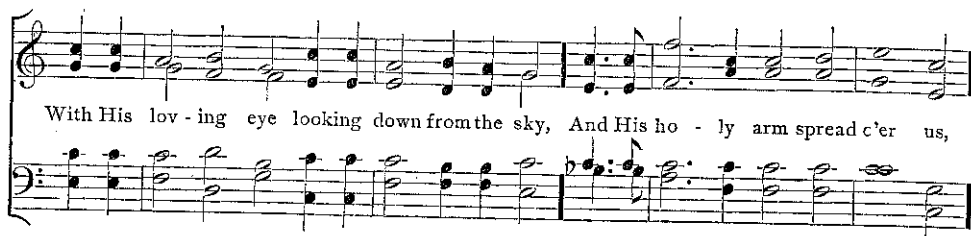
GERARD MOULTRIE
CHORUS.

SECOND TUNE

J. BARNBY

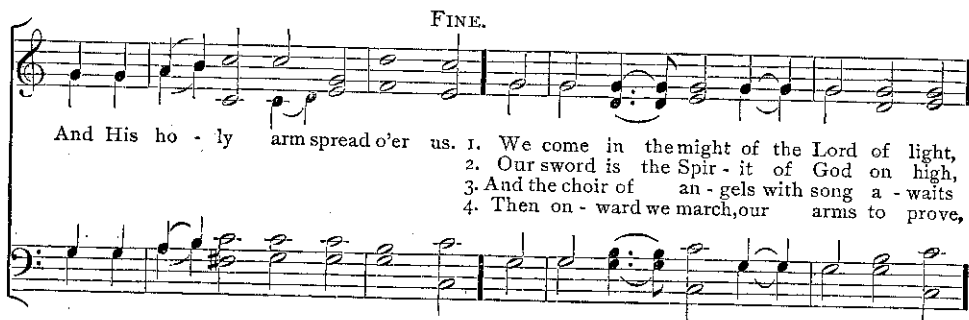


We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,

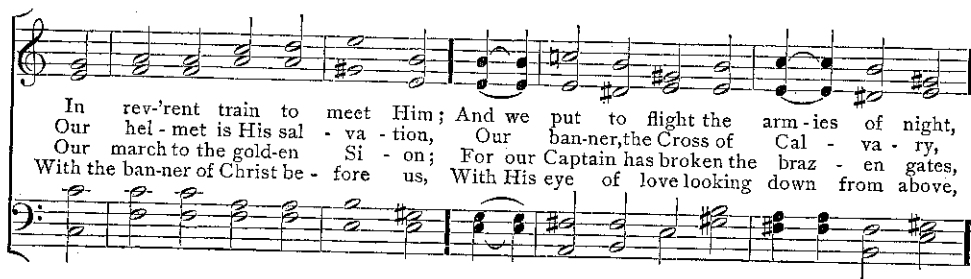


With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,

FINE.

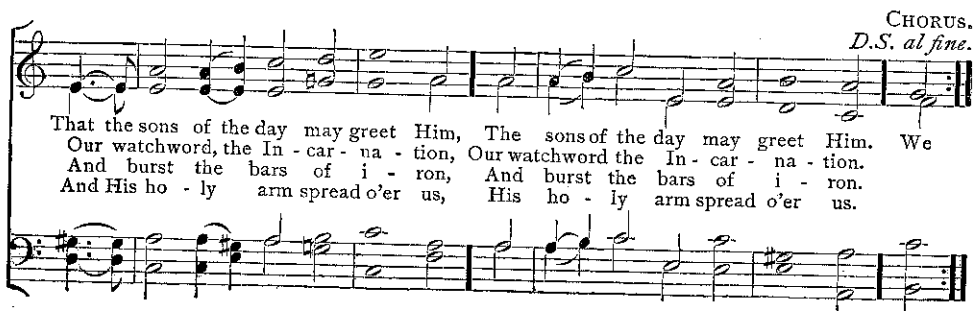


And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits
4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove,



In rev - rent train to meet Him; And we put to flight the arm - ies of night,
Our hel - met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban - ner, the Cross of Cal - va - ry,
Our march to the gold - en Si - on; For our Captain has broken the braz - en gates,
With the ban - ner of Christ be - fore 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 ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

No. 99. WHEN THE WEARY, SEEKING REST

H. BONAR

J. STAINER



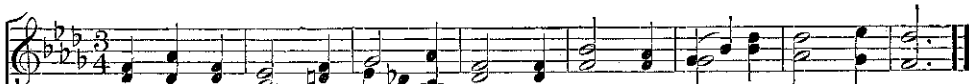
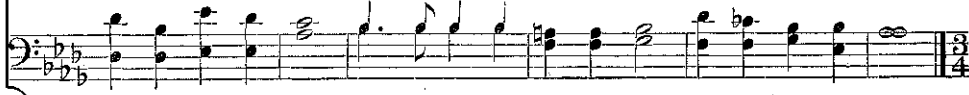
1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav - y -
2. When the world - ling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -
3. When the stran - ger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun - gry
4. When the child with lov - ing heart, Youth, or maid - en fair, When the a - ged,



lad - en cast All their load on Thee; When the troub - led, seek - ing peace,
gal looks back To His Fa - ther's love; When the proud man from his pride
crav - eth food, And the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave
trust - ing still, Seek Thy face in prayer; When the wid - ow weeps to Thee,



On Thy names shall call; When the sin - ner seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall;
Stoops to seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace;
Bows the fer - vent knee; When the sol - dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee;
Sad and lone and low; When the or - phan brings to Thee All his or - phan woe;



Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high.



No. 100. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

H. BONAR


J. B. DYKES

p *rall.* *mf tempo.*





1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest; Lay
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold, I free - ly give The
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light; Look


rall. *mf tempo.*


down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.
 liv - ing wa - ter; thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.
 un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun; And




found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, 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

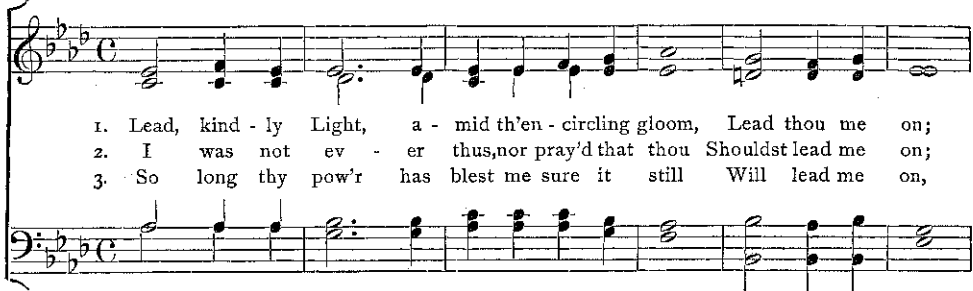


From Hutchins' Church Hymnal, by permission.

No. 102. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

J. H. NEWMAN

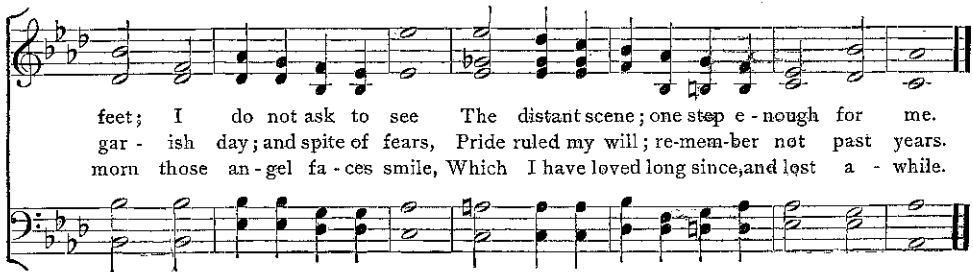
A. L. PEACE



1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - circling gloom, Lead thou me on;
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst 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 tor-rent, 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-ish day; and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
 morn those an-gel fa-cies smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

No. 103. IN MEADOW AND IN GARDEN

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Spirited. (VOICES IN UNISON.)

1. In mead-ow and in gar-den, We love the flow'rs of earth, That show the love and
 2. Yet for an-oth-er ser-vice These blossoms we pre-pare; For worn and wea-ry
 3. The earth-ly flow'rs are fad-ing, Yet are they em-blems sweet Of ev-er-last-ing

beau-ty Of Him who gave them birth; For by their gen-tle fra-grance, Their
 suf-frers, As to-kens of God's care! As mes-sen-gers of com-fort, When
 flow-ers, For heav'n's high ser-vice meet; Of love and hope and pa-tience, Of

col-ors pure and bright, They ren-der lov-ing ser-vice To God our Lord and Light.
 faith and hope are dim, For He who clothes the lil-ies, Bids them still trust in Him.
 faith and joy-ful praise; Life's pur-est, 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
 Is unction 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 blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd 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.


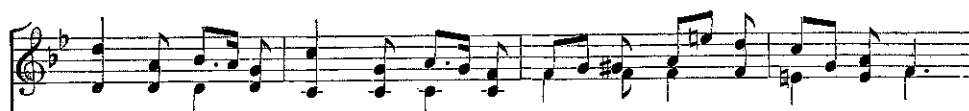
No. 105. IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

HENRY BURTON



GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Andante.



1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence I am kept from strife of tongues,
 2. In the se - cret of His pres - ence All the dark-ness dis - ap - pears,
 3. In the se - cret of His pres - ence Is a sweet, un - brok - en rest;

His pa - vil - ion is a - round me, And with - in are cease-less songs;
 For a sun that knows no set - ting Throws a rain - bow on my tears.
 Pleas - ures rise to glo - rious full - ness, Mak - ing earth like E - den blest.

Storm-y winds, His word ful - fill - ing, Beat with - out, but can - not harm,
 So the day grows ev - er bright - er, Broad'ning to the per - fect noon;
 So my peace grows deep and deep - er, Wid - 'ning as it nears the sea,




For the Mas - ter's voice is still - ing Storm and tem - pest to a calm.
 And the heart grows e - ver light - er, Heav'n is com - ing near and soon.
 For my Sav - iour is my keep - er, Keep - ing mine and keep - ing me.



No. 106. CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE

J. B. DYKES

1. Chris - tian! dost thou see them, On the ho - ly ground, How the pow'rs of
 2. Chris - tian! dost thou feel them, How they work with - in, Striv - ing, tempting,
 3. Chris - tian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al - ways fast and
 4. "Well I know thy trou - ble, O my ser - vant true; Thou art ver - y

dim. *ff* *ff*
 dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
 lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?
 vi - gil? Al - ways watch and pray'r?"
 wea - ry, I was wea - ry, too;
dim. *ff* *ff*
 Christian! up and smite them,
 Christian! nev - er trem - ble,
 Christian! an - swer bold - ly
 But that toil shall make thee

Count - ing gain but loss, In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.
 Nev - er be down - cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch, and pray, and fast.
 "While I breathe I pray!" Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
 Some day all Mine own, And the end of sor - row Shall be near My throne."

No. 107. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

J. MONTGOMERY

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -
 2. Should thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at -
 3. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al, I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st 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.
Fail 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 POPE
Moderato.

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial 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 barb'rous 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 - ple bend; See thy bright al - tars thronged with prostrate
melt 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 - pa - tient for the skies.
kings, While ev - 'ry land its joy - ous trib - ute brings.
mains; Thy realm shall last; thy own Mes - si - ah reigns.

No. 109.

CHORUS OF PILGRIMS

(TANNHAEUSER)

RICHARD WAGNER

Adapted by JOHN HYATT BREWER

Andante maestoso.

f

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, And greet the fields that so sweetly en-

fold thee, Thou, pilgrim staff, may rest thee now Since I to God have fulfilled my

mf

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

cres.

song shall aye resound, To God my song shall aye re-

PIANO.

f marcato.

sound. Once more, dear home, I with

marcato.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

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

Con Pedale.

mf

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

ff

serve my God . . for - ev - er, for - ev - er - more.

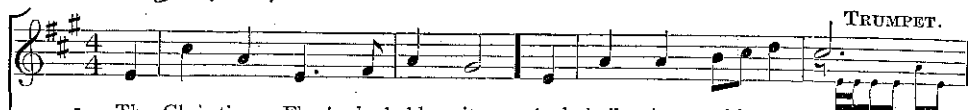
ff

No. 110.

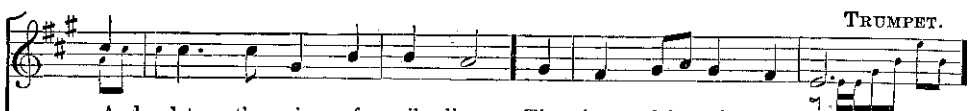
THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

FANNY J. CROSBY

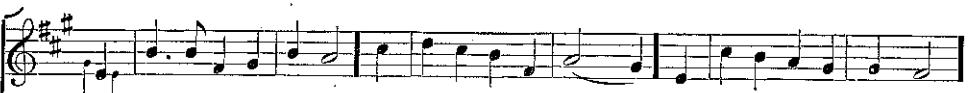
R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN

M. M. $\text{♩} = 72 = 76$.

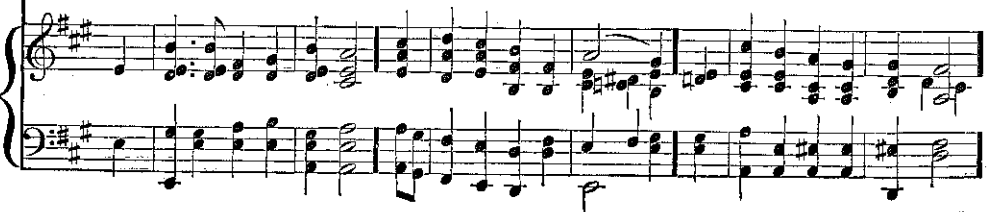
1. The Chris-tian Flag! be-hold it, And hail it with a song,
2. The Chris-tian Flag! un-furl it, That all the world may see
3. The Chris-tian Flag! God bless it! Now throw it to the breeze,



And let the voice of mil-lions The joy-ful strain pro-long.
 The blood-stained cross of Je-sus, 'Who died to make us free.
 And may it wave tri-umph-ant O'er land and dis-tant seas,



To ev'ry clime and nation, We send it forth to-day; God speed its glorious mis-sion,
 The Christian Flag! unfurl it, And o'er and o'er a-gain, Oh! may it bear the mes-sage,
 Till all the wide cre-a-tion Up-on its folds shall gaze, And all the world u-ni-ted,



CHORUS.

With earnest hearts we pray. The Christian Flag! behold it, And hail it with a song,
 "Good will and peace to men."
 Our lov-ing Sav-iour praise.

And let the voice of mil-lions The joy-ful strain pro-long.

No. 111. WEARY OF EARTH AND LADEN WITH MY SIN

S. J. STONE

J. LANGRAN

1. Wea-ry of earth and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in;
 2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo-ry of that ho-ly land?
 3. The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E-vil is ev-er with me day by day;

But there no e-vil thing may find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me, "Come."
 Be-fore 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, con-fess, 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 atone,
 And set me faultless there before the throne.

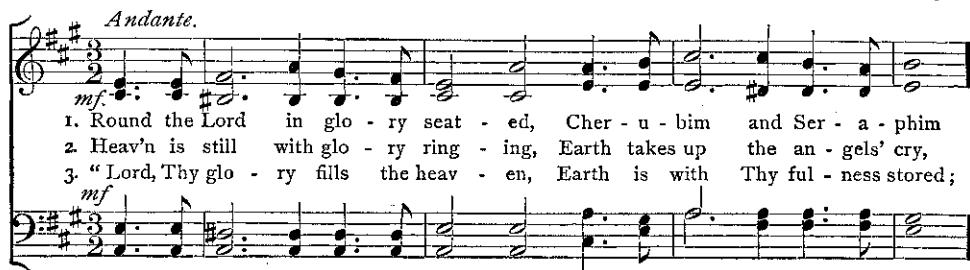
5. Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

No. 112. ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED

RICHARD MANT

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Andante.



mf.

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
 2. Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,
 3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored;

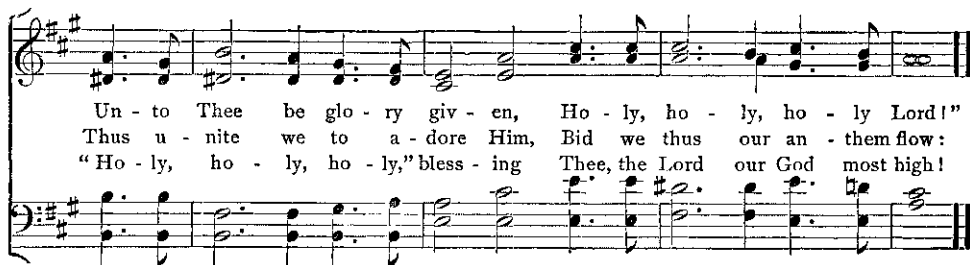


Fil'd His tem - ple; and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn:
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
 Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."



f

"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
 With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly church be - low,
 Thus Thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt Thy an - gels' cry,



Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
 Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

Part V

SUPPLEMENTARY

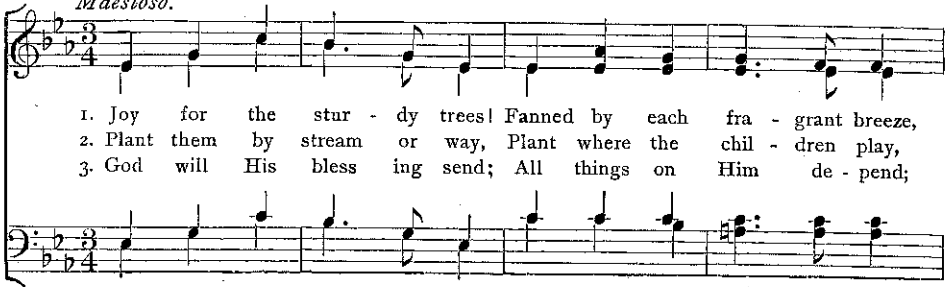
No. 1.

ARBOR DAY SONG


S. F. SMITH

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

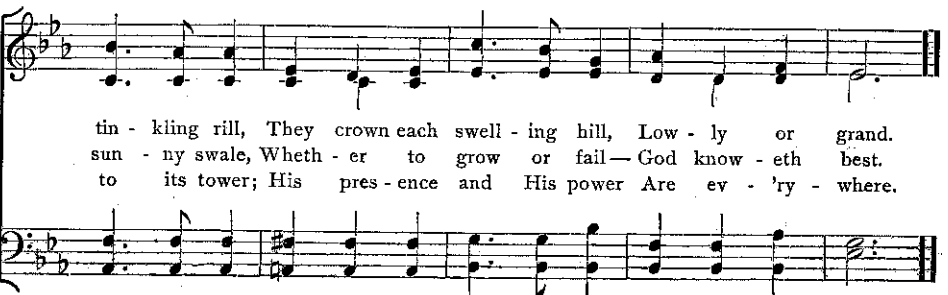
Maestoso.



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;



Love - ly they stand! The song - birds o'er them thrill, They shade each
And toil - ers rest; In ev - 'ry ver - dant vale, On ev - 'ry
His lov - 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 fail—God know - eth best.
to its tower; His pres - ence and His power Are ev - 'ry - where.

