

# One Hundred Tunes

BY

DR. GAUNTLETT

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With Hymns for the Year.

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# One Hundred Tunes

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Henry John <sup>BY</sup>  
DR. GAUNTLETT

1805-1876

WITH

## Hymns for the Year.

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A Supplement to Tune Books in General Use.

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SELECTED BY HIS WIDOW

HENRIETTA G. GAUNTLETT,

AND

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

MILDRED GAUNTLETT.

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J. AND R. PARLANE, PAISLEY.

LONDON: WEEKES & CO., 14 HANOVER STREET, REGENT STREET, W.



## P R E F A C E .

I T was suggested to my mother, two or three years ago, that she should make a selection of some of the Tunes of her late husband, Dr. Gauntlett, with a view to publication. This little volume is the result of the suggestion. It consists of some very well known and popular Tunes, with others published for the first time. They were chosen with the idea of introducing as many varied metres as possible within the limit of a hundred Tunes ; my mother always indulging the wish to produce, afterwards, a larger collection. But Time, the inevitable, stole on, and the worker was gathered to her rest before even her first cherished task was completed. She had, however, the satisfaction of seeing all the proofs ; and the words of the Dies Irae were, strange to say, her last earthly consideration of real interest.

The task of completing and correcting the work has therefore devolved upon me, and I trust I may have succeeded in presenting this little collection of my father's music, in the manner his affectionate helpmeet would have desired.

Church music has been defined as "the praise of the Creator by His creatures, through the mechanism of an art, which, while it is perceptible to the reason and imagination of the humblest, yet calls into action the highest range of human intellect, and soars above the loftiest flights of human fancy." If such be the case, all honour to those who, like my distinguished father, devoted long years of enthusiastic work towards its improvement and elevation. They may have been called away from their labours, but their works live after them ; and though they are dead, speak for them. My father began his work at a time when "let us sing to the praise and glory of God" was responded to only by the clerk, a few dissonant voices, and a handful of school children ; a state of things which it is now very difficult to find, even in the most remote country nook. At this moment the variety and number of hymn and tune books testify to the way in which congregational singing has gradually increased, till it has become the rule and not the exception.

To these various established books the present small collection of Dr. Gauntlett's tunes is offered as a supplement. The greater part of the hymns are to be found in most selections, and, when the hymn to which any tune was expressly composed is known, it has been inserted: in other cases a suitable hymn has been chosen or specially written.

For any editorial errors that the book may contain I crave the indulgence of the public, as there were many difficulties in taking up the work.

The music needs no comment. Some of the tunes will be found very fine, though, as this was only meant as an easy collection, very few of the author's more florid compositions are included. But even the most simple breathe the ardent and devotional spirit of the writer, whose one aim was to ennoble the music of the Church and glorify the Name of its Eternal Head. I cannot refrain from quoting, as eminently appropriate to him, the dying words of good Bishop Ken:

“Since I am coming to that holy room,  
Where, with Thy Quire of saints, for evermore,  
I shall be made Thy music: as I come  
I tune my instrument here—at the door,  
And what I must do there, think here before.”

M. G.

## ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO HYMNS.

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR OF HYMN.	METRE.	TUNE.	No.
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	Rev. Henry Francis Lyte . . .	10.10.10.10.	The Two Disciples	61
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! . . .	Revised by Dr Gauntlett . . .	P.M. . . .	Finita jam sunt . . .	56
Alleluia! Song of sweetness . . .	Rev. Wm. John Blew, M.A. . .	87.87.87. . .	Alleluia Dulce . . .	36
Alleluia! Thanks and glory. . . .		87.87. D. . .	Gratias et Gloriam	31
All hail the star in Judah's sky . . .	W. J. Irons, D.D., 1812-1882.	886.886. . .	Star of Bethlehem	94
All people that on earth do dwell . .	Rev. William Kethe, pub. 1562	L.M. . . .	New Hundredth	43
All things bless Thee, God most holy	Mitchell . . . . .	87.87. D. . .	Quarr Abbey . . .	47
And is it true, as I am told . . . .	A. M. Hull . . . . .	886.886. . .	Gosford . . . . .	22
Angels, to our jubilee . . . . .	Rev. Wm. John Blew, M.A. . .	78.78.4. . .	St. Albinus . . .	54
Around the throne of God in heaven.	Anne Shepherd, née Houlditch	86.86.86. . .	Glory . . . . .	27
Art not Thou a strong Defender . . .	Wm. Hiley Bathurst, 1796 . . .	87.87. D. . .	Armada. . . . .	99
Breast the wave, Christian . . . . .	Joseph Stemmers, 1830 . . . .	5555.65.65.	Chalcedon . . . .	85
Brightly gleams our banner . . . . .	Rev. T. J. Potter, 1827-1873.	65.65. D. . .	Granada . . . . .	69
	Bishop W. W. How . . . . .			
Brightly, O Father, when morning	Rev. J. Westbury . . . . .	11.10.11.10.	Scone . . . . .	2
By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . . .	Regd. Heber, Bp. of Calcutta, 1783-1826 . . . . .	C.M. . . . .	The Lily . . . . .	33
Called of Christ who long have loved	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	Irregular . . .	Pelerin . . . . .	14
Children of the Heavenly King . . .	John Cennick, 1718-1755 . . . .	7777. . . . .	Wyndham . . . .	26
Come let us join with one accord . . .	Charles Coffin (of Paris), 1676- 1749 . . . . .	C.M. . . . .	St. Francis . . . .	3
Come, see the place where Jesus lay.	Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855	886.886. . . .	Cowley . . . . .	48
Come, ye thankful people, come . . . .	Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, 1810-1871. . . .	7777. D. . . .	Alford . . . . .	72
Crown Him with many crowns. . . . .	Matthew Bridges, 1800 . . . . .	S.M. D. . . .	Diademata . . . .	67
Day of wrath! O day of mourning . . .	Latin—Thomas of Celano, tr. by Irons . . . . .	P.M. . . . .	Dies Irae . . . . .	101
Days and moments quickly flying. . .	Latin—tr. Rev. E. Caswall, 1814-1878 . . . . .	87.8888. . . .	Eternity . . . . .	100
Dear children, that to God . . . . .	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	6666. . . . .	O Puer Optime . .	21
Earth below is teeming . . . . .	John S. B. Monsell, L.L.D., 1811-1875 . . . . .	65.65. D. . . .	Tadmor . . . . .	74
Fair waved the golden corn . . . . .	J. Hampden Gurney, Preb. St. Paul's, 1802-1862 . . . . .	S.M. D. . . .	Golden Corn . . .	73
Father of love and power. . . . .	George Rawson, 1807 . . . . .	664.6664. . . .	Wayland . . . . .	12
Fierce was the wild billow . . . . .	Gr.—tr. by J. M. Neale, D.D., 1818-1866 . . . . .	64.64.54.64.	St. Anatolius . . .	80
Fight the good Fight . . . . .	J. S. B. Monsell, L.L.D., 1811- 1875 . . . . .	L.M. . . . .	Lux Alma . . . . .	34
God is in His Temple . . . . .	Matson . . . . .	668.668.33.66.	Matson . . . . .	70
God who mailest earth and heaven . .	Regd. Heber, Bp. of Calcutta, 1783-1826 . . . . .	84.84.88.84. .	Newcourt . . . . .	11
Hail! Holy day . . . . .	tr. Rev. Wm. John Blew, M.A. . .	8885. . . . .	St. Peter . . . . .	52
Hail! Sovereign Love. . . . .	Jehoiada Brewer, 1752-1817, Congregationalist Minister	L.M. D. . . . .	The Hiding Place	42
	Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A., 1708-1788 . . . . .	7777. . . . .	Mycroft . . . . .	
Hail the Day that sees Him rise . . .			St. Salvador . . . .	65
Hark, hark my soul . . . . .	Fred. Wm. Faber, D.D., 1814- 1863 . . . . .	Irregular . . .	Pelerin . . . . .	14

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR OF HYMN.	METRE.	TUNE.	No.
Hark! what mean those holy voices . . . . .	John Cawood, M.A., 1775-1852	87.87. D. . . . .	Gloria . . . . .	89
He is risen, He is risen . . . . .	C. F. Alexander, <i>née</i> Humphreys . . . . .	87.87.77. . . . .	Fincham . . . . .	53
Holy Spirit, Truth divine . . . . .	H. W. Longfellow . . . . .	7777. . . . .	St. Angelo . . . . .	62
How blest is the house . . . . .	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	10.10.11.11. . . . .	Hammulden . . . . .	19
How calmly the evening . . . . .	Thos. F. Lynch, author of the "Rivulet," 1871 . . . . .	12.11.12.11. . . . .	Dulce Domum . . . . .	15
I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . .	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808-1890 . . . . .	C.M. D. . . . .	Bethany . . . . .	35
I love to hear the story . . . . .	Emily Huntingdon Miller, 1833 . . . . .	76.76. D. . . . .	Angel Voices . . . . .	25
I think when I read that sweet story . . . . .	Jemima Luke, <i>née</i> Thompson, 1813 . . . . .	Irregular . . . . .	The Sweet Story . . . . .	28
I was a wandering sheep . . . . .	Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1808-1890 . . . . .	S.M. D. . . . .	Aubrey . . . . .	29
In the solemn eventide . . . . .	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	7777. D. . . . .	Emmaus . . . . .	60
Jerusalem on high . . . . .	S. Crossman, B.D., Preb. Bristol, 1624-1683 . . . . .	6666.88. . . . .	St. Enoch . . . . .	37
Jesu! how sweet Thy memory . . . . .	tr. Rev. Wm. J. Blew., M.A. . . . .	86.886. . . . .	St. Bernard . . . . .	183
Jesu, Lover of my soul . . . . .	Rev. Charles Wesley . . . . .	7777. D. . . . .	The Haven . . . . .	39
Jesus Christ is risen to-day . . . . .	Latin, 14th Century, cir. 1708- and 1749 . . . . .	78.78. D. . . . .	Easter Tune . . . . .	55
Jesus lives! thy terrors now . . . . .	German—tr. Francis E. Cox . . . . .	78.78.4. . . . .	St. Abinus . . . . .	54
Kings of men by conquest gain . . . . .	Latin—tr. . . . .	7777. . . . .	Southgate . . . . .	57
Lamb of God, Whose dying love . . . . .	Latin—tr. C. Wesley . . . . .	76.76.78.76. . . . .	Agnus Dei . . . . .	41
Lead, kindly Light. . . . .	John H. Newman, Cardinal, 1800-1890 . . . . .	10.4.10.4.10.10. . . . .	Kindly Light . . . . .	86
Let us rise in early morning . . . . .	St. John Damascene, circ. 780, tr. Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. . . . .	87.87.87. . . . .	Aurora Lucis . . . . .	58
Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night . . . . .	Jane Taylor . . . . .	77.77.77. . . . .	The Sixth Hour . . . . .	47
Lo! He comes with clouds descending . . . . .	C. Wesley and John Cennick, 1718-1755 . . . . .	87.87.87. . . . .	Ramah . . . . .	87
Lo! the desert depths are stirred . . . . .	Rev. W. J. Blew, M.A., tr. . . . .	L. M. . . . .	Treherne . . . . .	88
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day . . . . .	Isaac Williams, B.D., 1802-1865 . . . . .	777. . . . .	Rogation . . . . .	40
Lord, Thy word abideth . . . . .	Rev. Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1821-1877 . . . . .	6666. D. . . . .	In Æternum Domine . . . . .	75
Lord, to me Thy minsters are . . . . .	Aldhelm, Bp. of Sherborne, circ. 873, mod. by Cherton, and Rev. W. J. Blew, M.A. . . . .	77.77.77. . . . .	St. Bertha . . . . .	6
Morn awakes! The woodlands ring . . . . .	Goadby . . . . .	77.77. D. . . . .	Hallel . . . . .	4
Most loving Lord, Thy accents ring . . . . .	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	C.M. D. . . . .	Vox Domini . . . . .	44
My God, my King, Thy praises . . . . .	Henry Francis Lyte, M.A., 1793-1847 . . . . .	446.446. . . . .	Rosenlicht . . . . .	5
New is the year begun to-day . . . . .	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	L.M. . . . .	Semper Eadem . . . . .	95
Noël! Noël! Noël! . . . . .	Old Carol modernized . . . . .	L.M. . . . .	Lindsay . . . . .	90
Now, my soul, thy voice upraising . . . . .	Sir H. Baker and W. J. Chandler, 1806-1876 . . . . .	87.87.87. . . . .	Star Carol . . . . .	90
O brothers, lift your voices . . . . .	E. H. Bickersteth, Bp. of Exeter, 1825 . . . . .	76.76. D. . . . .	Grendon . . . . .	46
O happy band of pilgrims! . . . . .	tr. Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. . . . .	76.76. . . . .	Jubilee . . . . .	81
O Lord, Thy wing outspread . . . . .	tr. Rev. Wm. J. Blew, M.A. . . . .	76.76. . . . .	Sherbrooke . . . . .	30
O Paradise! O Paradise . . . . .	F. W. Faber, 1814-1863 . . . . .	S.M. D. . . . .	St. Dunstan . . . . .	10
Once to our world there came . . . . .	Strafford . . . . .	86.86.6666. . . . .	Eglinton . . . . .	71
One bright flower has dropped . . . . .	Shelley . . . . .	6666. . . . .	O Puer Optime . . . . .	21
Onward, Christian soldiers . . . . .	Rev. S. Baring-Gould . . . . .	87.87. . . . .	Gathered . . . . .	38
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed . . . . .	Harriet Auber, 1773-1862. . . . .	65.65. D. . . . .	Cyprus . . . . .	68
Our God in love and pardon . . . . .	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	86.84. . . . .	Noster Redemptor . . . . .	63
			Ripon . . . . .	
			St. Hortensia . . . . .	79

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR OF HYMN.	METRE.	TUNE.	No.
Ride on! ride on in majesty . . .	Henry Hart Milman, D.D., 1791-1868 . . . . .	L.M. . . .	New Hundredth .	43
Saviour, blessed Saviour . . . . .	Godfrey Thring, Preb. Wells, 1823 . . . . .	65.65. D. . .	St. Sebastian . .	84
Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . .	Robert Grant, G.C.H., Govern- nor of Bombay, 1785-1854	7777. . . .	Miscrere . . . .	45
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph	Christopher Wordsworth, Bp. Lincoln, 1807-1869 . . . . .	87.87. D. . .	St. Brelade . . .	66
Sweet Babe, that wrapt in twilight	tr. Rev. Wm. J. Blew, M.A. . .	L.M. . . .	St. Christopher .	66
Sweet hour of prayer . . . . .	Walford, 1849 . . . . .	L.M. D. . .	Santiago . . . .	32
Sweet morn, most calm, most clear	Rev. Wm. J. Blew, M.A. . . .	S.M. . . .	Purleigh . . . .	29
Sow in the morn thy seed . . . . .	Rev. J. Montgomery, 1771-1854	S.M. . . .	St. Swithin . . .	1
			The Sower . . . .	9
The day is gone . . . . .	J. A. Heylinghausen, 1670-1739	44.776. . . .	St. Erkenwold . .	17
The day is past and over . . . . .	tr. Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. . . .	76.76.88. . .	Abendlied . . . .	16
The day of resurrection . . . . .		76.76. D . .	Dies Lucis . . . .	59
The morning bright . . . . .	Thomas O. Summers, D.D., 1812	446.446. . .	Rosenlicht . . . .	5
The New Year's sun shines out	From "Evening Hours" . . . . .	Irregular . .	Lux Anni . . . .	97
The night hath changed to perfect day	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	Irregular . .	Christmas Carol .	91
The sun is sinking fast . . . . .	tr. Rev. E. Caswall, 1814-1878	64.66. . . .	Colnbrook . . . .	13
			Vesperus . . . .	
The Sun of Righteousness appears	S. Wesley, 1690-1789, brother to John and Ch. Wesley . . .	C.M. . . .	Brabourne . . . .	51
The tomb is empty . . . . .	Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. . . . .	10.10.10.10.	Bethel . . . . .	49
Thy love for all Thy creatures . . .	Godfrey Thring, Preb. Wells, 1823 . . . . .	76.76. D. . .	St. Tudno . . . .	8
There's a Friend for little children	Albert Midlane, 1825 . . . . .	76.76. D. . .	Amicus Cœlestis .	23
There is a green hill far away . . .	C. F. Alexander . . . . .	C.M. . . .	The Lily . . . . .	33
There stood three Marias . . . . .	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. . . . .	87.87.88. . .	Easter Carol . . .	50
Thou art gone up on high . . . . .	Emma Toke, <i>née</i> Leslie, 1812.	S.M. D. . . .	Ascension . . . .	64
Thou whose Almighty word . . . . .	Rev. John Marriott, 1780-1825	66.44.66.3.44.	St. Uriel . . . . .	78
When along life's thorny road . . .	Mary Jane Webber, <i>née</i> Deck tr. Caswall . . . . .	7777. D. . . .	St. Faith . . . . .	82
When morning gilds the skies . . . .		667.667. . . .	Auriole . . . . .	7
When my tongue no more can utter	Rev. S. Baring-Gould . . . . .	85.85. . . .	Custos Angelos .	24
Who shall lead our warriors forward	Mildred Gauntlett . . . . .	87.87. D. . .	Gordon . . . . .	98
Wilt thou not, my Shepherd true . .	Frances E. Cox . . . . .	78.78.77. . .	Pastor Verus . . .	83
Winter reigneth o'er the land . . .	W. Walsham How, Bp. of Wakefield . . . . .	77.77. D. . .	Walsham . . . . .	96
With the sweet word of peace . . . .	G. Watson, 1816 . . . . .	66.84. . . .	Pax Vobiscum . .	76
Ye faithful, approach ye . . . . .	Modernized by Rev. Wm. J. Blew, M.A. . . . .	P.M. . . .	Venite Adoremus	95
Young and old must raise the lay . .	tr. Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. . . .	76.76. D. . .	King Wenceslaus Inverurie . . . . .	92



1.

## Sweet Morn.

ST. SWITHIN—S.M.

*Tenderly.*

GAUNTLETT.

Sweet morn, most calm, most clear, The Christian's ho - ly - day!

But for thy light our week were drear: Thy torch doth shew the way.

SWEET morn, most calm, most clear,  
 The Christian's holy day!  
 But for thy light our week were drear:  
 Thy torch doth shew the way.

Thou, the strong pillar art  
 On which doth rest high Heaven,  
 Standing amidst and yet apart,  
 First-born and chief of seven.

On thee thy LORD did rise  
 From out His garden-grave,  
 Planting for us a paradise  
 Of balms, torn souls to save.

Sweet day, most clear, most calm,  
 Bright bower of earth and sky!  
 May we but taste thy precious balm,  
 Ere thou and we shall die.

To GOD the Father praise,  
 Praise to the Eternal SON,  
 And to the blessèd Spirit of grace,  
 Eternal THREE in One. Amen.

## Brightly, O Father.

SCONE—II. IO. II. IO.

GAUNTLETT.

Bright - ly, O Fa - ther, when morn - ing is breaking, Shed o'er Thy

chil - dren the beams of Thy love, Scattering the night - clouds of

sor - row and darkness, Lift - ing our spir - its to glor - ies a - bove.

**B**RIGHTLY, O Father, when morning is breaking,  
Shed o'er Thy children the beams of Thy love,  
Scattering the night-clouds of sorrow and darkness,  
Lifting our spirits to glories above.

Teach us, O Father, to work in the day-time,  
Soon, O, too soon, is the night coming on;  
Help us, while earnestly, actively striving,  
'To finish our work ere the daylight be gone.

Bravely, O Father, in life's daily conflict,  
Help us, thy soldiers, to combat each ill,  
Crushing each foe that impedes our march onward,  
Each impulse within us opposed to Thy will.

Help us, O Father, in watching and waiting,  
Teach us, in all things, Thy way is the best;  
Guide us and keep us in devious pathways,  
Lead us at last to the mansions of rest.

Calmly, O Father, as life's day is closing,  
Bring us in peace to Thy glorious home,  
Where trouble and conflict and labour and watching.  
Darkness and sorrow and sin cannot come.

## 3.

## Come let us join.

ST. FRANCIS—C.M. *Smoothly.*

GAUNTLETT.

UNISON.

Come let us join with one ac - cord, In hymns a - round the throne.

ORGAN.

This is the day our ris - en Lord Hath made and called His own.

COME let us join with one accord  
 In hymns around the throne ;  
 This is the day our risen Lord  
 Hath made and called His own.

This is the day which God hath blessed,  
 The brightest of the seven ;  
 Type of that everlasting rest  
 The saints enjoy in heaven.

Then let us in His name sing on,  
 And hasten to that day,  
 When our Redeemer shall come down,  
 And shadows pass away.

Not one, but all our days below,  
 Let us in hymns employ ;  
 And in our Lord rejoicing go  
 To His eternal joy.

NOW morning lifts her dewy veil,  
 With new-born blessing crowned :  
 Oh, haste we then her light to hail  
 In courts of holy ground !

But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,  
 Shines more divinely bright :  
 Oh ! sing we then His power to save,  
 And walk we in the light.

When fresh from the Creator's Hand,  
 The earth in beauty stood,  
 All decked with light at His command,  
 He saw, and called it good.

But still more lovely in His sight  
 The Church now stands renewed,  
 Since He, the Lamb, hath made it white  
 In His atoning blood.

Oh ! Holy, blesséd Three in One,  
 May Thy pure light be given,  
 That we the paths of death may shun,  
 And keep the way to heaven.

## 4. HALLEL—77.77 D.

## Morn awakes!

GAUNTLETT.

*Joyful.*

Morn a - wakes! the woodlands ring! Earth and heaven with glo - ry shine;

Glad as birds of dawn we sing, Brimming o'er with song di - vine.

Sunbeams glit - ter, day is come, Fled are all the fears of night;

*rall.*

Stones will shout, if lips are dumb:—Praise to Thee, great Lord of Light!

MORN awakes! The woodlands ring!  
 Earth and heaven with glory shine;  
 Glad as birds of dawn we sing,  
 Brimming o'er with song divine.  
 Sunbeams glitter, day is come,  
 Fled are all the fears of night;  
 Stones will shout, if lips are dumb:—  
 Praise to Thee, great LORD of Light!

Bounding in the hearts of men,  
 Breaking on the grassy sod,  
 Swells the living tide again  
 From the flowing founts of God.  
 Dewy slumber leaves the eyes,  
 Joy in every soul is rife;  
 As from death, lo, all things rise;  
 Praise to Thee, great LORD of Life!

Sweet as God's sweet grace, the air  
 Breathes its freshness o'er the flowers;  
 Earth is beautiful and fair,  
 Blessed are the morning hours.  
 Golden fields with radiance glow,  
 Golden skies gleam bright above,  
 Eden comes again below;—  
 Praise to Thee, great LORD of Love!

Swiftly flies the Night of Time,  
 Soon eternal day will dawn,—  
 Angel choirs in song sublime  
 Herald un fading morn;  
 Then, transfigured evermore,  
 All the sin of earth forgiven,  
 Loud we'll sing where saints adore,  
 Praise to Thee, great LORD of Heaven!

GOADBY.

## The Morning Bright.

ROSENLICHT—446. 446. *Cheerful.*

GAUNTLETT.

The morning bright, With rosy light, Hath waked me from my sleep;

Father, I own, Thy love alone Thy little one doth keep.

THE morning bright,  
With rosy light,  
Has waked me from my sleep;  
Father, I own  
Thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,  
I humbly pray,  
Be Thou my Guard and Guide:  
My sins forgive,  
And let me live,  
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

O make Thy rest  
Within my breast,  
Great Spirit of all grace;  
Make me like Thee,  
Then shall I be  
Prepared to see Thy face.

SUMMERS.

## My God, my King.

446. 446.

MY God, my King,  
Thy praise I sing,  
My heart is all Thine own:  
My highest powers,  
My choicest hours,  
I yield to Thee alone.

My voice awake,  
Thy part to take;  
My soul the concert join;  
Till all around  
Shall catch the sound,  
And mix their hymns with mine.

But man is weak  
Thy praise to speak;  
Your God, ye angels, sing:  
'Tis yours to see  
More near than we  
The glories of our King.

His truth and grace  
Fill time and space,  
As large His honours be;  
Till all that live  
Their homage give,  
And praise my God with me.

LYFE.

Lord, to me Thy minsters are Courts of hon - our pass - ing fair,

And my spir - it deems it well, Thine to be and there to dwell

Heart and flesh would fain be there, Lord, Thy life, Thy love to share.

LORD, to me Thy minsters are  
 Courts of honour passing fair;  
 And my spirit deems it well  
 Thine to be, and there to dwell:  
 Heart and flesh would fain be there,  
 Lord, Thy Life, Thy Love to share.

There the sparrow speeds her home,  
 And in time the turtles come,  
 Safe their nestling young they rear,  
 Lord of Hosts, Thine altars near:  
 Dear to them Thy peace—but more  
 To the souls that Thee adore.

Yea, all blessed are His days  
 In whose heart are all Thy ways,  
 Who doth drink of many a spring,  
 Through "the Sad Vale" journeying;  
 Faring on from keep to keep,  
 Till he stands on Zion's steep;

There one day is better far  
 Than, elsewhere, a thousand are;  
 Give me in God's court to stand,  
 With His wicket in mine hand;  
 And who will, for me, may bide  
 In the curtained bowers of pride.

Glory to the Sire be poured;  
 Glory give to Christ the Lord;  
 Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
 God of earth and heaven's bright host;  
 Worship, honour, power, and praise  
 Give, unto the end of days. Amen.

When morning gilds the skies My heart a . wak - ing cries,

May Je - sus Christ be prais - ed : A - like at work and prayer,

To Je - sus I re - pair ; May Je - sus Christ be praiséd. A - men.

WHEN morning gilds the skies  
 My heart awaking cries,  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd :  
 Alike at work and prayer,  
 To Jesus I repair ;  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd.

To Thee, O God above,  
 I cry with glowing love,  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd :  
 This song of sacred joy.  
 It never seems to cloy :  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd.

Does sadness fill my mind ?  
 A solace here I find,  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd :  
 Or fades my earthly bliss !  
 My comfort still is this,  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd.

When evil thoughts molest,  
 With this I shield my breast,  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd :  
 The powers of darkness fear.  
 When this sweet chant they hear :  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd.

When sleep her balm denies,  
 My silent spirit sighs  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd :  
 The night becomes as day,  
 When from the heart we say,  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd.

Be this, while life is mine,  
 My canticle divine,  
 May Jesus Christ be praiséd :  
 Be this the eternal song,  
 Through all the ages on,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

## 8.

## Thy love for all Thy Creatures.

ST. TUDNO—76. 76 D. *Moderato.*

GAUNTLETT.

Thy love for all Thy crea - tures What tongue, O God, may tell?

The morn - ing, noon and even - ing, A - like, our praise com - pel;

The morn - ing noon and even - ing, When - e'er they rise or fall,

U - nite to hymn Thy prais - es, Great Ma - ker of them all.

THY love for all Thy creatures  
 What tongue, O God, may tell?  
 The morning, noon and evening,  
 Alike our praise compel;  
 The morning, noon and evening,  
 Whene'er they rise or fall,  
 Unite to hymn Thy praises,  
 Great Maker of them all.

Behold, the sun in splendour,  
 Hath lit his fires on high,  
 The farther on his journey  
 The higher in the sky;  
 And when again he sinketh  
 Beneath the western wave,  
 A radiant crown of glory  
 Shall kindle o'er his grave.

May we, to whom in mercy,  
 A brighter light is given,  
 The farther on our journey,  
 The nearer be to heaven;  
 And when the shades of evening  
 Shall lengthen o'er our heads,  
 May rays of heavenly glory  
 Illume our dying beds.

Shine! shine! Thou Sun Eternal,  
 And cast a ray Divine,  
 On those who hymn Thy praises  
 Both now, and ever, Thine;  
 For there no cloud of evening  
 Shall gather round the past,  
 But Thou, O Christ, shalt light us  
 Safe home, safe home at last

THRING.

## Sow in the Morn.

THE SOWER—S.M. *Tenderly.*

GAUNTLETT.

Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not Thine hand,

To doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broad - cast it o'er the land.

SOW in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land,

Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground  
Expect not here nor there,  
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found ;  
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown ;  
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,  
When and wherever strewn.

And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou can'st not toil in vain :  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry " Harvest-home ! "

O Lord, Thy wing outspread, And us Thy flock en - fold, Thy broad wing spread that

cov - er - ed Thy mer - cy seat of old: And o'er our nightly roof, And

round our dai - ly path, Keep watch and ward, and hold a - loof The de - vil and his wrath.

O LORD, Thy wing outspread,  
 And us Thy flock enfold;  
 Thy broad wing spread, that covered  
 Thy mercy-seat of old:  
 And o'er our nightly roof,  
 And round our daily path,  
 Keep watch and ward, and hold aloof  
 The devil and his wrath.

For Thou dost fence our head,  
 And shield—yea, Thou alone,  
 The peasant on his pallet-bed,  
 The prince upon his throne:  
 Make then our heart Thine ark,  
 Whereon Thy Mystic Dove  
 May brood, and lighten it, when dark,  
 With beams of peace and love.

That dearer far to Thee,  
 Than gold or cedar-shrine,  
 The bodies of Thy saints may be  
 The souls by Thee made Thine:  
 So never more be stirred  
 That voice within our heart,  
 That fearful word that once was heard,  
 "Up, let Us hence depart."

To God the Almighty Sire,  
 To Christ the living Lord,  
 And to the Comforter, the Fire  
 Of love, all praise be poured:  
 Praise from the flock below,  
 Praise from the saints above,  
 Unceasing as the ocean's flow,  
 Unbounded as God's love. Alleluia!

# 11. God Who madest Earth and Heaven.

NEWCOURT—84, 84, 88, 84. *Allegretto.*

GAUNTLETT.

God Who madest earth and heav - en, Darkness and light; Who the day for toil hast

giv - en, For rest the night; May Thine An - gel guards de - fend us, Slumber

sweet Thy mercy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A - men.

GOD, Who madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light;  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night;  
 May Thine Angel-guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
 And, when we die,  
 May we in Thy mighty keeping  
 All peaceful lie:  
 When the last dread call shall wake us,  
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
 But to reign in glory take us  
 With Thee on high. Amen.

God of love, and grace, and glory,  
 Whom now we bless;  
 Trinity, most High, most Holy!  
 Thee we confess.  
 Ever in the new creation,  
 May we sing Thy great salvation,  
 And with joyful adoration  
 Our praise address. Amen.

## Father of Love and Power.

WAYLAND—664. 6664. *Moderato.*

GAUNTLETT.

Fa - ther of love and power, Guard Thou our even - ing hour,

Shield with Thy might. For all Thy care this day Our grate - ful

thanks we pay, And to our Fath - er pray, Bless us to - night!

FATHER of love and power,  
Guard Thou our evening hour,  
Shield with Thy might.  
For all Thy care this day  
Our grateful thanks we pay,  
And to our Father pray,  
Bless us to-night!

Jesus Immannel!  
Come in Thy love to dwell  
In hearts contrite;  
For many sins we grieve,  
But we Thy grace receive,  
And in Thy Word believe:  
Bless us to-night!

Spirit of Holiness,  
Gentle, transforming Grace,  
Indwelling Light!  
Soothe 'thou each weary breast,  
Now let Thy peace possessed  
Calm us to perfect rest;  
Bless us to-night!

## 13.

## The Sun is Sinking Fast.

COLNBROOK—64. 66.

GAUNTLETT

*With repose, and sustained.*

*pp*

*p*

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let

*cres.*

*dim.*

love a - wake and pay Her even - ing sa - cri - fice. A - men.

## VESPERUS—64. 66.

*Andante.*

## SECOND TUNE.

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies.

Let love a - wake and pay Her even - ing sa - cri - fice.

THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross  
His Head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give

Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done;  
Whate'er betide,  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now,  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity!  
One Lord divine!  
Myself for ever His!  
And He for ever mine!

Amen.

CASWALL.—*tr.*

## Hark, Hark my Soul.

PELERIN.—II. IO. II. IO. 9. II.

GAUNTLETT.

*Joyful.*

Hark, hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! *pp* An - gels of Je - sus,

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

**H**ARK, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
 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!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the gospel leads us home  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

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, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length: though 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, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,  
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

FABER.

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SECOND HYMN.

*"They that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful." Rev. xvii. 14.*

CALLÈD of CHRIST! who long have loved the MASTER,  
Hear ye the sounds borne on the strong wind's sway;  
Mark ye the clouds that gather ever faster,  
Signs that portend a dark and evil day!  
Swift is the answer, solemn it rings—  
"Thine are we, MASTER! Thine only, KING of Kings."

Chosen of CHRIST! Surrounding Zion's dwelling  
Stands the stern foe and threatens all her walls,  
Each cherished stone they view with anger swelling,  
Fain in their wrath would raze her archèd halls!  
Rolls back the answer, boldly it rings—  
"Thine are we, MASTER! Thine only, KING of Kings."

Faithful in CHRIST! Ye must have tribulation,  
Must bear the Cross, must watch and strive and pray,  
But in His Love shall find full consolation,  
And in your weakness, strength for each hard day.  
Humble the answer, softly it rings—  
"Thine are we, MASTER! Thine only, KING of Kings."

Then though the sun and stars withdraw their shining,  
Stand fast, ye brave! Ye weak, say, "I am strong!"  
Mighty your GOD, His pow'r knows no declining,  
Victory is yours, although the fight be long.  
Fervent the answer, earnest it rings—  
"Thine are we, MASTER! Thine only, KING of Kings."

Now to our GOD be laud and jubilation,  
Who the round world hath made to praise His Name;  
Glory to Him Who died for our salvation;  
And that BLEST SPIRIT, Who for our comfort came.  
Earth unto Heaven endlessly rings—  
"Thine are we, MASTER! Thine only, KING of Kings."

MILDRED GAUNTLETT.

KENSINGTON—12. 11. 12. 11.

GAUNTLETT.

*Andante.*

How calm - ly the even - ing once more is des - cend - ing, As kind as a

prom - ise, as still as a prayer; O wing of the Lord, in Thy

*cres.* *dim.* *p* *p* *pp*  
shel - ter be - friend - ing, May we and our house-holds con - tin - ue to share.

HOW calmly the evening once more is descending,  
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;  
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter befriending,  
May we and our households continue to share.

The sky, like The Kingdom of Heaven, is open;  
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;  
The silence and smile of His love are the token,  
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

We come to be healed with His merciful healing,  
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;  
We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,  
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

Lord, save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;  
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;  
When earth's day is over, may Heaven's to-morrow  
Dawn on us, of home long expected possess.

## The Day is Past and Over.

ABENDLIED—76. 76. 88.

GAUNTLETT.

*Moderato.*

The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

We pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be;

O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro' the com - ing night.

THE day is past and over ;  
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !  
 We pray Thee now that sinless  
 The hours of dark may be ;  
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,  
 And save us through the coming night !

The joys of day are over ;  
 We lift our hearts to Thee,  
 And ask Thee that offenceless  
 The hours of dark may be :  
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,  
 And save us through the coming night !

The toils of day are over ;  
 We raise our hymn to Thee,  
 And ask that free from peril  
 The hours of dark may be :  
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,  
 And guard us through the coming night !

Be Thou our soul's preserver,  
 For Thou, O God, dost know  
 How many are the perils  
 Awaiting us below ;  
 O loving Jesus, hear our call,  
 And guard and save us from them all.

*Earnestly.*

The day is gone, And left a - lone, I

long for that blest mor - row, Which shall set me whol - ly

free From all care and sor - row. A - men.

THE day is gone,  
And, left alone,  
I long for that blest morrow,  
Which shall set me wholly free  
From all care and sorrow.

The night is here ;  
O be Thou near,  
With Thy bright lamp, O Jesus ;  
From the night of sin and death  
Speedily release us.

The sweet sunlight  
Fades from my sight ;  
O glory incarnated,  
Shed Thy glowing beams on me,  
Who so long have waited.

What e'er doth move  
Below, above,  
Now from its work reposes ;  
Shew me, Lord, Thy work in me  
Ere mine eyelid closes.

When shall the day  
Abide always,  
By night no more succeeded ?  
When the day of days arise,  
Where no sun is needed ?

To Salem, then,  
No more again  
Her sunlight shall be missing ;  
For the Lamb shall be her light,  
Her eternal blessing.

O were I there,  
Where all the air  
With lovely sounds is ringing ;  
Where the saints are evermore  
"Holy, Holy," singing !

Jesus, my Rest !  
Thou ever blest !  
O help my poor endeavour ;  
Let me in Thy glorious light  
Shine before Thee ever. Amen.

# 18. Jesu! how sweet Thy Memory.

ST. BERNARD—86. 886.

GAUNTLETT

*Calm—and rather slow.*

Je - su! how sweet Thy mem - o - ry With - in my bo - som lives!

Yet sweet - er, ho - lier, un - to me, Than hon - ey drop - ping

from the tree, The joy Thy pres - ence gives. A - men.

JESU! how sweet Thy memory  
 Within my bosom lives!  
 Yet sweeter, holier, unto me,  
 Than honey dropping from the tree,  
 The joy Thy presence gives.  
 Naught by the tongue is sweeter sung,  
 No sweeter sound is heard;  
 No dearer thought can dwell among  
 The thoughts to heavenly music strung,  
 Than Jesus Christ our Lord!  
 Jesu! of penitents the Star!  
 To those that ask how kind!  
 How merciful to those, that far  
 And near Thy presence seeking are!  
 But what—to those that find!

No tongue can tell, nor heart indite,  
 Nor pen his joy express;  
 Who loves Thee, Lord, with all his might;  
 None but himself can read aright,  
 And taste His blessedness.  
 Then, Jesu, bide with us, we pray,  
 And fill with radiance clear;  
 Far spent is now the dying day;  
 Drive hence the gloom of night away,  
 And with Thy sweetness cheer.  
 Thus unto Thee all glory be,  
 O Jesus Christ, the Son!  
 With God the Sire eternally,  
 And with the Spirit, One in Three,  
 Reigning while ages run. Amen.

## How Blest is the House.

DULCE DOMUM—10. 10. 11. 11.

*Allegretto.*

GAUNTLETT.

How blest is the house where Christ doth a - bidē! In peace each new

day may tranquill - ly glide, The light of that dwelling is His perfect love,

Its joys but a fore - taste of God's House a - bove. A - men.

HOW blest is the house where Christ doth abide!  
 In peace each new day may tranquilly glide,  
 The light of that dwelling is His perfect love,  
 Its joys but a foretaste of God's House above.

The Eye of the Lord that household shall guide,  
 The mother and child shall walk by His side,  
 All anguish of spirit and burnings of strife  
 Shall cease in the house which has Christ for its life.

The Arm of the Lord, so mighty to keep,  
 Preserveth His own, awake and in sleep;  
 No shadow of evil can darken the door  
 Where God His bright Presence has stationed  
 before.

The Ear of the Lord, it waits for the cry  
 The poor broken heart sends trembling on high,  
 And swift, as the flight of the messenger dove,  
 Is lavished the answer of healing and love.

The beauty of Christ reflected is caught  
 By souls whom His Word true wisdom has taught;  
 They rest in contentment, for all was supplied  
 When He, for their sins on dark Calvary died.

Their God and their King this household will praise,  
 In melody sweet the length of its days;  
 In true adoration each heart will delight,  
 And show forth His glory both morning and  
 night.

PURLEIGH—L.M. D.

*Moderato.*

GAUNTLETT.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:

*p* In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief *pp* My soul has of - ten found re-

lief, And oft es - caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known:  
In seasons of distress and grief  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:

And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His Word, and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share.  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight.  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"



Dear chil - dren, that to God You might be re - con - ciled.



Christ Je - sus came to earth A lit - tle Ho - ly Child;

DEAR children, that to God  
You might be reconciled,  
Christ JESUS came to earth  
A little Holy Child.

He came to this fair world,  
So long by sin defiled,  
Each stain to wash away—  
This little Holy Child.

From serving God on high  
We should not be beguiled,  
If we our homage gave  
This little Holy Child ;

Nor from our Heavenly Home  
By grief and sin exiled,  
If we but loved and prized  
This little Holy Child.

Then, children, bless the day  
When gentle Mary smiled  
On Christ your Saviour King,  
A little Holy Child.

ONCE to our world there came  
A little holy child,  
Gentle and good and mild ;  
And JESUS was His name.

He suffered want and pain,  
Was slighted, scorned and poor ;  
All this He did endure,  
That we in heaven might reign.

He never disobeyed  
His Father's sacred laws ;  
We only were the cause  
Why grief on Him was laid.

O ! that indeed we could  
Our naughty ways forsake,  
And for our pattern take  
This Saviour kind and good.

The path that JESUS trod,  
O may we also tread ! -  
Jesus, our living Head,  
Lead 'thou us up to GOD.

And is it true, as I am told, That there are lambs with-

in the fold Of God's be - lov ed Son? That Je - sus Christ, with

ten - der care, Will in His Arms most gent - ly bear The help - less lit - tle one?

AND is it true, as I am told,  
That there are lambs within the fold  
Of God's beloved Son?  
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,  
Will in His Arms most gently bear  
The helpless little one?

And I, a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,  
Though merit I have none;  
May lie enfolded on His breast,  
A bird within its parent nest,  
His ransomed "little one"?

But those there are who love me too,  
With all their love, they could not do  
What Jesus Christ has done,  
Then if He teaches me to pray,  
I'll surely go to Him and say,  
"Lord, keep Thy little one."

Then by this gracious Shepherd fed,  
And by His mercy gently led  
Where living waters run;  
My greatest pleasure will be this;  
That I'm a little lamb of His,  
Who loves the "little one."

## There's a Friend.

AMICUS CÆLESTIS—76. 76. D.

UNISON.

GAUNTLETT.



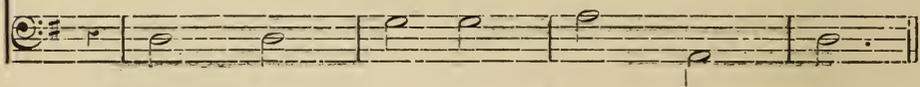
There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,



A Friend who nev - er chang - eth, Whose love can nev - er die.



Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang - ing years,



This Friend is al - ways worth - y The pre - cious name He bears.



THERE'S a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky;  
A Friend who never changeth,  
Whose love can never die.  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious name He bears.

There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
For those who love the Saviour,  
And Abba, Father, cry;  
A rest from every trouble,  
From sin and danger free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy:  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
For ever happy there.

There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look to Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by;  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On those who've found His favour  
And loved Him here below.

There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky;  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And a palm of victory;  
All, all, above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone;  
O come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

## When My Tongue.

CUSTOS ANGELUS—85. 85. *With Burden.*

GAUNTLETT.

When my tongue can no more ut - ter Eith - er prayer or psalm, Then, O give my spir - it

BURDEN.

longing For Thy bliss - ful calm. Home to the Angel - Land, Home where no shadows fall,

Home to the golden strand, Home to the Monarch's hall; Home from all risk of harm,

Home to the Land of rest, Home to my Father's Arm, Home to my Sav - iour's Breast.

WHEN my tongue can no more utter  
 Either prayer or psalm,  
 Then, O give my spirit longing  
 For Thy blissful calm.

When the last faint sigh is breathèd,  
 Ope Thy door of pearl;  
 Bid my watchful guardian Angel  
 His white wings unfurl.

That through regions wild, untrodden,  
 Lost I may not roam;

Bid him bear my trembling spirit  
 Softly, softly home!

Home to the Angel-Land,  
 Home where no shadows fall,  
 Home to the golden strand,  
 Home to the Monarch's hall;  
 Home from all risk of harm,  
 Home to the Land of rest,  
 Home to my Father's Arm,  
 Home to my SAVIOUR'S breast.

## 3 Love to Hear the Story.

ANGEL VOICES—76. 76. D. UNISON.

*Allegretto.*

GAUNTLETT.

I love to hear the stor - y Which an - gel voic - es tell,

How once the King of Glor - y Came down on earth to dwell.

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

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

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

I know my blessed Saviour  
Was once a child like me,

To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be;  
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so. I love, etc.

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

MILLAR.

## Children of the Heavenly King.

WYNDHAM—*Allegretto.* 7777.

GAUNTLETT.

Chil - dren of the Heavenly King, As ye jour - ney sweet - ly sing ;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise— Glorious in His works and ways. A - men.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,  
 As ye journey sweetly sing ;  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in His works and ways.

O ye banished seed, be glad !  
 Christ our Advocate is made ;  
 Us to save, our flesh assumes ;  
 Brother to our soul becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest !  
 Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
 There your seat is now prepared,  
 There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light ;  
 Zion's city is in sight :  
 There our endless home shall be,  
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren : joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land ;  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,  
 Gladly leaving all below :  
 Only Thou our Leader be ;  
 And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

GLORY—*Joyful.* 86. 86. 86.

GAUNTLET.

A - round the throne of God in Heav'n Thousands of chil - dren stand—

Chil dren whose sins are all forgiven, A ho - ly, hap - py band.

Singing Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, A ho - ly, hap py band. A - men.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand—  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band,

Singing Glory, glory, glory,  
A holy, happy band

In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one arrayed :  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade.

Singing Glory, glory, glory,  
A holy, happy band.

What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace and joy and love,  
How came these children there ?

Singing Glory, glory, glory,  
A holy, happy band.

Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin ;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.

Singing Glory, glory, glory,  
A holy, happy band.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name ;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.

Singing Glory, glory, glory,  
A holy, happy band. Amen.

## 3 Think when 3 read.

THE SWEET STORY—*Allegretto*.

SOLO OR UNISONS. SEMI-CHORUS.

GAUNTLETT.

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

here among men, . . . . How He called lit - tle children as lambs to His fold,

I should like to have been near Him then. . . . I wish that His hands had been

laid on my head, That His Arm had been thrown around me; . . . .

REFRAIN. *cres.*

And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, *p* "Let the lit - tle ones

come un - to Me" — . . . . . *cres.* And that I might have seen His kind look when He

said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me." . . . . . *ritardando.*

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
 I should like to have been near Him then.  
 I wish that His hand had been laid on my head,  
 That His Arm had been thrown around me ;  
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
 " Let the little ones come unto Me."

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

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

AUBREY—S.M. D. *Moderato.*

GAUNTLETT.

I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my

Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled. I was a wayward child, I

did not love my home; I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a far to roam. A - men.

I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.

I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child,  
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert, waste, and wild.

They found me nigh to death,  
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head,  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul they fed.

They washed my stains away,  
They made me clean and fair,  
They brought me to my home in peace—  
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is—  
'Twas He that loved my soul;  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood;  
'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold;  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

# O Happy Band of Pilgrims.

SHERBROOKE - 76. 76. D. *Allegretto.*

GAUNTLETT.

O hap - py band of pil - grims! If on - ward ye will tread With

Je - sus as your Fel - low, To Je - sus as your Head!

## REFRAIN.

*f* O hap - py band of pil - grims! Look up - ward to the skies, Where

such a light af - flic - tion shall win so great a prize.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims!  
If onward ye will tread  
With Jesus as your Fellow,  
To Jesus as your Head!

*Refrain.*

O happy band of pilgrims!  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize.

The Cross that Jesus carried,  
He carried as your due;  
The Crown that Jesus wearth,  
He wearth it for you.

O happy, &amp;c.

The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To Him alone will turn.

O happy, &amp;c.

The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure.

O happy, &amp;c.

What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy, &amp;c.

NEALE—*r.*

## Alleluia! Thanks and Glory.

GRATIAS ET GLORIAM—87. 87. D.

*Alla Marcia. Stately.* IN UNISON.

GAUNTLETT.

Al - le - lu - ia! thanks and glo - ry, High a - dor - ing praise we

bring, Hearts and voi - ces both up - lift - ed To our crowned and conquering King!

*8 ves.*

Chil - dren in the Tem - ple praised Thee; Thou the chil - dren's praise didst

own; Now let chil - dren's praise ac - cept - ed, Reach Thee

on Thy ra - diant Throne. Al - le - lu - ia! thanks and

glo - ry, High a - dor - ing praise we bring, Hearts and voi - ces both up -

*cres.*

8 *res.*

lift - ed To our crowned and conquering King.

8 *res.*

ALLELUIA! thanks and glory,  
 High adoring praise we bring,  
 Hearts and voices both uplifted  
 To our crowned and conquering King!  
 Children in the Temple praised Thee;  
 Thou the children's praise didst own;  
 Now let children's praise accepted,  
 Reach Thee on Thy radiant throne.  
*Chorus.* Alleluia! thanks and glory,  
 High adoring praise we bring,  
 Hearts and voices both uplifted  
 To our crowned and conquering King.

Alleluia! King, Redeemer,  
 Saviour of our Eden lost!  
 Though but children, sinful children,  
 We are Thine by priceless cost;  
 Though but children weak and wayward,  
 Yet through Thy redeeming love  
 Washed, forgiven, sealed for glory,  
 We shall reign with Thee above.

*Chorus.* Alleluia! thanks and glory.

Alleluia! Oh the mercy!  
 Oh the goodness and the grace!  
 Mercy rich, and free, and glorious,  
 Passing bound of time and space!

Let Thy children sing Hosanna,  
 Sing and say in faith divine,  
 "Such a Saviour, such salvation,  
 Such eternal joys are mine."

*Chorus.* Alleluia! thanks and glory.

Alleluia! O most holy,  
 O most patient, O most true,  
 Ever faithful, all forgiving,  
 Still bestowing mercies new!  
 Day by day has mercy kept us,  
 Soul and body kept from ill;  
 Night by night, in peace descending,  
 Cometh mercy, mercy still.

*Chorus.* Alleluia! thanks and glory.

Then to Him, the Fount of mercy,  
 Jesus Christ the children's King.  
 Blessing, honour, thanks and glory,  
 Let His children ever bring.

Let their mighty Alleluia  
 Fill the earth from shore to shore,  
 Till with that new song it mingles,  
 Sung in Heaven for evermore.

*Chorus.* Alleluia! thanks and glory.

SANTIAGO—L. M. *Moderato.*

GAUNTLETT.

Sweet Babe, that wrapt in twilight shade Up - on Thy

Mo - ther's lap wast laid; Grant, Ho - ly Je - sus, grant that

we May im - i - tate Thine in - fan - cy. A - men.

SWEET Babe, that wrapt in twilight shade  
 Upon Thy Mother's lap wast laid;  
 Grant, holy Jesus, grant that we  
 May imitate Thine infancy.

And when we seek our lowly bed,  
 While midnight darkens o'er our head,  
 From ravening wolves, kind Shepherd, keep  
 This little flock of Thy poor sheep.

Speak peace unto our souls, and tell  
 Of heavenly joys with Thee that dwell;  
 So shall our spirit, all night long,  
 Sing to our God her thankful song.

Thus as the dying day grows dim,  
 To God we raise our evening hymn,  
 And laud, with heaven's bright angel host,  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE LILY—C.M. *Smoothly.*

GAUNTLETT.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose! A - men.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill

How sweet the lily grows!

How sweet the breath beneath the hill

Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet

The paths of peace have trod,

Whose tender heart with influence sweet

Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill

The lily must decay;

The rose that blooms beneath the hill

Must shortly fade away.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found

Within Thy Father's shrine,

Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,

Were all alike Divine!

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,

We seek Thy grace alone,

In childhood, manhood, age, and death,

To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

THERE is a green hill far away,

Without a city wall,

Where the dear Lord was crucified

Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell

What pains He had to bear,

But we believe it was for us

He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,

He died to make us good,

That we might go at last to heaven

Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough

To pay the price of sin,

He only could unlock the gate

Of Heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,

And we must love Him too,

And trust in His redeeming Blood,

And try His works to do. Amen.

## Fight the Good Fight.

LUX ALMA—L.M. *Allegretto.*

GAUNTLETT.

Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy Strength and

Christ thy right; Lay hold on life and it shall be Thy

joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,  
 Christ is thy Strength and Christ thy right;  
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
 Thy joy and crown eternally.

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

Cast care aside, upon thy Guide  
 Lean, and His mercy will provide;  
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove  
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

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

BETHANY—C.M. D. *Con espressione.*

GAUNTLETT.

*p*  
I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and

rest; Lay down, thou wear - y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

*cres.*  
I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in

Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto Me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon My breast."  
 I came to Jesus as I was—  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water—thirsty one,  
 Stoop down and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN—87. 87. 87.

*Joyful.*

GAUNTLETT.

Al - le - lu - ia! Song of sweetness—Voice of ev - er - last - ing glee;

Al - le - lu - ia! voice of joyaunce—Hymn of Heavenly ju - bi - lee; Chant of

quires with God a - biding In His House e - ter - nal - ly. Al - le - lu - ia, A - men.

ALLELUIA! Song of sweetness—  
 Voice of everlasting glee;  
 Alleluia! voice of joyaunce—  
 Hymn of heavenly jubilee;  
 Chant of quires with God abiding  
 In His house eternally.

Alleluia! thou glad mother,  
 Singest O Jerusalem;  
 Alleluia! sing thy children,  
 For thy songs are joys to them,  
 Exiles we where Babel's waters  
 Wring from us our requiem.

Alleluia! we deserve not  
 Songs to sing of endless peace;  
 Alleluia! our transgression  
 Bids awhile that anthem cease:  
 Lo! the season comes when sorrow  
 For our sins must need increase.

Thus we praise Thee, thus we pray Thee,  
 Ever-blessed Trinity,  
 That Thou grant to us in Heaven  
 Thy glad Easter-day to see,  
 When to Thee we sing, all joyful,  
 Alleluia! ceaselessly. Alleluia, Amen.

## Jerusalem on High.

ST. ENOCH—6666. 88. *Bold—With expression.*

GAUNTLETT.

Je - ru - sa - lem on high My song and cit - y is, My home when'er I

REFRAIN.

die, The cen - tre of my bliss: *p* O hap - py place!

*p* When shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy Face. *cres.* A - men.

JERUSALEM on high  
My song and city is,  
My home when'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

There dwells my LORD, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live;  
There Angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

The Patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease;  
The Prophets there behold  
Their longed-for Prince of peace:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

The Lamb's Apostles there  
I might with joy behold,  
The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

The bleeding Martyrs, they  
Within these courts are bound,  
Clothed in pure array,  
Their scars with glory crowned:  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face?

Ah me! ah me! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay;  
No place like that on high;  
LORD, thither guide my way;  
O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My GOD, with Thee,  
To see Thy Face? Amen.

GATHERED—87. 87. *Plaintively.*

GAUNTLETT.

One bright flower has drooped and faded, One sweet youthful voice has fled,

One fair brow the grave has shaded, One dear sister now is dead. Amen.

ONE bright flower has drooped and faded,  
 One sweet youthful voice has fled,  
 One fair brow the grave has shaded,  
 One dear *sister* now is dead.

We would feel no pang of sadness,  
 For our friend is happy now ;  
*She* has knelt in soul-felt gladness,  
 Where the blessèd angels bow.

*She* has gone to heaven before us,  
 But *she* turns and waves her hand,  
 Pointing to the glories o'er us  
 In that happy spirit-land.

Lord, do Thou keep watch above us,  
 Keep us all from error free ;  
 Let Thy Spirit guide and love us,  
 Till, like *her*, we go to Thee.

LORD, a little band and lowly,  
 We are come to sing to Thee,  
 Thou art great, and high, and holy,  
 Oh how holy we should be !

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,  
 And of Heaven where He is gone ;  
 And let nothing ever please us  
 He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the Lord of glory  
 Always sees what children do,  
 And is writing now the story  
 Of our thoughts and actions too.

Let our sins be all forgiven,  
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong ;  
 Lead us on our way to Heaven,  
 There to sing a nobler song.

THE HAVEN—7777. 7777.

*Large and Sustained.*

GAUNTLETT.

Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy Bo - som fly,

*cres.*

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

*p* *cres.* *dim.*

Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

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

Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

## Lord, in this Thy mercy's Day.

ROGATION—777. *Lento e Sostenuto.*

GAUNTLETT.

Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere it pass for aye a - way, On our knees we  
*dim.*  
*dim.*

*2nd Verse pp and slower.*

fall and pray. Ho - ly Je - su, grant us tears, Fill us with heart search - ing fears,

*3rd Verse Major and faster. †*

Ere that aw - ful doom ap - pears. Lord, on us Thy Spir - it pour, Kneeling low-ly

at the door, Ere it close for ev - er - more— Ere it close for ev - er - more. A - men.

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

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

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

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

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

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
 Lest we lose This day of grace,  
 Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

## Lamb of God.

AGNUS DEI—76. 76. 78. 76. *Slow.*

GAUNTLETT.

mp Lamb of God, Whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind,

*sf*

SILENCE.

Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find.

*sf*

Think on us who think on Thee, And ev - 'ry struggling soul re - lease;

*sf*

O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry And bid us go in peace. A - men.

*eres.* *sf* *dim.* *pp*

LAMB of God, Whose dying love  
We now recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find.  
Think on us who think on Thee,  
And every struggling soul release;  
O remember Calvary  
And bid us go in peace.

By Thine agonizing pain  
And bloody sweat, we pray,  
By Thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away;  
Burst our bonds and set us free;  
From all iniquity release;  
O remember Calvary  
And bid us go in peace.

Let Thy blood by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal;  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal:  
By Thy passion on the tree,  
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;  
O remember Calvary  
And bid us go in peace.

Lord, we would not hence depart  
Till Thou our wants relieve;  
Write forgiveness on our heart,  
And all Thine image give.  
Still our souls shall cry to Thee  
Till perfected in holiness;  
O remember Calvary  
And bid us go in peace. C. WESLEY.

## Hail! Sovereign Love.

THE HIDING PLACE—L.M.

*Smoothly.*

GAUNTLETT.

Hail! Sove - reign Love, that first be - gan The scheme to

res - cue fall - en man! Hail! match - less, free, e -

ter - nal grace, That gave my soul a hid - ing place.

LITANY. *In Time.*

O God, let me for - get no more The Friend who all my mis - ery bore;

Whilst every idol be for - got, Help, Lord, that I for - get Thee not. A - men.

HAIL! sovereign Love, that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man!  
 Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
 That gave my soul a Hiding Place.

O Lord, let me forget no more  
 The Friend who all my misery bore;  
 Whilst every idol be forgot,  
 Help, Lord, that I forget Thee not.

Against the God that rules the sky  
 I fought with head uplifted high,  
 Despised the method of His grace,  
 Secure without a Hiding Place.

O Lord, let me forget no more  
 The Friend who all my misery bore;  
 Whilst every idol be forgot,  
 Help, Lord, that I forget Thee not.

Ere long a heavenly Voice I heard,  
 And Mercy's angel-form appeared;  
 She led me on with smiling face  
 To Jesus, as my Hiding Place.

O Lord, let me forget no more  
 The Friend who all my misery bore;  
 Let every idol be forgot,  
 Help, Lord, that I forget Thee not.

A few more rolling years at most  
 Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;  
 There shall I see Him face to face,  
 Jesus, my glorious Hiding Place.

O Lord, let me forget no more  
 The Friend who all my misery bore;  
 Let every idol be forgot,  
 Help, Lord, that I forget Thee not.

BREWER.

SECOND TUNE.

MYCROFT—L.M. D.

*Andante con moto.*

GAUNTLETT.

## Ride on! ride on in Majesty.

NEW HUNDREDTH—L.M.

*Bold and slow.*

GAUNTLETT.

Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho -

san - na" cry; O Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road

With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!  
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry;  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die!  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The winged armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Awaits His own Anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice.  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

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

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

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

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the Angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

Most Lov - ing Lord, Thy ac - cents ring Through all the flight of years, To listening souls Thy

dear words bring Thy Voice so full of tears. "Yes, I am He, but

let these go," For them He stoops to plead, A - lone for them He

meets the foe, And walks where scoffers lead— And walks where scoffers lead. A - men.

**M**OST loving Lord, Thy accents ring  
Through all the flight of years,  
To listening souls thy dear words bring  
Thy Voice so full of tears.  
"Yes, I am He, but let these go,"  
For them He stoops to plead,  
Alone for them He meets the foe  
And walks where scoffers lead.

For them allows the traitor's kiss —  
His own familiar friend;  
For them no single thorn would miss  
Or shun the bitter end;  
For them He meets the false High Priest,  
Weak Herod, bound in sin;  
The Lamb at that great Paschal feast,  
He goes their souls to win.

"Yet let them go!" And then alone  
He mounts to Calvary's steep,  
That He might say, "O God, not one  
Is wanting of Thy sheep."  
All dark—no sun, no light of day,  
Alone in mortal pain,  
For them He yields His life away,  
The Veil is rent in twain.

Go then, O ransomed soul, like Him  
With lofty mien and true,  
Nor falter when the path grows dim—  
His Cross still shines in view.  
In that Great Day, before God's Throne  
His words the same will be—  
"Not wanting, O my God, is one  
Of those Thou gavest me."

## Saviour, when in Dust to Thee.

MISERERE—7777. *Solemn and Large.*

GAUNTLETT.

Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the ador - ing knee;

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;

O, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man be - low,

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn Lit - an - y!

*4th verse. The last four lines.*

Might - y God, as - cend - ed Lord, To Thy throne in Heaven re - stored.

*cres.* . . . . *al* . . . . *for.* . . . .

Prince and Sav - iour, hear our cry; Hear our sol - emn Lit - an - y! A - men.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
 Low we bow the adoring knee;  
 When, repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;  
 O, by all Thy pains and woe,  
 Suffered once for man below,  
 Bending from Thy Throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy birth and early years,  
 By Thy human griefs and fears,  
 By Thy fasting and distress  
 In the lonely wilderness,  
 By Thy victory in the hour  
 Of the subtle tempter's power,  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye,  
 Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dark despair,  
 By Thine agony of prayer,  
 By Thy purple robe of scorn,  
 By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn;  
 By Thy Cross, Thy pangs and cries;  
 By Thy perfect sacrifice;  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye,  
 Hear our solemn Litany!

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! Amen*

GRANT.

SECOND TUNE.

ST. BRELADE—7777. *Solemn.*

GAUNTLETT.

## How, my Soul.

GRENDON—87. 87. 87. *Sostenuto.*

GAUNTLETT.

Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and

mourn - ful strain How the Cru - ci - fied, en - dur - ing

Grief and wounds and dy - ing pain, Free - ly of His

love was off - ered, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain. A - men.

NOW, my soul, thy voice uprising,  
Tell in sweet and mournful strain  
How the Crucified, enduring  
Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,  
Freely of His love was offered,  
Sinless was for sinners slain.

See! His Hands and Feet are fastened;  
So He makes His people free;  
Not a wound whence Blood is flowing,  
But a fount of grace shall be;  
Yea, the very nails which nail Him  
Nail us also to the Tree.

Through His Heart the spear is piercing,  
Though His foes have seen Him die;  
Blood and Water thence are streaming  
In a tide of mystery:  
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,  
Blood to win us crowns on high.

JESU, may those precious fountains  
Drink to thirsting souls afford;  
Let them be our cup and healing,  
And at length our full reward;  
So a ransomed world shall ever  
Praise Thee, its redeeming LORD. Amen.

THE SIXTH HOUR—77. 77. 77.

*Slowly.*

GAUNTLEIT.

Lo! at noon 'tis sud - den night, Dark - ness co - vers all the sky;

Rocks are rend - ing at the sight; Mortals, can you tell me why?

What can all these won - ders be? Je - sus died on Cal - var - y. A - men.

LO! at noon 'tis sudden night,  
 Darkness covers all the sky;  
 Rocks are rending at the sight;  
 Mortals, can you tell me why?  
 What can all these wonders be?  
 Jesus died on Calvary.

Nailed upon the cross, behold,  
 How His tender limbs are torn;  
 For a royal crown of gold  
 They have made Him one of thorn;  
 Cruel hands, that dared to bind  
 Thorns upon a brow so kind!

See, the blood is falling fast  
 From His forehead and His side:  
 Hark, He now has breathed His last,  
 With a mighty groan He died.  
 Children, shall I tell you why  
 Jesus condescends to die?

He who was a King above,  
 Left His kingdom for a grave,  
 Out of pity—out of love,  
 That the sinner He might save,  
 Down to this sad world He flew,  
 For such guilty ones as you.

Come, ye ransomed, come and see;  
 Humbly kneel and meekly pray:  
 "Blessed Jesus, perfect me,  
 Bring me nearer day by day,  
 Since it was for such as I  
 Thou didst condescend to die."

COWLEY—886. 886. *Moderato.*

GAUNTLETT.

Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear Angel - ic watchers say, "He

lives Who once was slain; Why seek the liv - ing 'midst the dead? Re-

mem - ber how the Sav - iour said, That He would rise a - gain." A - men.

COME, see the place where Jesus lay,  
And hear angelic watchers say,  
"He lives Who once was slain;  
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?  
Remember how the Saviour said,  
That He would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour!  
When Jesus, by Almighty power,  
Revived and left the grave.  
In all His works behold Him great:  
Before, Almighty to create!  
Almighty now to save.

"The First Begotten from the dead,"  
Behold Him risen, His people's Head!  
To make their life secure.  
They too, like Him, shall yield their breath,  
Like Him, shall burst the bands of death:  
Their resurrection sure.

Why should His people now be sad?  
None have such reason to be glad,  
As reconciled to God.  
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives;  
To them eternal life He gives,  
The purchase of His Blood.

Why should His people fear the grave,  
Since Jesus will their spirits save,  
And raise their bodies too?  
What though this earthly house shall fail?  
Almighty power will yet prevail,  
And build it up anew.

## The Tomb is empty.

BETHEL—10. 10. 10. 10. *Moderato.*

GAUNTLETT.

The tomb is emp - ty; Woul'st thou have it full? Still sad - ly clasp - ing

the un - breathing clay; O weak in faith! O slow of heart and dull,

To doat on dark - ness, and shut out the day A - men.

THE tomb is empty! Wouldst thou have it full?  
 Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay;  
 O weak in faith! O slow of heart and dull,  
 To doat on darkness, and shut out the day!

This was the Bethel, where, on stony bed,  
 While angels went and came from morn till even,  
 Our truer Jacob laid His wearied Head;  
 This was to Him the very gate of Heaven.

The tomb is empty! He who, three short days,  
 After a sorrowing life's long weariness,  
 Found refuge in this rocky resting place,  
 Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

But now Death's triumph ends; the rock-barred door  
 Is opened wide, and the great Prisoner gone;  
 Look round and see, upon the vacant floor  
 The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes, He is risen who is First and Last,  
 Who was and is, who liveth and was dead:  
 Beyond the reach of death He now has passed;  
 Of the one glorious church the glorious Head.

## There stood three Marias.

EASTER CAROL—87. 87. 88.

*Lento.*

GAUNTLETT.

UNISONS.

There stood three Ma - ries by the tomb, On East - er morning ear - ly,

When day had scarce - ly chas'd the gloom, And dew was white and pear - ly.

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

lov - ing but with err - ing mind, They came the Prince of Life to find.

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

THERE stood three Maries by the tomb,  
 On Easter morning early,  
 When day had scarcely chased the gloom,  
 And dew was white and pearly.  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 With loving but with erring mind,  
 They came the Prince of Life to find.  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

But earlier still the Angel sped,  
 His news of comfort giving;  
 And "Why," he said, "among the dead  
 Thus seek ye for the living?"  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 "Go tell them all and make them blest;  
 Tell Peter first and then the rest."  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

But one, and one alone, remained,  
 With love that could not vary;  
 And thus a joy past joy she gained,  
 That sometime sinner, Mary;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 The first the dear, dear Form to see  
 Of Him who hung upon the Tree.  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

NEALE.

## 51. The Sun of Righteousness.

BRABOURNE—C.M.

*Moderato.*

GAUNTLETT.

The Sun of Righteous - ness ap - pears To sit in gloom no more;

The light which scatters all your fears, Your ris - ing God, a - dore!

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,  
 To sit in gloom no more;  
 The light which scatters all your fears,  
 Your rising God, adore!

The saints, when He resigned His breath,  
 Unclosed their sleeping eyes;  
 He breaks again the bands of death,  
 Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race He ran;  
 Alone the wine-press trod;  
 He groans—He dies—behold the Man!  
 He lives! Behold the God!

In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,  
 Forbid the Lord to rise;  
 He breaks the gates of death and hell,  
 And opens Paradise!

S. WESLEY.

ST. PETER—8885.

*Sostenuto.*

GAUNTLETT.

Hail! ho - ly day, most blest, most dear, When death's dark

re - gion, sad and drear, Those strange, mys - te - rious sounds did hear:

*fz.*  
"The Lord is ri - sen!" Al - le - lu - ia.

HAIL! holy day, most blest, most dear,  
When death's dark region, sad and drear,  
Those strange, mysterious sounds did hear:  
"The Lord is risen!" Alleluia.

The Holy Captive's bonds are riven,  
To Him the keys of death are given:  
Be glad, O Earth, and shout, O Heaven,—  
"The Lord is risen!" Alleluia.

Shall this triumphant theme inspire  
Each angel's song, each seraph's lyre,  
And we not sing with such a quire,  
"The Lord is risen!" Alleluia.

Yet not for them His life He gave;  
He died—but not their souls to save;  
For men it is that from the grave  
"The Lord is risen!" Alleluia.

For man He left His glorious throne,  
For man to death's dark realm went down;  
And now to Heaven, for man alone,  
"The Lord is risen!" Alleluia.

FINCHAM—87. 87. 77.

*Joyful.*

GAUNTLETT.

He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Tell it with a cheer - ful

voice; He hath burst His three-days pri - son, Let the whole wide world re - joice: Death is

conquered, man is free, Christ hath won the vic - to - ry.

HE is risen ! He is risen !  
 Tell it with a cheerful voice ;  
 He hath burst His three days prison,  
 Let the whole wide world rejoice :  
 Death is conquered, man is free,  
 Christ hath won the victory.

Come with high and holy gladness,  
 Chant our Lord's triumphant lay ;  
 Not one touch of twilight sadness  
 Dims the glorious morning day,  
 Breaking o'er the purple East,  
 Symbol of our joyous feast.

He is risen ! He is risen !  
 He hath opened Heaven's gate ;  
 We are free from sin's dark prison  
 Risen to a holier state ;  
 Soon a brighter Easter beam  
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

ST. ALBINUS—78. 784.

*Joyous.*

GAUNTLETT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COX.—tr.

ANGELS, to our Jubilee  
Haste, your sweetest songs awaking;  
Christ amid the dead is free,  
Christ the rocky tomb is breaking.

Vain the guard around the grave,  
Vain the ruler's wild endeavour;  
Vain the seals, upon the cave,  
Of the nation faithless ever.

Offspring of a Virgin's womb,  
Virgin-born, He came in token  
That through Jewry's guarded tomb  
He should rise with seals unbroken.

Hanging on the inglorious Tree,  
Mad with mocking lips they grieve Him;  
"Let Him quit the Cross, and we  
Will the Son of God believe Him."

From the Cross He came not down,  
Yet He worked a mightier wonder;  
Son of God the Saviour own—  
Dead—He smites grim death asunder.

To the Father, to the Son,  
Through whose conquest we inherit  
Life and light, be honour done,  
And to Thee, Eternal Spirit.

Alleluia.

BLEW.—tr.

EASTER TUNE.—78. 78. 78. 78.

*Joyful.*

GAUNTLETT.

Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise ye the Lord!

Our tri - umph - ant hol - y day, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise ye the Lord!

Who did once, up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise ye the Lord!

Suff - er to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia! Praise ye the Lord! A - men.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Our triumphant holy day,  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Who did once, upon the Cross,  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Unto Christ our Heavenly King,  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!

Who endured the Cross and Grave,  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Sinners to redeem and save.  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 But the pain that He endured  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Our salvation hath procured.  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord!  
 Where the Angels ever sing.  
 Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord.

## The Battle Won.

FINITA JAM SUNT PRELIA.

*Vivace con spirito.* P.M.

GAUNTLETT.

Organ.

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

Voices in unison.—*Choral Recitative.*

The battle won, the fight is done; The crown is on the Victor's brow; His

*accelerando.*

pier - ed hand bears scep - tre now . . . Al - le - lu -

*Choir in parts as below.* *for a tempo.*

*fz.*

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

*fz.* *ff*

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!  
**T**HE battle won—the fight is done!  
 The crown is on the Victor's brow;  
 His pierced hand bears sceptre now.  
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Lo! death's strong chain lies rent in twain,  
 The gates of hell to man are free;  
 For Christ hath won the victory.  
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 The tomb unsealed—Life stands revealed,  
 Past are the three appointed days,  
 And Jesus lives! The strain upraise!  
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 He that was dead hath captive led  
 His and our foes, for evermore;  
 The crystal stream is bridged o'er.  
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Lord of the fight, of life and light,  
 Our fight assist, our life fulfil;  
 Our light be Thou to do Thy will.  
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

H. J. G.—tr.

57.

## Kings of Men.

SOUTHGATE. 7-7-7-7.

*Allegro.*

GAUNTLETT.

Kings of men, by conquest gain Glo - ry o'er their thousands slain; King of

kings, Thy glorious strife, Je - su, gives a world to life. Al - le - lu - ia.

**K**INGS of men, by conquest gain  
 Glory o'er their thousands slain;  
 King of kings, Thy glorious strife,  
 Jesu, gives a world to life. Alleluia.

Yea: none other Name is given  
 Unto mortals under heaven,  
 Which can make the dead arise,  
 And exalt them to the skies. Alleluia.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
 That which He so dearly bought,  
 That salvation, mortals, say,  
 Will ye madly cast away? Alleluia.

Rather gladly for that Name  
 Bear the cross, endure the shame;  
 Joyfully for Him to die  
 Is not death, but victory. Alleluia.

Dost Thou, Jesu, condescend  
 To be called the sinner's Friend?  
 Ours, then, it shall always be  
 Thus to make our boast of Thee. Alleluia.

Glory to the Father be;  
 Glory to the Son, Most High:  
 Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 Glory to the Trinity. Alleluia. LATIN.—tr.

Let us rise in ear - ly morning And, in - stead of ointment, bring

Hymns of prais - es to our Mas - ter, And His re - sur - rec - tion sing ;

We shall see the sun of Justice Risen with healing in His wing.

LET us rise in early morning  
 And, instead of ointment, bring  
 Hymns of praises to our Master,  
 And His resurrection sing ;  
 We shall see the sun of Justice  
 Risen with healing in His wing.

Earth is telling forth her gladness,  
 Free at last from Hades' chain ;  
 Man is healed from sin's dark sadness,  
 Christ the Lord is risen again ;  
 Then, with thankful hearts, O people,  
 Raise to God a joyful strain.

Go ye forth, His Saints, to meet Him !  
 Go with lamps in every hand !  
 From the Sepulchre He riseth ;  
 Ready for the Bridegroom stand ;  
 And the Pascha of Salvation  
 Hail, with His triumphant band.

DIES LUCIS—76. 76. D.

*Joyful.*

GAUNTLETT.

The day of re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad!

The Pass - ov - er of glad - ness, The Pass - ov - er of God!

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us ov - er, With hymns of vic - to - ry. Al - le - lu - ia.

THE day of resurrection!  
 Earth, tell it out abroad!  
 The Passover of gladness,  
 The Passover of God!  
 From death to life eternal,  
 From earth unto the sky,  
 Our Christ hath brought us over,  
 With hymns of victory.

Our heart be pure from evil,  
 That we may see aright  
 The Lord in rays eternal  
 Of resurrection light:

And, listening to His accents,  
 May hear, so calm and plain,  
 His own—All Hail!—and hearing,  
 May raise the victor strain.

Now let the Heaven be joyful!  
 Let earth her song begin!  
 Let the round world keep triumph,  
 And all that is therein:  
 Invisible and visible,  
 Their notes let all things blend,—  
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,—  
 Our joy that hath no end.

EMMAUS—7777. 7777.

*Andante.*

GAUNTLETT.

In the sol - emn e - ven - tide Of the Feast when Jes - us died,

Walk two friends a - long the road Towards Em - ma - us, their a - bo - de.

Lost are they to all a - round; Grave their mingled voic - es sound, As they

speak of One they knew, Whom His foes so late - ly slew. A - men.

IN the solemn eventide,  
Of the Feast when Jesus died,  
Walk two friends along the road  
Towards Emmaus, their abode.  
Lost are they to all around;  
Grave their mingled voices sound;  
As they speak of One they knew,  
Whom His foes so lately slew.

"He is risen!" Peter said,  
"He now lives, who late was dead!  
When I went through morning gloom,  
Open wide lay Joseph's tomb."  
Then a stranger passing by  
To their doubtings makes reply,  
And explains the prophet's lore  
In a way ne'er heard before.

All their wild heart-searching grief,  
All their clouds of unbelief,  
Vanish into empty space  
As they gaze upon His Face.  
Not through all that long sweet walk,  
Not through all that burning talk,  
Not till blessing at the board,  
Do they *know* their risen Lord.

Though that happened long ago,  
Still our hearts may thankful glow,  
We the same sweet joy may feel,  
Christ doth still Himself reveal.  
In our hours of joy or care  
He is ever standing there,  
With us in our life and death,  
Till in Heaven we draw our breath. Alleluia.

MILDRED GAUNTLETT.

THE TWO DISCIPLES—IO. IO. IO. IO.

*Earnestly.*

GAUNTLETT.

A - bide with me, fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep - ens:

Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er helpers fail, and comforts flee,

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me! A - men.

**A**BIDE with me, fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

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 ;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free—  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me !

Come, not in terrors as the King of kings,  
But kind and good with healing on Thy wings,  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea :  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me !

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 ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :  
Where is Death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

## Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

ST. ANGELO—7777. *Slow.*

GAUNTLETT.

Ho - ly Spi - rit, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine ;

Word of God, and in - ward light! Wake my spi - rit, clear my sight. A - men.

**H**OLY Spirit, Truth divine!  
Dawn upon this soul of mine;  
Word of God, and inward light,  
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine!  
Glow within this heart of mine;  
Kindle every high desire;  
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power divine!  
Fill and nerve this will of mine;  
By Thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!  
King within my conscience reign;  
Be my Lord; and I shall be  
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine!  
Still this restless heart of mine;  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!  
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;  
In the desert ways I sing,  
"Spring, O Well! for ever spring."

LONGFELLOW.

HAMMULDEN—7777.

*Andante.*

SECOND TUNE.

GAUNTLETT.

Ho - ly Spi - rit, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine ;

Word of God, and in - ward light, Wake my spi - rit, clear my sight. A - men.

NOSTER REDEMPTOR—86. 84.

GAUNTLETT.

*Slowly.*

Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well, A

Guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed With us to dwell. A-men.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of Heaven

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

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

O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three. Amen.

AUBER.

RIPON--86. 84.

*Slowly, with great repose.*

SECOND TUNE.

GAUNTLETT.

Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well, A

A Guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed With us to dwell. A-men.

ASCENSION—S. M. D.

GAUNTLETT.

UNISON. *Large and marked.*

Thou art gone up on high, To mansions in the skies; And

round Thy Throne unceasingly The songs of praise arise;

But we are ling - ring here, With sin and care op - pressed; Lord, send Thy

*cres.*  
pro - mised Com - fort - er, And lead us to Thy rest. A - men.

THOU art gone up on high,  
To mansions in the skies;  
And round Thy Throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise;  
But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppressed;  
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to Thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery,  
To pass unto Thy Crown:

And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be;  
But only let this path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.  
Lord, by Thy saving power  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

TOKE.

ST. SALVADOR—7777.

GAUNTLETT.

*Bold and Joyous.*

Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!

To His Throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!

En - ters now the high - est heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

**H**AIL the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia!  
 To His Throne above the skies; Alleluia!  
 Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia!  
 Enters now the highest Heaven. Alleluia!

There the glorious triumph waits; Alleluia!  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates; Alleluia!  
 Christ hath vanquished death and sin; Alleluia!  
 Take the King of glory in. Alleluia!

Lo! the Heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!  
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!  
 Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia!  
 Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

See! He lifts His Hands above; Alleluia!  
 See! He shews the marks of love; Alleluia!  
 Hark! His gracious lips bestow Alleluia!  
 Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

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

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

C. WESLEY.

## See the Conqueror.

ST. CHRISTOPHER—87. 87. D.

GAUNTLETT.

See the Conqueror mounts in tri - umph, See the King in roy - al

state Rid - ing on the clouds His chariot To His heavenly pal - ace gate: Hark! the

choirs of an - gel voic - es Joy - ful Al - le - lu - ias sing, And the por - tals high are

lift - ed To re - ceive their heavenly King—To re - ceive their heavenly King.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,  
 See the King in royal state  
 Riding on the clouds His chariot  
 To His Heavenly palace gate;  
 Hark! the choirs of angel voices  
 Joyful Alleluias sing,  
 And the portals high are lifted  
 To receive their Heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,  
 With the trump of jubilee?  
 Lord of battles, God of armies,  
 He has gained the victory;  
 He Who on the Cross did suffer,  
 He Who from the grave arose,  
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,  
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

See Him Who is gone before us,  
 Heavenly mansions to prepare,  
 See Him Who is ever pleading  
 For us, with prevailing prayer,  
 See Him Who with sound of trumpet  
 And with His Angelic train,  
 Summoning the world to judgment,  
 On the clouds come down again.

Glory be to God the Father;  
 Glory be to God the Son,  
 Dying, risen, ascending for us,  
 Who the heavenly realm has won;  
 Glory to the Holy Spirit;  
 To one God in Persons Three;  
 Glory both in earth and heaven,  
 Glory, endless glory be.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

## Crown Him with many Crowns.

DIADEMATA—S.M. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*Bold and joyous.*

Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark!

how the heavenly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A -

wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And

hail Him as thy cho - sen King Through all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own!  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy chosen King  
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God!  
Before the worlds began;  
And ye who tread where He hath trod,  
Crown Him the Son of Man;—  
Who every grief hath known  
That wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for His own,  
That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of Life!  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife,  
For those He came to save.  
His glories now we sing  
Who died and rose on high,  
Who died,—eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die!

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven!  
Enthroned in worlds above;  
Crown Him the King to whom is given  
The wondrous name of Love.  
Crown Him with many crowns,  
As thrones before Him fall;  
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
For He is King of all!

BRIDGES.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

CYPRUS—65. 65. *Alla Marcia.*

GAUNTLETT.

On - ward! Christian sol - diers, marching as to war, With the Cross of

FINE.

Je - sus go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, leads against the

DA CAPO.

foe; . . Forward in - to bat - tle, see! His banners go.

ONWARD! Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.  
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle, see! His banners go.

Onward! Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;  
On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise!

Onward! Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God:  
Brothers, we are treading where the Saints have trod;  
We are not divided, all one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine, one in Charity.

Onward! Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

What the Saints established that I hold for true,  
What the Saints believ'd that believe I too;  
Long as earth endureth men that Faith will hold—  
Kingdoms, nations, empires, in destruction rolled.

Onward! Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and  
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain; [wane,  
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

Onward! Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

Onward! then, ye people, join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices, in the triumph song—  
Glory, laud, and honour unto Christ the King,  
This, through countless ages, men and angels sing.

Onward! Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

GRANADA—65. 65. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*Voices in Sves. Alla marcia.*

S

Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,

*Organ chords.*

*Voices in parts.*

FINE.

Wav - ing wand - lers on - ward To their home on high.

*mp*

Jour - neyng o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

DA CAPO AL S

And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heavenward way. Brightly gleams our  
Voices in Sves.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.  
Journeying o'er the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
And with hearts united  
Take our heavenward way.

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward To their home on high.

Jesus! Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet;  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.—Brightly, etc.

All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe:  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower;  
Pardon Thou and save us  
In the last dread hour.—Brightly, etc.

Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy throne of love.  
When the march is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease.—Brightly etc.

POTTER.

MATSON—668. 668. 33. 66.

GAUNTLETT.

*Largo.*

God is in His Tem-ple, The Almight-y Father! Round His

footstool let us gath-er;— Him with a-do-ra-tion Serve, the Lord most ho-ly,

Who hath mercy on the low-ly. Let us raise Hymns of praise, For His great sal-

va-tion:— God is in His Tem-ple! A-men.

ORG.

GOD is in His Temple,  
The Almighty Father!  
Round His footstool let us gather;  
Him with adoration  
Serve, the Lord most holy,  
Who hath mercy on the lowly.  
Let us raise  
Hymns of praise,  
For His great salvation:  
God is in His Temple!

Christ comes to His Temple:  
We, His word receiving,  
Are made happy in believing.  
Lo! from sin delivered!  
He hath turned, in sadness,  
Our deep gloom to light and gladness!

Let us raise  
Hymns of praise,  
For our bonds are severed:—  
Christ comes to His Temple!

Come and claim Thy temple,  
Gracious, Holy Spirit!  
In our hearts Thy home inherit:  
Make in us Thy dwelling;  
Thy high work fulfilling,  
Into ours Thy will instilling,  
Till we raise  
Hymns of praise,  
Beyond mortal telling,  
In the eternal Temple! Amen.

MATSON.

EGLINTON—86. 86. 6666.

*Moderate.*

GAUNTLETT.

O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who

would not seek the hap - py land Where they are loved and blest?

## CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All

rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not be at rest and free,  
Where love is never cold?—

Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free,  
Where love is never cold?—  
Where, &c.

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

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me;—  
Where, &c.

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep me in Thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above—  
Where, &c.

## Come, ye thankful people, come.

ALFORD—7777. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*Allegretto ben marcato.*

Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of

Har - vest - home! All is safe - ly gath - er'd in, Ere the

win - ter storms be - gin: God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide

For our wants to be sup - plied: Come to God's own

tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home! A - men.

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
    Raise the song of Harvest-home !  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin :  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied :  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-home !

All this world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear :  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest Home :  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away ;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast ;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In the Garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,  
Bring Thy final harvest Home ;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There, for ever purified,  
In Thy Garner to abide :  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest-home !

ALFORD.

## Fair waves the Golden Corn.

GOLDEN CORN—S.M. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*In strict time.*

Fair waved the gold - en corn In Ca - naan's pleas - ant land,

When full of joy, some shin - ing morn, Went forth the reap - er band.

To God so good and great Their cheer - ful thanks they pour;

Then carry to His tem - ple gate The choic - est of their store. A - men.

FAIR waved the golden corn  
 In Canaan's pleasant land,  
 When full of joy, some shining morn,  
 Went forth the reaper band.  
 To God so good and great  
 Their cheerful thanks they pour;  
 Then carry to His temple gate  
 'The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word,  
 Spoken by Moses, ran:  
 "The first ripe ears are for the Lord,  
 The rest He gives to man."

Like Israel, Lord, we give  
 Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
 And pray that long as we shall live  
 We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,  
 And life and all its powers;  
 Be with us in our morning time,  
 And bless our evening hours.  
 In wisdom let us grow,  
 As years and strength are given,  
 That we may serve Thy church below,  
 And join Thy saints in Heaven.

*Allegretto.*

Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heav'n is bright a - bove; Ev - 'ry brow is beam - ing

In the light of love; Ev - 'ry eye re - joic - es, Ev - 'ry thought is praise :

Hap - py hearts and voic - es Gladden nights and days. O Al - might - y Giv - er!

Bounti - ful and free, As the joy in har - vest, Joy we before Thee. A - men.

**E**ARTH below is teeming,  
 Heaven is bright above;  
 Every brow is beaming  
 In the light of love;  
 Every eye rejoices,  
 Every thought is praise;  
 Happy hearts and voices  
 Gladden nights and days.  
 O Almighty Giver!  
 Bountiful and free,  
 As the joy in harvest,  
 Joy we before Thee.

Every youth and maiden  
 On the harvest plain,  
 Round the waggons laden  
 With their golden grain,

Swell the happy chorus,  
 On the evening air,  
 Unto Him who o'er us  
 Bends with constant care.  
 O Almighty Giver!  
 Bountiful and free,  
 As the joy in harvest,  
 Joy we before Thee.

For the sun and showers,  
 For the rain and dew,  
 For the nurturing hours  
 Spring and Summer knew;  
 For the golden Autumn  
 And its precious stores,  
 For the love that brought them  
 Teeming to our doors;

O Almighty Giver!  
 Bountiful and free,  
 As the joy in harvest,  
 Joy we before Thee.

Earth's broad harvest whitens  
 In a brighter sun;  
 Thou the orb that lightens  
 All we tread upon;  
 Send out labourers, Father!  
 Where fields ripening wave;  
 All the nations gather,  
 Gather in and save.

O Almighty Giver!  
 Bountiful and free,  
 Then as joy in harvest  
 We shall joy in Thee.

*Moderato.* *mp*

Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our footsteps guideth : Who its truth be - liev - eth

*cres.*

Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. *cres.* When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us,

*p*

Word of con - so - la - tion, Message of sal - va - tion. Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth

*mp*

And our footsteps guideth ; Who . its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.

*cres. to f*

When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be - fore us, Then its light di - rect -

*cres.*

eth, And our way pro - tect - eth, pro - tect - eth. A - men.

LORD, Thy Word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth;  
Who its truth believeth  
Light and joy receiveth.  
When our foes are near us,  
Then Thy Word doth cheer us;  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

Lord, Thy Word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth;  
Who its truth believeth  
Light and joy receiveth.  
When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure,  
By Thy Word imparted  
To the simple-hearted?  
Word of mercy, giving  
Succour to the living;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying!

Lord, Thy Word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth;  
Who its truth believeth  
Light and joy receiveth.  
O that we, discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
Evermore be near Thee. Amen.

BAKER.

## 76. With the Sweet Word of Peace.

PAX VOBISCUM—6684.

DR GAUNTLETT.

With the sweet word of Peace We bid our brethren go; Peace as a

riv - er to in - crease And cease - less flow. A - men.

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

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

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

With the strong word of Faith  
We stay ourselves on Thee:  
That I thou, O Lord, in life and death  
Their Help shall be.

Then the bright word of Hope  
Shall on our parting gleam,  
And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earth-born dream.

Farewell! in hope and love,  
In faith, and peace, and prayer,  
Till He, Whose Home is ours above,  
Unite us there! Amen.

WATSON.

*Smoothly.*

All things bless Thee, God most ho - ly, To Thy feet their worship bring,

Thou art worth - y of all praises, Ev - er bless - ed glo - rious King.

Earth, and air, and o - cean's ful - ness, All Thy power and love de - clare,

And in this ex - ult - ant chorus May not lit - tle children share? A - men.

ALL things bless Thee, God most holy,  
 To Thy feet their worship bring,  
 Thou art worthy of all praises,  
 Ever blessèd glorious King.  
 Earth, and air, and ocean's fulness,  
 All Thy power and love declare,  
 And in this exultant chorus  
 May not little children share?

Childhood's treasures are Thy giving,  
 Sunny days and laughing hours,  
 Daisied meadows in the Spring-time,  
 Roses in the Summer bowers;—  
 Food and raiment, home and shelter,  
 Sleep for wearied eye and limb,  
 Dawning day, and happy waking  
 To the birds' sweet morning hymn.

And when old and young had wandered  
 Into faults and follies wild,  
 Surely Thou didst think of children.  
 Sending forth Thy Son a Child.

Lord, forgive our many errors,  
 And restore us when we fall:  
 Thy loved Child is our Redeemer—  
 By His mercy save us all.

Help us now to be as He was,  
 Pure and gentle, good and kind,  
 Give us of His peaceful spirit,  
 And His "meek and lowly" mind.  
 Teach our hearts to feel Thy mercy,  
 Turn our eyes to look to Thee;  
 May we trust in Thee our Father,  
 And Thy loving children be.

And when youth's brief morn is over,  
 Still be Thou our constant Guide;  
 Through the hot day's dusty travel,  
 Set of sun, and eventide;  
 And when death's dark night has fallen,  
 Lead us through the "awful door";  
 Satisfy us with Thy Presence,  
 Be our joy for evermore. MITCHELL.

ST. URIEL—6644. 66644.

GAUNTLETT.

Thou, Whose Al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard. And took their flight,

And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And where the Gos - pel day

Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light— Let there be light. A - men.

THOU, Whose Almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight,  
 Hear us, we humbly pray,  
 And where the Gospel-day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 Let there be light.

Thou, Who didst come to bring  
 On Thy redeeming wing  
 Healing and sight ;  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Sight to the inly blind,  
 O now to all mankind  
 Let there be light

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

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

*Tempo giusto.*

Our God, in love and pardon, Within this world of ours,  
 Has sown a fer - tile gar - den With fair per - en - nial flow'rs:  
 No chill - ing frost can mar it, This vine - yard of the Lord,  
 For Christ's own hand doth bar it, And keeps both watch and ward. A - men.

OUR God, in love and pardon,  
 Within this world of ours,  
 Has sown a fertile garden  
 With fair perennial flowers:  
 No chilling frost can mar it,  
 This vineyard of the Lord,  
 For Christ's own hand doth bar it,  
 And keeps both watch and ward.

This garden, wide and beautiful,  
 The Church of Christ our King—  
 Is open to the devout  
 Their daily praise to sing;  
 For those cast down by sorrow  
 There grows the herb of Peace,  
 That ere a new to-morrow  
 Their restless pains may cease.

To those who by all waters  
 Do sow in kindly love,  
 Those earnest sons and daughters  
 Who seek their home above;  
 To those who meek and lowly,  
 Their Cross in patience bear,  
 This pleasure, sweet and holy,  
 Is ever open here;

O God, how much we thank Thee  
 For this Thy garden fair!  
 Where Thou to us so frankly  
 Dispenses gifts so rare.  
 Love, life, salvation given,  
 Atonement for all sin,  
 And lastly placed Thy heaven  
 Our trembling hearts within.

ST. ANATOLIUS—64. 64. 54. 64.

GAUNTLET.

*Andante.*

Fierce was the wild bil - low ; Dark was the night ; Oars labour'd

heav - i - ly ; Foam glim - mer'd white ; Mar - in - ers trem - bled ; Per - il was

nigh ; Then said the Son of God, "Peace : it is I !" A - men.

FIERCE was the wild billow ;  
 Dark was the night ;  
 Oars laboured heavily ;  
 Foam glimmered white ;  
 Mariners trembled ;  
 Peril was nigh ;  
 Then said the Son of God,  
 "Peace : it is I !"

Ridge of the mountain wave,  
 Lower thy crest :  
 Wail of Euroclydon,  
 Be thou at rest.  
 Peril none can be,  
 Sorrow must fly.  
 Then saith the Light of Ligh,  
 "Peace : it is I !"

Jesu, Deliverer,  
 Come Thou to me ;  
 Soothe Thou my voyaging  
 Over life's sea ;  
 Thou, when the storm of Death  
 Roars sweeping by,  
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth,  
 "Peace : it is I !"

JUBILEE—76. 76. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*Allegro.*

O broth - ers, lift your voic - es, Tri - umph - ant songs to raise ;

Till heav'n on high re - joic - es, And earth is fill'd with praise.

Ten thousand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free ; The

Gos - pel trump is sounding, The trump of Ju - bi - lee.

♪ BROTHERS, lift your voices,  
 Triumphant songs to raise ;  
 Till heaven on high rejoices,  
 And earth is fill'd with praise.  
 Ten thousand hearts are bounding  
 With holy hopes and free ;  
 The Gospel trump is sounding,  
 The trump of Jubilee.

O Christian brothers, glorious  
 Shall be the conflict's close :  
 The cross hath been victorious,  
 And shall be o'er its foes.  
 Faith is our battle-token :  
 Our Leader all controls ;  
 Our trophies, fetters broken ;  
 Our captives, ransomed souls.

Not unto us—Lord Jesus,  
 To Thee all praise be due ;  
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
 Has freed our brethren too.  
 Not unto us—in glory  
 The angels catch the strain,  
 And cast their crowns before Thee  
 Exulting again.

Captain of our salvation,  
 Thy presence we adore :  
 Praise, glory, adoration  
 Be Thine for evermore.  
 Still on in conflict pressing,  
 On Thee Thy people call,  
 Thee King of kings confessing,  
 Thee crowning Lord of all.

## When along life's thorny road.

ST. FAITH—7777. D.

GAUNTLETT.

When a - long life's thorn - y road Faints the soul be - neath its load,

By its cares and sins op - prest, Finds on earth no peace or rest ;

When the wil - y tempt - er's near, Fill - ing us with doubts and fear,

Je - sus, to Thy feet we flee, Je - sus, we will look to Thee. A - men.

WHEN along life's thorny road  
Faints the soul beneath its load,  
By its cares and sins oppress,  
Finds on earth no peace or rest ;  
When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubts and fear,  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,  
Jesus, we will look-to Thee.

Thou, our Saviour, from the throne  
Listenest to Thy people's moan ;  
Thou, the living Head, dost share  
Every pang the members bear ;  
Full of tenderness Thou art,  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;  
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell.

By Thy tears o'er Lazarus shed,  
By Thy power to raise the dead,  
By Thy meekness under scorn,  
By Thy stripes, and crown of thorn,  
By that rich and precious blood,  
That hath made our peace with God ;  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,  
Jesus, we will cling to Thee.

Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave ;  
'Thou the bars of death hath riven,  
Opened wide the gates of Heaven ;  
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,  
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home ;  
Jesus, then we all shall be  
Ever, ever, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

DECK.

*Andante.*

Wilt Thou not, my Shepherd true, Spare Thy sheep, in mer - cy spare me?

Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do, In Thine arms re - joic - ing bear me;

Bear me where all troubles cease, Home to folds of joy and peace? A - men.

WILT Thou not, my Shepherd true,  
Spare thy sheep, in mercy spare me?  
Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do,  
In Thine arms rejoicing bear me;  
Bear me where all troubles cease,  
Home to folds of joy and peace?

See, on earth's wild desert way  
How my truant steps mislead me;  
Bring me back, no more to stray,  
In Thine own green pastures feed me,  
Gather me within the fold,  
Where Thy Lambs Thy light behold.

With Thy flock I long to be,  
With the flock to whom 'tis given  
Safe to feed and, praising Thee,  
Roam the happy plains of Heaven;  
Free from fear of sinful stain,  
They can never stray again.

Jesus, Lord, my Shepherd true,  
O, from wolves Thy sheep deliver,  
Help, as shepherds wont to do,  
From their jaws preserve me ever;  
Bid Thy trembling wanderer come  
To his everlasting Home. Amen.

## Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

ST. SEBASTIAN—65. 65. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*Brightly.*

Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices  
rais - ing Prais - es to our King: All we have we of - fer, All we hope to  
be; Bod - y, soul, and spi - rit, All we yield to Thee. A - men.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,

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

Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration,  
Bending low the knee.  
Thou, for our redemption,  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

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.

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 raising  
Praises to their King.

GODFREY THIRING.

CHALCEDON.

GAUNTLETT.

*Bold. Maestoso.*

Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian,

When the night's lon - gest. On - ward, and on - ward still, Be thine en - deav - our,  
*cres.*

The rest that re - main - eth Shall be for ev - er. A - men.  
*cres.* *fz*

BREAST the wave, Christian,  
When it is strongest ;  
Watch for day, Christian,  
When the night's longest.  
Onward, and onward still,  
Be thine endeavour,  
The rest that remaineth  
Shall be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee ;  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee ;

He who hath promised  
Faltereth never,  
The love of eternity  
Flows on for ever.

Raise the eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth ;  
Lift the heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeseth.  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever :  
Mount when thy work is done,  
Praise Him for ever.

KINDLY LIGHT. — 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

GAUNTLETT.

*Andante.*

Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th'en - circling 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 dis - tant scene, — one step enough for me. A - men.

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

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now—  
 Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will; remember not past  
 years.

So long Thy power hath blessed 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.

## Lo! He comes.

Ancient "Song of the dying."

RAMAH. —87. 87. 87.

Altered, adapted and harmonised by DR GAUNTLETT.

*Solemn.* *f*

Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fav - our'd sin - ners slain;

*f*

Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of His train:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ ap - pears on earth a - gain A - men.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Christ appears on earth again.

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

Those dear tokens of His Passion  
Still His dazzling Body bears,  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers;  
With what rapture, with what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear;  
All His saints by men rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal Throne:  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

TREHERNE—L.M.

GAUNTLETT.

*Slow.*

Lo! the de - sert depths are stirred And the reeds of Jor - dan

qui - ver; At the Bap - tist's her - ald - word,

Shake the shores of that old riv - er. A - men.

LO! the desert depths are stirred  
And the reeds of Jordan quiver;  
At the Baptist's herald-word,  
Shake the shores of that old river.

Nearer comes the Preacher's cry,  
Deeper sounds his voice and deeper,  
Telling that the Christ is nigh,  
In a tone to rouse the sleeper.

By their Maker's coming feet  
Moved, the earth, the air, the ocean  
Joyously His Advent greet,  
With a strangely yearning motion.

Cleanse the heart—a highway strew  
For the Godhead hither faring;  
Cleanse the home—a dwelling due  
To the mighty Guest preparing.

Lift the lost—with hand of health,  
Whom the plague is fast consuming;  
Lift the veil—in all its wealth,  
Lo! the beautiful world is blooming.

Jesu, Thou our solace art,  
Thou our strength and our salvation;  
Withered grass, from Thee apart,  
Fades away man's feeble nation.

Thou, who comest man to free,  
Son, be Thine all praise for ever;  
Thine with Sire and Spirit be  
Laud through ages ending never. Amen.

## The song of the earth.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GAUNTLETT.

*Tempo giusto. p*

The night hath chang'd to per - fect day, And past are the mists of the morning; And the

earth is gay in her fes - tal ar - ray, Like a bride her - self a - dorn - ing. The

notes of her song, which have swell'd so strong, Were brought her first from Hea - ven, When the

an - gel throug, the Shep - herds a - mong, Rais'd the lay that the Lord had giv - en.

CHORUS.

All glo - ry be to God on High, And on earth be peace un - end - ing; For the

Prince of the Sky, In His love draweth nigh. From His Aw - ful Throne de - scend - ing.

THE night hath changed to perfect day,  
 And past are the mists of the morning,  
 And the earth is gay in her festal array,  
 Like a bride herself adorning,  
 The notes of her song, which have swelled so strong,  
 Were brought her first from Heaven,  
 When the angel throng, the shepherds among,  
 Raised the lay that the LORD had given —

All glory be to GOD on High,  
 And on earth be peace unending ;  
 For the Prince of the Sky, in His love draweth nigh,  
 From His Awful Throne descending.

This day the Earth the Feast doth keep  
 Of the Child of a Virgin-Mother ;  
 Though the plough doth creep, and the wild bird sweep,  
 Where was born our Elder Brother.  
 That Babe, Who was laid by His Mother-Maid,  
 Within a manger lowly,  
 Hath Atonement made, and the Ransom paid  
 For our sins to the LORD most Holy.  
*Cho.* All glory be to GOD on High, etc.

That helpless Babe this world hath freed  
 From the chain that so long has bound it,  
 And the heathen's creed hath vanished indeed  
 With the light of His Gospel round it.  
 He bruised the head of the serpent's power  
 By Might of His Godhead o'er him ;  
 And hath left us the dower of the pure white flower  
 Of a life without stain before Him.  
*Cho.* All glory be to GOD on High, etc.

His gentle touch hath wiped away  
 All our tears of remorseful sorrow ;  
 When the blind walks gay in the light of day,  
 And the lame no help need borrow.  
 The Gift that was clasped in His tiny Hand  
 Was sinful man's salvation,  
 Which, from distant land and far-off strand,  
 Will gather in every nation.  
*Cho.* All glory be to GOD on High, etc.

Then come and kneel before His Feet  
 And our faithful homage make Him ;  
 Singing carols sweet, we the CHRIST-CHILD greet,  
 While we pray we may ne'er forsake Him.  
 High praise to the FATHER enthronèd above  
 In the Highest Holiest Heaven ;  
 To the SON of Love and the Gracious DOVE  
 Adoration and thanks be given.  
*Cho.* All glory be to GOD on High, etc.

## Young and old must raise the lay.

KING WENCESLAS. —76. 76. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*Vivace. Voices unison.*

Young and old must raise the lay, That their heart en -

- gag - - es; For the Child is born to - day, . .  
*Staccato.*

Who is King of ag - - - es; For the God, by

all a - dor'd, Comes to His e - lect - - ed; For the  
*Staccato.*

Babe that is the Lord, Hastes to be re - ject - - ed.

YOUNG and old must raise the lay,  
 That their heart engages ;  
 For the Child is born to day,  
 Who is King of ages ;  
 For the God, by all adored,  
 Comes to His elected ;  
 For the Babe that is the Lord  
 Hastes to be rejected.

If the purple proves the King,  
 Where is goodly raiment ?  
 If man needeth ransoming,  
 Who shall make the payment ?  
 For the purple here, is grass :  
 For the throne, the manger :  
 For the courtiers, ox and ass  
 Kneel before the stranger.

Through the desert as we go,  
 Sorrowful and fearing,  
 From the Rock the waters flow  
 That shall work our cheering,  
 Manna; wherewith all are fed,  
 Comes for our salvation ;  
 Born in Bethlehem, " House of Bread,"  
 By interpretation.

Young and old must raise the lay  
 That their heart engages ;  
 For the Child is born to day  
 Who is King of ages :  
 Young and old their deeds to frame,  
 That, as He came hither,  
 They, when He their lives shall claim,  
 May to Him go thither.

NEALE—*tr.*

INVERURIE—76, 76. D.

SECOND TUNE

DR GAUNTLETT.

Young and old must raise the lay, That their heart en-gages;

For the Child is born to-day, Who is King of ages;

For the God, by all adored, Comes to His elected;

For the Babe that is the Lord hastes to be rejected

## Ye faithful, approach ye.

VENITE ADOREMUS.—P.M.

GAUNTLETT.

*Allegretto.* *ff*

Ye faith - ful, ap - proach ye, with joy and ex - ult - a - tion, O come ye,

O come ye, to Beth - le - hem's bower; The Man - Child be - hold ye, *mp* *cres.*

REFRAIN. *pp* *cres.*

born the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - *pp* *cres.*

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

YE faithful, approach ye, with joy and exultation,  
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem's bower;  
The Man-Child behold ye, born the King of angels;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

High God of High God—Light of Light Eternal;  
The womb of the Virgin He hath not abhorred;  
Very and true God—begotten, not created;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choir of angels, sing the glad Hosanna,  
Sing, O ye saints, that fill the heavenly hall,  
Sing, "Unto God be glory in the highest;"  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing we The Blessed One, born this happy morning;  
Jesu, to Thee, be praise and glory poured,  
Word of the Sire Eternal—flesh becoming;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

*Brightly.*

All hail the Star in Ju - dah's sky! All hail the Day - spring  
 from on high! A - wake from sin's dark dream. Lo! from the part - ed clouds a - bove,  
 Shines forth the Light of Heav'n's own love. The Star of Beth - le - hem.

ALL hail the Star in Judah's sky!  
 All hail the Dayspring from on High!  
 Awake from sin's dark dream.  
 Lo! from the parted clouds above,  
 Shines forth the Light of Heaven's own love,  
 The Star of Bethlehem.

To Adam's sons, an exiled race,  
 Their God Himself, with wondrous Grace,  
 Hath come and sought, to them  
 Who sought Him not; and they surprised  
 Behold a sight that leads to Christ—  
 The Star of Bethlehem.

Clear from the heavens a ray of Love  
 Stood over Mary's house, and wove  
 A dazzling diadem.  
 Ring out your joy, all Christians true,  
 And may Christ's Light be seen by you—  
 His Star of Bethlehem.

Man is no lonely wanderer now,  
 Since on the Infant Jesus' brow  
 First shone that peaceful beam;  
 One with us in our low estate,  
 He lifts our heart to Heaven's High Gate!  
 Hail! Star of Bethlehem.

SEMPER EADEM—L.M.

GAUNTLETT.

VOICES IN UNISON.

New is the year be - gun to - day, So lit - tle known its hid - den way,

ORGAN.

VOICES IN HARMONY.

Almost we fear its path to tread, Unless by Christ's dear guidance led.

*cres.* *ten. pp*

NEW is the year begun to-day,  
So little known its hidden way,  
Almost we fear its path to tread,  
Unless by Christ's dear guidance led.

Temptation's hour must all assail,  
But He who promised ne'er will fail;  
Hear how He pleads, Who should command,  
"To help thee, see, I waiting stand.

"Needy thou art, and blind, and poor,  
Yet wait I at thy heart's closed door;  
I fain would make thee rich with Love,  
Would fit thee for My courts above,

"Would mark thy brow with My New Name,  
Would cleanse thy soul from all its blame,  
And bid thee join that spotless throng,  
Who sing on High My strange New Song."

O Christ, O King, we kneel to Thee,  
And vow for aye to faithful be;  
Thou givest all—can we withhold  
Our dross to change for Thy fine gold?

All glory, praise, and honour be  
To our great God, the One in Three;  
Sing Alleluia to His Name,  
Who past all time remains the same.

MILDRED GAUNTLETT.

## SECOND TUNE.

LINDSAY—L.M.

GAUNTLETT.

IN LITANY TIME.

New is the year be - gun to - day, So lit - tle known its hidden way,  
Al - most we fear its path to tread, Un - less by Christ's dear guidance led. A - men.

WALSHAM--7777. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*Moderato.*

Win - ter reigneth o'er the land, Freezing with its ic - y breath,

Dead and bare the tall trees stand; All is chill and drear as death

Yet it seemeth but a day Since the summer flowers were here, Since they

stack'd the balm - y hay, Since they reaped the gold - en ear. A - men.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,  
 Freezing with its icy breath,  
 Dead and bare the tall trees stand;  
 All is chill and drear as death.  
 Yet it seemeth but a day  
 Since the summer flowers were here,  
 Since they stacked the balmy hay,  
 Since they reaped the golden ear.

Summer days are past and gone :  
 So the years go, speeding fast,  
 Onward ever, each new one  
 Swifter speeding than the last.

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

But the sleeping earth shall wake,  
 And the flowers shall burst in bloom,  
 And all nature, rising, break  
 Glorious from its wintry tomb.  
 So, Lord, after slumber blest,  
 Comes a bright awakening,  
 And our flesh in hope shall rest  
 Of a never-fading spring. Amen.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

*Moderato.*

1 The New Year's sun shines out bright and clear to thee;  
2 Let us all turn our faces sun-ward;

New Year's chimes tell of gladness near. Hope and joy circle  
Lift our hearts where heav'n's light shall fall. Let us each take the

those most dear to thee, Thine and theirs be a glad New Year.  
path-way on-ward, Ready to hope and to trust through all.

God our Fa-ther is true; return-ing us Love for doubting, and

hope for fear. Hath He not spoken good con-cern-ing us?

FINE.

Let us trust Him for each New Year . . . Let us trust Him for each New Year.

*rall.*

Not with doubting, and not with carefulness, Cross the threshold on which we stand :

*ten. ten. ten. ten.*

*8ve. 8ve. 8ve. 8ve.*

Strong in trusting and brave thro' prayerfulness, Take up the march thro' the unknown land.

*cres!*

*p*

Art thou wea - ry? Oh, lean con - fid - ing - ly, Rest on Him who in love draws near.

*p*

Others fail us, He a - bid - ing - ly Leads His children from year to year.

*ritard. D.C.*

## Who shall lead our Warriors forward?

GORDON.—87. 87. D.

GAUNTLETT.

*Alla marcia.*

Who shall lead our warriors forward, Thro' the battle's din and roar? Who great

deeds accomplish for us, On a foe's far distant shore? He the LORD of Hosts all

glorious, Shield and Strength of faithful men; He, the LORD in battle mighty, Shall be

## CHORUS.

King and Leader then! Well we know His Angel tarries Round the hosts that fear His

Name! Lo, as dust the foe He scat - ters, Till their strength be - comes their shame!

WHO shall lead our Warriors forward  
Through the battle's din and roar ;  
Who great deeds accomplish for us  
On a foe's far distant shore ?  
He, the Lord of HOSTS all glorious,  
Shield and Strength of faithful men,  
He, the LORD in battle mighty,  
Shall be King and Leader then !

*Chorus.*—Well we know His angel carries  
Round the hosts that fear His Name :  
Lo, as dust the foe He scatters,  
Till their strength becomes their shame !

Who shall guide the battle's issues  
When the foe sweeps down in pride ?  
Who shall bless the dauntless soldier  
Slaughtered at his comrade's side ?  
'Tis Jehovah holds the balance  
In His strong Right Hand of power ;  
He the ardent soul supporteth  
In that sudden dying hour. *Cho.* Well we know &c.

Who shall still, at home, the weeping  
O'er the dear and fallen brave ?  
Who console when yonder orphan  
Mourns a father's distant grave ?  
In His Holy Habitation  
God the widow's cause defends,  
Nor will He withhold an answer  
When the orphan's cry ascends ! *Cho.* Well we know &c.

Not to us, then, be the glory  
When we conquer in the fight !  
Not to us, when home our heroes  
Bring the tokens of their might !  
Unto GOD, our strong Deliverer,  
Be our thanks and praises due ;  
And may He in mercy rank us  
Safe among His "chosen few." *Cho.* Well we know &c.

O my children, O my people !  
Faint not though the fight be long ;  
I, the LORD, have built a city  
Bulwark'd by salvation strong.  
My redeemed therein shall enter,  
There all war and tumult cease,  
There My Name shall be exalted,  
God of Love and Prince of Peace. *Cho.* Well we know &c.

## Art not Thou a strong Defender ?

*Elizabethan Air,  
sung after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.*

ARMADA TUNE—87. 87. D.

Adapted and Harmonised by DR GAUNTLETT.

*Bold.*

Art not Thou a strong De - fend - er Of Thy Church from all her foes?

Shall the cit - a - del sur - rend - er, Tho' assailed by rud - est blows? Lord, what blessed

con - so - la - tion Do Thy promis - es sup - ply! In the season of temp - ta - tion

Is not Thy as - sis - tance nigh?

ART not Thou a strong Defender  
Of Thy Church from all her foes?  
Shall the citadel surrender,  
Though assailed by rudest blows?  
Lord, what blessed consolation  
Do Thy promises supply!  
In the season of temptation  
Is not Thy assistance nigh?

No, the Rock on which she's founded  
Stands immovably secure;  
Though by enemies surrounded,  
She shall flourish and endure.

Vain are all their boasted numbers,  
Marshalled forth in stern array;  
For Thine Eye, that never slumbers,  
Keepeth her by night and day.

Lord, our resolution's taken;  
We would share the lot of those  
Who, though by the world forsaken,  
On Thy constant love repose.  
May Thy Spirit safely guide us  
Through the dangers of our road,  
And in happier worlds provide us  
With a peaceable abode!

ETERNITY.

GAUNTLETT.

*Slowly. pp*

Days and mo - ments quickly fly - ing, Blend the liv - ing with the dead;

*cres.*

Soon will you and I be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed

MUSIC FOR 5TH VERSE.

*Slow and sustained.*

As the tree falls, so must it lie; As the man lives, so must he die;

*cres. ten. dim. p pp ppp*

As the man dies, so must he be, But for Thy grace, thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

DAYS and moments quickly flying,  
Blend the living with the dead;  
Soon will you and I be lying  
Each within his narrow bed!

Soon our souls to God who gave them  
Swiftly will have sped away;  
Jesus Christ alone can save them;  
Let us seek Him while we may.

Jesus, Infinite Redeemer,  
Maker of this mortal frame,

Teach, O teach us to remember  
What we are, and whence we came.

Whence we came and whither wending,  
Soon we must through darkness go,  
To inherit bliss unending,  
Or eternity of woe.

As the tree falls, so must it lie;  
As the man lives, so must he die;  
As the man dies, so must he be,  
But for Thy grace, thro' eternity. Amen

E. CASWALL.

DIES IRÆ.

GAUNILETT.

*Slowly and solemnly.*

Day of wrath! O day of mourn - ing! See once

more the Cross re - turn - ing, Heav'n and earth to ash - es burn - ing!

Oh, what fear the sinner rendeth,  
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth!

TUBA MIRUM.

Won - drous sound the trump - et fling - eth, Through earth's

se - pul - chres it ring - eth, All be - fore the throne it bring - eth.

Lo! the Book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

QUID SUM MISER. (*Declaimed in unison.*)

What shall I, frail man, be plead - ing? Who for

ORG.

me be in - ter - ced - ing, When the just are mer - cy need - ing?

REX TREMENDÆ.

King of Ma - jesty tre - mendous, Who dost free sal - va - tion

send us, Fount of pit - y, then be - friend us!

QUÆRENS ME.

Faint and wea - ry Thou hast sought me, On the Cross of

suffering bought me; Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

**INGEMISCO.** (*Declaimed in unison.*)

Guilt - y, now I pour my moan - ing, All my shame with

anguish owning; Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groan - ing,

**QUI MARIAM.**

Thou the sin - ful wo - man sav - est; Thou the

dy - ing thief for - gav - est; And to me a hope vouch - saf - est.

ORA SUPPLEX. (*Unison.*)

Low I kneel, with heart sub - mis - sion; See, like ash - es,

The first system of musical notation for 'ORA SUPPLEX'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in C major. The vocal line has a melody with lyrics: 'Low I kneel, with heart sub - mis - sion; See, like ash - es,'. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line of repeated notes.

my con - tri - tion; Help me in my lost con - di - tion.

*Four voices.*

The second system of musical notation for 'ORA SUPPLEX'. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'my con - tri - tion; Help me in my lost con - di - tion.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic accompaniment. The text '*Four voices.*' is written below the piano part.

LACRYMOSA DIES.

O that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re - turn - ing,

The first system of musical notation for 'LACRYMOSA DIES'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in C major. The vocal line has a melody with lyrics: 'O that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re - turn - ing,'. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line of repeated notes.

Man for judgment must pre - pare him, Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

The second system of musical notation for 'LACRYMOSA DIES'. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Man for judgment must pre - pare him, Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic accompaniment.

The Requiem.

PIE JESU.

Lord, all pitying, Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

The first system of musical notation for 'PIE JESU'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in C major. The vocal line has a melody with lyrics: 'Lord, all pitying, Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.' The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line of repeated notes.



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