



# HYMNS

THE YATTENDON HYMNAL  
EDITED BY ROBERT BRIDGES  
AND H. ELLIS WOOLDRIDGE



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AND THE ROMAN AND ITALIC OF BISHOP FELL

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## P R E F A C E

*A*MONG The old melodies which it is the chief object of this book to restore to use, some will be found which will be quite new to the public, while others will be familiar though in a somewhat different form; and since the sources whence all the tunes are taken are well known, and have been already largely drawn upon by the compilers of *Psalters* and *Hymnals*, any melody which is new in this book may be considered as having been hitherto overlooked or rejected, while in the alternative case it is to be understood that the original cast of the melody has at some former time been altered, (frequently to suit the *English common metre* to which it was not at first conformable,) and is now restored.

The plain-song tunes, of which an account is given in the preface to the notes, and the few other old tunes which do not fall into either of the two above-mentioned classes, were included for the sake of their settings.

With respect to the vocal settings in four parts it may be said that, in the numerous cases in which such settings were not added by the composer of the melody, the editors have done their best to supply the want in a suitable manner, and with some attempt towards the particular qualities of workmanship upon which much of the beauty of the old vocal counterpoint depends; and this latter aim has also governed the composition of the six tunes not derived from old sources which have been included in the work.

This book is offered in no antiquarian spirit. The greater number of these old tunes are, without question, of an excellence which sets them above either the enhancement or ruin of Time, and at present when so much attention is given to music it is to be desired that such masterpieces should not be hidden away from the public, or only put forth in a corrupt and degraded form. The excellence of a nation in music can have no other basis than the education and practice of the people; and the quality of the music which

*is most universally sung must largely determine the public taste for good or ill.*

*Since such information as might be looked for in an introduction is given in the notes at the end of the volume, there is nothing to add here but a list of the sources and composers in order of date, which should in the eyes of musicians go far to justify this attempt.*

R. B.

H. E. W.

*ERRATA. Before using this book the following mistakes should be corrected by hand.*

*Hymns 9 and 52. Erase the Amen at end of words.*

*Hymn 29. In the Latin hymn, stanza 5 delete the m in venenam.*

*Hymn 31. In the second line of the music, Or when His word, on the syllable when, erase the D in the alto part, and write B in.*

*Hymn 49. In the first line of the music, on the syllable a of abiding, erase the alto D<sup>b</sup> and write B, and erase the tenor B and write in D<sup>b</sup>, exchanging their notes.*

*Hymn 84. In the third line of words, correct that shines to to shine in all the four parts, reading A light to shine upon the road.*

*There are a few errors in punctuation unimportant to the singing, which will be corrected in the word-books.*

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## SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC IN ORDER OF DATE

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### PLAIN-SONG MELODIES,

*Sarum use, nine, Nos. 29 . 30 . 31 . 32 . 47 . 48 . 49 . 75 . 86.*

*Ambrosian, two, Nos. 91 . 100.*

*Later plain-song, two, Nos. 44 . 45.*

*HEINRICH ISAAC, 1490, one tune, Nos. 82 & 83.*

*From the Strasbourg Psalter, before 1540, two, Nos. 37 . 72.*

*German of same date, one, No. 16.*

*LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1550, thirteen, Nos. 3 . 19 . 20 . 27 . 58 . 64 . 67 . 70 .*

*74 . 77 . 79 & 80 . 88 . 99 & see 66 & 84.*

*CHRISTOPHER TTE, 1550, one, No. 15.*

*From Crespin's Psalters, circ. 1560, three, Nos. 41 . 84 . 89.*

*THOMAS TALLIS, 1560, seven, Nos. 2 . 14 . 54 & 55 . 59 . 68 . 78 . 98.*

*From the French Genevan Psalter, after 1560, one, No. 92.*

*A setting by CLAUDE GOUDIMEL, 1565, No. 88.*

*English, 16th cent., four, Nos. 39 . 53 . 66 . 87.*

*Two settings by GEO. KIRBY, 1592, Nos. 39 . 53.*

*A setting by J. FARMER, 1592, No. 87.*

*A setting by Rd. ALLISON, 1599, No. 84.*

*Italian, 16th cent., one, No. 1.*

*HANS LEONHARD HASSLER, 1600, one, No. 62.*

*THOS. CAMPION, 1613, one, No. 36.*

*ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623, eight, Nos. 23 . 24 . 25 . 28 . 35 . 38 . 56 . 94.*

*HENRY LAWES, 1638, one, No. 73.*

*JOHANN CRUEGER*, 1640, *four*, Nos. 42 . 57 . 93 . 97.

*English & Scotch*, 1600–1650, *seven*, Nos. 10 . 40 . 50 . 51 . 60 . 63 . 71.

*German*, 17th cent., *two*, Nos. 69 . 90.

*JEREMY CLARK*, 1700, *nine*, Nos. 5 . 6 . 7 . 8 . 9 . 21 . 61 . 81 . 95.


*WILLIAM CROFT*, 1710, *four*, Nos. 34 . 43 . 52 . 76.

*English*, 18th cent., *four*, Nos. 12 . 26 . 33 . 65.

*J. S. BACH*, *eight settings, mostly of earlier melodies*, Nos. 13 . 57 . 62 . 80 .  
83 . 85 . 90 . 97.

*Seven new tunes by H. E. W.*, Nos. 4 . 11 . 17 . 18 . 22 . 46 . 96.



Yattendon  
4-part  
Hymns 

# I

FROM THE LATIN. H.  
ANC. & MOD. 117.

ITALIAN 17 CENT:  
P. G. M. NANINO, MS.



*Treble*

*Alto*

*Tenor*

*Baß*

At the Cross her sta-tion keep-ing  
For her soul of joy be-reav-ed

At the Cross her sta-tion keep-ing  
For her soul of joy be-reav-ed

At the Cross her sta-tion keep-ing  
For her soul of joy be-reav-ed

At the Cross her sta-tion keep-ing  
For her soul of joy be-reav-ed

Stood the mourn-ful Mo-ther weep-ing, Where He hung, the dy-ing Lord:  
Bow'd with an-guish, deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc-ing sword.

Stood the mourn-ful Mo-ther weep-ing, Where He hung, the dy-ing Lord:  
Bow'd with an-guish, deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc-ing sword.

Stood the mourn-ful Mo-ther weep-ing, Where He hung, the dy-ing Lord:  
Bow'd with an-guish, deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc-ing sword.

Stood the mourn-ful Mo-ther weep-ing, Where He hung, the dy-ing Lord:  
Bow'd with an-guish, deep-ly griev-ed, Felt the sharp and pierc-ing sword.



N<sup>o</sup> I CONTINUED.

2  
Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
Now was she, that Mother blessèd  
Of the sole-begotten One;  
Deep the woe of her affliction,  
When she saw the Crucifixion  
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3  
Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother gazing  
Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
Born of woman, would not weep?  
Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother thinking  
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
Would not share her sorrows deep?

4  
For His people's sins chastisèd,  
She beheld her Son despisèd,  
Scourg'd, and crown'd with thorns entwin'd;  
Saw Him then from judgement taken,  
And in death by all forsaken,  
Till His Spirit He resign'd.

5  
JESU, may her deep devotion  
Stir in me the same emotion,  
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;  
That my heart fresh ardour gaining,  
And a purer love attaining,  
May with Thee acceptance find.



THE FOLLOWING VERSES FROM THE DIES IRÆ MAY BE SUNG TO THIS TUNE DURING  
ADVENT OR AT FUNERALS WHEN THE PROPER SEQUENCE IS NOT USED.

ANC. & MOD. 398.

DAY of Wrath! O day of mourning!  
See fulfill'd the prophets' warning!  
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!

2  
Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth  
When from heav'n the Judge descendeth,  
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

3  
What shall I, frail man, be pleading,  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing?

4  
Think, good JESU, my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;  
Leave me not to reprobation.

5  
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the Cross of suff'ring bought me;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

6  
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

7  
With Thy favour'd sheep O place me,  
Nor among the goats abase me,  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

8  
Low I kneel, with heart-submission,  
See, like ashes, my contrition;  
Help me in my last condition.

9  
Ah that day of tears and mourning!  
From the dust of earth returning  
Man for judgement must prepare him:

10  
LORD, all pitying JESU blest,  
Grant them Thine eternal rest,  
Grant them Thine eternal rest.

FROM THE LATIN.  
H. ANC. & MOD. 106.

THOS. TALLYS 1560.  
DORIAN . DCM.

My God, I love Thee: not be - cause I hope for heav'n there - by,

My God, I love Thee: not be - cause I hope . . . for heav'n there - by,

My God, I love Thee: not be - cause I hope for heav'n there - by,

My God, I love Thee: not be - cause I hope for heav'n there - by,

Nor yet be - cause who love . . . Thee not Are lost e - ter - nal - ly.

Nor yet be - cause who love Thee not Are lost e - ter - nal - ly.

Nor yet be - cause who love Thee not Are lost e - ter - nal - ly.

Nor yet be - cause who love Thee not Are lost e - ter - nal - ly.

2

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony;  
Yea, death itself; and all for me  
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why . . .



3

Not from the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,  
O ever-loving LORD.

So would . . .

Nº 2 CONTINUED.

Thou, O my JE - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the Cross . . em - brace;

Thou, O my JE - sus, Thou didst me Up - on . . . the Cross . . em - brace;

Thou, O my JE - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the Cross em - brace;

Thou, O my JE - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the Cross em - brace;

For me didst bear the nails . . and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace.

For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace.

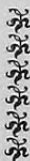
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace.

For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace.

2 CONTINUED.

Then why, O Blessèd JESU CHRIST,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell;

Not from . . .



3 CONTINUED.

So would I love Thee, dearest LORD,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my GOD,  
And my most loving King.

1. Lo! round the throne a glo-rious band, The saints in count-less my-riads stand;  
2. Thro' tri-bu-la-tion great they came; They bore the cross, des-pised the shame:

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2. Thro' tri-bu-la-tion great they came; They bore the cross, des-pised the shame:

1. Of ev'-ry tongue re-deem'd to God, Ar-ray'd in gar-ments wash'd in Blood.  
2. From all their la-bours now they rest, In God's e-ter-nal glo-ry blest.

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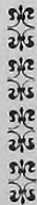
2. From all their la-bours now they rest, In God's e-ter-nal glo-ry blest.

3

They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:

4

"Worthy the LAMB, for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign;



Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God."

5

O may we tread the sacred road  
That Saints and holy Martyrs trod;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
And win, like them, a crown of life.

LORD Thy word a - bi - deth, And our foot - steps gui - deth :

LORD Thy word a - bi - deth, And our foot - steps gui - deth :

LORD Thy word a - bi - deth, And our foot - steps gui - deth :

LORD Thy word a - bi - deth, And our foot - steps gui - deth :

Who its truth be - liev - eth, Light and joy . . . . re - ceiv - eth.

Who its truth be - liev - eth, Light and joy re - ceiv - - - - eth.

Who its truth be - liev - eth, Light and joy re - ceiv - - - - eth.

Who its truth be - liev - eth, Light and joy re - ceiv - - - - eth.

2

When our foes are near us,  
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

3

When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

4

Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure  
By Thy Word imparted  
To the simple-hearted?

5

Word of mercy, giving  
Succour to the living;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying!

6

O that we discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
LORD, may love and fear Thee,  
Evermore be near Thee.



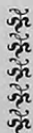
FROM THE LATIN.  
H. ANC. & MOD. 112.

'S. PAULS' JER. CLARK.  
1700. MEAN PARTS BY M. M. B.

All ye . . . who seek . . . for sure . . . re - lief In trou - ble and . . . dis - tress,  
All ye who seek for sure re - lief In trou - ble and . . . dis - tress,  
All ye who seek for sure . . . re - lief In trou - - ble and . . . dis - tress,  
All ye who seek for sure re - lief In trou - ble and . . . dis - tress,

What - ev - - er sor - row vex . . . the mind, Or guilt . . . the soul . . . op - press.  
What - ev - - er sor - row vex . . . the mind, Or guilt the soul . . . op - press.  
What - ev - - er sor - row vex . . . the mind, Or guilt the soul . . . op - press.  
What - ev - - er sor - row vex the mind, Or guilt the soul op - press.

2  
Jesus, Who gave Himself for you  
Upon the Cross to die,  
Opens to you His sacred Heart;  
O to that Heart draw nigh.



3  
Ye hear how kindly He invites;  
Ye hear His words so blest;  
"All ye that labour come to Me,  
And I will give you rest."

O Jesus . . .



## 6

FROM THE LATIN.  
H. ANC. & MOD. 95.

'BROMLEY.' JER. CLARK. 1700.  
MEAN PARTS BY M. M. B.

O Christ, who art ... the light and day, Thy beams chase night's dark shades a - way:

O Christ, who art ... the light and day, Thy beams chase night's dark shades a - way:

O Christ, who art ... the light and day, Thy beams chase night's dark shades a - way:

O Christ, who art the light and day, Thy beams chase night's dark shades a - way:

The ve - ry Light of light Thou art, Who dost Thy bless - - ed light . . im - part.

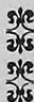
The ve - ry Light of light ... Thou art, Who dost . . Thy bless - - ed light . . im - part.

The ve - ry Light of light ... Thou art, Who dost Thy bless - - ed light . . im - part.

The ve - ry Light of light Thou art, Who dost Thy bless - - ed light . . im - part.

2

While wearied eyes light slumber take  
The heart to Thee be still awake,  
And Thy right hand stretched forth above  
Protect the children of Thy love.



3

O LORD, our strong defence, be nigh;  
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;  
Preserve and watch o'er us for good,  
Whom Thou hast purchased with Thy Blood.

Remember . . .



Nº 6 CONTINUED.

4  
Remember us, dear LORD, we pray,  
While burdened in the flesh we stay;  
'Tis Thou alone our souls canst keep;  
Abide with us this night in sleep.



5  
Blest THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
Almighty GOD, we pray to Thee,  
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.



TRIO.

THIS TRIO IS FROM THE SAME SOURCE AS THE LAST. THERE SEEMS NO OTHER AUTHORITY FOR THIS TUNE.



Je - sv, the ve - ry thought . . . of Thee With sweet - - - ness fills the breast;

Je - sv, the ve - ry thought . . . of Thee With sweet - - - ness fills the breast;

Je - sv, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet - - - ness fills the breast;

Je - sv, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet - - - ness fills the breast;



But swee - - ter far . . . Thy face . . . . to see, And in . . . . Thy Pre - sence rest.

But swee - - ter far . . . Thy face . . . . to see, And in Thy Pre - sence rest.

But swee - ter far Thy face to see, And in Thy Pre - sence rest.

But swee - ter far Thy face . . . . to see, And in Thy Pre - sence rest.

2  
No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than JESU's Name,  
The Saviour of mankind.

3  
O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O Joy of all the meek,  
To those who ask how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!



4  
But what to those who find? Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of JESUS, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.

5  
JESU, our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

What star is this with beams so bright, More beau-teous than the noon-day light?

What star is this with beams so bright, More beau-teous than the noon-day light?

What star is this with beams so bright, More beau-teous than the noon-day light?

What star is this with beams so bright, More beau-teous than the noon-day light?

It shines to he-rald forth the King, And Gen-tiles to His cra-dle bring.

It shines to he-rald forth the King, And Gen-tiles to His cra-dle bring.

It shines to he-rald forth the King, And Gen-tiles to His cra-dle bring.

It shines to he-rald forth the King, And Gen-tiles to His cra-dle bring.

2  
See now fulfilled what GOD decreed,  
"From Jacob shall a star proceed";  
And eastern sages with amaze  
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

3  
The guiding star above is bright;  
Within them shines a clearer light,  
Which leads them on with power benign  
To seek the Giver of the sign.



4  
True love can brook no dull delay;  
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:  
Home, kindred, father-land, and all  
They leave at their Creator's call.

5  
O Jesu, while the star of grace  
Allures us now to seek Thy Face,  
Let not our slothful hearts refuse  
The guidance of that light to use.

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy mor - ning sa - cri - fice.

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy mor - ning sa - cri - fice.

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2  
Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

3  
Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.



4  
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the Angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

5  
Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1700.  
H. A. & M. 299.

# IO

'DUNDEE,' 1615.  
SET BY H. E. W.

Come let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;

Come let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;

Come let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;

Come let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2  
"Worthy the LAMB that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus";  
"Worthy the LAMB," our lips reply,  
"For He was slain for us."



3  
Let all creation join in one  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,  
And to adore the LAMB.



# II

J. H. NEWMAN. 1833.  
H. A. & M. 266.

H. E. WOOLDRIDGE. 1890.  
PHRYGIAN MODE.

Lead, kind - ly light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

Lead, kind - ly light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

Lead, kind - ly light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

Lead, kind - ly light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.

2

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on.

I loved . . .



3

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;

And with . . .

Nº II CONTINUED.

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see The dis - tant

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see The dis - tant

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see The dis - tant

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see The dis - tant

scene : one step e - nough for me.

scene : one step e - nough for me.

scene : one step e - nough for me.

scene : one step e - nough for me.

2 CONTINUED.

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

recapitulation

3 CONTINUED.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

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And with . . .



Nº II CONTINUED.

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scene : one step e - nough for me.

2 CONTINUED.

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

recapitulation

3 CONTINUED.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

# I 2

JOHANN SCHEFFLER. 1650.  
TRANS. H. A. & M. 192.

ENGLISH PRINT 1732.  
SET BY H. E. W.

O LOVE, Who for-medst me to wear The i - mage of Thy God - head here;

O LOVE, Who for-medst me to wear The i - mage of Thy God - head here;

O LOVE, Who for-medst me to wear The i - mage of Thy God - head here;

O LOVE, Who for-medst me to wear The i - mage of Thy God - head here;

Who sough-test me with ten - der care Thro' all my wan-d'rings wild and drear;

Who sough-test me with ten - der care Thro' all my wan-d'rings wild and drear;

Who sough-test me with ten - der care Thro' all my wan-d'rings wild and drear;

Who sough-test me with ten - der care Thro' all my wan-d'rings wild and drear;

Nº 12 CONTINUED.

O LOVE, I give my - self to Thee, Thine e - ver, on - ly Thine to be.

O LOVE, I give my - self to Thee, Thine e - ver, on - ly Thine to be.\*

O LOVE, I give my - self to Thee, Thine e - ver, on - ly Thine to be.

O LOVE, I give my - self to Thee, Thine e - ver, on - ly Thine to be.

2

O LOVE, Who ere life's earliest dawn  
 On me Thy choice hast gently laid;  
 O LOVE, Who here as Man wast born,  
 And wholly like to us wast made;  
 O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4

O LOVE, Who lovest me for aye,  
 Who for my soul dost ever plead;  
 O LOVE, Who didst that ransom pay  
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead;  
 O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3

O LOVE, Who once in time wast slain,  
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe  
 O LOVE, Who wresting thus didst gain  
 That we eternal joy might know;  
 O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5

O LOVE, Who once shalt bid me rise  
 From out this dying life of ours;  
 O LOVE, Who once o'er yonder skies  
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;  
 O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.



\* LAST TIME C#.

FROM THE GERMAN OF  
NIC. SELNECKER. 1570.PROPER TUNE. 1659.  
SEB. BACH'S SETTING.\*

Now cheer our hearts this e - ven - tide, Lord Je - sus Christ . . . , and with us bide;

Now cheer our hearts this e - ven - tide, Lord Je - sus Christ . . . , and with us bide;

Now cheer our hearts this e - ven - tide, Lord Je - sus Christ . . . , and with us bide;

Now cheer our hearts this e - ven - tide, Lord Je - sus Christ . . . , and with us bide;

Thou that canst ne - ver set in night, Our heav'n - ly Sun . . . , our glo - rious Light.

Thou that canst ne - ver set in night, Our heav'n - ly Sun . . . , our glo - rious Light.

Thou that canst ne - ver set in night, Our heav'n - ly Sun . . . , our glo - rious Light.

Thou that canst ne - ver set in night, Our heav'n - ly Sun . . . , our glo - rious Light.

2

May we and all who bear Thy name  
By gentle love Thy Cross proclaim:  
Thy gift of peace on earth secure,  
And for Thy Truth the world endure.

THE WORDS OF HYMNS 9, 10 AND 11, OR OF 209 IN H. A. & M. ARE SUITABLE TO THIS TUNE. \* BACH'S SETTING IN CROTCHETS IS ONE TONE HIGHER, AND HIS TENOR FALLS TO THE 5th FROM THE LEADING NOTE IN THE CLOSES OF DIV. 2 AND 4.

# I 4

FROM THE LATIN.  
H. A. & M. 208.

THOS. TALLYS.  
ORIGINAL SETTING.

O Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord of grace, E - ter - nal fount of love,  
O Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord of grace, E - ter - nal fount of love,  
O Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord of grace, E - ter - nal fount of love,  
O Ho - ly Spi - rit, Lord of grace, E - ter - nal fount of love,

In - flame, we pray, our in - most hearts With fire from heav'n a - bove.  
In - flame, we pray, our in - most hearts With fire from heav'n a - bove.  
In - flame, we pray, our in - most hearts With fire from heav'n a - bove.  
In - flame, we pray, our in - most hearts With fire from heav'n a - bove.

2

As Thou in bond of love dost join  
The FATHER and the SON,  
So fill us all with mutual love,  
And knit our hearts in one.

3

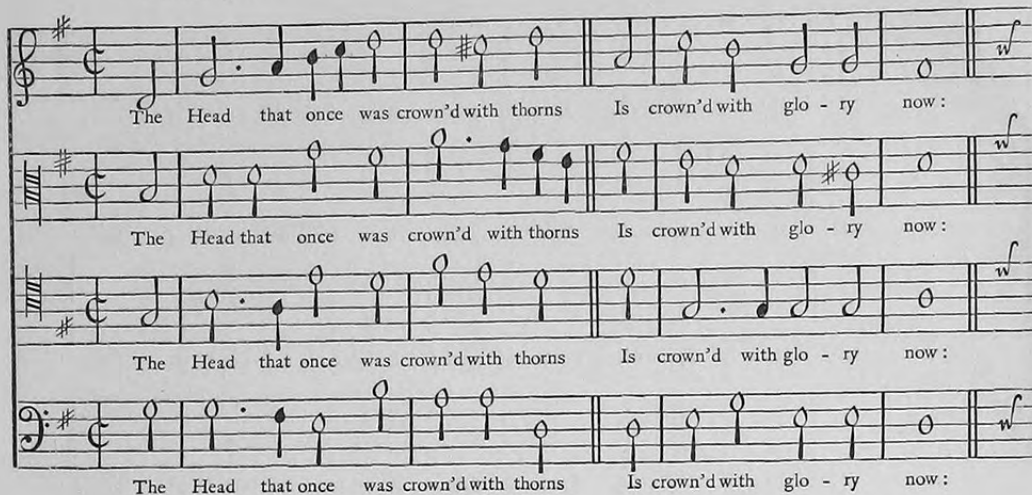
All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.



TENOR MAY SING 3rd INSTEAD OF 5th IN FINAL CLOSE, AND SHOULD DO SO FOR LAST VERSE.

THOS. KELLY. 1820.  
H. A. & M. 301.

CHR. TYE. 1553.  
LAST 5-BAR SECTION BY H. E. W.

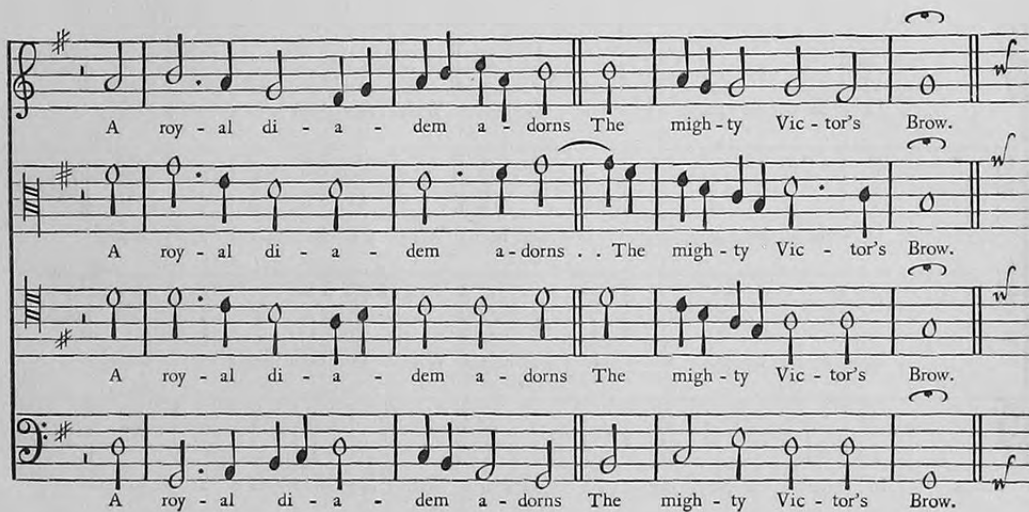


The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now :

The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now :

The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now :

The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now :



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The migh - ty Vic - tor's Brow.

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns . . The migh - ty Vic - tor's Brow.

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The migh - ty Vic - tor's Brow.

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The migh - ty Vic - tor's Brow.

2

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

To them . . .



3

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

The Cross . . .

Nº 15 CONTINUED.

The high - est place that Heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right,

The high - est place that Heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right,

The high - est place that Heav'n af - fords . . . Is His, is His by right,

The high - est place that Heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right,

The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And Heav'n's e - ter - nal Light.

The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And Heav'n's e - ter - nal Light.

The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And Heav'n's e - ter - nal Light.

The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And Heav'n's e - ter - nal Light.

2 CONTINUED.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,  
 With all its grace, is given :  
 Their name an everlasting name,  
 Their joy the joy of Heav'n.

They suffer . . .



3 CONTINUED.

The Cross He bore is life and health,  
 Though shame and death to Him ;  
 His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
 Their everlasting theme.

AFTER THE GERMAN 1570 (?).  
H. A. & M. 52.

NUN FREUT EUCH 1535.  
SET BY H. E. W.

Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a - - ted:

Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a - - ted:

Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a - - ted:

Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a - - ted:

The Judge of all men doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry sea - ted:

The Judge of all men doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry sea - - ted:

The Judge of all men doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry sea - ted:

The Judge of all men doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry sea - ted:

2  
The dead in CHRIST are first to rise  
At that last trumpet's sounding;  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their LORD surrounding: [No gloomy..

3  
The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing;  
In woe they rise, but all their tears  
And sighs are unavailing: [The day...

4  
Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour, In deep abasement bending;  
O shield us through that last dread hour, Thy wondrous love extending: [May we...



No 16 CONTINUED.

The trum-pet sounds, the graves re-store The dead which they con-tain'd be-fore;

The trum-pet sounds, the graves re-store The dead which they con-tain'd be-fore;

The trum-pet sounds, the graves re-store The dead which they con-tain'd be-fore;

The trum-pet sounds, the graves re-store The dead which they con-tain'd be-fore;

Pre-pare, my soul, to meet Him.

Pre-pare, my soul, to meet Him.

Pre-pare, my . . soul, to meet . . Him.

Pre-pare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 CONTINUED.

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet Him. [The ungodly . .

3 CONTINUED.

The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling they stand before His Throne,

All unprepared to meet Him. [Great Judge . .

4 CONTINUED.

May we, in this our trial day,  
With faithful hearts Thy Word obey,  
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

H. BONAR.  
H. A. & M. 257.H. E. WOOLDRIDGE.  
MODE VI.

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

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

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

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

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast:."

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast:."

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast:."

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast:."

2

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

I came . . .



3

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's Light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."

I looked . . .

Nº 17 CONTINUED.

I came to JE - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

I came to JE - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

I came to JE - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

I came to JE - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He hath made me glad.

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He hath made me glad.

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He hath made me glad.

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He hath made me glad.

2 CONTINUED.

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 . . .



3 CONTINUED.

I looked to JESUS, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

# 18

CHAS. WESLEY,  
H. A. M. 60.

H. E. WOOLDRIDGE,  
MODE V.

Hark! how all the wel-kin rings Glo-ry to the King of Kings!

Hark! how all the wel-kin rings Glo-ry to the King of Kings!

Hark! how all the wel-kin rings Glo-ry to the King of Kings!

Hark! how all the wel-kin rings Glo-ry to the King of Kings!

Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled.

Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled.

Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled.

Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled.

2

CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,  
CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.  
Veil'd in . . .



3

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He . . .

Nº 18 CONTINUED.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of . . the skies;

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;

U - ni - ver - sal na - ture say, CHRIST the Lord is born to - day!

U - ni - ver - sal na - ture say, CHRIST the Lord is born to - day!

U - ni - ver - sal na - ture say, CHRIST the Lord is born to - day!

U - ni - ver - sal na - ture say, CHRIST the Lord is born to - day!

2 CONTINUED.

Veil'd in flesh the GODHEAD see!  
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
JESUS, our Emmanuel.

Hail the . . .



3 CONTINUED.

Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

# 19

REG. HEBER. 1827.  
ADAPTED.

GENEVAN PS. CXVIII. 1550.  
SET BY H. E. W.

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul for sin - ners shed,

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul for sin - - ners shed,

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul for sin - ners shed,

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul for sin - ners shed,

CHRIST, by whose death's mys - te - rious to - ken Thy Church is stay'd and com - for - ted,

CHRIST, by whose death's mys - te - rious to - ken Thy Church is stay'd and com - for - ted,

CHRIST, by whose death's mys - te - rious to - ken Thy Church is stay'd and com - for - ted,

CHRIST, by whose death's mys - te - rious to - ken Thy Church is stay'd and com - for - ted,

Nº 19 CONTINUED.

Hear Thine own words in bles - sing spo - ken, Thy ta - ble see in mem' - ry spread:

Hear Thine own words in bles - sing spo - - ken, Thy ta - ble see in mem' - ry spread:

Hear Thine own words in bles - sing spo - - ken, Thy ta - ble see in mem' - ry spread:

Hear Thine own words in bles - sing spo - - ken, Thy ta - ble see in mem' - ry spread:

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, O may our souls by Thee be fed.

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, O may our souls by Thee be fed.

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, O may our souls by Thee be fed.

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, O may our souls by Thee be fed.

H. F. LYTE, 1833.  
H. A. M. 27.

GENEVAN. PS. CXXIV. OMITTING  
3rd LINE—SET BY H. E. W.

A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord with me a - bide;

A - bide with me . . ; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord with me a - bide;

A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - - ens; Lord with me a - bide;

A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord with me a - bide;

When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

When o - ther help - - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

2

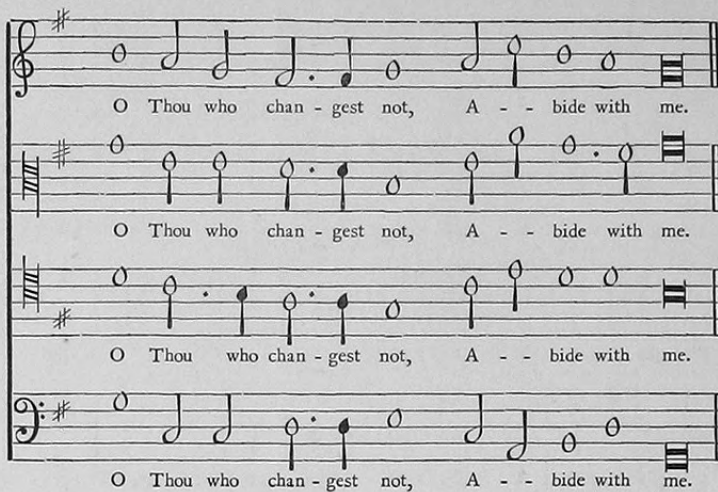
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;

(For music of next line, see next page.)



Nº 20 CONTINUED.

LAST LINE OF VERSE 2.



O Thou who chan - gest not, A - - bide with me.

O Thou who chan - gest not, A - - bide with me.

O Thou who chan - gest not, A - - bide with me.

O Thou who chan - gest not, A - - bide with me.

3

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

4

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.

5

Hold Thou Thy Cross 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.



## 21

PHIL. DODDRIDGE. 1735.  
H. A. M. 53.

JER. CLARK. 1700.  
SET BY M. M. B.

Hark the glad sound! the Sa - viour comes, The Sa - viour pro - mised long ;

Hark the glad sound! the Sa - viour comes, The Sa - viour pro - mised long ;

Hark the glad sound! the Sa - viour comes, The Sa - viour pro - mised long ;

Hark the glad sound! the Sa - viour comes, The Sa - viour pro - mised long ;

Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song !

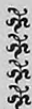
Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song !

Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song !

Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song !

2

He comes the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.



3

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To bless the humble poor.

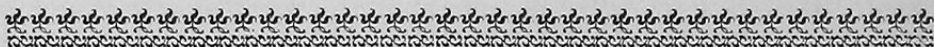
Our glad . . .

Nº 21 CONTINUED.

4  
Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;



And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved Name.



TRIO.

THE 4-PART SETTING FOLLOWS THE RHYTHM AND MELODY AS GIVEN IN PLAYFORD'S DIVINE COMPANION 1707. EXCEPT THAT THE FINAL NOTES OF 1ST AND 3RD SECTIONS ARE HERE MARKED WITH A PAUSE. THE TRIO, WHICH KEEPS THE ORIGINAL KEY, IS FROM THE SAME SOURCE AS THE TRIOS 5 & 6, WITH GRACE NOTES IN BARS 3 & 14 INCORPORATED.

GEO. HERBERT. 1633.

H. E. WOOLDRIDGE. 1887.

King of Glo - ry, King of Peace, I will love Thee :

King of Glo - ry, King of Peace, I will love Thee :

King of Glo - ry, King of Peace, I will love Thee :

King of Glo - ry, King of Peace, I will love Thee :

And that love may ne - ver cease, I will move Thee.

And that love may ne - ver cease, I will move . . Thee.

And that love may ne - ver cease, I will move Thee.

And that love may ne - ver cease, I will move Thee.

2\*

Wherefore with my utmost art  
I will sing Thee :  
And the cream of all my heart  
I will bring Thee. [Though . . .



3\*

Seven whole days, not one in seven,  
I will praise Thee.  
In my heart, though not in Heaven,  
I can raise Thee. [Small . . .

Nº 22 CONTINUED.

Thou hast gran - ted my re - quest, Thou hast heard me:

Thou hast gran - ted my re - quest, Thou hast heard me:

Thou hast gran - ted my re - quest, Thou hast heard me:

Thou hast gran - ted my re - quest, Thou hast heard me:

Thou didst note my work - ing breast, Thou hast spared me.

Thou didst note my work - ing breast, Thou hast spared me.

Thou didst note my work - ing breast, Thou hast spared . . me.

Thou didst note my work - ing breast, Thou hast spared me.

2 CONTINUED.

Though my sins against me cried,  
 Thou didst clear me:  
 And alone, when they replied,  
 Thou didst hear me. [Seven . . .



3 CONTINUED.

Small it is in this poor sort  
 To enrol Thee:  
 Even eternity is too short  
 To extol Thee.

\* WHEN SUNG IN CHURCH THESE VERSES MAY BE OMITTED AND THE FIRST VERSE BE SUNG TWICE.

ENGLISH. 15th CENT.  
ADAPTED BY R. B. 1888.

O. GIBBONS. IN A MIN. 1623.  
MEAN PTS. BY M. M. B.

O Prince of Peace, who man wast born That Thou mightst die to suc - cour us,

O Prince of Peace, who man wast born That Thou mightst die to suc - cour us,

O Prince of Peace, who man wast born That Thou mightst die to suc - cour us,

O Prince of Peace, who man wast born That Thou mightst die to suc - cour us,

My foo - lish tears do not Thou scorn, But be my Com - fort, Christ Je - sus.

My foo - lish tears do not Thou scorn, But be my Com - fort, Christ . . . Je - sus.

My foo - lish tears do not Thou scorn, But be my Com - fort, Christ Je - sus.

My foo - lish tears do not Thou scorn, But be my Com - fort, Christ Je - sus.

2  
Forgive my fears, my wretched moan,  
For me it was Thou wroughtest thus;  
Thou madest God and man at one: So be &c.

3  
For all Thou would'st make friend of foe,  
Yet will my sin torment me thus:  
My heavy guilt hath laid me low: But be &c.

4  
Give courage now to meet my strife;  
Let me not lie in languor thus:  
Raise me again to better life, And be &c.

5  
And when to die it is my day,  
Thou, on the cross that diedst for us,  
Leave me not then in that hard fray, But be &c.



FROM THE LATIN.  
H. W. BAKER. H. A. M. 182.

ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.  
MEAN PARTS BY M. M. B.

Je - su, grant me this, I pray, E - ver in Thy Heart to stay;

Je - su, grant me this, I pray, E - ver in Thy Heart to stay;

Je - su, grant me this, I pray, E - ver in Thy Heart to stay;

Je - su, grant me this, I pray, E - ver in Thy Heart to stay;

Let me e - ver - more a - bid e Hid - den in Thy . . woun - ded Side.

Let me e - ver more a - bid e Hid - den in Thy woun - ded Side.

Let me e - ver - more a - bid e Hid - den in Thy woun - ded Side.

Let me e - ver - more a - bid e Hid - den in Thy woun - ded Side.

2  
If the evil one prepare,  
Or the world, a tempting snare,  
I am safe when I abide  
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

3  
If the flesh, more dangerous still,  
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,  
Nought I fear when I abide  
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

4  
Death will come one day to me:  
Jesu, cast me not from Thee;  
Dying let me still abide  
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.



THE ORIGINAL IS UNBAR'D AND A TONE HIGHER.  
IN THIRD AND LAST TWO BARS THE BASS HAS THE KEYNOTE AN 8VE LOWER.

THOS. KEN. 1695.  
see H. A. M. 3.

ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.  
MEAN PTS. BY M. M. B.

Glo - ry to Thee Who safe hast kept, And hast re - fresht me while I slept:

Glo - ry to Thee Who safe hast kept, And hast re - fresht . . . me while I slept:

Glo - ry to Thee Who safe hast kept, And hast re - fresht me while I slept:

Glo - ry to Thee Who safe hast kept, And hast re - fresht me while I slept:

Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake I may of end - less life par - take.

Grant, LORD, when I from death . . shall wake I may of end - - less life par - take.

Grant, LORD, when I . . from death . . shall wake I may of end - - less life par - take.

Grant, LORD, when I from death . . shall wake I may of end - less life par - take.

2  
Heav'n is, dear LORD, where'er Thou art;  
O never then from me depart;  
For to my soul 'tis Hell to be,  
But for one moment without Thee.



3  
LORD, I my vows to Thee renew,  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4. PRAISE GOD from Whom, &c.



The God of love my shep-herd is, And he that doth me feed:

While he is mine, and I am his, What can I want or need?

2  
He leads me to the tender grass,  
Where I both feed and rest;  
Then to the streams that gently pass:  
In both I have the best.

3  
Or if I stray, he doth convert,  
And bring my mind in frame:  
And all this not for my desert,  
But for his holy name.

6  
Surely thy sweet and wondrous love Shall measure all my days;  
And as it never shall remove, So neither shall my praise.

4  
Yea, in death's shady black abode  
Well may I walk, not fear:  
For Thou art with me, and thy rod  
To guide, thy staff to bear.

5  
Nay thou dost make me sit and dine,  
E'en in my enemies' sight;  
My head with oil, my cup with wine  
Runs over day and night.

Joy and tri - umph e - ver - las - ting Hath the heav'n - ly Church on high:

For that pure im - mor - tal glad - ness All our feast - days mourn and sigh.

2  
Here the world's perpetual warfare  
Holds from heav'n the soul apart:  
Legion'd foes in shadowy terror  
Vex the Sabbath of the heart.  
3 [O how ...  
There the body hath no torment,  
There the mind is free from care,  
There is ev'ry voice rejoicing,  
Ev'ry heart is loving there.  
[Angels in ...

4  
There the Seers and Fathers holy,  
There the Prophets glorified,  
All their doubts and darkness ended,  
In the light of light abide.  
5 [There the Saints ...  
There from lowliness exalted  
Dwelleth Mary, queen of grace,  
Ever with her presence pleading  
'Gainst the sin of Adam's race.  
[To that glory ...

Nº 27 CONTINUED.

Yet in death's dark de - sert wild Doth the Mo - ther aid her child:

Guards ce - les - tial thence at - tend us, Stand in com - bat to de - fend us.

2  
O how happy that estate,  
Where delight doth not abate.  
For that home the spirit yearneth,  
Where none languisheth nor mourneth.  
[There the body ...

3  
Angels in that city dwell;  
Them their King delighteth well:  
Still they joy and weary never,  
More and more desiring ever.  
[There the Seers ...

4  
There the Saints, whose mem'ries old  
We in faithful hymns uphold,  
Have forgot their bitter story  
In the joy of Jesu's glory.  
[There from ...

5  
To that glory of the blest,  
By their prayers and faith confest,  
Us, us too, when Death hath freed us,  
Christ of his good mercy lead us.

FROM THE LATIN  
ADAPTED BY R. B.

ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.  
MEAN PTS. BY M. M. B.

Love of the Fa-ther, Love of God the Son; From whom all came, in whom  
Love of the Fa-ther, Love of God the Son; From whom all came, in  
Love of the Fa-ther, Love of God the Son; From whom all came, in . . .  
Love of the Fa-ther, Love of God the Son; From whom all . . . came, in

. . . was all be-gun. Who for-mest heav'n-ly Beau-ty out of strife,  
whom was all be-gun. Who for-mest heav'n-ly Beau-ty out of strife,  
whom was all be-gun. Who for-mest heav'n-ly Beau-ty out of strife,  
whom was all be-gun. Who for-mest heav'n-ly Beau-ty out of strife,

Nº 28 CONTINUED.

Cre - a - tion's whole de - sire and breath of life.

Cre - a - tion's whole de - sire and breath of life.

Cre - a - tion's whole de - sire and breath of life.

Cre - a - tion's whole de - sire and breath of life.

2

Thou the All-holy, Thou supreme in Might,  
 Thou dost give Peace, thy Presence maketh Right :  
 Thou with thy Favour all things dost enfold,  
 With thine All-kindness free from harm wilt hold.

3

Hope of all Comfort, Splendour of all Aid,  
 That dost not fail nor leave the heart affray'd :  
 To all that cry Thou dost all help accord,  
 The Angels' armour, and the Saints' reward.

4

Purest and Highest, Wisest and most Just,  
 There is no Truth save only in thy trust :  
 Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall,  
 And bring thro' Christ to Him for whom are all.

5

Eternal Glory, all men Thee adore,  
 Who art and shalt be worshipt evermore.  
 Us whom Thou madest comfort with Thy Might,  
 And lead us to enjoy Thy heav'nly Light.



S. AMBROSE. 4th CENT.  
TRANSLATED BY R. B.

PROPER SARUM. MODE I.  
SET BY M. M. B.

O splen - dour of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that brin - gest light from light,

O splen - dour of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that brin - gest light from light,

O splen - dour of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that brin - gest light from light,

O splen - dour of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that brin - gest light from light,

O Light of light, light's li - ving spring, O Day all days il - lu - mi - ning.

O Light of light, light's li - ving spring, O Day all days il - lu - mi - ning.

O Light of light, light's li - ving spring, O Day all days il - lu - mi - ning.

O Light of light, light's li - ving spring, O Day all days il - lu - mi - ning.

A - men

A - men

A - men

A - - men

plen - dor Pa - ter - næ glo - ri - æ, De lu - ce lu - cem pro - fe - rens,  
 Lux lu - cis et fons lu - mi - nis, Di - es di - em il - lu - mi - nans. A - men.

2  
 O Thou true sun on us thy glance  
 Let fall in royal radiance,  
 The Spirit's sanctifying beam  
 Upon our earthly senses stream.

3  
 The Father too our prayers implore,  
 Father of glory evermore,  
 The Father of all grace and might,  
 To banish sin from our delight:

4  
 To guide whate'er we nobly do,  
 With love all envy to subdue,  
 To make ill-fortune turn to fair,  
 And give us grace our wrongs to bear.

5  
 Our mind be in his keeping placed,  
 Our body true to him and chaste,  
 Where only Faith her fire shall feed  
 To burn the tares of Satan's seed.

6  
 And Christ to us for food shall be,  
 From him our drink that wellet free,  
 The Spirit's wine, that maketh whole,  
 And mocking not, exalts the soul.

7  
 Rejoicing may this day go hence,  
 Like virgin dawn our innocence,  
 Like fiery noon our faith appear,  
 Nor know the gloom of twilight drear.

8  
 Morn in her rosy car is borne;  
 Let Him come forth our perfect Morn,  
 The Word in God the Father one,  
 The Father perfect in the Son. Amen.

2  
 Verusque Sol illabere,  
 Micans nitore perpeti;  
 Jubarque Sancti Spiritus  
 Infunde nostris sensibus.

3  
 Votis vocemus et Patrem,  
 Patrem perennis gloriæ,  
 Patrem potentis gratiæ,  
 Culpam releget lubricam:

4  
 Informet actus strenuos,  
 Dentem retundat invidi,  
 Casus secundet asperos,  
 Donet gerendi gratiam:

5  
 Mentem gubernet et regat,  
 Casto fideli corpore;  
 Fides calore ferveat,  
 Fraudis venenam nesciat.

6  
 Christusque nobis sit cibus,  
 Potusque noster sit fides:  
 Læti bibamus sobriam  
 Ebrietatem Spiritus.

7  
 Lætus dies hic transeat:  
 Pudor sit ut diluculum,  
 Fides velut merities,  
 Crepusculum mens nesciat.

8  
 Aurora cursus provehit;  
 Aurora totus provehat,  
 In Patre totus Filius,  
 Et totus in Verbo Pater. Amen.

AMBROSIAN, 5th OR 6th CENTY. (?)  
TRANSLATED BY R. B.

PROPER SARUM. MODE VIII.  
SET BY M. M. B.

The Lamb's high ban - quet doth in-vite Our souls ar - ray'd in gar-ments white;

The Lamb's high ban - quet doth in-vite Our souls ar - ray'd in gar-ments white;

The Lamb's high ban - quet doth in-vite Our souls ar - ray'd in gar-ments white;

The Lamb's high ban - quet doth in-vite Our souls ar - ray'd in gar-ments white;

Let us whom thro' the sea He led Re - joice in song to Christ our Head.

Let us whom thro' the sea He led Re - joice in song to Christ our Head.

Let us whom thro' the sea He led Re - joice in song to Christ our Head.

Let us whom thro' the sea He led Re - joice in song to Christ our Head.

A - men

A - - men

A - men

A - - men



Nº 30 CONTINUED.

**A** D Cœ - nam Ag - ni pro - vi - di Et sto - lis al - bis can - di - di  
 Post tran - si - tum ma - ris ru - bri CHRIS TO ca - na - mus Prin - ci - pi. A - men.

2  
 Whose holiest Body on the rood  
 Parchèd in death to be our food,  
 And for our wine His life-red blood  
 Tasting again we live in God.

3  
 'Twas He that on our Easter night  
 Turn'd the destroying Angel's might;  
 From Pharaoh's bondage tyrannous  
 For evermore deliver'd us.

4  
 Now Christ our Sacrifice shall be,  
 Our spotless paschal lamb is He:  
 And He our pure unleaven'd bread  
 Himself for us is offerèd.

5  
 O true and worthy victim Thou,  
 By whom Hell's power is broken now,  
 By whom Thy captive folk set free  
 Return to life and liberty.

6  
 See, Christ arising from the tomb  
 Comes crown'd with glory out of gloom.  
 Our tyrant foe He hath enchain'd  
 And Paradise for man regain'd.

To Thee O CHRIST be Glory paid,  
 Who hast arisen from the dead:  
 Thee with the Father we adore  
 And Holy Spirit evermore. Amen.

2  
 Cujus Corpus sanctissimum  
 In ara Crucis torridum,  
 Cruore Ejus roseo  
 Gustando vivimus Deo.

3  
 Protecti Paschæ vespero  
 A devastante Angelo,  
 Erepti de durissimo  
 Pharaonis imperio.

4  
 Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,  
 Qui immolatus agnus est,  
 Sinceritatis azyma  
 Caro Ejus est oblata.

5  
 O vere digna Hostia,  
 Per quam fracta sunt Tartara,  
 Redemta plebs captivata,  
 Reddita vitæ præmia.

6  
 Consurgit Christus tumulo,  
 Victor redit de barathro,  
 Tyrannum trudens vinculo  
 Et reserans Paradisum.

Gloria Tibi Domine,  
 Qui surrexisti a mortuis  
 Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,  
 In sempiterna secula. Amen.



S. GREGORY. 6th CENT.  
ENGLISH BY R. B.

PROPER SARUM.  
MODE IV. SET BY M. M. B.

This day the first of days was made, When God in light the world ar-ray'd,

This day the first of days was made, When God in light the world ar-ray'd,

This day the first of days was made, When God in light the world ar-ray'd,

This day the first of days was made, When God in light the world ar-ray'd,

Or when His Word a-rose a-gain, And con-q'ring death gave life to men.

Or when His Word a-rose a-gain, And con-q'ring death gave life to men.

Or when His Word a-rose a-gain, And con-q'ring death gave life to men.

Or when His Word a-rose a-gain, And con-q'ring death gave life to men.

A - - men

A - men

A - - men

A - - men

Nº 31 CONTINUED.

**P**ri - mo di - e - rum om - ni - um, Quo mun - dus ex - stat con - di - tus,  
 Vel quo re - sur - gens Con - di - tor Nos mor - te vic - ta li - be - rat. A - men.

2  
 Slumber and sloth drive far away;  
 Earlier arise to greet the day;  
 And ere its dawn in heav'n unfold  
 The heart's desire to God be told;

3  
 Unto our prayer that He attend,  
 His all-creating power extend  
 And still renew us, lest we miss  
 Thro' earthly stain our heav'nly bliss.

4  
 That us, who here this day repair  
 To keep the apostles' time of prayer  
 And hymn the quiet hours of morn,  
 With blessed gifts He may adorn.

\* \* \* \* \*

5  
 For this, Redeemer, Thee we pray  
 That Thou wilt wash our sins away,  
 And of Thy loving-kindness grant  
 Whate'er of good our spirits want:

6  
 That exiles here awhile in flesh  
 Some earnest may our souls refresh  
 Of that pure life for which we long,  
 Some foretaste of the heav'nly song.

2  
 Pulsis procul torporibus  
 Surgamus omnes ocuis  
 Et nocte quæramus pium,  
 Sicut prophetam novimus;

3  
 Nostras preces ut audiat  
 Suamque dextram porrigat  
 Et expiatis sordibus  
 Reddat polorum sedibus;

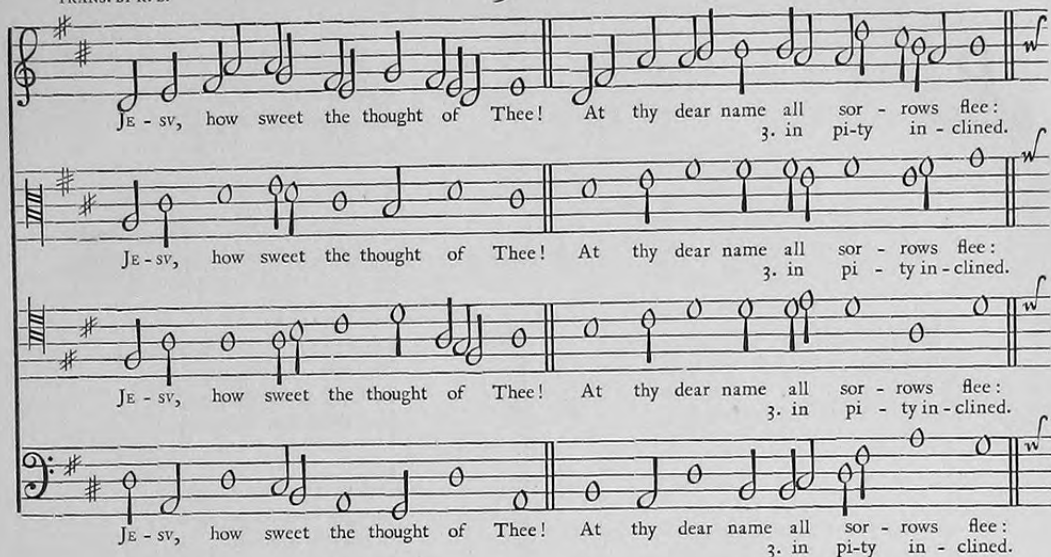
4  
 Ut quique sacratissimo  
 Hujus diei tempore  
 Horis quietis psallimus,  
 Donis beatis muneret.

\* \* \* \* \*

5  
 Ob hoc, Redemptor, quæsumus,  
 Ut probra nostra diluas,  
 Vitæ perennis commoda  
 Nobis benigne conferas;

6  
 Quo carnis actûs exsules  
 Effecti ipsi cœlibes,  
 Ut præstolamur cernui,  
 Melos canamus gloriæ.



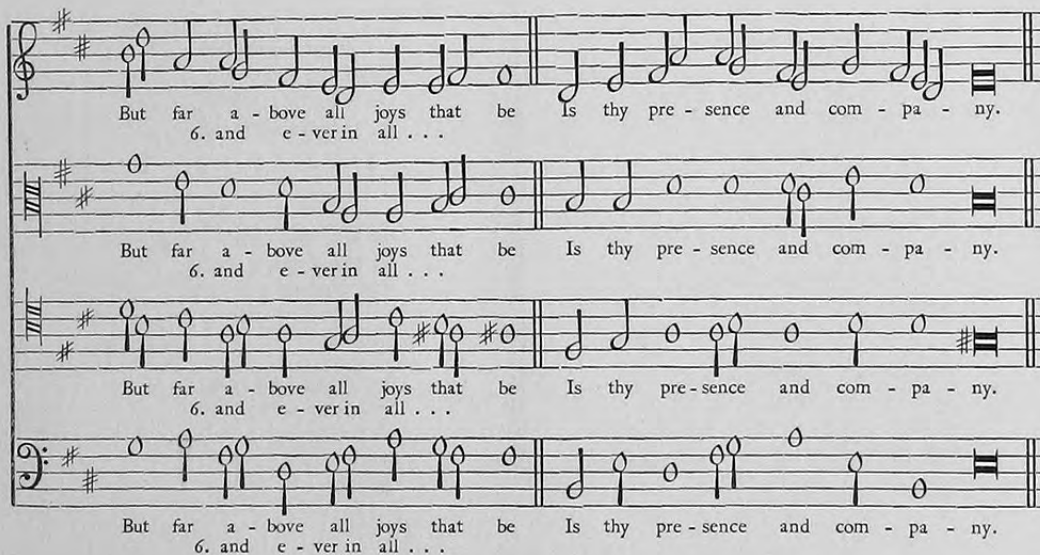


Je - sv, how sweet the thought of Thee! At thy dear name all sor - rows flee:  
3. in pi - ty in - clined.

Je - sv, how sweet the thought of Thee! At thy dear name all sor - rows flee:  
3. in pi - ty in - clined.

Je - sv, how sweet the thought of Thee! At thy dear name all sor - rows flee:  
3. in pi - ty in - clined.

Je - sv, how sweet the thought of Thee! At thy dear name all sor - rows flee:  
3. in pi - ty in - clined.



But far a - bove all joys that be Is thy pre - sence and com - pa - ny.  
6. and e - ver in all . . .

But far a - bove all joys that be Is thy pre - sence and com - pa - ny.  
6. and e - ver in all . . .

But far a - bove all joys that be Is thy pre - sence and com - pa - ny.  
6. and e - ver in all . . .

But far a - bove all joys that be Is thy pre - sence and com - pa - ny.  
6. and e - ver in all . . .



A - - men - -

A - - men

A - - men

A - - men

Nº 32 CONTINUED.

**J** E - SV dul - cis me - mo - ri - a Dans ve - ra cor - dis gau - di - a,  
Sed su - per mel et om - ni - a Dul - cis e - jus præ - sen - ti - a. A - men.

2

Sweet are the songs of Thee that sing,  
Glad the discourse that Thee doth bring,  
Happy the thoughts that in me spring,  
JESV, of Thee, my God and King.

3

O hope of ev'ry contrite mind,  
Ev'n to the lost in pity inclined,  
JESV, to those that seek how kind,  
But what art Thou to them that find?

4

JESV, Thou king of highest hest,  
Whose triumph hath the world possest,  
Exceeding sweetness unexpressed,  
All-loving loved and loveliest.

5

There is no tongue can tell of this,  
No book that writeth not amiss,  
To love Thee, JESV, what it is  
He may believe who hath the bliss.

6

I will seek JESVS in the night,  
When from my sense the world takes flight,  
Alone, and ever in all men's sight,  
Will follow Him, my long delight.

7

JESVS doth all my heart require  
Truth's fount, and pure enlight'ning fire,  
Transcending earthly joy and higher  
Than all the longing of desire.

8

A thousand-fold my heart is fain,  
JESV, to me when wilt Thou deign,  
When wilt Thou glad my soul again,  
When, when, ah! when shall I attain? Amen.

2

Nil canitur suavius,  
Nil auditur jucundius,  
Nil cogitatur dulcius,  
Quam JESVS Dei filius.

3

JESV, spes pœnitentibus,  
Quam pius es petentibus,  
Quam bonus es quærentibus  
Sed quid invenientibus?

4

JESV, rex admirabilis  
Et triumphator nobilis  
Dulcedo ineffabilis  
Totus desiderabilis.

5

Nec lingua potest dicere  
Nec litera exprimere  
Expertus potest credere  
Quid sit JESVM diligere.

6

JESVM quæram in lectulo  
Clauso cordis cubiculo  
Privatim et in populo  
Quæram amore sedulo.

7

JESV, dulcedo cordium  
Fons veri, lumen mentium  
Excedens omne gaudium  
Et omne desiderium.

8

Desidero Te millies  
Mi JESV quando venies  
Quando me lætum facies  
Me de Te quando saties? Amen.

Lord, turn not a - way thy face From him that lieth pro - strate,  
O Lord, turn not a - way thy face From him that lieth pro - strate,  
O Lord, turn not a - way thy face From him that lieth pro - strate,  
O Lord, turn not a - way thy face From him that lieth pro - strate,

La - men - ting all his sin - ful life Be - fore thy mer - cy gate :  
La - men - ting all his sin - ful life Be - fore thy mer - cy gate :  
La - men - ting all his sin - ful life Be - fore thy mer - cy gate :  
La - men - ting all his sin - ful life Be - fore thy mer - cy gate :

2  
Which gate Thou openest wide to those  
That do lament their sin;  
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,  
But let me enter in.

3  
And call me not to mine account  
How I have lived here;  
For then I know right well, O Lord,  
How vile I shall appear.



4  
So come I to thy mercy-gate,  
Where mercy doth abound,  
Requiring mercy for my sin  
To heal my deadly wound.

5  
Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,  
This is the total sum:  
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,  
Lord, let thy mercy come.

O QVAM JUVAT. C. COFFIN.  
1700. TRANS. BY R. B.

'BINCHESTER.' W. CROFT (in A).  
1709. SET BY M. M. B.

Hap - py are they, they that love God, Whose hearts have Christ con - fest,

Hap - py are they, they that love God, Whose hearts have Christ con - fest,

Hap - py are they, they that love God, Whose hearts have Christ con - fest,

Hap - py are they, they that love God, Whose hearts have Christ con - fest,

Who by . . his cross have found their life, And neath . . his yoke their rest.

Who by his cross . . have found . . their life, And neath . . his yoke their rest.

Who by his cross have found their life, And neath his yoke their rest.

Who by his cross have found their life, And neath his yoke their rest.

2  
Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,  
When they together sing;  
And strong the prayers, that bow the ear  
Of heav'n's eternal King.

3  
Christ to their homes giveth his peace,  
And makes their loves his own.  
But ah, what tares the Evil one  
Hath in his garden sown.



4  
Sad were our lot, evil this earth,  
Did not its sorrows prove  
The path whereby the sheep may find  
The fold of Jesu's love.

5  
Then shall they know, they that love Him,  
How all their pain is good;  
And death itself cannot unbind  
Their happy brotherhood.

My Lord, my Life, my Love, To Thee, to Thee I call:

My Lord, my Life, my Love, To Thee, to Thee I call:

My Lord, my Life, my Love, To Thee, to Thee I call:

My Lord, my Life, my Love, To Thee, to Thee I call:

I can - not live if Thou re - move; Thou art my joy, my all.

I can - not live if Thou re - move; Thou art my joy, my all.

I can - not live if Thou re - move; Thou art my joy, my all.

I can - not live if Thou re - move; Thou art my joy, my all.

2  
My only sun to cheer  
The darkness where I dwell;  
The best and only true delight  
My song hath found to tell.

3  
To Thee in very heav'n  
The angels owe their bliss,  
To Thee the saints, whom Thou hast call'd  
Where perfect pleasure is.



4  
And how shall man, thy child,  
Without Thee happy be,  
Who hath no comfort nor desire  
In all the world but Thee?

5  
Return, my love, my life,  
Thy grace hath won my heart;  
If Thou forgive, if Thou return,  
I will no more depart.



WALTER SCOTT. 1805.  
H. A. M. 206

T. CAMPION. PS. CXXXVIIJ. 1613.  
J. HULLAH'S VERS: SET BY H. E. W.

That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,

That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,

That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,

That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,

What powershall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day?

What powershall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day?

What powershall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day?

What powershall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day?

2

When shrivelling like a parchèd scroll  
The flaming heav'ns together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead!



3

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away!

# 37

OLD GERMAN HYMN.  
ENGLISH BY R. B.

GENEVAN CXXXvij.  
1550. SET BY H. E. W.

When low in heav'n the sun was now de - scen - ded, On that dark day where-on our

When low in heav'n the sun was now de - scen - - ded, On that dark day where-on our

When low in heav'n the sun was now de - scen - ded, On that dark day where-on our

When low in heav'n the sun was now de - scen - ded, On that dark day where-on our

light was clou - ded, O JE - sv CHRIST, Thou Light of all the world,

light was clou - - ded, O JE - sv CHRIST . . . , Thou Light of all the world,

light was clou - - ded, O JE - sv CHRIST . . . , Thou Light of all the world,

light was clou - - ded, O JE - sv CHRIST, Thou Light of all . . . the world,

2

Nigh to the cross there stood within the garden  
The rocky tomb, wherein had none been buried:  
O JESV CHRIST, this they prepared for Thee.

Rich was . . .



3

That Sabbath day, from all His work now resting,  
There Jesus lay, by watchful Angels tended—  
O JESV CHRIST, in Whom the dead all rest—

Give unto . . .

Nº 37 CONTINUED.

Sad fear and shame had scat-ter'd far thy flock. No hope had they, those few whose

Sad fear and shame had . . scat-ter'd far thy flock. No hope had they, those few whose

Sad fear and shame had scat-ter'd far thy flock. No hope had they, those few whose

Sad fear and shame had scat-ter'd far thy flock. No hope had they, those few whose

love was faith-ful, Da-ring to pay thy mor-tal bo-dy ho-nour.

love was faith-ful, Da-ring to pay thy mor-tal bo-dy ho-nour.

love was faith-ful, Da-ring to pay thy mor-tal bo-dy ho-nour.

love was faith-ful, Da-ring to pay thy mor-tal bo-dy ho-nour.

2  
 Rich was thy grave, tho' shameful was thy death:  
 With tears of grief thy lovers Thee entombing  
 In linen fine, and with sweet spice embalming.

That Sabbath . . .



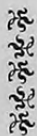
3  
 Give unto us within thy tomb a place;  
 That thro' thy grave our souls from death deliver'd  
 Come to the light, the joy of thine Arising.

My Lord, my Love, was cru - ci - fied; He all the pains did bear:

But in the sweet - ness of his rest He makes his ser - vants share.

2  
Thou Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,  
Mak'st them a weekly feast;  
Thy flocks meet in their several folds  
Upon this day of rest:

Welcome . . .



3  
I bless thy wise and wondrous Love  
Which binds us to be free:  
Which makes us leave our earthly snares  
That we may come to Thee.

I come . . .

Nº 38 CONTINUED.

How sweet - ly rest thy Saints a - bove, Who in thy bo - som lie;

How sweet - ly rest thy Saints a - bove, Who in thy bo - som lie;

How sweet - ly rest thy Saints a - bove, Who in thy bo - som lie;

How sweet - ly rest thy Saints a - bove, Who in thy bo - som lie;

The church be - low doth rest in hope Of that fe - li - ci - ty.

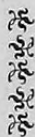
The church be - low doth rest in hope Of that fe - li - ci - ty.

The church be - low doth rest in hope Of that fe - li - ci - ty.

The church be - low doth rest in hope Of that fe - li - ci - ty.

2  
 Welcome and dear unto my soul  
 Are these sweet feasts of Love:  
 But what a sabbath shall I keep  
 When I shall rest above!

I bless . . .



3  
 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,  
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace:  
 I sing to think this is the way  
 Unto my Saviour's face.

1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All sea - ted on the ground,

1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All sea - ted on the ground,

1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All sea - ted on the ground,

1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All sea - ted on the ground,

The An - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

The An - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round,

The An - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

The An - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

5  
Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of Angels praising God, and thus  
Address'd their joyful song:



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

No 39. 2<sup>ND</sup> SETTING.

SAME CONTINUED.

SET BY G. KIRBY, 1592.  
ESTE'S PSALTER, PS. 84.

2. 'Fear not,' said he; for mighty dread Had seiz'd their troubled mind;

2. 'Fear not,' said he; for mighty dread Had seiz'd their troubled mind;

2. 'Fear not,' said he; for mighty dread Had seiz'd their troubled mind;

2. 'Fear not,' said he; for mighty dread Had seiz'd their troubled mind;

'Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

'Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

'Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

'Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

3  
'To you in David's town this day  
Is born of David's line  
A Saviour, Who is CHRIST the LORD;  
And this shall be the sign:



4  
'The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.'

I. WATTS. 1707. ADAPTED  
BY W. CAMERON. 1770. H. A. M. 438.

'LONDON NEW'. PLAYFORD. 1671  
FR. SCOTCH PS. 1635. SET BY H. E. W.

How bright these glo - rious spi - rits shine! Whence all their white ar - ray?

How bright these glo - rious spi - rits shine! Whence all their white ar - ray?

How bright these glo - rious spi - rits shine! Whence all their white ar - ray?

How bright these glo - rious spi - rits shine! Whence all their white ar - ray?

How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of e - ver - las - ting day?

How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of e - ver - las - ting day?

How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of e - ver - las - ting day?

How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of e - ver - las - ting day?

2  
Lo! these are they from suff'rings great  
Who came to realms of light;  
And in the Blood of CHRIST have wash'd  
Those robes that shine so bright.

3  
Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the Throne on high,  
And serve the God they love amidst  
The glories of the sky.

4  
Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor sun with scorching ray;  
GOD is their Sun, Whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.

5  
The LAMB, Which dwells amidst the  
Shall o'er them still preside, [Throne,  
Feed them with nourishment Divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

6  
'Midst pastures green He'll lead his flock,  
Where living streams appear;  
And GOD the LORD from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.





## 41

C. WESLEY.  
ADAPTED. H. A. M. 221

FROM CRESPIN'S PSALMS  
1556. SET BY H. E. W.

Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;

Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;

Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;

Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;

For all the ser - vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

For all the ser - vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

For all the ser - vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

For all the ser - vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

2  
One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

3  
One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.



4  
E'en now to their eternal home  
There pass some spirits blest;  
While others to the margin come,  
Waiting their call to rest.

5  
Jesu, be Thou our constant Guide;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And bring us safe to heaven.

'HERZLIEBSTER JESU'. RETRANS:  
FR: S. AUGUSTINE, BY R. B.

ORIGINAL MELODY. J. KRUGER.  
1640. SET BY H. E. W.

Ah, ho - ly Je - su, how hast thou of - fen - ded, That man to judge thee

Ah, ho - ly Je - su, how hast thou of - fen - ded, That man to judge thee

Ah, ho - ly Je - su, how hast thou of - fen - ded, That man to judge thee

Ah, ho - ly Je - su, how hast thou of - fen - ded, That man to judge thee

hath in hate pre - ten - ded? By foes de - ri - ded, by thine own re - jec - ted,

hath in hate pre - ten - ded? By foes de - ri - ded, by thine own re - jec - ted,

hath in hate pre - ten - ded? By foes de - ri - ded, by thine own re - jec - ted,

hath in hate pre - ten - ded? By foes de - ri - ded, by thine own re - jec - ted,

Nº 42 CONTINUED.

*Last time.*

O most af - flic - ted. Not my de - ser - ving.

O most af - flic - ted. Not my de - ser - ving.

O most af - flic - ted. Not my de - ser - ving.

O most af - flic - ted. Not my de - ser - ving.

2

Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?  
 Alas, my treason, Jesu, hath undone thee.  
 'Twas I, Lord Jesu, I it was denied thee:  
 I crucified thee.

3

Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offer'd:  
 The slave hath sinnèd, and the Son hath suffer'd:  
 For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,  
 God intercedeth.

4

For me, kind Jesu, was thy incarnation,  
 Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation:  
 Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,  
 For my salvation.

5

Therefore, kind Jesu, since I cannot pay thee,  
 I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee  
 Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,  
 Not my deserving.



## 43

SAML. CROSSMAN. 1664.  
H. A. M. 233.

W. CROFT'S CXXXVJ. 1709.  
MEAN PTS. BY H. E. W.

Je - ru - sa - lem on high My song and ci - ty is,

Je - ru - sa - lem on high My song and ci - ty is,

Je - ru - sa - lem on high My song and ci - ty is,

Je - ru - sa - lem on high My song and ci - ty is,

My home when - e'er I die, The cen - tre of my bliss :

My home when - e'er I die, The cen - tre of my bliss :

My home when - e'er I die, The cen - tre of my bliss :

My home when - e'er I die, The cen - tre of my bliss :

Nº 43 CONTINUED.

O hap - py place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy Face?

O hap - py place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy Face?

O hap - py place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy Face?

O hap - py place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy Face?

2  
 There dwells my LORD, my King,  
 Judged here unfit to live;  
 There Angels to Him sing,  
 And lowly homage give:  
 O happy place . . .

3  
 The Patriarchs of old  
 There from their travels cease;  
 The Prophets there behold  
 Their long'd-for Prince of Peace:  
 O happy place . . .



4  
 The LAMB'S Apostles there  
 I might with joy behold,  
 The harpers I might hear  
 Harping on harps of gold:  
 O happy place . . .

5  
 The bleeding Martyrs, they  
 Within these courts are found,  
 Clothèd in pure array,  
 Their scars with glory crown'd:  
 O happy place . . .

6  
 Ah me! ah me! that I  
 In Kedar's tents here stay;  
 No place like that on high;  
 Thither, LORD, guide my way;  
 O happy place!  
 When shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee,  
 To see Thy Face.

## 44

LATIN 13th CENT. (?)  
ENGLISH. H. A. M. 117.

MECHLIN USE. 16th CENT. (?)  
SET BY H. E. W.

At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful Mo - ther weep - ing,

At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful Mo - ther weep - ing,

At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful Mo - ther weep - ing,

At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful Mo - ther weep - ing,

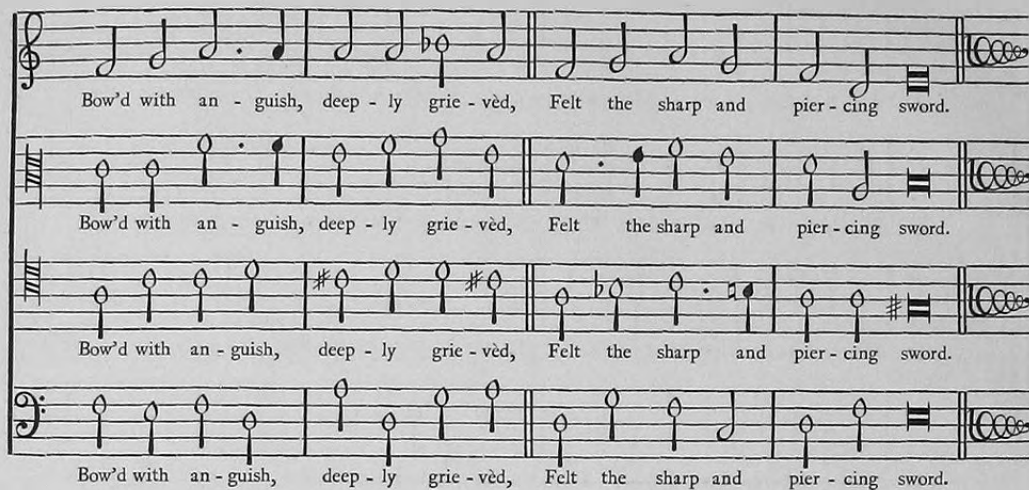
Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord; For her soul of joy be - rea - ved,

Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord; For her soul of joy be - rea - ved,

Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord; For her soul of joy be - rea - ved,

Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord; For her soul of joy be - rea - ved,

N<sup>o</sup> 44 CONTINUED.



Bow'd with an - guish, deep - ly grie - vèd, Felt the sharp and pier - cing sword.

Bow'd with an - guish, deep - ly grie - vèd, Felt the sharp and pier - cing sword.

Bow'd with an - guish, deep - ly grie - vèd, Felt the sharp and pier - cing sword.

Bow'd with an - guish, deep - ly grie - vèd, Felt the sharp and pier - cing sword.

2  
 Oh, how sad and sore distressèd  
 Now was she, that Mother blessèd  
 Of the sole-begotten One;  
 Deep the woe of her affliction,  
 When she saw the Crucifixion  
 Of her ever-glorious Son.

3  
 Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother gazing  
 Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
 Born of woman, would not weep?  
 Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother thinking  
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
 Would not share her sorrows deep?

4  
 For his people's sins chastisèd,  
 She beheld her Son despisèd,  
 Scourg'd, and crown'd with thorns entwin'd;  
 Saw Him then from judgement taken,  
 And in death by all forsaken,  
 Till His Spirit He resign'd.

5  
 Jesu, may her deep devotion  
 Stir in me the same emotion,  
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind,  
 That my heart fresh ardour gaining,  
 And a purer love attaining,  
 May with Thee acceptance find.



S. AMBROSE 4th CENT.  
ENGLISH. R. B.15th CENT. ?  
SET BY H. E. W.

O Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord of Life, One with the Fa-ther and the Son, Deign Thou to vi-sit

O Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord of Life, One with the Fa-ther and the Son, Deign Thou to vi-sit

O Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord of Life, One with the Fa-ther and the Son, Deign Thou to vi-sit

O Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord of Life, One with the Fa-ther and the Son, Deign Thou to vi-sit

*After last verse.*

spee-di-ly Our hearts with thine a-bound-ing grace. A - - - - - men . . . . .

spee-di-ly Our hearts with thine a-bound-ing grace. A - - - - - men.

spee-di-ly Our hearts with thine a-bound-ing grace. A - - - - - men.

spee-di-ly Our hearts with thine a-bound-ing grace. A - - - - - men.

2

Our mortal being purify  
 To be thy praise, thy temple fair;  
 That holy fire of heav'nly Love  
 Flame forth and kindle all the world. Amen.



H. F. LYTE. 1833.  
H. A. M. 284.

H. E. WOOLDRIDGE.

Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,  
Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,  
Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,  
Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

Fain - ting I cry, "Blest Spi - rit, come, And speed me to my rest."  
Fain - ting I cry, "Blest Spi - rit, come, And speed me to my rest."  
Fain - ting I cry, "Blest Spi - rit, come, And speed me to my rest."  
Fain - ting I cry, "Blest Spi - rit, come, And speed me to my rest."

2  
My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

3  
To thee, to thee, I press,  
A dark and toilsome road;



When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the Saints' abode?

4  
God of my life, be near;  
On Thee my hopes I cast;  
O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

LATIN, 9th CENT. (?)  
TRANS. BY R. B.PROPER SARUM.  
MODE IV. SET BY M. M. B.

O Ma-ker of the stars of night, That im-age faith's im-mor-tal light,

O Ma-ker of the stars of night, That im-age faith's im-mor-tal light,

O Ma-ker of the stars of night, That im-age faith's im-mor-tal light,

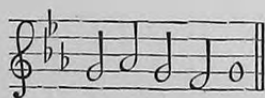
O Ma-ker of the stars of night, That im-age faith's im-mor-tal light,

O Christ re-dee-ming Lord of all, Thy sup-pliant's hear, who on Thee call.

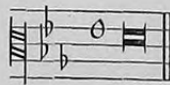
O Christ re-dee-ming Lord of all, Thy sup-pliant's hear, who on Thee call.

O Christ re-dee-ming Lord of all, Thy sup-pliant's hear, who on Thee call.

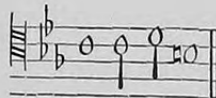
O Christ re-dee-ming Lord of all, Thy sup-pliant's hear, who on Thee call.



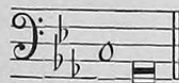
A - - men



A-men

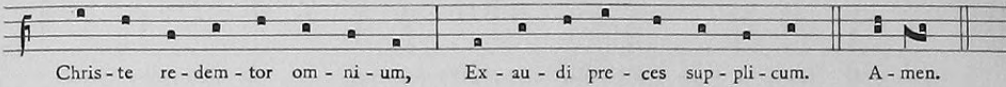
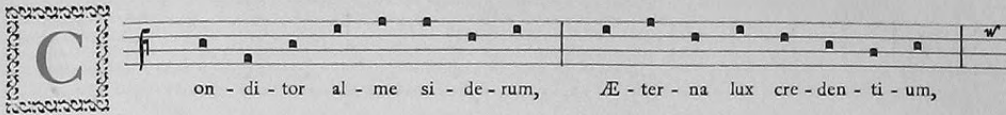


A - men



A-men

N<sup>o</sup> 47 CONTINUED.

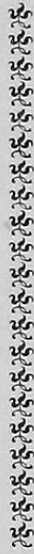


2  
 Thou pitying man who lay beneath  
 The terror of eternal death,  
 Didst come the wearied world to save,  
 And free the guilty from the grave.

3  
 'Twas when earth's day drew near its close  
 Thy morning sun in Zion rose,  
 And virgin-born went forth in fire  
 To lead anew our lost desire.

4  
 At whose great strength and majesty  
 Doth all creation bow the knee,  
 All things on earth and all in heav'n  
 Henceforth to thy dominion giv'n.

5  
 We pray Thee, Holiest, who shalt come  
 To be our judge on day of doom,  
 Preserve us in our trial brief  
 From all that then might bring us grief. Amen.



2  
 Qui condolens interitu  
 Mortis perire seculum,  
 Salvasti mundum languidum,  
 Donans reis remedium.

3  
 Vergente mundi vespero,  
 Uti sponsus de thalamo,  
 Egressus honestissima  
 Virginis matris clausula :

4  
 Cujus forti potentiae  
 Genua curvantur omnia,  
 Caelestia, terrestria,  
 Fatentur nutu subdita.

5  
 Te deprecamur Hagie,  
 Venture judex seculi,  
 Conserva nos in tempore  
 Hostia a telo perfidi. Amen.



THIS THE COMMON LATIN VERSION IS IN PARTS LATER THAN THE ORIGINAL HYMN.

LATIN. 9th CENT.  
TRANS. BY R. E.

PROPER SARUM.  
MODE viij. SET BY M. M. B.

Come, O Cre - a - tor Spi - rit, come, And make with - in our hearts thy home:

Come, O Cre - a - tor Spi - rit, come, And make with - in our hearts thy home:

Come, O Cre - a - tor Spi - rit, come, And make with - in our hearts thy home:

Come, O Cre - a - tor Spi - rit, come, And make with - in our hearts thy home:

To us thy Grace ce - les - tial give, Who of thy brea - thing move and live.

To us thy Grace ce - les - tial give, Who of thy brea - thing move and live.

To us thy Grace ce - les - tial give, Who of thy brea - thing move and live.

To us thy Grace ce - les - tial give, Who of thy brea - thing move and live.

A - - - men

A - - - men

A - - - men

A - - - men

Nº 48 CONTINUED.



e - ni Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men - tes tu - o - rum vi - si - ta :  
Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti - a Quæ Tu cre - as - ti pec - to - ra. A - men.

2  
O Comforter, that name is thine,  
Of God most high the gift divine:  
The well of life, the fire of love,  
Our souls' anointing from above.

3  
Thou dost appear in sevenfold dower  
The gift of God's almighty power:  
The Father's promise making rich  
With saving truth our mortal speech.

4  
Our senses with thy light inflame:  
Our hearts to heav'nly love reclaim:  
Our bodies' poor infirmity  
With strength perpetual fortify.

5  
Our earthly foes afar repel,  
Give us henceforth in peace to dwell;  
And so to us, with Thee for guide,  
No ill shall come, no harm betide.

6  
May we by Thee the Father learn,  
And know the Son, and Thee discern,  
Who art of both: and so adore  
In perfect faith for evermore.

Amen.

2  
Qui Paraclitus diceris,  
Donum Dei altissimi,  
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,  
Et spiritalis unctio.

3  
Tu septiformis munere,  
Dextræ Dei Tu digitus,  
Tu rite promissum Patris  
Sermonem ditans guttura.

4  
Accende lumen sensibus,  
Infunde amorem cordibus,  
Infirma nostri corporis  
Virtute firmans perpeti.

5  
Hostem repellas longius,  
Pacemque dones protinus,  
Ductore sic Te prævio  
Vitemus omne noxium.

6  
Per Te sciamus, da, Patrem,  
Noscamus atque Filium,  
Te utriusque Spiritum  
Credamus omni tempore.

Amen.



## 49

LATIN BY S. GREGORY. 6th CENT.  
ENGLISH BY R. B.

PROPER SARUM.  
MODE Vj. SET BY M. M. B.

CHRIST's lo - ving chil-dren, for his hope a - bi-ding, Ac-tive in glad-ness, or in hymns a - do-ring;

CHRIST's lo - ving chil-dren, for his hope a - bi-ding, Ac-tive in glad-ness, or in hymns a - do-ring;

CHRIST's lo - ving chil-dren, for his hope a - bi-ding, Ac-tive in glad-ness, or in hymns a - do-ring;

CHRIST's lo - ving chil-dren, for his hope a - bi-ding, Ac-tive in glad-ness, or in hymns a - do-ring;

*After last verse.*

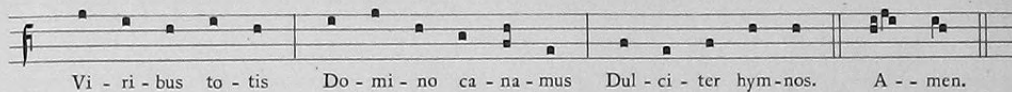
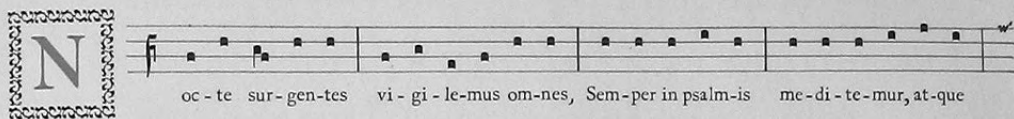
Be we as ser-vants that a - wait a Mas - ter Sore - ly de - lay-ing. A - - - men.

Be we as ser-vants that a - wait a Mas - ter Sore - ly de - lay-ing. A - - - men.

Be we as ser-vants that a - wait a Mas - ter Sore - ly de - lay-ing. A - - - men.

Be we as ser-vants that a - wait a Mas - ter Sore - ly de - lay-ing. A - - - men.

Nº 49 CONTINUED.



2  
 Happy those servants, whether He returneth  
 At dead of midnight, or at early morning:  
 Happy those servants, if He only find them  
 Faithfully watching.

3  
 Father of mercies, give us holy comfort  
 Here in our pains, and Paradise hereafter:  
 Where in eternal vision uncreated  
 Joy never endeth. Amen.

2  
 Ut pio Regi pariter canentes  
 Cum suis Sanctis mereamur aulam  
 Ingredi cœli, simul et beatam  
 Ducere vitam.

3  
 Præstet hoc nobis Deitas beata  
 Patris et Nati pariterque Sancti  
 Spiritus, cujus reboat in omni  
 Gloria mundo. Amen.



J. NEWTON. 1779.  
H. A. M. 176.BRISTOL. 1621.  
SET BY H. E. W.

How sweet the Name of JE - sus sounds In a be - lie - ver's ear!

How sweet the Name of JE - sus sounds In a be - lie - ver's ear!

How sweet the Name of JE - sus sounds In a be - lie - ver's ear!

How sweet the Name of JE - sus sounds In a be - lie - ver's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2  
It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3  
Dear Name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

4  
Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5  
Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6  
Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.





FR: CH. WESLEY.  
ADAPTED BY R. B.RAVENSCROFT'S 'SOUTHWELL'  
1621. SET BY H. E. W.

Was e - ver grief like thine, O Christ, Thou Man of woe?

Was e - ver grief like thine, O Christ, Thou Man of woe?

Was e - ver grief like thine, O Christ, Thou Man of woe?

Was e - ver grief like thine, O Christ, Thou Man of woe?

All joy and glo - ry of the earth Are in thy name laid low.

All joy and glo - ry of the earth Are in thy name laid low.

All joy and glo - ry of the earth Are in thy name laid low.

All joy and glo - ry of the earth Are in thy name laid low.

2  
The Man of Sorrows Thou  
To all men dost appear,  
Beneath his guilty burden bow'd,  
And trembling with his fear.

3  
Thy bitter Agony  
Did yet his load remove:  
His grief was in thy griev'd heart,  
Thy sacred heart of love.



4  
I do consider Thee,  
Who didst the cross sustain,  
Who barest all our misery  
And more than all our pain.

5  
I will no more lament  
Beneath my lighten'd load,  
When I contemplate, Thee, the Lamb,  
The silent Lamb of God.

DE SANTEUIL. 1650.  
FR. TR. BY I. WILLIAMS. 1836.

'HANOVER' 1708.  
W. CROFT (?) SET BY H. E. W.

Dis - po - ser su - preme, And judge of the earth, Who chooseth for thine the

Dis - po - ser su - preme, And judge of the earth, Who chooseth for thine the

Dis - po - ser su - preme, And judge of the earth, Who chooseth for thine the

Dis - po - ser su - preme, And judge of the earth, Who chooseth for thine the

weak and the poor: To frail earth - en ves - sels and things of no worth

weak and the poor: To frail earth - en ves - sels and things of no worth

weak and the poor: To frail earth - en ves - sels and things of no worth

weak and the poor: To frail earth - en ves - sels and things of no worth

Nº 52 CONTINUED.

En - trus - ting thy ri - ches, which aye shall en - dure.

En - trus - ting thy ri - ches, which aye shall en - dure.

En - trus - ting thy ri - ches, which aye shall en - dure.

En - trus - ting thy ri - ches, which aye shall en - dure.

2  
 Those vessels soon fail,  
 Though full of Thy light,  
 And at Thy decree  
 Are broken and gone;  
 Thence brightly appeareth  
 Thy truth in its might,  
 As through the clouds riven  
 The lightnings have shone.

3  
 Like clouds are they borne  
 To do Thy great Will,  
 And swift as the winds,  
 About the world go;  
 The WORD with His wisdom  
 Their spirits doth fill,  
 They thunder, they lighten,  
 The waters o'erflow.



[4  
 Their sound goeth forth,  
 "CHRIST JESUS the LORD;"  
 Then Satan doth fear,  
 His citadels fall:  
 As when the dread trumpets  
 Went forth at Thy Word,  
 And one long blast shattered  
 The Canaanite's wall.]

5  
 O loud be their trump,  
 And stirring their sound,  
 To rouse us, O LORD,  
 From slumber of sin;  
 The lights Thou hast kindled  
 In darkness around,  
 O may they illumine  
 Our spirits within.

6  
 All honour and praise,  
 Dominion and might,  
 To GOD, THREE in ONE,  
 Eternally be;  
 Who hath shed around us  
 His marvellous light,  
 And called us from darkness  
 His glory to see. [Amen.]

THOS. HAWEIS.  
1734-1820.'WINDSOR AND ETON,' 1591.  
SET BY H. E. W.

O Thou, from Whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee:

O Thou, from Whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee:

O Thou, from Whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee:

O Thou, from Whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee:

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.\*

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.

2

When on my aching, burden'd heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart:  
Good Lord, remember me.

When trials . . .

5

And oh! when in the hour of death  
I bow to thy decree,  
JESU, receive my parting breath:  
Good Lord, remember me.

\* B<sup>d</sup> LAST TIME.

No 53. 2ND SETTING.

SET BY G. KIRBY. 1592.  
ESTE'S PSALTER. PS. CXVI.

SAME CONTINUED.

3. When tri - als . . . sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee,

3. When tri - als sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee,

3. When tri - als sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee,

3. When tri - als sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee,

Then let my strength be as my day: Good Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Then let my strength be as my day: Good Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Then let my strength be as my day: Good Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Then let my strength be as my day: Good Lord, re - mem - ber me.

4

If worn with pain, disease, and grief  
This feeble frame should be,  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:  
Good Lord, remember me.

And oh!

CAN. *f.* DEC. *p.*

1. Re - joice, O Land. Re - joice, O Land, in God thy might. Re - joice, O Land,  
2. Glad shalt thou be. Glad shalt thou be, with bles - sing crown'd. Glad shalt thou be  
3. He shall for - give. He shall for - give thy sins un - told. He shall for - give

*mf.*

1. Re - joice, O Land, in God thy might. Re - joice, O Land, in God thy might.  
2. Glad shalt thou be, with bles - sing crown'd. Glad shalt thou be, with bles - sing crown'd.  
3. He shall for - give thy sins un - told. He shall for - give thy sins un - told.

CAN. *f.* DEC. *p.*

*mf.*

CAN. *f.* DEC. *p.*

1. in God thy might: His will o - bey, Him serve a - right. His will o - bey,  
2. with bles-sing crown'd. With joy and peace thou shalt a - bound. With joy and peace  
3. thy sins un - told. Re - mem - ber thou his love of old. Re - mem - ber thou

1. His will o - bey, Him serve a - right. His will o - bey, Him serve a - right.  
2. With joy and peace thou shalt a - bound. With joy and peace thou shalt a - bound.  
3. Re - mem - ber thou his love of old. Re - mem - ber thou his love of old.

CAN. *f.* DEC. *p.*

Nº 54 CONTINUED.

CAN. *f.* DEC. *p.*

1. Him serve a - right. For thee the saints up - lift their voice. For thee the saints  
 2. thou shalt a - bound. Yea, love with thee shall make his home. Yea, love with thee  
 3. his love of old. Walk in his way, his word a - dore. Walk in his way,

1. For thee the saints up - lift their voice. For thee the saints up - lift their voice.  
 2. Yea, love with thee shall make his home. Yea, love with thee shall make his home.  
 3. Walk in his way, his word a - dore. Walk in his way, his word a - dore.

CAN. *f.* DEC. *p.*

CAN. *f.* DEC.

1. up - lift their voice: Fear not, O Land, in God re - joice: in God re - joice.  
 2. shall make his home, Un - til thou see God's King - dom come: God's King - dom come.  
 3. his word a - dore, And keep his truth for e - ver - more: for e - ver - more.

1. Fear not, O Land, in God re - joice. Fear not, O Land, in God, re - joice.  
 2. Un - til thou see God's King - dom come. Un - til thou see God's King - dom come.  
 3. And keep his truth for e - ver - more. And keep his truth for e - ver - more.

CAN. *f.* DEC. *p.*



ALTOS AND BASSES SING *mf.* THROUGHOUT, SAME WORDS AS THE TENORS. BARITONE VOICES SHOULD SING WITH TENORS.

THOS. KEN. 1695.  
H. A. M. 23.

CANON

SAME CANON WITHOUT  
REPEATS. ARR<sup>o</sup> BY H. E. W.

Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bles - sings of the light.

Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bles - sings of the light.

CANON

Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bles - sings of the light.

Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, for all the bles - sings of the light.

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Be - neath thine own al - migh - ty wings.

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Be - neath thine own al - migh - ty wings.

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Be - neath thine own al - migh - ty wings.

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Be - neath thine own al - migh - ty wings.

2  
Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done,  
That with the world, myself & Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3  
Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.



4  
O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

5  
When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darknefs me molest.

Praise God, etc.



1600. ADAPTATION  
FR. H. A. M. 236.O. GIBBONS. 1623.  
MEAN PTS. BY M. M. B.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name e - ver dear to me,

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name e - ver dear to me,

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name e - ver dear to me,

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name e - ver dear to me,

When shall my la - bours have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall my la - bours have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall my la - bours have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall my la - bours have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2  
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

3  
Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And all I love in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.



4  
Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my labours have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

5  
O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare  
For that bright home of love;  
That I may see Thee and adore,  
With all Thy Saints above.

JOHN FRANK. 1650.  
TR: FOR THIS SETTING BY R. B.

J. CRUEGER. 1656.  
SET BY J. S. BACH.

Je - su, best and dea - rest, O my joy, Who ca - rest,  
Ah! how near to brea - king Fell my heart in see - king,

Je - su, best and dea - - rest, O my joy, Who ca - - rest,

Je - su, best and dea - - rest, O my joy, Who ca - - rest,  
Ah! how near to brea - - king Fell my heart in see - - king,

Je - su, best and dea - - rest, O my joy, Who ca - - rest.

Shep - herd kind, for me. I am thine, and Thou art mine:  
In de - si - ring Thee.


Shep - herd kind, for me.\* I am thine, and Thou art mine:

Shep - herd kind, for me. I am thine, and Thou art mine:  
In de - si - ring Thee.

Shep - herd kind, for me.\* I am thine, and Thou art mine:

ALTO AND BASSES FIND WORDS OF REPEAT IN FIRST VERSE IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THEIR NOTES.  
AND, NOTA BENE THE FINALS ARE ALL CROWNED BY BACH, AS SHOWN OVER TREBLE PART.

Nº 57 CONTINUED.



Nought I lack, since Thou in - vi - - test; On - ly Thou de - ligh - - test.

Nought I lack, since Thou in - vi - - test; On - ly Thou de - ligh - - test.

Nought I lack, since Thou in - vi - - test; On - ly Thou de - ligh - - test.

Nought I lack, since Thou in - vi - - test; On - ly Thou de - ligh - - test.

2

From my sin's oppression,  
 In thy close possession,  
     I am safe and free.  
 In the storm and tempest  
 By me Thou encampest,  
     Tower and shield to be.  
 Thinking of thy tender love,  
 I am arm'd 'gainst all temptation,  
 Jesu, my salvation.

3

Earth, that held Thee from me,  
 Can no more o'ercome me  
     With its phantoms vain.  
 Glory cannot blind me,

Pleasure cannot bind me,  
     Nothing would I gain.  
 I lie still beneath thy will.  
 From the godless, rude endeavour  
 Jesu doth deliver.

4

Now his voice doth reach me,  
 Now his word doth teach me;  
     At his feet I rest.  
 There no fear encroacheth,  
 There no ill approacheth,  
     There all pain is blest.  
 All my care He deigns to bear;  
 And in trouble Thou art nearest,  
 Jesu, best and dearest.



WORDS FOR TUNE  
BY R. B.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1544  
SET BY H. E. W.

Un - to Thee my heart is sigh - ing, Lest Thou leave me in thy wrath,  
Un - to Thee my voice is cry - ing;

Un - to Thee my heart is sigh - ing,\* Lest Thou leave me in thy wrath,

Un - to Thee my heart is sigh - ing, Lest Thou leave me in thy wrath,  
Un - to Thee my voice is cry - ing;

Un - to Thee my heart is sigh - ing,\* Lest Thou leave me in thy wrath,

On my dark and mourn - ful path. Send thy love my heart to ligh - ten,  
Give thy word my way to brigh - ten;

On my dark and mourn - ful path. Send thy love my heart to ligh - ten,\*

On my dark and mourn - ful path. Send thy love my heart to ligh - ten,  
Give thy word my way to brigh - ten;

On my dark and mourn - ful path. Send thy love my heart to ligh - ten,\*



ALTOS AND BASSES FIND WORDS OF REPEATS IN FIRST VERSE IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THEIR NOTES.

Nº 58 CONTINUED.

Nor for - sake me in thy wrath, On my dark and mourn - ful path.

Nor for - sake me in thy wrath, On my dark and mourn - ful path.

Nor for - sake me in thy wrath, On my dark and mourn - ful path.

Nor for - sake me in thy wrath, On my dark and mourn - ful path.

2

Foolish was I and unworthy,  
Senseless as a beast before Thee,  
Heark'ning not to thy command,  
Heeding not thy guiding hand.  
Yet wert Thou alway beside me,  
Strong to lead me and to guide me,  
Me rebellious to command,  
With thy kind and guiding hand.

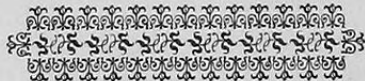
3

Nought my labour hath attainèd,  
Nought my anxious care hath gainèd,  
All my pride found no reward  
In the light of thy regard.

Yet if Thou, O Master truest,  
All my handiwork renewest,  
I shall find my full reward  
In the light of thy regard.

4

Soon this mortal being endeth,  
To the grave my flesh descendeth;  
Fai leth now my lamp of faith  
At the gloomy gate of death.  
Thee I pray, who ever livest,  
Thee I pray, who all forgivest,  
Comfort me, that I by faith  
Pass in peace the gate of death.



WORDS FOR TUNE BY R. B.  
VER. 2. FR: PRUDENTIUS.

TALLIS' LAMENTATION  
DAY'S PSALTER. 1563.

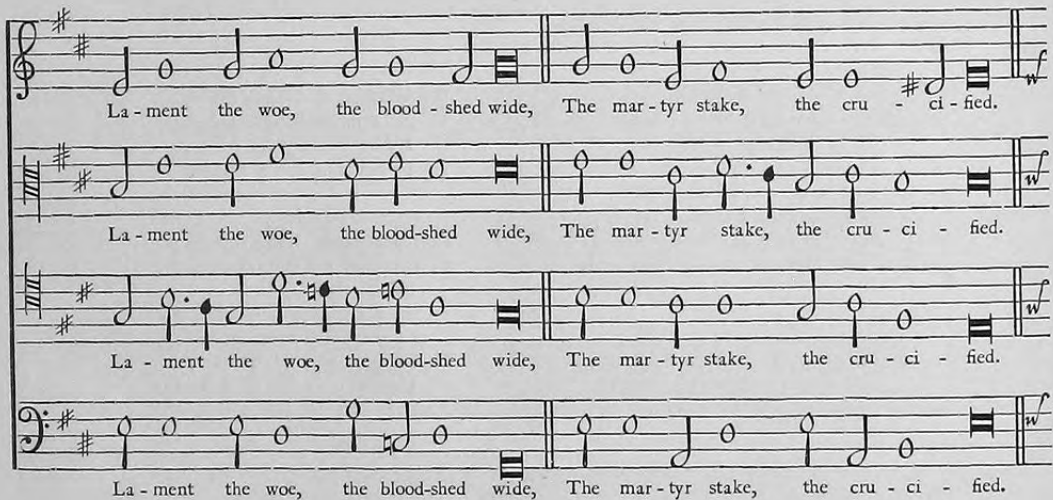


La - ment, O man, thy pride of life, Thine earth - ly lust, thy shame and strife.

La - ment, O man, thy pride of life, Thine earth - ly lust, thy shame and strife.  
C. F.

La - ment, O man, thy pride of life, Thine earth - ly lust, thy shame and strife.

La - ment, O man, thy pride of life, Thine earth - ly lust, thy shame and strife.



La - ment the woe, the blood - shed wide, The mar - tyr stake, the cru - ci - fied.

La - ment the woe, the blood - shed wide, The mar - tyr stake, the cru - ci - fied.

La - ment the woe, the blood - shed wide, The mar - tyr stake, the cru - ci - fied.

La - ment the woe, the blood - shed wide, The mar - tyr stake, the cru - ci - fied.

2\*

All hail, fair buds of martyrdom,  
Whom, newly on life's threshold come,  
Christ's fell pursuer tore away,  
As rough winds wreck the flowers of May.

Ye . . .



3

Who can forget the day of blood?—  
O God of vengeance, just and good—  
Who can forget the helpless youth,  
Cut down by foes of Jesus' truth?

Yet . . .

\* THIS VERSE MAY BE SUNG ON HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY TO THE TUNE NO 32.

Nº 59 CONTINUED.

La-ment, la-ment the cow-ard sword, Of hea-then rage the curse ab-horr'd;

La-ment, la-ment the cow-ard sword, Of hea-then rage the curse ab-horr'd;

La-ment, la-ment the cow-ard sword, Of hea-then rage the curse ab-horr'd;

La-ment, la-ment the cow-ard sword, Of hea-then rage the curse ab-horr'd;

The wail of Ra-chel for her dead, Her heart-broke cry un-com-for-ted.

The wail of Ra-chel for her dead, Her heart-broke cry un-com-for-ted.

The wail of Ra-chel for her dead, Her heart-broke cry un-com-for-ted.

The wail of Ra-chel for her dead, Her heart-broke cry un-com-for-ted.

2 CONTINUED.

Ye firstling victims unto Christ,  
A tender flock, are sacrificed;  
And innocently, ev'n in death,  
Ye play with sword and martyr-wreath.

Who can ...



3 CONTINUED.

Yet peace and mercy' in Him are found.  
Come, saints and sinners, sick and sound,  
Ye quick and dead, before Him fall,  
For Christ the babe shall save you all.

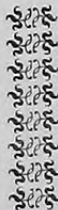
FR. JOHN AUSTIN  
1672.ST. DAVID'S. 1621.  
SET BY H. E. W.

Hail, glo - rious An - gels, heirs of light, The high - born sons of fire,  
Hail, glo - rious An - gels, heirs of light, The high - born sons of fire,  
Hail, glo - rious An - gels, heirs of light, The high - born sons of fire,  
Hail, glo - rious An - gels, heirs of light, The high - born sons of fire,

Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine bright, All joy, yet all de - sire.  
Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine bright, All joy, yet all de - sire.  
Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine bright, All joy, yet all de - sire.  
Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine bright, All joy, yet all de - sire.

2  
Hail, holy Saints, who long in hope,  
Who long in shadow sate,  
Till our victorious Lord set ope  
Heav'ns everlasting gate.

3  
Hail, great Apostles of the Lamb,  
Who brought that early ray,  
From which our Sun reflected came,  
And made our first fair day.



4  
Hail, all ye happy spirits above,  
Who make that glorious ring  
About the' eternal Throne of Love,  
And there for ever sing,

5  
All glory to the sacred THREE,  
One ever-living Lord:  
As at the first, alway to be  
Belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.



# 61

L. MUIRHEAD.

JER. CLARK. 1700.  
MEAN PTS. M. M. B.

The Church of God a king-dom is, Where Christ in power doth reign; Where spi-rits

The Church of God a king-dom is, Where Christ in power doth reign; Where spi-rits

The Church of God a king-dom is, Where Christ in power doth reign; Where spi-rits

The Church of God a king-dom is, Where Christ in power doth reign; Where spi-rits

yeare till seen in bliss Their Lord shall come a-gain. Their Lord shall come a-gain.

yeare till seen in bliss Their Lord shall come a-gain. Their Lord shall come a-gain.

yeare till seen in bliss Their Lord shall come a-gain. Their Lord shall come a-gain.

yeare till seen in bliss Their Lord shall come a-gain. Their Lord shall come a-gain.

2  
Glad companies of saints possess  
This Church below, above:  
And God's perpetual calm doth bless  
∴ Their paradise of love. ∴

3  
An altar stands within the shrine,  
Whereon, once sacrificed,  
Is set, immaculate, divine,  
∴ The Lamb of God, the Christ. ∴

4  
There rich and poor, from countless lands,  
Praise Christ on mystic rood:  
There nations reach forth holy hands  
∴ To take God's holy food. ∴

5  
There pure life-giving streams o'erflow  
The sower's garden-ground:  
And faith and hope fair blossoms show,  
∴ And fruits of love abound. ∴

6  
O King, O Christ, this endless grace To us and all men bring,  
To see the vision of thy face ∴ In joy, O Christ, our King. ∴

S. BERNARD. 12TH CENT.  
TR: FOR THIS TUNE BY R. B.

HANS LEO HASSLER. 1601.  
J. S. BACH'S SETTING.

O sa-cred Head sore woun-ded, De-filed and put to scorn:  
O King-ly Head sur-roun-ded, With mock-ing crown of thorn!

O sa-cred Head sore woun-ded, De-filed and put to scorn:\*

O sa-cred Head sore woun-ded, De-filed and put to scorn:  
O King-ly Head sur-roun-ded, With mock-ing crown of thorn!

O sa-cred Head sore woun-ded, De-filed and put to scorn:\*

What sor-row mars thy gran-deur? Can death thy bloom de-flow'r?  
What sor-row mars thy gran-deur? Can death thy bloom de-flow'r?

What sor-row mars thy gran-deur? Can death thy bloom de-flow'r?  
What sor-row mars thy gran-deur? Can death thy bloom de-flow'r?

What sor-row mars thy gran-deur? Can death thy bloom de-flow'r?  
What sor-row mars thy gran-deur? Can death thy bloom de-flow'r?

ALTO AND BASSES FIND WORDS OF REPEAT IN FIRST VERSE IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THEIR NOTES.

Nº 62 CONTINUED.

O coun - te - nance, whose splen - dour The hosts of heav'n a - dore!

O coun - te - nance, whose splen - dour The hosts of heav'n a - dore!

O coun - te - nance, whose splen - dour The hosts of heav'n a - dore!

O coun - te - nance, whose splen - dour The hosts of heav'n a - dore!

2  
 Thy beauty long-desirèd  
 Hath vanish from our sight,  
 Thy power is all expirèd,  
 And quench't the Light of light.  
 Ah me! for whom Thou diest,  
 Hide not so far thy grace;  
 Show me, O Love most highest,  
 The brightness of thy Face.

3  
 I pray Thee, Jesus, own me,  
 Me, Shepherd good, for thine;  
 Who to thy fold hast won me,  
 And fed with truth divine.  
 Me guilty, me refuse not,  
 Incline thy Face to me,  
 This comfort that I lose not,  
 On earth to comfort Thee.

4  
 In thy most bitter passion  
 My heart to share doth cry,  
 With Thee for my salvation  
 Upon the cross to die.  
 Ah! keep my heart thus movèd  
 To stand thy cross beneath,  
 To mourn Thee, well-belovèd,  
 Yet thank Thee for thy death.

5  
 My days are few, O fail not,  
 With thine immortal power,  
 To hold me, that I quail not  
 In death's most fearful hour.  
 That I may fight befriended,  
 And see in my last strife  
 To me thine arms extended  
 Upon the cross of life.



PS. CIV.  
A NEW VERSION.

RAVENS CROFT'S CIV.  
1621. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.  
SET BY H. E. W.

My soul, praise the Lord! O God, Thou art great. In fa - thom - less works

My soul, praise the Lord! O God, Thou art great. In fa - thom - less works

My soul, praise the Lord! O God, Thou art great. In fa - thom - less works

My soul, praise the Lord! O God, Thou art great. In fa - thom - less works .

Thy - self Thou dost hide. Be - fore thy dark wis - dom and pow'r un - cre - ate,

Thy - self Thou dost hide. Be - fore thy dark wis - dom and pow'r un - cre - ate,

Thy - self Thou dost hide. Be - fore thy dark wis - dom and pow'r un - cre - ate,

Thy - self Thou dost hide. Be - fore thy dark wis - dom and pow'r un - cre - ate,

Nº 63 CONTINUED.

Man's mind, that dare praise Thee, In fear must a - bide.

Man's mind, that dare praise Thee, In fear must a - bide.

Man's mind, that dare praise Thee, In fear must a - bide.

Man's mind, that dare praise Thee, In fear must a - bide.

2  
 This earth where we dwell,  
 That journeys in space,  
 With air as a robe  
 Thou wrappest around:  
 Her countries she turneth  
 To greet the sun's face,  
 Then plungeth to slumber  
 In darkness profound.

3  
 All seemeth so sure,  
 Yet nought doth remain:  
 Unending their change  
 Obeys thy decree.  
 The valleys of ocean  
 Stand up a dry plain,  
 Thou wheldest the mountains  
 Beneath the deep sea.

4  
 The clouds gather rain  
 And melt o'er the land,  
 Then back to the sun  
 Are drawn by his shine:  
 Whereby the corn springeth  
 Thro' toil of man's hand,  
 And vineyards that gladden  
 His heart with good wine.

5  
 All beasts of the field  
 Rejoice in their life;  
 Among the tall trees  
 Are light birds on wing;

With strains of their music  
 The woodlands are rife;  
 They nest in thick branches  
 And welcome sweet spring.

6  
 Lo, there is thy sea,  
 Whose bosom below  
 With creatures doth teem,  
 Scaled fishes and finn'd.  
 Above, the ships laden  
 With merchandize go,  
 Nor fear the wild waters,  
 Nor rage of rude wind.

[7  
 Whatever hath breath,  
 It seeketh its mate;  
 Its fodder doth find,  
 Its offspring doth rear:  
 Yet thro' the long ages  
 None keepeth his state,  
 But as Thou hast purposed  
 Their kinds do appear.]

8  
 O God, Thou art great!  
 No greatness I see,  
 Except Thee alone,  
 Thy praise to record.  
 On all Thy works musing  
 My pleasure shall be:  
 My joy shall be singing  
 MY SOUL, PRAISE THE LORD!



## 64

FROM THE GREEK.  
ADAPTED BY R. B.

L. BOURGEOIS. 1542.  
SET BY H. E. W.

Dark - 'ning night the land doth co - ver; Day is o - ver: We give

Dark - 'ning night the land doth co - ver; Day is o - ver: We give

Dark - 'ning night the land doth co - ver; Day is o - ver: We give

Dark - 'ning night the land doth co - ver; Day is o - ver: We give

thanks, O Thou most High. While with won - ted hymn we' a - dore Thee,

thanks, O Thou most High. While with . . won - ted hymn we' a - dore Thee,

thanks, O Thou most . High. While with won - ted hymn we' a - dore Thee,

thanks, O Thou most High. While . . with won - ted hymn we' a - dore Thee,

Nº 64 CONTINUED.

And im - plore Thee For the light that doth not die.

And im - plore Thee For the light that doth not . . . die.

And im - plore Thee For the light that doth . . . not die.

And im - plore Thee For the light that doth not die.

2

Like a day our short life hasteth,  
 Soon it wasteth;  
 Cometh surely its sad eve.  
 O do Thou that eve enlighten,  
 Save and brighten:  
 Nor old age of joy bereave.

3

Come no pain nor pity near it,  
 Bless and cheer it,  
 That in peace we our peace win.  
 As Thou wilt do Thou us gather,  
 Gracious Father,  
 Only without shame and sin.

4

Now we pray for rest, that sleeping  
 In thy keeping,  
 We may joy in the sun's ray.  
 So thro' death's last darkness take us,  
 So awake us  
 To heav'n's everlasting day.



PS. LI. 1700.  
TATE & BRADY.

S. BRIDES. SAM. HOWARD.  
1762. SET BY H. E. W.

Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert e - ver kind;

Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert e - ver kind;

Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert e - ver kind;

Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert e - ver kind;

Let me, op - prest with loads of guilt, Thy won - ted mer - cy find.

Let me, op - prest with loads of guilt, Thy won - ted mer - cy find.

Let me, op - prest with loads of guilt, Thy won - ted mer - cy find.

Let me, op - prest with loads of guilt, Thy won - ted mer - cy find.

2  
Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.

3  
The joy Thy favour gives  
Let me again obtain,



And Thy free SPIRIT'S firm support  
My fainting soul sustain.

4  
To GOD the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT glory be;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.



VER. 1. 2. 3. I. WATTS. 1707.  
4-5-R. B.

S. MICHAEL. 1564.  
SET BY H. E. W.

How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill!

How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill!

How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill!

How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill!

Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal!

Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal!

Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal!

Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal!

2  
How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought but never found.

3  
How blessed are our eyes,  
That see the heav'nly light:  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.



4  
And we as they have long'd  
For what our sons shall see.  
In truth and peace shall they rejoice,  
Yea, happy shall they be.

5  
We stand on Zion's hill;  
Christ doth our song inspire  
To hail the day, that shall fulfil  
The joy of man's desire.

GERMAN. 18th CENT. (?)  
TR. BY R. B.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1542.  
SET BY M. M. B.

When mor-ning gilds the skies, My heart a - wa - king cries, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When mor-ning gilds the skies, My heart a - wa - king cries, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When mor-ning gilds the skies, My heart a - wa - king cries, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When mor-ning gilds the skies, My heart a - wa - king cries, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When eve-ning sha-dows fall, This rings my cur-few call, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

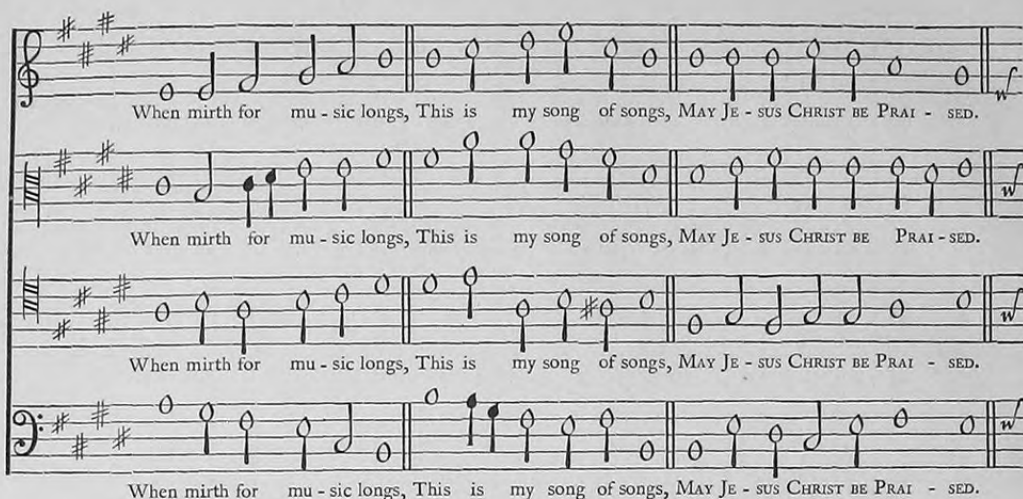
When eve-ning sha-dows fall, This rings my cur-few call, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When eve-ning sha-dows fall, This rings my cur-few call, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When eve-ning sha-dows fall, This rings my cur-few call, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

2	To Him my High'st and Best · Sing I when love-possesst, MAY . .	4	Hell's might doth flee away · For dread of this fair lay, MAY . .
	Whate'er my hands begin · This blessing breaketh in, MAY . .		My sin casts off its shame · Call I on Jesu's name, MAY . .
3	By night . . .	5	No lovelier . . .
	This greeting of great joy · I ne'er have found it cloy, MAY . .		Ye nations of mankind · In this your concord find, MAY . .
	When sorrow w <sup>d</sup> molest · Then sing I undrest, MAY . . .		Let all the earth around · Ring joyous with the sound, MAY . .
	When worldly . . .		Sing, suns . . .

Nº 67 CONTINUED.

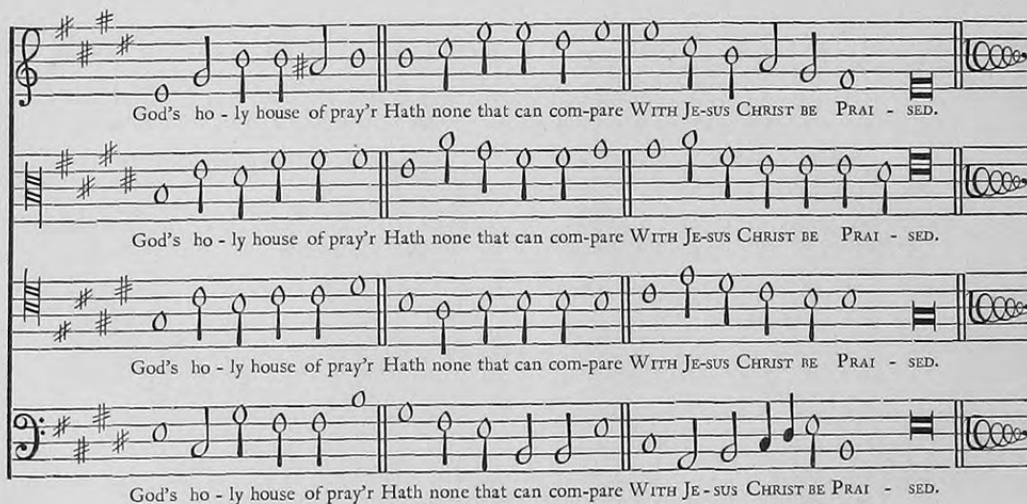


When mirth for mu - sic longs, This is my song of songs, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When mirth for mu - sic longs, This is my song of songs, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When mirth for mu - sic longs, This is my song of songs, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

When mirth for mu - sic longs, This is my song of songs, MAY JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.



God's ho - ly house of pray'r Hath none that can com-pare WITH JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

God's ho - ly house of pray'r Hath none that can com-pare WITH JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

God's ho - ly house of pray'r Hath none that can com-pare WITH JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

God's ho - ly house of pray'r Hath none that can com-pare WITH JE - SUS CHRIST BE PRAI - SED.

<p>2 By night my heart will sigh · If sleepless then I lie, MAY . . . Yea ev'n if heart sh<sup>d</sup> break · Then soul for heart w<sup>d</sup> speak MAY. 3 When worldly things I rue · This hymn doth hope renew, MAY. Thro' sickness, pain &amp; want · 'Tis still my happy chant, MAY. Hell's might . . .</p>	<p>4 No lovelier antiphon · In all high heav'n is known, THAN . . There to th' Eternal Word · Th' eternal psalm is heard, O . . 5 Sing, suns &amp; stars of space · Sing ye that see his face, SING . . God's whole creation o'er · For aye &amp; evermore SHALL JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED.</p>
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PS. CXXXIX.  
A NEW VERSION.

THOS. TALLIS. 1560.  
THE 6<sup>th</sup> TUNE.

All - see - ing Lord, whose pow'r un-known Thy crea - ture man hath made;

All - see - ing Lord whose pow'r un-known Thy crea - ture . . man hath made;

All - see - ing Lord, whose pow'r un-known Thy crea - ture man hath made;

All - see - ing Lord, whose pow'r un - - known Thy crea - ture man hath made;

Thy - self un - search - a - ble, and he De - fence - less and a - fraid.

Thy - self un - search - a - ble, and he De - fence - less and a - fraid.

Thy - self un - search - a - ble, and he De - fence - less and a - fraid.

Thy - self un - search - a - ble, and he De - fence - less and a - fraid.

2  
There can no word escape my tongue,  
But straight on stone 'tis writ;  
No lightest thought in all my heart,  
But Thou hast weigh'd it. Where'er ...

3  
If from before Thee I should flee,  
Thy judgment to evade,  
I find no shelter in thy sky,  
In all thy works no shade. Nay should ...



4  
Lo, Thou didst form me out of nought,  
And wondrous is thy way,  
For joy of strength and beauty built,  
Condemn'd to sad decay: Yet in ...

5  
Therefore, O Lord, I serve Thee will,  
And not from Thee rebel.  
O let thy searchings prove my heart,  
Lest sin in me should dwell. 'Tis by ...

Nº 68 CONTINUED.

With - out Thee nought, yet is thy thought For me too high and hard:

With - out Thee nought, yet is thy thought For me too high and hard:

With - out Thee nought, yet is thy thought For me too high and hard:

With - out Thee nought, yet is thy thought For me too high and hard:

3 My spi - rit

I live in fear, I can - not bear The weight of . . . thy re - gard.

I live in fear, I can - not bear The weight of . . . thy re - gard.

I live in fear, I can - not bear The weight of . . . thy re - gard.

I live in fear, I can - not bear The weight of . . . thy re - gard.

2 CONTINUED.

Where'er I go, whate'er I do,  
Thine eye doth mark my way:  
No cave hath sleep so dark and deep,  
But there thine arrows play. If from . . .

3 CONTINUED.

Nay should I call on death and hell,  
In haste of my despair,  
Down in the grave myself to save,  
My spirit would meet Thee there. Lo, Thou . . .



4 CONTINUED.

Yet in thy mind was I design'd  
From all eternity,  
That as I would, or ill or good,  
My doom should fall to me. Therefore . . .

5 CONTINUED.

'Tis by thy sight, O Light of light,  
That I may know my way;  
That I fulfil thy holy will  
And reach eternal day.

JOACHIM NEANDER  
CIR. 1680. TR. BY R. B.

GERMAN PROPER MELODY  
SET BY H. E. W.

All my hope on God is foun-ded: He doth still my trust re - new.

All my hope on God is foun-ded: He doth still my trust re - new.

All my hope on God is foun-ded: He doth still my trust re - new.

All my hope on God is foun-ded: He doth still my trust re - new.

Me thro' change and chance He gui-deth, On - ly good and on - ly true.

Me thro' change and chance He gui-deth, On - ly good and on - ly true.

Me thro' change and chance He gui-deth, On - ly good and on - ly true.

Me thro' change and chance He gui-deth, On - ly good and on - ly true.

Nº 69 CONTINUED.

God un - known, He a - lone Calls my heart to be his own.

God un - known, He a - lone Calls my heart to be his own.

God un - known, He a - lone Calls my heart to be his own.

God un - known, He a - lone Calls my heart to be his own.

2

Pride of man and earthly glory,  
Sword and crown betray his trust:  
What with care and toil he buildeth,  
Tower and temple fall to dust.  
But God's pow'r,  
Hour by hour,  
Is my temple and my tow'r.

3

God's great goodness aye endureth,  
Deep his wisdom passing thought:  
Splendour, light and life attend Him,  
Beauty springeth out of nought.  
Evermore  
From his store  
Newborn worlds rise and adore.

4

Daily doth th' Almighty Giver  
Bounteous gifts on us bestow.  
His desire our soul delighteth,  
Pleasure leads us where we go.  
Love doth stand  
At his hand;  
Joy doth wait on his command.

5

Still from man to God eternal  
Sacrifice of praise be done,  
High above all praises praising  
For the gift of Christ his Son.  
Christ doth call  
One and all:  
Ye who follow shall not fall.



When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died, My rich -

When I sur - vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich -

When I sur - vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich -

When I sur - vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - -

*last verse: rall:*

- est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. my all.

- est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. my all.

- - - est gain I count but . . loss, And pour con-tempt on all . . my pride. my . . . all.

- est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on . . all my pride. my all.

2  
 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast  
 Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3  
 See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;



Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4  
 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were an offering far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so Divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, † my all.

† N.B.—IN THE LAST VERSE TENORS MUST SING THE GRACE SHOWN ON THE WORD 'MY.'



The race that long in dark-ness pin'd, Have seen a glo-rious light:

The peo-ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night.

2  
To hail thy rise, Thou better sun,  
The gath'ring nations come,  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
The harvest-treasures home.

3  
To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is giv'n.



Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the powers of Heav'n.

4  
His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
The Wise, the Mighty one,  
With justice shall He rule the earth  
From his eternal Throne.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.(?)  
ENGLISH BY R. B.

GERMAN. 1540.  
SET BY H. E. W.

Fear not, thou faith-ful chris-tian flock; God is thy shel-ter and thy rock: Fear not for  
Though fierce the foe and dark the night, The Lord of hosts shall be thy might, Christ thine il-

Fear not, thou faith-ful chris-tian flock; God is thy shel-ter and thy rock: Fear not for

Fear not, thou faith-ful chris-tian flock; God is thy shel-ter and thy rock: Fear not for  
Though fierce the foe and dark the night, The Lord of hosts shall be thy might, Christ thine il-

Fear not, thou faith-ful chris-tian flock; God is thy shel-ter and thy rock: Fear not for

thy sal - va - tion. A - rise! A - rise! thy foe de - fy! Call on the name of God most High,  
lu - mi - na - tion.

thy sal - va - - - tion. A - rise! A - rise! thy foe de - fy! Call on the name of God most High,

thy sal - va - - - tion. A - rise! A - rise! thy foe de - fy! Call on the name of God most High,  
lu - mi - na - - - tion.

thy sal - va - - - tion. A - rise! A - rise! thy foe de - fy! Call on the name of God most High,

2<sup>ND</sup> VERSE

From drear oblivion's shades ye came · Through idol shrines of earthly shame,  
From brutish terror saved.  
Ye, who the chains of tyrants broke · Ye, who cast off the priestly yoke,  
Ye shall not be enslaved.  
ARISE! Arise! the foe defy! Call on the name of God most High,

N<sup>o</sup> 72 CONTINUED.

With heav'n-ly suc-cour arm you! 'Gainst world and flesh and pow'rs of Hell,

With heav'n-ly suc-cour arm . . you! 'Gainst world and flesh and pow'rs of Hell,

With heav'n-ly suc-cour arm you! 'Gainst world and flesh and pow'rs of Hell,

With heav'n-ly suc-cour arm you! 'Gainst world and flesh and pow'rs of Hell,

Now for his ho-nour quit you well. Lo! there is nought can harm you.

Now for his ho-nour quit you well. Lo! there is nought can harm you.

Now for his ho-nour quit you well. Lo! there is nought can harm you.

Now for his ho-nour quit you well. Lo! there is nought can harm you.

2<sup>ND</sup> VERSE CONTINUED.

That He with might endue you.  
 And Christ, your everlasting Priest,  
 In all your conflicts shall assist,  
 From strength to strength renew you.



ALTOS AND BASSES FIND WORDS OF REPEAT IN FIRST VERSE IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THEIR NOTES.

SAM. CROSSMAN.  
1664.H. LAWES. 1637.  
MEAN PTS. BY H. E. W.

My life's a shade, my days A - pace to death de - cline:

My life's a shade, my days A - pace to death de - cline:

My life's a shade, my days A - pace to death de - cline:

My life's a shade, my days A - pace to death de - cline:

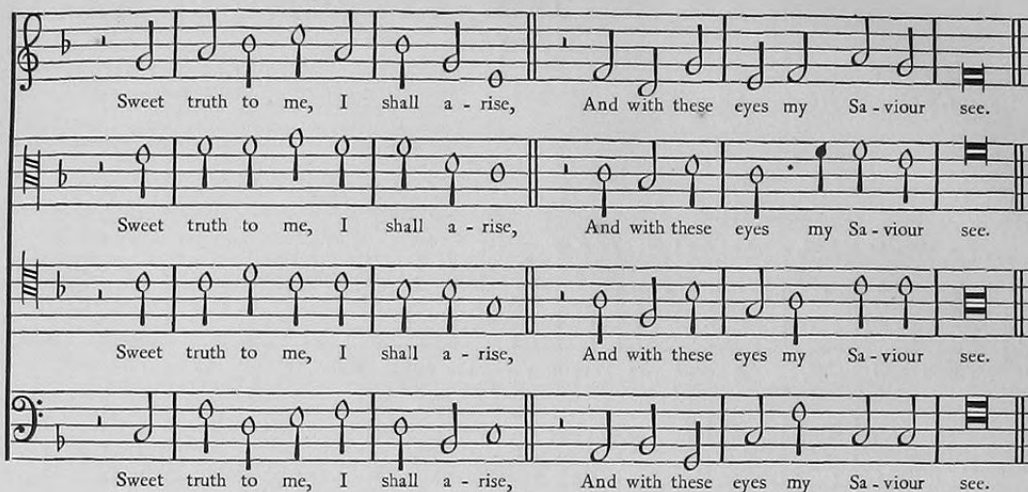
My Lord is life, He'll raise My flesh a - gain, ev'n mine.

My Lord is life, He'll raise My flesh a - gain, ev'n mine.

My Lord is life, He'll raise My flesh a - gain, ev'n mine.

My Lord is life, He'll raise My flesh a - gain, ev'n mine.

Nº 73 CONTINUED.



Sweet truth to me, I shall a - rise, And with these eyes my Sa - viour see.

Sweet truth to me, I shall a - rise, And with these eyes my Sa - viour see.

Sweet truth to me, I shall a - rise, And with these eyes my Sa - viour see.

Sweet truth to me, I shall a - rise, And with these eyes my Sa - viour see.

2  
 My peaceful grave shall keep  
 My bones till that sweet day,  
 I wake from my long sleep  
 And leave my bed of clay.  
 Sweet truth, etc.

3  
 My Lord his angels shall  
 Their golden trumpets sound,  
 At whose most welcome call  
 My grave shall be unbound.  
 Sweet truth, etc.

4  
 What means my beating heart  
 To be afraid of death?  
 With life I shall not part,  
 Though I resign my breath.  
 Sweet truth, etc.

5  
 I said sometimes with tears  
 Ah me! I'm loth to die:  
 Lord, silence thou these fears;  
 My life's with Thee on high.  
 Sweet truth, etc.



PS. XXI. ADAPTED FR. VERS. BY  
F. R. TAILLOUR. 1615.

L. BOURGEOIS. 1551.  
SET BY H. E. W.

The king, O God, his heart to Thee up - rai - seth; With him the na - - tion

The king, O God, his heart to Thee up - - rai - seth; With him the na - - - tion

The king, O God, his . . . heart to Thee up - rai - seth; With him the na - - - tion

The king, O God, his heart to Thee up - rai - seth; With him the na - tion . .

bows be - fore thy face: With high thanks - gi - ving Thee thy glad Church prai - seth;

bows be - fore thy face: With high thanks - gi - ving Thee thy glad Church prai - seth;

bows be - - fore . . thy face: With high thanks - gi - ving Thee thy glad Church prai - seth;

bows be - fore . . . thy face: With high thanks - gi - ving Thee . . thy glad Church prai - seth;

Nº 74 CONTINUED.

Our strength thy spirit\*, our trust and hope thy grace.

Our strength thy spirit\* . . . , our trust and hope . . . thy grace.

Our strength thy spirit\*, our trust and hope thy . . . grace.

Our strength thy spirit\*, our trust and hope . . . thy grace.

2

Unto great honour, glory undeservèd,  
Hast Thou exalted us, and drawn Thee nigh.  
Nor, from thy judgments when our feet had swervèd,  
Didst Thou forsake, nor leave us, Lord most high.

3

In Thee our fathers trusted and were savèd,  
In Thee destroyèd thrones of tyrants proud:  
From ancient bondage freed the poor enslavèd;  
To sow thy truth pour'd out their saintly blood.

4

Us now, we pray, O God, in anger scorn not,  
Nor to vainglorying leave, nor brutish sense.  
In time of trouble thy face from us turn not,  
Who art our rock, our stately sure defence.

[5

Unto our minds give freedom and uprightness;  
Let strength and courage lead o'er land and wave.  
To our souls' armour grant celestial brightness,  
Joy to our hearts, and faith beyond the grave.]

6

Our plenteous nation still in power extending,  
Increase our joy, uphold us by thy Word:  
Beauty and wisdom all our ways attending,  
Goodwill to man and peace thro' Christ our Lord.



\* TO SING THE WORD 'SPIRIT' ON ONE NOTE, MAKE THE FIRST SYLLABLE AS SHORT AS POSSIBLE, LIKE AN APPOGIATURA, BEARING THE ACCENT. SEE NOTE TO THIS HYMN.

Now sha-dows wane, now he - vy night de - par - teth: Bright - ly Au - ro - - ra step - peth o'er the moun - tains:  
 Ec - ce jam noc - tis te - nu - a - tur um - bra: Au - ctis Au - ro - - ra ru - ti - lans co - rus - cat:

Now sha-dows wane, now he - vy night de - par - teth: Bright - ly Au - ro - - ra step - peth o'er the moun - tains:

Now sha-dows wane, now he - vy night de - par - teth: Bright - ly Au - - ro - ra step - peth o'er the moun - tains:

Now sha-dows wane, now he - vy night de - par - teth: Bright - ly Au - ro - - ra step - peth o'er the moun - tains:

Raise we our voi - - ces to the light of all . . light, Strong - ly be - see - ching,  
 Et - ri - bus to - - tis ro - gi - te - mus om - - nes Om - ni - po - ten - tem,

Raise we our voi - - ces to the light of all light, Strong - ly be - see - ching,

Raise we our voi - - ces to the light of all light, Strong - ly be - see - ching,

Raise we our voi - - ces to the light of all light, Strong - ly be - see - ching,

2  
 That God our Father pitying regard us,  
 Dispel all languor, give us health to serve Him,  
 His lovingkindness in the end award us  
 Life everlasting.

2  
 Et deus nostri miseratus omnem  
 Pellat languorem; tribuat salutem:  
 Donet et nobis pietate Patris  
 Regna polorum.



O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home;

Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home;

Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home;

Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home;

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

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

Ver. 6. O God, our help . . . Be Thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal home.

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

5  
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

My God, my God, why dost Thou me for - - sake?

My God, my . . . God, why dost Thou me for - - - - sake?

My God, my God, why dost Thou me for - - sake?

My God, my God, why dost Thou me . . for - - sake?

All day I cry, by night no rest I take.

All day I . . . cry, by night no . . . rest I take.

All day I cry, by night no rest I take.

All day I cry, by night no rest I take.

2  
On Thee, O God, our fathers put their trust;  
They call'd on Thee, they found Thee good and just;  
Why . . .  
3  
See Thou, O see, in misery profound,  
In dark despair, by foes encompass'd round, In . . .

4  
Scorn not, scorn not my soul that hopes in Thee:  
Show me thy light, that I thy beauty see;  
My . . .  
5  
My God, my God, my pray'r doth Thee embrace:  
O look on me, and by thy saving grace, Grant . . .

Nº 77 CONTINUED.

To my com - plaint wilt Thou no an - swer make,  
 To my com - plaint wilt Thou no . . . an - swer make,  
 To my com - plaint wilt Thou no . . . an - - - swer make,  
 To my com - plaint wilt Thou no an - swer make,

O God al - migh - - - ty?  
 O God al - - - migh - ty?  
 O God al - migh - - - ty?  
 O God al - migh - - - ty?

2 CONTINUED.  
 Why hast thou me far from thy presence thrust,  
 3 CONTINUED. O God, &c.  
 In depth of care I lie, in sorrows drown'd. O God, &c.

\*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*  
 \*\*

4 CONTINUED.  
 My terror kill; be gracious unto me,  
 5 CONTINUED. O God, &c.  
 Grant me to see the brightness of thy face, O God, &c.

PS. CXXVI.  
FOR THIS TUNE.

T. TALLIS. TRANPOSED.  
SEE NOTE.

When Je - sus to our res - cue drew, Who lay in dark - ness bound,

When Je - sus to our res - cue drew, Who lay in dark - ness bound,

When Je - sus to our res - cue drew, Who lay in dark - ness bound,

When Je - sus to our res - cue drew, Who lay in dark - ness bound,

Then did we seem like them that dream, Such joy in Him we found.

Then did we seem like them that dream, Such joy in Him we found.

Then did we seem like them that dream, Such joy in Him we found.

Then did we seem like them that dream, Such joy in Him we found.

2  
Lo, on this day their God, said they,  
Hath done great things for them.  
Yea, Christ his Son great things hath done,  
And we rejoice in Him.

We sow'd . . .

Nº 78 CONTINUED.

Then was our heart with glad-ness fill'd, Full hap-py was our song,

Then was our heart with glad-ness fill'd, Full hap-py was our song,

Then was our heart with glad-ness fill'd, Full hap-py was our song,

Then was our heart with glad-ness fill'd, Full hap-py was our song,

Our scorn-ful foes we now be-held Re-pen-tant . . . of their wrong.

Our scorn-ful foes we now be-held Re-pen-tant of their wrong.

Our scorn-ful foes we now be-held Re-pen-tant of their wrong.

Our scorn-ful foes we now be-held Re-pen-tant of their wrong.

2 CONTINUED.

We sow'd in tears, in joy we reap.  
 Of sorrow think no scorn!  
 His perfect joy doth Jesus keep  
 To comfort them that mourn.

PS. C.  
W. KETHE. 1561.

L. BOURGEOIS. 1551.  
SET BY H. E. W.

All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the LORD with cheer - ful voice,  
All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the LORD with . . cheer - ful voice,  
All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the LORD with cheer - ful voice,  
All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the LORD with cheer - ful voice,

Him servewith fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.  
Him servewith fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye . . be - - fore . . Him and re - joice.  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye . . be - - fore Him and re - joice.  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and . . re - joice.

4

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.

N<sup>o</sup> 79. 2<sup>ND</sup> SETTING.

SAME CONTINUED.

SET BY CHAS. WOOD.

2. The LORD ye know is God . . . in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make:

2. The LORD ye know is God . . . in - deed; With - out our aid He did . . . us make:

2. The LORD ye know is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make:

2. The LORD ye know is God . . . in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make:

We are his flock, He doth . . . us feed, And for . . . his sheep He . . . doth us take.

We are his flock, He doth . . . us feed, And for his sheep He doth us take.

We are his flock, He doth us feed, And for his sheep He doth us take.

We are his flock, He doth us feed, And for his sheep He doth . . . us take.

3

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.

PS. CXVI.  
ISAAC WATTS.

THE SAME, SET BY J. S. BACH.  
SEE NOTE.

From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's name a - rise :

From all that dwell be - low the . . skies Let the Cre - a - - tor's name a - - rise :

From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - - tor's name a - - rise :

From all . . that dwell . . be - low . . the skies Let the Cre - a - - tor's name . . a - rise :

Let the Re - dee - mer's name be sung, Thro' ev' - ry land in ev' - ry tongue!

Let the Re - dee - - mer's name . . be sung, Thro' ev' - ry land in ev' - ry tongue!

Let the Re - dee - - mer's name . . be sung, Thro' ev' - ry land in ev' - ry . . tongue!

Let the Re - dee - - mer's name . be sung, Thro' ev' - - ry land . . in ev' - ry . . tongue!

2

Eternal are thy mercies, LORD,  
Eternal Truth attends thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.





ANON.

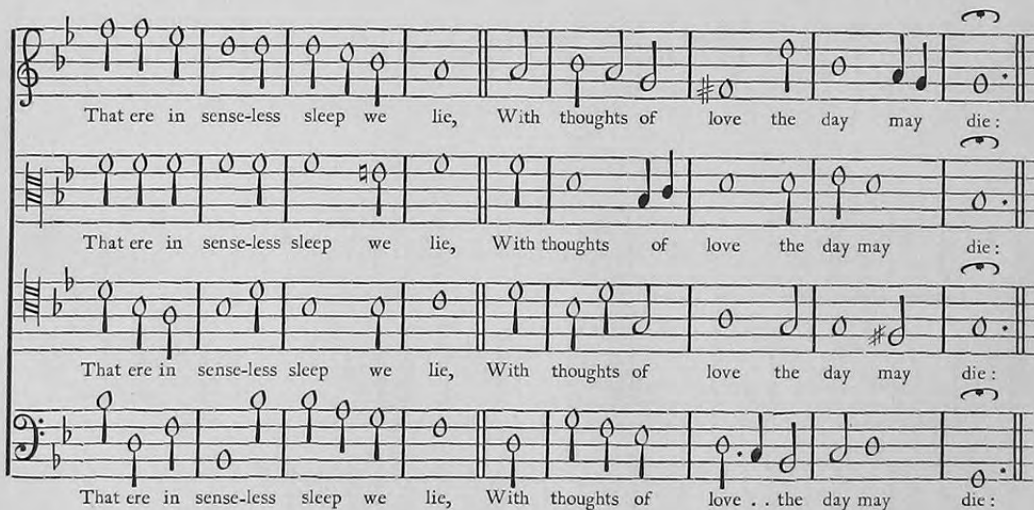
JEREMY CLARK. 1701.  
SETTING ANON.


Come gen - tle peace, while sha - - dows fall, Come to our pray'r, our eve-ning call.

Come gen - tle peace, while sha - dows fall, Come to our pray'r, our eve-ning call.

Come gen - tle peace, while . . sha - dows fall, Come to our pray'r, our eve-ning call.

Come gen - tle peace, while sha - - dows fall, Come to our pray'r, our eve-ning call.



That ere in sense-less sleep we lie, With thoughts of love the day may die:

That ere in sense-less sleep we lie, With thoughts of love the day may die:

That ere in sense-less sleep we lie, With thoughts of love the day may die:

That ere in sense-less sleep we lie, With thoughts of love . . the day may die:

2  
That ev'ry soul by sin opprest  
Win the Redeemer's promis'd rest:  
And wearied hearts, made strong by pray'r,  
Lay down their grief and burd'ning care.

3  
O God of Love, whose radiance bright  
May not be seen of mortal sight;



Almighty Power, whose will profound  
Thick cloud and gloom encompass round;

4  
In darkness dim of mortal day  
Comfort the souls to Thee that pray:  
Grant in the dread of deathful night  
We wake to see thy glorious light.

WORDS FOR THIS  
SETTING. R. B.

HEINRICH ISAAC  
ORIG. SETTING 1490 (?)

My heart is fill'd with long - ing, And thick the thoughts come thron - ing Of my e -

My heart is fill'd with long - - ing, And thick the thoughts come thron - - ing Of my e -

My heart is fill'd with long - ing, And thick the thoughts come thron - - ing Of my e -

My heart is fill'd with long - - - ing, And thick the thoughts come thron - ing Of my e -

-ter-nal home: That all de-sire ful - fil - leth, And woe and ter - ror stil - - leth:

-ter-nal home: That all de-sire ful - fil - - leth, And woe and ter - ror stil - - leth:

-ter-nal home: That all de-sire ful - fil - leth, And woe and ter - ror stil - - leth:

-ter-nal home: That all de-sire ful - fil - - - leth, And woe and ter - ror stil - - leth:

Nº 82 CONTINUED.

1st.      2nd time.

1. Ah! thi - ther fain, fain fain would . . I come. come.  
 2. Her joy of life, joy pas - seth . . . a - way. way.  
 3. Lead forth to light, lead to heav'n - ly day. day.

2

Creation knows no staying,  
 And with the world decaying  
 May love itself decay:  
 Yea as the earth grows older  
 Her grace and beauty moulder,  
 Her joy of life passeth, passeth away.

3

But Thou, O Love supremest,  
 Who man from woe redcest,  
 My Maker, Thee I pray,  
 My soul with night surrounded,  
 Above th' abyss unsounded  
 Lead forth to light, lead to thy heav'nly day.



PAUL GERHARD. 1630  
TR. BY R. B.

THE SAME.  
SET BY J. S. BACH.

The du-teous day now clo-seth, Each flow'r and tree re-po-seth,

The du-teous day now clo-seth, Each flow'r and tree re-po-seth,

The du-teous day now clo-seth, Each flow'r and tree re-po-seth,

The du-teous day now clo-seth, Each flow'r and tree re-po-seth,

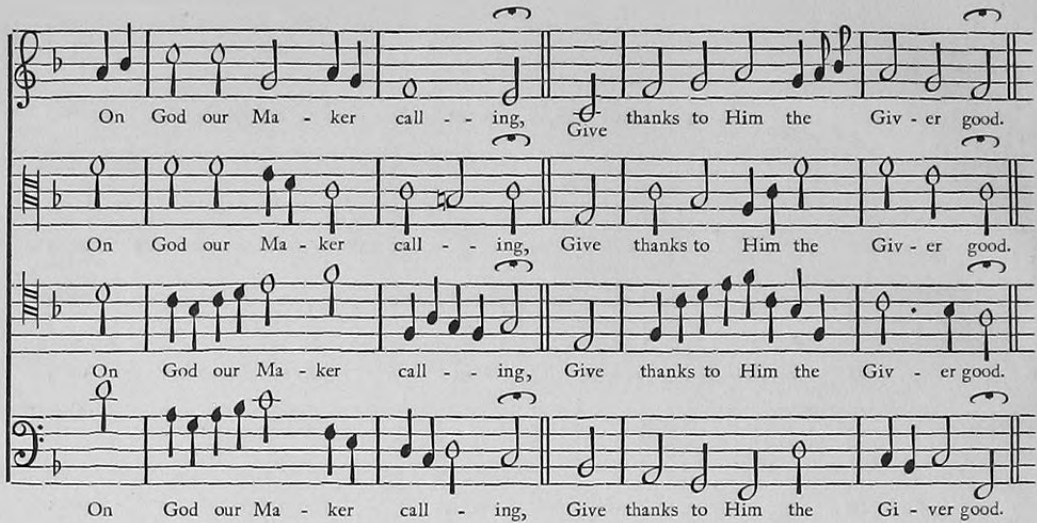
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood: Let us, as night is fall-ing,

Shade creeps o'er wild and wood: Let us, as night is fall-ing,

Shade creeps o'er wild and wood: Let us, as night is fall-ing,

Shade creeps o'er wild and wood: Let us, as night is fall-ing,

No 83 CONTINUED.



On God our Ma - ker call - - ing, Give thanks to Him the Giv - er good.

On God our Ma - ker call - - ing, Give thanks to Him the Giv - er good.

On God our Ma - ker call - - ing, Give thanks to Him the Giv - er good.

On God our Ma - ker call - - ing, Give thanks to Him the Gi - ver good.

2  
 Now all the heav'nly splendour  
 Breaks forth in starlight tender  
 From myriad worlds unknown:  
 And man, the marvel seeing,  
 Forgets his selfish being,  
 For joy of beauty not his own.

3  
 His care he drowneth yonder,  
 Lost in th' abyss of wonder;  
 To heav'n his soul doth steal:

This life he disesteemeth,  
 The day it is that dreameth,  
 That doth from truth his vision seal.

4  
 Awhile his mortal blindness  
 May miss God's lovingkindness,  
 And grope in faithless strife:  
 But when life's day is over  
 Shall death's fair night discover  
 The fields of everlasting life.



WM. COWPER, 1772.

OLD CXXXVII. CRESPIN. 1556.  
SET BY RD. ALLISON. 1599.

O! for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame;

O! for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm . . and heav'n - ly frame;

O! for a clo - ser . . . walk with . . . God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame;

O! for a clo - ser walk . . with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame;

<sup>to</sup>  
A light that shines u - pon the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

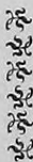
A light that shines u - pon . . . the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

A light that shines u - pon the . . . road, That leads me to the Lamb.

A light that shines u - pon the . . road, That leads me to the Lamb.

<sup>to</sup>  
2  
What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

Return . . .



3  
The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

So shall . . .

Nº 84 CONTINUED.

Where is the ble - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the ble - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the ble - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw the . . . Lord?

Where is the ble - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw . . the Lord?

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and . . his word?

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his . . . word?

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

2 CONTINUED.

Return, O holy Dove! return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest:  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
 And drove Thee from my breast.  
 The dearest . . .



3 CONTINUED.

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

JOHN KEBLE. 1827.

GERMAN. SET BY  
J. S. BACH. SEE NOTE.*Very slow.*

'Tis gone, that bright and or - bed blaze, Fast fa - ding from our wist - ful gaze ;

'Tis gone, that bright and or - bed blaze, Fast fa - ding from our wist - ful . . gaze ;

'Tis gone, that bright and or - bed blaze, Fast fa - ding from our wist - ful gaze ;

'Tis gone, that bright and or - bed blaze, Fast fa - ding from our wist - ful gaze ;

Yon man - tling cloud has hid from sight The last faint pulse of qui - v'ring light.

Yon man - tling cloud has hid from sight The last faint pulse of qui - - v'ring light.

Yon man - tling cloud has hid from sight The last faint pulse of qui - - v'ring light.

Yon man - tling cloud has hid from sight The last faint pulse of qui - v'ring light.

2  
In darkness and in weariness  
The trav'ler on his way must press ;  
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,  
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

3  
Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near :  
O! may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

4  
When wh<sup>h</sup> dear friends sweet talk I hold  
And all the flow'rs of life unfold ;  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern.

5  
When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

6  
Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live :  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I cannot die.

7  
Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere thro' the world our way we take :  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heav'n above.



S. AMBROSE. 4th CENT.  
TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1851.

PROPER SARUM.  
SET BY M. M. B.

3

O Tri - ni - ty, most bles - sed light, O U - ni - ty of pri - mal might,  
lux be - a - ta Tri - ni - tas, Et prin - ci - pa - lis A - ni - tas,

As now the fie - ry sun de - parts, Shed Thou thy beams with - in our hearts.  
Eam sol re - ce - dit ig - ne - us, In - fun - de lu - men cor - di - bus.

As now the fie - ry sun de - parts, Shed Thou thy beams with - in our hearts.

As now the fie - ry sun de - parts, Shed Thou thy beams with - in our hearts.

2  
To Thee our morning song of praise,  
To Thee our evening pray'r we raise;  
Thee may our heart and voice adore  
For ever and for evermore. Amen.



2  
Te mane laudum carmine,  
Te deprecemur vesperi,  
Te nostra supplex gloria  
Per cuncta laudet sæcula. Amen.

Slow

3

To Thee our morning song of praise,  
To Thee our evening pray'r we raise;  
Thee may our heart and voice adore  
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

1. Oh! for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

1. Oh! for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

1. Oh! for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

1. Oh! for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

A heart that's sprin-kled with the blood So free-ly shed for me;

A heart that's sprin-kled with the blood So free-ly shed for me;

A heart that's sprin-kled with the blood So free-ly shed for me;

A heart that's sprin-kled with the blood So free-ly shed for me;

2  
A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
And Jesus reigns alone;

5  
Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

3. A humble *see next page.*

\* IF THIS SETTING SHOULD BE USED ALONE, IT MAY BE SUNG IN E♭ MINOR.

No 87 CONTINUED.

2ND SETTING\*  
BY J. FARMER. 1592

3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - lie - ving, true, and clean,

3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - lie - ving, true, and clean,

3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - lie - ving, true, and clean,

3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - lie - ving, true, and clean,

Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in;

Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in;

Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in;

Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in;

4  
A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect and right and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Thy nature . . .

\* IF THIS SETTING BE SUNG ALONE, IT MAY BE SUNG IN ITS ORIGINAL KEY OF A $\flat$  MINOR. S. S. A. B.

FR. THE GREEK. 7th CENT.  
BY R. B. FOR THIS TUNE.

L. BOURGEOIS. 1549  
SET BY CL. GOUDIMEL. 1565.

O glad-some light, O grace Of God the Fa-ther's face,  
O glad - some light, O grace Of God the Fa-ther's face,  
O glad-some light, O grace Of God the Fa-ther's face,  
O glad-some light, O grace Of God the Fa-ther's face,

Th'e - ter - nal splen-dour wear - ing; Ce - les - tial, ho - ly, blest,  
Th'e - ter - nal splen-dour wear - ing; Ce - les - tial, ho - ly, blest,  
Th'e - ter - nal splen-dour wear - ing; Ce - les - tial, ho - ly, blest,  
Th'e - ter - nal splen-dour wear - ing; Ce - les - tial, ho - ly, blest,

No 88 CONTINUED.

Our Sa-viour Je-sus Christ, Joy-ful in thine ap-pear-ing:

Our Sa-viour Je-sus Christ, Joy-ful in thine ap-pear-ing:

Our Sa-viour Je-sus Christ, Joy-ful in thine ap-pear-ing:

Our Sa-viour Je-sus Christ, Joy-ful in thine ap-pear-ing:

\* SEE NOTE TO THIS HYMN.

2

Now, ere day fadeth quite,  
 We see the evening light,  
 Our wonted hymn outpouring;  
 Father of might unknown,  
 Thee, his incarnate Son,  
 And holy Spirit adoring.

3

To Thee of right belongs  
 All praise of holy songs,  
 O Son of God, Life-giver.  
 Thee therefore, O most high,  
 The world doth glorify,  
 And shall exalt for ever.



CHILDREN'S HYMN.  
BY R. B.

SCOTCH PSALTER. 1615.  
PS. LXVII. SET BY H. E. W.

All praise be to God, whom all things o - bey, From An - gels and men

All praise be to God, whom all things o - bey, From An - gels and men

All praise be to God, whom all things o - bey, From An - gels and men

All praise be to God, whom all things o - bey, From An - gels and men

for e - ver and aye : Who sen - deth on earth the pow'rs of his throne,

for e - ver and aye : Who sen - deth on earth the pow'rs of his throne,

for e - ver and aye : Who sen - deth on earth the pow'rs of his throne,

for e - ver and aye : Who sen - deth on earth the pow'rs of his throne,

Nº 89 CONTINUED.

His Pro - vi - dence good and Love . . to make known.

His Pro - vi - dence good . . and Love to make known.

His Pro - vi - dence good and Love . . to make known.

His Pro - vi - dence good . . and Love to make known.

2

His Angels are they · of countenance fair,  
The arm of his strength · his hand of kind care:  
His message of peace · to us they reveal;  
His wisdom most high · they seal or unseal.

3

'Twas they of their art · taught David to sing,  
And faith evermore · hath knelt at his spring.  
Through them the world doth · with music abound,  
Of viols and reeds · and horns of rich sound.

4

By Martyrs of old · they stood in the flame,  
And bade them not flinch · but call on God's name.  
Through torment, thro' shame · thro' darkness of death  
They led without fear · the sires of our faith.

[5

They stand with the few · they fight for the free,  
God's reign to advance · o'er land and o'er sea:  
And when the brave die · or fall in the fight,  
Their spirits they bear · to rest in God's sight.

6

For patience and toil · a crown they prepare,  
They found for the meek · a kingdom full fair.  
No famine nor plague · 'gainst them doth prevail:  
Their bread cannot lack · their cruse cannot fail.]

7

We pray Thee, who art · thine Angels' reward,  
Thy flock to defend · forget not, O Lord!  
But prosper their aid · that us they may bring  
To see the true face · of Jesus, our King.



CH. WESLEY.  
SEE NOTE.

M. VULPIUS. 1609  
SET BY J. S. BACH.

O Thou who ca - mest from . . a - bove, The pure, ce - les - tial fire t'im - part,

O Thou who ca - mest from . . a - bove, The pure, ce - les - tial fire t'im - part,

O Thou who ca - mest from . . a - bove, The pure, ce - les - tial fire t'im - part,

O Thou who ca - mest from . . a - bove, The pure, ce - les - tial fire . t'im - part,

Kin - dle a flame . . of sa - cred love On the mean al - - tar of . . my heart.

Kin - dle a flame . . of sa - cred love On the mean al - - tar of . . my heart.

Kin - dle a flame . . of sa - cred love On the mean al - - tar of . . my heart.

Kin - dle a flame . . of sa - cred love On the mean al - - tar of . . my heart.

2  
There let it for thy glory burn  
With ever-bright, undying blaze,  
And trembling to its source return  
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3  
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;

Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me;

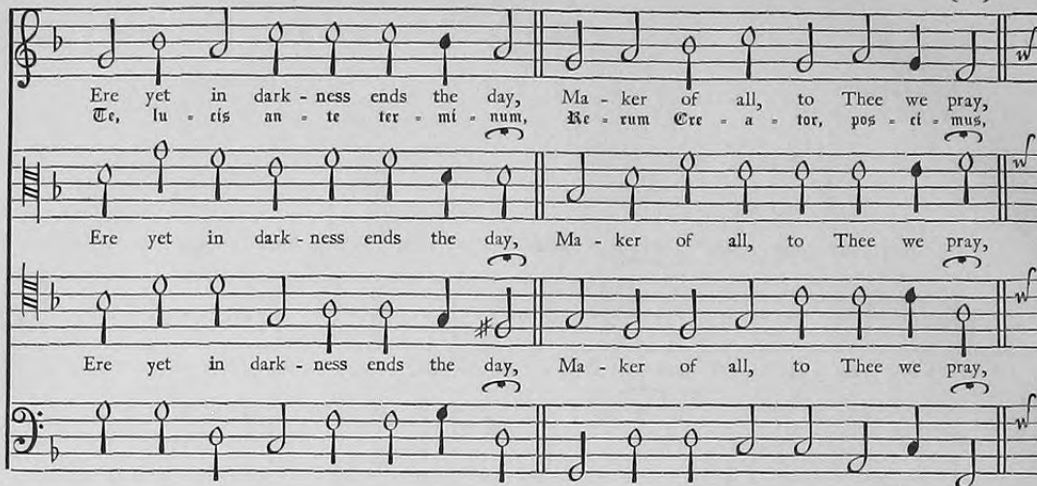
4  
Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.



EARLY LATIN.  
TR. BY R. B.

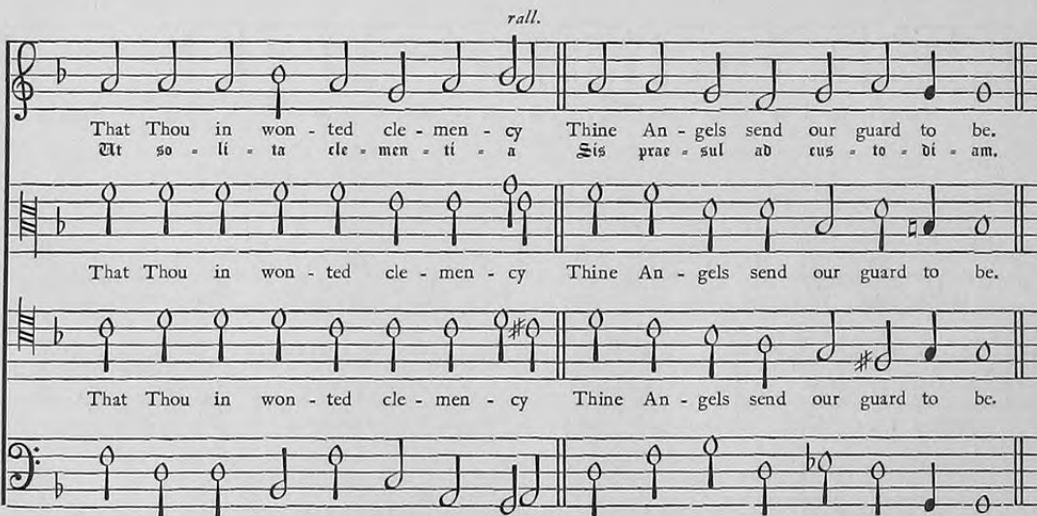
# 91

AMBROSIAN.  
SET BY M. M. B.



Ere yet in dark-ness ends the day, Ma-ker of all, to Thee we pray,  
Te, lu-cis an-te ter-mi-num, Re-rum Cre-a-tor, pos-ci-mus.

*rall.*



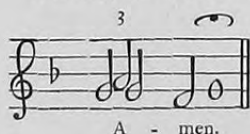
That Thou in won-ted cle-men-cy Thine An-gels send our guard to be.  
Ut so-li-ta cle-men-ti-a Sis prae-sul ad-cus-to-di-am.

2  
May no vain dream our minds come near,  
No dark affright nor empty fear:  
Our ghostly foe do Thou prevent,  
And keep our bodies innocent. Amen.

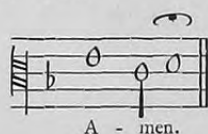


2  
Procul recedant somnia,  
Et noctium fantasmata:  
Postemque nostrum comprime,  
Ne polluantur corpora. Amen.

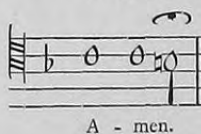
3



A - men.



A - men.



A - men.



A - men.

WORDS ADAPTED  
FOR THIS TUNE BY R. B.

GENEVAN. PS. LXI.  
SET BY H. E. W.

1

Love, un - to thine own who ca - mest Con - des - cen - ding,

Love, un - to thine own . . who ca - mest Con - des - cen - - ding,

Love, un - to thine own . . who ca - mest Con - des - cen - ding,

Love, un - to thine own . . who ca - mest Con - des - cen - ding,

Whom thine own re - cei - ved not: Light, that shi - nedst in the dark - ness,

Whom thine own re - cei - ved not: Light, that shi - nedst in the dark - ness,

Whom thine own re - cei - ved not: Light, that shi - nedst in the dark - ness,

Whom thine own re - cei - ved not: Light, that shi - nedst in the dark - ness,

Nº 92 CONTINUED.

But the dark - ness Thy splen - dour per - cei - ved not:

But the dark - - ness Thy splen - - dour per - cei - ved not:

But the dark - ness Thy splen - - dour per - - cei - ved not:

But the dark - ness Thy splen - dour per - cei - ved not:

2  
 O Blessed were they who saw Thee,  
 Who were chosen  
 First saints of thy saving word:  
 Blessed they who have not seen Thee,  
 Yet believing  
 Are callèd by Thee, O Lord.

3  
 Like stars in the night appearing,  
 Some are shining,  
 Leaders high of man's desire:  
 Saints are some, in silent temples  
 Ever burning,  
 Bright lamps of Love's living fire.

4  
 Thou hidest them, Love almighty,  
 In thy presence  
 From this world's provoking wrongs:  
 Shelter'd in thy quiet haven  
 Thou dost keep them  
 From strife of ungodly tongues.

5  
 Love, unto thine own who camest,  
 May thy servants  
 Thy great love receive aright.  
 Grant, O grant that out of darkness  
 All creation  
 May come to thy marvellous light.



M. M. RINCKART. 1640.  
TR. BY R. B.

J. CRUEGER. 1649.  
SET BY CH. WOOD.

Now all give thanks to God With bo - dy soul and spi - rit,  
For count - less gifts of good, Be - yond our sense and me - rit:

Now all give thanks to God With bo - dy soul and spi - - rit,

Now all give thanks to God With bo - dy soul and spi - rit,  
For count - less gifts of good, Be - yond our sense and me - rit:

Now all give thanks to God With bo - dy soul and spi - rit,

Who call'd us from our birth To his saints' com - pa - ny,

Who call'd us from our birth To his saints' com - pa - ny,

Who call'd us from our birth To his saints' com - pa - ny,

Who call'd us from our birth To his saints' com - pa - ny,



ALTOS AND BASES FIND WORDS OF REPEAT IN FIRST VERSE IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THEIR NOTES.

Nº 93 CONTINUED.

And gave us on the earth So fair a land and free.

And gave us on the earth So fair a land and free.

And gave us on the earth So fair a land and free.

And gave us on the earth So fair a land and free.

2

O may his bounteous love  
 Thro'out this life befriend us,  
 And ever cheerful hearts  
 And holy concord send us:  
 His Grace our spirits bear  
 Thro' vanities unvest,  
 And shield from ill what'er,  
 In this world and the next.

3

All glory be to God  
 For all He hath created,  
 From us whom He so high  
 Among his works enstated,  
 To praise Him while we live  
 And on his will attend,  
 Until we there arrive  
 Where song shall have no end.



CH. WESLEY.  
ADAPTED BY R. B.

ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.  
MEAN PARTS BY M. M. B.

Ye that do your Mas - - ter's will, Meek in heart . . be mee - ker still:

Ye that do your Mas - ter's will, Meek in heart be mee - ker still:

Ye that do your Mas - ter's will, Meek in heart be mee - ker still:

Ye that do your Mas - ter's will, Meek in heart be mee - ker still:

Day by day your sins con - fess, Ye that walk in right - eous - ness:

Day by day your sins con - fess, Ye that walk in right - eous - ness:

Day by day your sins con - fess, Ye that walk in right - eous - ness:

Day by day your sins con - fess, Ye that walk in right - eous - ness:

Nº 94 CONTINUED.

Gra - cious souls in grace a - bound, Seek the Lord, whom ye have found.

1. Gra - cious souls . . . in grace a - bound, Seek the Lord, whom ye have found.  
 2. Joy to win . . . his wel - come grace, Joy to see Him face to face.

Gra - cious souls in grace a - bound, Seek the Lord, whom ye have found.

Gra - cious souls in grace a - bound, Seek the Lord, whom ye have found.

2

He that comforts all that mourn  
 Shall to joy your sorrow turn :  
 Joy to know your sins forgiven,  
 Joy to keep the way of heaven,  
 Joy to win his welcome grace,  
 Joy to see Him face to face.



Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

2  
We are traveling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now; and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3  
Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land:



Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

4  
Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.



Christ hath a gar - den wall'd a - round, A Pa - ra - dise of fruit - ful ground,

Christ hath a gar - den wall'd a - round, A Pa - ra - dise of fruit - ful ground,

Christ hath a gar - den wall'd a - round, A Pa - ra - dise of fruit - ful ground,

Christ hath a gar - den wall'd a - round, A Pa - ra - dise of fruit - ful ground,

Cho - sen by love . . and fenc'd by grace From out the world's wide wil - der - ness.

Cho - sen by love and fenc'd by grace From out the world's wide wil - der - ness.

Cho - sen by love . and fenc'd by grace From out the world's wide wil - der - ness.

Cho - sen by love and fenc'd by grace From out the world's wide wil - der - ness.

2  
Like trees of spice his servants stand,  
There planted by His mighty hand;  
By Eden's gracious streams, that flow  
To feed their beauty where they grow.

3  
Awake, O wind of heaven, and bear  
Their sweetest perfume thro' the air:



Stir up, O south, the boughs that bloom,  
Till the beloved Master come:

4  
That He may come and linger yet  
Among the trees that He hath set;  
That He may evermore be seen  
To walk amid the springing green.

WORDS FOR THIS  
SETTING BY R. B.

JESVS MEINE ZVVERSICHT.  
SET BY J. S. BACH.

Love of love and Light of light, Heav'n-ly Fa-ther all main-tai-ning,

Love of love . and Light of light, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther all main - tai - ning,

Love of love . . and Light of . . light, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther all main - tai - - ning,

Love of love and Light of light, Heav'n-ly Fa - ther all main - tai - ning,

Wis-dom hid in high - est height, To thy crea-ture fond - ly deign - ing,

Wis-dom hid . . in high - est height, To thy crea - ture fond - ly deign - ing,

Wis-dom hid . . in high - est . height, To thy crea - ture fond - ly . . deign - - ing,

Wis-dom hid in high - est height, To thy crea - ture fond - ly . . deign - ing,

Nº 97 CONTINUED.

Ma - ker won - der - ful and just, Thou hast call'd my heart to trust.

Ma - ker . won - der - ful and just, Thou hast call'd my heart to trust.

Ma - ker won - der - ful and just, Thou hast call'd my heart to trust.

Ma - ker won - der - ful and just, Thou hast call'd my heart to trust.

2

What are life's unnumber'd cares,  
Sorrow, torment, passing measure?  
O'er my short-liv'd pains and fears  
Surely ruleth thy good pleasure.  
Boundless is thy love for me,  
Boundless then my trust shall be.

3

Every burden weigheth light,  
Since in Thee my hope abideth.  
Sweetly bright my darkest night,  
While on Thee my mind confideth.  
Give thy gift I Thee implore,  
Thee to trust for evermore.



FR. PS. CXIX  
FOR THIS TUNE BY R. B.

THOS. TALLIS. 1560.

En - ter thy courts, thou Word of Life, my joy and peace:

En - ter thy courts, thou Word . . of . . Life, my joy and peace:

En - ter thy courts, thou Word of Life, my joy and peace:

En - ter thy courts, thou Word of Life, my joy and peace:

Let the glad sound there - in be heard; Bid plain - tive sad - ness cease.

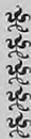
Let the glad sound there - in be heard; Bid plain - tive sad - ness cease.

Let the glad sound there - in be heard; Bid plain - tive sad - ness cease.

Let the glad sound there - in be heard; Bid plain - tive sad - ness cease.

2  
Glad was the time when I | would sing  
thy heavenly praise:  
Happy my heart when thou wert nigh,  
Directing all my ways.

O let ...



3  
In heav'n and earth thy law | endures,  
thy word abides:  
My troubled flesh trembleth in awe,  
My heart in terror hides.

Yet still ...

Nº 98 CONTINUED.

Com - fort my heart, . . Thou Truth most fair; O en - - ter in,

Com - fort my heart, Thou Truth most fair; O en - ter in,

Com - fort my heart, Thou Truth most fair; O en - ter in,

Com - fort my heart, . . Thou Truth most fair; O en - ter in,

Cha - sing des - pair and earth - - born care, My woe and sloth - ful sin.

Cha - sing des - pair and earth - born care, My woe and sloth - ful sin.

Cha - sing des - pair and earth - - born care, My woe and sloth - ful sin.

Cha - sing des - pair and earth - born care, My woe and sloth - ful sin.

2 CONTINUED.

O let thy light, thy joy | again  
return to me:  
Nor in disdain from me refrain,  
Who lift my soul to Thee.  
In heav'n . . .



3 CONTINUED.

Yet still on Thee my hope | is set:  
on Thee, O Lord,  
I will await and not forget  
The promise of thy word.

WORDS FOR THIS  
TUNE BY R. B.

GENEVAN, CXXXVIII.  
SET BY M. M. B.

Thee will I love, my God and King, Thee will I sing, my  
 For e - ver - more Thee will I trust, O God most just of  
 Thee will I love, my God and King, Thee will I sing, my strength  
 Thee will I love, my God and King, Thee will I sing, my  
 For e - ver - more Thee will I trust, O God most just of  
 Thee will I love, my God and King, Thee will I sing, . . . my

strength and tow - er; Who all things hast in or - der placed,  
 truth and pow - er; Who all things hast in or - der placed,  
 . . . and tow - er; Who all things hast in or - der placed,  
 strength and tow - er; Who all things hast in . . . or - der placed,  
 truth and pow - er; Who all things hast in or - der placed,  
 strength and tow - er; Who all things hast in or - der placed,

2  
 Set in my heart thy love I find;  
 My wand'ring mind to Thee Thou leadest;  
 My trembling hope, my strong desire  
 With heav'nly fire Thou kindly feedest.  
 Lo, all things fair thy path prepare,  
 Thy beauty . . .



3  
 O more and more thy love extend,  
 My life befriend with heav'nly pleasure;  
 That I may win thy Paradise,  
 Thy pearl of price, thy countless treasure.  
 Since but in Thee I can go free  
 From earthly . . .

Nº 99 CONTINUED.

Yea, for thy plea - sure hast cre - a - - - ted; And on thy throne un -

Yea, for thy plea - sure hast cre - - - a - - - ted; And on thy throne un -

Yea, for thy plea - - sure hast cre - a - - - ted; And on thy throne un -

Yea, for thy plea - sure hast cre - a - - - ted; And on thy throne un -

seen, un - known, Reig - nest a - lone in glo - ry sea - ted.

seen, un - known, Reig - nest a - lone in glo - ry sea - - ted.

seen, un - known, Reig - nest a - lone in glo - ry sea - ted.

seen, un - known, Reig - nest a - lone in glo - ry sea - ted.

2 CONTINUED.

Thy beauty to my spirit calleth,  
Thine to remain in joy or pain,  
And count it gain whate'er befalleth.

O more . . .



3 CONTINUED.

From earthly care and vain oppression,  
This pray'r I make for Jesu's sake  
That Thou me take in thy possession.

# I 00

S. AMBROSE (?)  
ENGLISH BY R. B.

S. AMBROSE (?)  
SET BY M. M. B.

Life-spring di - vine and bond of all, A - bi - ding in Thy - self un - mov'd,  
 Ke - rum De - us te - nar bi - gor Em - mo - tus tu Te - per - ma - nens,

Life-spring di - vine and bond of all, A - bi - ding in Thy - self un - mov'd,

Life-spring di - vine and bond of all, A - bi - ding in Thy - self un - mov'd,

By change of thy cre - a - ted light Our mor - tal times de - ter - mi - ning,  
 Lu - cis di - ur - nae tem - po - ra Suc - ces - si - bus de - ter - mi - nans;

By change of thy cre - a - ted light Our mor - tal times de - ter - mi - ning,

By change of thy cre - a - ted light Our mor - tal times de - ter - mi - ning,

2  
 Accord to us an evening fair,  
 Whereby our life fall not in shade;  
 That so our souls in holy death  
 Forestall thy gift of endless day.



2  
 Largite clarum bespere  
 Quo vita nusquam decibat,  
 Sed praemium mortis sacrae  
 Perennis instet gloria.

3

A - MEN.

A - MEN.

A - MEN.

A - MEN.



Appendix



Notes to Words  
& Music

## TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS AND AUTHORITIES

- Arabic numerals. When these are without other indication, they refer to the number of the hymn in this book, or to the note thereon.
- This sign is used to separate what precedes from what follows. It is thus the initial limit to any statement or quotation which concludes with an ascription.
- [B and G.] Bennett & Goldschmidt. 'The Chorale book for England,' London, Longmans, 1863. The Editors apparently consulted 'Der evangelische Kirchengesang,' and other works by Carl v. Winterfeld.
- C. F.=Canto fermo.
- C. M.=Common measure, *i. e.* 8, 6, 8, 6.
- Crespin. This term is used to indicate the English Psalter made at Geneva by the refugees, who there amended their previous attempts by imitating the French Genevan Psalter. John Crespin was the name of the printer.
- [D.] Douen. 'Clément Marot et le Psautier Huguenot, etc. par O. Douen,' 2 vols., Paris, 1878, a work of great value.
- Day. This name indicates the first editions of 'Sternhold and Hopkins' printed in England with music. They are continuations of Crespin. The first existing edition seems to be that of 1562, printed by John Daye.
- D. C. M.=Double common measure.
- D. L. M.=Double long measure.
- Esté. 'The whole book of Psalmes, etc., Thos. Est, London,' 1592. I have used the reprint of the Mus. Antiq. Society, 1844 (see 39).
- [G.] Grove. 'A Dictionary of music and musicians,' London, 1889.
- Genevan Psalter. I have used this term for the Genevan Psalter *par excellence*, *i. e.* the French protestant psalter of Calvin, Marot, and Beza, and have consulted the edition of 1559, which represents the book as Bourgeois left it (see 19).
- H A M. 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' ed. 1889.
- [J.] Julian. 'A Dictionary of hymnology, etc., edited by John Julian,' Murray, 1892.
- [K.] Knapp. 'Evangelischer Liederschatz . . etc., von M. Albert Knapp,' Stuttgart, 1865, contains 3130 German hymns.
- [L.] Livingston. 'The Scottish metrical Psalter of A. D. 1635, etc., edited by Rev. Neil Livingston,' Glasgow, 1864, a lithographed book, embodying laborious research. I have used a collation, which I made, of his text with the rare Crespin Psalters in the Bodleian Library.
- L. M.=Long measure, *i. e.* 8, 8, 8, 8.
- [M.] Moorsom. 'A Historical Companion to Hymns Anct. & Modern, by Rev. Robt. Maude Moorsom,' Parker, 1889.
- [P.] Distinguishes the notes on the plain-song hymns kindly communicated to me by the Revs. G. H. Palmer and W. H. Frere.
- Palgrave. 'The treasury of sacred song,' Oxford, 1889.
- Parr. Refers to the Index of composers, etc., in 'Church of England Psalmody, by Henry Parr,' revised edit., Novello, 1889.
- Scotch Psalter, see under [L.]. This is also known by the name of its printer, Andrew Hart, 1611 and 1635.
- S. M.=Short measure, *i. e.* 6, 6, 8, 6.
- Tr.=Translation or translated.
- V. C. B. '371 Vierstimmige Choralgesänge von Johann Sebastian Bach, Dritte Auflage,' Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel, 1831.
- [Z.] Zahn. 'Die Melodien der Deutschen Evangelischen Kirchenlieder,' Güterloh, 1889-93, 6 vols. This book gives the earliest found form of the tunes in musical notation, with collation of later versions.



## P R E F A C E   T O   N O T E S



THE origin of this book was my attempt, when precentor of a village choir, to provide better settings of the hymns than those in use.

When I gave up my office, I printed the first twenty-five hymns for the convenience of the choir, and also for the sake of the tunes by Jeremy Clark, which I had been at some pains to restore, and for the preservation of the tunes composed on our behalf by Professor Wooldridge.

My choice of music had so far been limited to tunes, for which suitable words were to be found in *Hymns Ancient & Modern*; but by the time that these first tunes were printed, I determined to continue the book free of this restriction, and, from whatever source, to provide words for tunes which I had hitherto been unable to use. I then became aware of a real cause for the absence of most of these tunes from the common hymnals: *there were no words of any kind to which they could be sung*. Having already translated some of the old Latin hymns for their proper melodies, I was thence led on to the more difficult task of supplying the greater need of these other tunes; the result being that over forty of these hundred hymns have English words newly written by myself. Almost all of these new hymns are in some sense translations, for even where an original hymn could not be followed in its entirety, as an old Latin hymn generally may be, there was usually a foundation to begin upon, and I never failed to find the music conditioning, dictating, or inspiring the remainder. I did not willingly engage in this, nor until I had searched word-books of all kinds; a fruitless labour, unless for the hope begotten thereof that my practice in versifying and my love for music may together have created something of at least relative value.

The unusual method which I was constrained to follow, that is of writing words to suit existing music, has its advantages. In some cases, as will be seen in the notes to the hymns, the musician, out of despair or even contempt for the doggerel offered to him, has composed a fine tune quite independent of the words to which it was dedicated<sup>1</sup>, and such tunes have been silent ever since they were composed: while even when a melody has been actually inspired by a particular hymn, the attention of the composer to the first stanza has not infrequently set up a *hirmos*, or at least a musical scheme of feeling, which, not having been in the mind of the writer of the words, is not carried out in his other stanzas<sup>2</sup>: indeed, as every one must have observed, the words of hymns have too often been written with insufficient attention to the conditions which a repetition of any music to every stanza must impose. To

<sup>1</sup> No. 28 is a good example of this. See also No. 98.

<sup>2</sup> No. 57 is a good example. The line *Du bist mein, und ich bin dein*, corresponds in stanza 2 with *Wenn die Welt in Trümmer fällt*, and in stanza 4 with *Elend, Noth, Kreuz, Schmach und Tod*. Again in No. 77 the opening phrase, *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, of the

twenty-second psalm needs music which conditions the other stanzas severely. Again the weak apologetic latter half of the German hymn *Herzliebster Jesu*, No. 42, is irreconcilably out of key with the pathetic grief of the beginning. Cases in which *cæsuras* and grammatical breaks are inconsistent are numberless.

get rid of such discrepancies between words and music is advantageous to both, and although this treatment cannot of course be applied to english hymns,—which it is not allowable to alter, except in cases of glaring unfitness or absurdity, such as would if uncorrected cause the neglect of a good hymn<sup>1</sup>;—yet, where the hymn has to be translated from a foreign language, some reconstruction is generally inevitable, and it can follow no better aim than that of the mutual enforcement of words and music. And the words owe a courtesy to the music; for if a balance be struck between the words and music of hymns, it will be found to be heavily in favour of the musicians, whose fine work has been unscrupulously altered and reduced to dullness by english compilers, with the object of conforming it in rhythm to words that are unworthy of any music whatever. The chief offenders here are the protestant reformers, whose metrical psalms, which the melodies were tortured to fit, exhibit greater futility than one would look for even in men who could thus wantonly spoil fine music<sup>2</sup>.

The form and size of the book were determined by the type, chosen because it was the only one that I could find of any beauty; and I wished that my book should in this respect give an example, and be worthy both of the music and its sacred use<sup>3</sup>. Moreover a book from which two or three singers can read is more convenient in the choir than a multiplicity of small books; and the music being in full score, its intention cannot be mistaken: for it must be understood that most of these tunes are set in the manner proper for voices, but unsuitable for the piano or other keyed instrument; and the book is intended to encourage unaccompanied singing. A choir that cannot sing unaccompanied cannot sing at all; and this is not an uncommon condition in our churches, where choirs with varying success accompany the organ. A proper manner of sustained singing, and the true artistic pleasure that should govern it, will never be obtained until these conditions are reversed.

There is one novelty which I am responsible for introducing, namely the four-part vocal settings of certain early plain-song melodies. The later plain-song tunes, such as No. 44, are, I suppose<sup>4</sup>, as fit for this treatment as any other tunes of the same date; but in the case of the earlier melodies, which were composed before the invention of any complete system of harmony, it is generally agreed that they should be sung in unison, in fact the more elaborate of them cannot be sung otherwise. To give four-part settings of any of these early tunes calls therefore for an explanation, which I will give as briefly as possible.

When these tunes are sung, they are usually accompanied, and this implies a harmonic treatment. Now the best harmonic treatment which they can have is the Palestrinal, because that was the earliest complete system, and therefore the nearest to their time, and also because we may rely on the truth of its interpretation of the modes for the reason that Palestrina had never heard any music that was not modal. A modern musician, if he attempts to go back beyond Palestrina, must draw on his imagination, and while his aim must be to produce something artistically and technically less perfect than Palestrina's system, his work, when it is done, will carry neither authority nor conviction.

<sup>1</sup> See note to Hymn 90. Other english hymns altered for practical purposes in this book are Nos. 19, 35, 51, last verse of 52, 66, 94, and 96.

<sup>2</sup> I give illustrations of these words in notes to Hymns 27, 54, 58, 63, 68, 84, and 98.

<sup>3</sup> The cheapness is not the direct cause of the ugliness of our common hymn-books, nor is their ugliness the cause of their cheapness. If many copies of a book are sold, they can be sold cheaply; if only a few, then the initial expense,

which is much the same whether the book be beautiful or ugly, must be shared between those few buyers and the author. But thus it comes about indirectly for cheapness to be the cause of meanness and ugliness, because in a larger market there is greater indifference to artistic excellence of all kinds, and from habit a preference for what is inferior. In a large edition this book could be sold as cheaply as another.

<sup>4</sup> I state here once for all that in musical matters I offer my opinion with becoming humility.

If then we take Palestrina's harmonic interpretation of the modes, it seems to me that there can be no objection to giving vocal parts to the simpler hymns. If it is preferred to sing them in unison, the modal settings will be a guide to the accompanist. But it is my opinion that such settings as I offer will really please, and they may possibly do something to bring these tunes, which have a unique, unmatchable beauty, into favour with choirs that dislike the effort and waste of unison singing. These settings offer no difficulty of execution; *all that is necessary is that the under voices should know the melody*: and though this is not generally thought requisite in a modern hymn, it is asking nothing extra of a choir that would sing the plain-song tunes; for even if they are sung in unison, they must first be known by heart (otherwise their rhythmical freedom, which defies notation, and is indispensable to their beauty, cannot be approached), and when once a choir has got thus far, the under parts, being phrased with the melody, will easily follow it. An explanation of the notation of these settings is given in the note to Hymn 29. Congregational singing of hymns is much to be desired; but, though difficult to obtain, it is not permissible to provoke it by undignified music. Its only sound musical basis is good melody: good melodies should therefore be offered to the people, such as it has been the object of this book to bring together; and they should have as much freedom and variety of rhythm as possible. If some of the good melodies are, owing to their wide compass or other difficulty, unfit for congregational singing, this is an advantage; because neither are all hymn-words equally suitable. Most of the words in this book are suitable for congregational singing; some are not. A hymn-book which is intended entirely for congregational use must be faulty in one of two ways; either it will offer for congregational singing hymns whose sacred and intimate character is profaned by such a treatment, or it will have to omit some of the most beautiful hymns in the language: but congregations differ much, not only with regard to the music in which they are capable of joining, but also as to the sort of words which best express their religious emotion.

In the following notes the left-hand side of the page is given to the words, the right to the music of each hymn: in the latter column will be found full information as to the text of the music, the source whence it is derived, &c., together with a careful account of every departure that has been made from the originals. It is hoped that this will not only be of general interest, but that it may inspire confidence in the text of the book, and ensure the reception which its authority demands. For the text of the music, and all the statements in the notes, I am responsible; excepting those portions of the notes which are therein assigned to their proper authorities, and in these I am responsible for the correctness of the quotations and references, in which I have done my best to secure accuracy. I owe much to the kindness of Mr. W. Barclay Squire at the British Museum; I have also to thank Mr. Godfrey Arkwright for the loan of some rare books, and Dr. Chas. Wood of Cambridge for two settings and occasional reading of music proofs; in which latter task I gratefully record the help of Mr. J. S. Liddle and Dr. Percy Buck. To Mr. Miles Birket Foster I owe the three trios by Jeremy Clark, and to the Revs. W. H. Frere and G. H. Palmer the text of the plain-song melodies, and the information concerning them which is given in the following notes: it is due to the generosity with which they put their learning and judgment at my disposal that I am able to offer these tunes with the same confidence as the rest of the book. Professor Wooldridge, having co-operated with me throughout, has allowed his name to appear on the title page.

# NOTES

## ON THE

### WORDS & MUSIC

#### I. DAY OF WRATH, O DAY OF MOURNING (for AT THE CROSS, see 44).

Part of the *Dies Irae*—by Thomas of Celano. 13th cent. [J.] Translation by Rev. W. J. Irons, in 'Hymns for use in Church,' 1866, Rector of S. Mary Woolnoth, London. [M.] A good selection of one hundred hymns.

Tune taken from a MS. Album, where it was named 'Nannini'. This title and internal evidence make our conjectural ascription to GIOVANNI MARIA NANNINI—1540 . . . 1607 [G.] very probable. The tune is in the S. Alban's Holborn Tune-book, No. 250, T. 3, where it has dominant for antepenult bass note of first line, which seems a corruption.

#### 2. MY GOD, I LOVE THEE, NOT BECAUSE.

Translation by Rev. E. Caswall—in his 'Lyra Catholica,' 1849, of S. Francis Xavier's famous hymn *O Deus, ego amo Te*. The original is stated to be a Spanish sonnet. The Latin hymn, probably by Xavier, was translated into German by J. Scheffler (see 12) in 1668, and this appears to be its earliest occurrence in existing books. [J.] The original Latin is irregular in metre. This version of it, in spite of blemishes, gives the worthiest words that I could find for Tallis' solemn and affecting tune.

THOMAS TALLIS, in Archbishop Parker's Psalter. Original setting.—This unpublished (?) book, date probably 1560, contains nine tunes by Tallis, broad, simple and effective, and suitable for congregational use, and from the technical point of view finer than anything of the kind that has been done since . . . Eight of these tunes are in the first eight modes, the ninth is in mode xiii. [G. iv. 755.] This tune is the tune in mode i, copied from G. The dots at the ends of the lines are rests in the original, which is unbar'd. It is here raised one tone.

In Tallis' tunes the C. F. is in the tenor, see 54, and 55, 68, 78, 98, all from Parker, and 59 from Day; 14, from Parker, is an exception.

#### 3. LO, ROUND THE THRONE A GLORIOUS BAND.

From H A M 435.—The original hymn began *Exalted high at God's right hand*. Author unknown. From Cotterill's selection 1810, based on Rowland Hill, 1783. [J.]

Le - ve le cœur, ou - vre l'o - reil - le, Peuple en - dur -  
- ci pour es - cou - ter De ton Dieu la voix non - pa - reil -  
- le Et ses com - man - de - mens gous - ter.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS (see 19). This is the English adaptation in Day's Psalt. 1560 of Bourgeois' new tune to Marot's *Commandemens*, in the Genevan Psalt. 1542. The adaptation to avoid the double rhymes is successful: but see the final degradation of this tune in H A M 3, and note on 20. I give B's original melody with the words.

#### 4. LORD, THY WORD ABIDETH.

The rev. Sir Henry Baker, 1821 . . . 1877. [M.] Copyright. The permission to use these words generously accorded to me by the Committee of H A M.

H. ELLIS WOOLDRIDGE, 1891, composed to these words for our choir.

#### 5. ALL YE WHO SEEK FOR SURE RELIEF.

From H A M 112.—Tr. by Rev. E. Caswall (see 2) from Latin *Quicumque certum quaeritis*. Rom. Brev. 1786. [J.]

JEREMIAH CLARK. Tune called S. PAUL'S, alias BISHOP THORPE, alias CHARMOUTH. According to Henry Parr, who collated 18th cent. T. books, ('Church of England Psalmody,' 1889,) this tune first occurs in Dr. Ed. Miller's 'The Psalms of David for the use of Parish Churches,' 1790; whence P. supposes that Dr. Miller made it up. Apart from the merit of the tune, I think it evident that the three high-pitched trios which I print are of earlier authority. These were copied for me by Mr. Myles Birket Foster from the books of the Foundling Hospital, when he was organist there, where they were all ascribed to Jer. Clark. James Turl, who set this tune twice, and made a double chant out of its harmony, has it in his 'People's Music book,' 1844, in B $\flat$ , (Dr. M's setting is in G,) in a form which is clearly not taken from Miller's book, but agreeing with the trio. The graces in the trio are of an older date than Miller, and could not have originated from his corrupt interpretation of them.—Jer. Clark was organist of S. Paul's Cathedral 1695 . . . 1707. [G.] He seems to have been the inventor of the modern English Hymn-tune, which degraded into empty flourish, 'quavering and semi-quavering care away' before 1800. His tunes are beautiful, and have the plaintive grace characteristic of his music and melancholy temperament. They are first in merit of their kind, as they were first in time; and they are truly national and popular in style, so that their neglect is to be regretted. Our 4-pt. setting of this tune is based on the trio.

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## 6. O CHRIST, WHO ART THE LIGHT AND DAY.

From HAM 95.—Tr. by Rev. JEREMIAH CLARK. Tune called *BROMLEY*. For this tune I have only the authority of the trio (5). There can be little doubt that it is the 'hymn tune' from which Dr. Miller (5) says that he 'partly took' his famous *ROCKINGHAM*. His acquaintance with Bishopthorpe is confirmatory. Much is thereby explained. It is easy to see how Dr. M. came to write a popular tune, if he vulgarized the work of a man of genius: also why Rockingham has won the favour of musicians; because the force of Clark's melodious invention supports the coarse fabric of Dr. M's garment. He certainly concocted a tune which any congregation

can sing, and one which, alas! the average English congregation is never tired of singing. His maudlin composition is still chosen by our church musicians to be sung to the most sacred words. See HAM 317 and 108. Our setting follows the trio.

## 7. JESU, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

From HAM 178.—Tr. by JER. CLARK. This melody appears in Playford's 'Divine Companion,' 1709, as A hymn for Good Friday. Signature of three flats for four, with organ-bass figured. This bass is kept in our setting, except a passing D in fourth bar. Tune occurs set in four parts by Benj. Jacob, in his 'National Psalmody,' about 1820 (?), called *KING'S NORTON*. Our setting was the outcome of vocal experiment.

## 8. WHAT STAR IS THIS WITH BEAMS SO BRIGHT.

From HAM 77.—Tr. by Rev. J. Chandler, JER. CLARK. Same source as No. 7, *I will exalt thy sacred name*, in 'Hymns of the Primitive Church,' 1837, Vicar of Whitley; from Coffin's *Quae stella sole pulchrior*. Chas. Coffin, 1676 . . 1749, principal of the coll. at Beauvais, 1712, succeeding the historian Rollin; and Rector of the Univ. of Paris, 1718. The bulk of his hymns appeared in the Paris Breviary, which he largely influenced, in 1736. [J.]

## 9. AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN.

Thos. Ken, D.D., Bishop JER. CLARK. Same source as No. 7. *Up to the hills I lift mine eyes*, melody and unfigured bass. of Bath and Wells, 1695. Has often been set: called *BROCKHAM* by Turle. Our setting, by Professor Wooldridge, 1888, discards Clark's bass. Orig. key A<sup>2</sup>. (*Amen* printed at end of words by mistake.) [M.]

## 10. COME, LET US JOIN OUR CHEERFUL SONGS.

Dr. Isaac Watts, from his 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs.'—I. Watts was born in 1674. The bulk of his 'Hymns & Spiritual Songs' were written in the 21st and 22nd years of his life; published 1707 . . 1709. His 'Horae Lyricae,' pub. 1706 . . 1709; 'Divine and moral songs,' pub. 1715; 'Psalms,' pub. 1719. He died in 1748. His learning, piety, gentleness, and largeness of heart have earned for him the title of the Melancthon of his day. [J.] The stanza of this Hymn which I have omitted is, I think, quite unworthy of the rest.

as if it were a modern melody, and is therefore lightened both in motion (HAM has minim=90) and harmony. (2) It is thought necessary to reduce it to a regular bar'd rhythm, which forbids the long initials. (The finals of the odd lines can be crowned, and, allowing this fiction, the time-difficulty is reduced to the initials of the even lines.) (3) There is a general convenience in having all the CM tunes in the same simple grammatical form. Of course the ultimate appeal is to the aesthetic effect; and one has only to hear this tune as given in HAM and as given here to know which is the better.

I readily concede that the majority of the old CM and DCM English church-tunes are as dull as can be conceived, and that though they are made duller by equalizing their notes, yet lengthening their notes makes them more tedious; also that the same convenience of having a constant rhythm for one metre led the old psalter-makers to impose the rule of long initials whether they suited the melody or not. There can be no objection to a modern compiler using some liberty of judgment in this matter; but it is manifestly wrong to enforce a modern convention indiscriminately in place of an old one, and any alteration must stand on its own merits, with convincing reason and advantage. These old tunes had their own proper traditional flow, and why may we not hear them as our fathers loved to hear them? (see note on 53.)

Tune called *DUNDEE*. Scotch Psalter, 1615, in F, where it is called *FRENCH TUNE*. (The Scotch Dundie is our No. 53, q.v.) I have kept the original rhythm, inserting bars. This raises the general question of unbar'd rhythm in hymn-melodies (see 25), and also of the origin and meaning of the long notes in the church tunes (see No. 53). To speak here only of the long initials and finals of the CM tunes. The practice was to write all the CM tunes with long notes at the beginning and end of every line, as Dundee is here given, but without bars except between the lines. The modern way is to make all the notes equal, except the finals of the second and fourth lines (see this tune in HAM No. 41). The reasons for this new practice are threefold. (1) Tradition having perished, the tune is wrongly treated

On long initials.

In the case of these CM tunes this question of long initials ought on theory to be decided by considering whether the musical phrase observes the line unit, as in this tune, or whether it is a two-line phrase, as in 14, 15, 78. But this it is not always possible to determine. In some tunes, as S. David's (No. 60), the modern reading seems plainly the better, though it is difficult to state why. There are some old CM tunes which were from the first written exceptions to the rule, see especially 41, which is the earliest of all, and compare 51 and 78. I think that prejudice against the long notes has arisen from antiquarians drawing too little distinction between the good and the dull tunes, and trying to foist upon us what is old, independently of its merit; also from the poverty of the vocal parts offered to the singers; for the old way demands a slow and solemn singing, and that implies a more solid treatment than is commonly given to a modern hymn-melody, which has relinquished the intention of being a *canto fermo* for diatonic harmony.

The rule which I have observed is to give in all cases the original rhythm of the melody, unless there seemed to be really good aesthetic reasons why it should be abandoned.

## II. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT, AMID THE ENCIRCLING GLOOM.

By Rev. J. H. Newman, 1833. [M.]

H. ELLIS WOOLDRIDGE. Composed 1890, for our choir.

## 12. O LOVE, WHO FORMEDST ME TO WEAR.

Tr. by Miss Catharine Winkworth, 1858, of Johann Scheffer's hymn. [M.] —He was a Lutheran Physician and mystic, 1624 . . . 1677, who joined the Roman church, 1653, and took the name Angelus. 'Papaecus hic angelus, sed bonus.' Most of his hymns written before 1653. [K.] The original has a very beautiful individual charm, with a rhythm depending on the word *Liebe*, which cannot therefore be reproduced in English: I give the first stanza.

23686, die du mich zum Bilde  
Deiner Gottheit hast gemacht:  
Liebe, die du mich so milde  
Nach dem Fall hast wiederbracht:  
Liebe, dir ergeb' ich mich,  
Dein zu bleiben ewiglich.

Tune found in an 18th cent. psalm-book, title gone. Also in Smith and Prelluer's 'Harmonious Companion,' 1732. Ps. 127, where initial note is A not E, but E in the repeat. Set here by Professor H. E. Wooldridge.

## 13. NOW CHEER OUR HEARTS THIS EVENTIDE.

German, *Ach bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ*, by Dr. Nicolaus Selnecker, 1530 . . . 1592, preacher and professor of theology. [K.] This adaptation, a hymn for weekday evenings, is made for Bach's setting.

Proper tune, J. S. Bach's version of the melody, and his setting, from the VCB, except for the alterations noted under the music. The original melody, 1659, composer unknown, may be seen in 'The Chorale book for England.' Bennett and Goldschmidt. 1863.

## 14. O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF GRACE.

J. Chandler (8), 1841. Tr. Par. Brev. (see 8). [M.]

THOMAS TALLIS. His *ORDINAL*, from Parker's Psalter (see 2). Original setting. To be found in all hymn-books, variously improved by the various taste and kindness of various compilers. The consecutive octaves in contrary motion between the extreme parts in the last line and the open fifths no doubt suggested resetting. Tallis apparently liked these octaves under certain conditions: he makes an effect of them in the last verse of the Benedictus of his Dorian service, and a case occurs in each of the anthems, *If ye love me* and *Hear the voice and prayer*: and see No. 78. This tune is raised from C to E $\flat$ .

## 15. THE HEAD THAT ONCE WAS CROWNED WITH THORNS.

By the Rev. Thos. Kelly, 1820. [J.]

CHRISTOPHER TYE, from his 'Actes of the Apostles,' 1553. These DCM tunes by Dr. Tye end with a point taken in motet form, which has probably been the cause of their neglect; it being difficult to fit the various words of different verses of a hymn to the notes, while the original words are almost comic. In our text Professor Wooldridge has supplied a 5-bar section in place of the original motet ending. This tune is of four musical sections, not of eight, each section corresponding to two lines of words. The double bars in the middle of these sections have no musical meaning: they merely show the lines of the verse for the convenience of the singers. A good account of Dr. Tye will be found in Mr. Godfrey Arkwright's edition of Tye's 6-part mass, in 'The old English Edition,' No. X. Parker, Oxford, 1893, price 3s. 6d. See also note on 53.

## 16. GREAT GOD, WHAT DO I SEE AND HEAR?

First stanza is anonymous in 'Psalms and Hymns for public and private devotion,' Sheffield, 1802. The second is by Dr. Wm. Bengo Collyer, 1812. The rest was made by or for T. Cotterill, 1819, who altered Collyer. The only likeness to Bartholomäus Ringwaldt's *Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit Dass Gottes Sohn wird kommen* (of which it is sometimes said to be a translation) is in the metre and subject. [J.]

German tune, in a hymn-book published at Wittenberg, 1535, to *Nun freut euch, liebe Christen g'mein*. [B. and G.] Melody, according to this authority, set by Professor Wooldridge.



## 17. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

1850. By Dr. Horatius Bonar, 1808 . . . 1889. A minister of the Scotch free church. [M.] This hymn selected by Palgrave. H. E. WOOLDRIDGE. In the 6th mode. Composed for our choir.

## 18. HARK, HOW ALL THE WELKIN RINGS.

Chas. Wesley, 1743. Original words, except that I have used *to dwell . . . our Immanuel* for original *to appear . . . our Immanuel here*. For an account of this hymn see Julian 487. The objection to the version *Hark the herald, &c.*, apart from the needlessness of altering the original, is that in the gospel the angels are not heralds, nor do they sing Glory to the newborn King. The change was perhaps made from fear of the word *welkin*. The original is kept in Palgrave. H. E. WOOLDRIDGE. In the 5th mode. Composed for our choir.

## 19. BREAD OF THE WORLD IN MERCY BROKEN,

*Wine of the soul in mercy shed!  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead!*  
*Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!*

This is the original hymn by Reginald Heber, 1783 . . . 1826, Bishop of Calcutta. [M.] I set these words to this tune, but finding that they did not please, nor seem to make good sense, I altered them for our own use. I give my new version in the text, and Heber's original in the note.

subsequent additions by his successors, there are not more than two or three which will compare with his work. One of these is our No. 92. Of his extreme care in revision and modification instances will be found in notes to 37, 58, 72. There is a collation of different editions in Douen. To the excellence of his work as a melodist the examples in this book will testify. They are all taken from the edition of 1559, which represents the last appearance of the Genevan Psalter before it was completed by the addition of inferior matter. Historians who wish to give a true philosophical account of Calvin's influence at Geneva ought probably to refer a great part of it to the enthusiasm attendant on the pleasure of singing Bourgeois' melodies. The date of this tune (Ps. cxviii.) is 1543. Three notes modified in 1551. Our setting is by H. E. Wooldridge.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS. A name come, with the slow justice of time, out of long obscurity to high esteem. He was born at Paris, accompanied Calvin to Geneva in 1541 to be precentor of the Huguenot church there. He found in use a Strasbourg book of thirty tunes, and when he departed in 1557 he left a Psalter of eighty-five tunes. Of these eighty-five three are original Strasbourg tunes almost unchanged (see Nos. 37, 72): eight are Strasbourg tunes modified by Bourgeois: twelve are his own contribution to his first edition of 1542: fourteen were added in 1543 or 1544: and three in his revision of 1549 (in which revision he modified fifteen of the old, and added four new tunes of his own, which he subsequently discarded): twelve were added in 1551: and the other thirty-three (to Beza's new psalms after Marot's death) before he left in 1557. The scarcity of copies of these editions makes an exact account difficult. He was imprisoned by his employers for his musical innovations in 1551, and having suffered Calvin for sixteen years, seems to have lost his appointment and left Geneva on account of Calvin's opposition to his desire to introduce part-singing. He published a book of fifteen 4-part Psalms at Lyons in 1549. [D.] Among all his eighty-five tunes there are very few which are not of great merit, while among the

## 20. ABIDE WITH ME, FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.

Rev. F. H. Lyte, 1846, LOUIS BOURGEOIS (see 19), i. e. four lines from his five-line melody to Ps. cxiv, composed after 1551. Vicar of Brixham. [M.] I cry *peccavi* concerning this. The facts are that the tune was set, as I have printed it, for our choir by Professor Wooldridge, who was unaware that the tune was imperfect when he set it. I discovered the omission when printing, and allowed it to stand, being convinced that it justifies itself on aesthetic grounds, and that Bourgeois himself might have preferred a four to a five-line hymn for his invention. But I would not have inserted it thus tampered with, if I had foreseen exactly what sort of a book I was beginning to make: because it lays me open to the reproach of myself doing the very thing which I so strongly reprobate. Here is the omitted third line in its original position, which is altered in this book from C to G. This melody was taken over by the English at Geneva into their Psalter for the same Psalm, and appears in Crespin, 1560, and the subsequent Sternhold and Hopkins, Este, and Scotch Psalters, with all its five lines, in which form it has therefore had its full chance of becoming established.



## 21. HARK, THE GLAD SOUND: THE SAVIOUR COMES.

Dr. Philip Doddridge, Independent Minister at Northampton, 1702 . . . 1751. [M.] JER. CLARK. The tune called *NOTTINGHAM*. In general use. Source of the tune given under the music and in note to 5. It first occurs in Playford's 'Divine Companion,' in 1709, p. 93, in B<sup>b</sup> without actual ascription to Clark.

## 22. KING OF GLORY, KING OF PEACE.

George Herbert, b. 1533. He was Rector of Bemerton for less than two years, dying in 1633. His poems were written there. Isaak Walton writes, 'His chiefest recreation was Music, in H. E. WOOLDRIDGE, 1887.

which heavenly Art he was a most excellent Master, and did himself compose many *divine Hymns* and *Anthems*, which he set and sung to his *Lute* or *Viol*. . . and he would say *that his time spent in Prayer, and Cathedral Music, elevated his soul, and was his Heaven upon Earth.* There is unfortunately no record of the preservation of any of George Herbert's music. Experience would lead me to cancel the note suggesting the omission in church of any of the stanzas here selected; for they proved popular.

### 23. O PRINCE OF PEACE, WHO MAN WAST BORN.

The original is in a MS. in the Lambeth library, whence I took it, date 15th cent. It is one of the best pre-reformation vernacular hymns that survive, *Jhesus that sprung of Jesse root*. It has six stanzas of twelve lines, with refrain at end of each, which will give the measure of my adaptation. Here is the last stanza—

*Jhesu, to thee I cry and greede:  
Prince of peace, to thee I pray;*

*Thou woldest bleed for mannis need,  
And suffer many a fearful fray.  
Thou me feed in all my drede  
With patience now and ay,  
My life to lead in word and dede  
As is most pleasant to thy pay,  
And to die well when it is my day,  
Jhesus, that died on tree for us,  
Let me not be the fiendis prey,  
But be my comfort, Christ Jhesus.*

ORLANDO GIBBONS, from 'Hymns and Songs of the Church,' by G(eorge) W(ither), 1623. There are sixteen tunes by Orlando Gibbons in this book, but three of them are adaptations of one tune to different metres. They are unbar'd melody with unfigured bass. The reprint of this book in John Russell Smith's 'Library of Old Authors,' London, 1856, by Ed. Farr, is easily obtainable. This is the fourth tune, called *Song 5*. Gibbons was born at Cambridge,

1583, and died in 1625. As he was confessedly one of the best english composers, the neglect of his hymn-tunes, and the mutilation of such as are used, is the more to be wondered at. This tune is here lowered, the original final is A, not F. The mean parts added by M. M. B.

### 24. JESU, GRANT ME THIS, I PRAY.

Tr. by Sir H. W. Baker, for HAM, 1861, of *Dignare me, O Jhesu, rogo te*, which is given by Daniel. It occurs in 'Psalterium Canticum Catholicarum,' Cologne, 1722. [J.]

ORLANDO GIBBONS. The tune called *CANTERBURY*. This is the sixth tune, *Song 13*, from the same source as 23; here lowered one tone from F to E♭. The original has the two keynotes in the last line of bass put in the lower octave, and it has a dot and semiquavers in the melody, where I have written quavers. The tune is so well known in a corrupted

rhythm that it seemed better to bar it, to ensure the observance of the long syncopated initials, on which so much depends; but as this barring might cause the semiquavers to be hurried in strict time, quavers seemed to become the truer reading of the melody. In the original this is a six-line tune, lines three and four being repeated (exactly, except for the final breve). But the acceptance of it as a four-line tune seems justified by the way in which Gibbons in this book has adapted a tune to long stanzas by various repeats. The mean parts are supplied by M. M. B.

### 25. GLORY TO THEE, WHO SAFE HAST KEPT.

Part of Bishop Ken's morning hymn (9). I am glad to have introduced it to music worthy of the stanza *Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art*.

ORLANDO GIBBONS. The tune called *ANGELS*, see 23. This is the thirteenth tune, *Song 34*, the mean parts supplied by M. M. B. This composition so pleased its author that he somewhat inconsistently extended it to fit also hymns of six and eight lines. Its great beauty is mainly due to the exquisite rhythm, as any one may see by comparing its degraded form in HAM 8. The first line is a 'short sapphic' (see note on 53) in *alla breve* time. The second line by a simple syncopation gets free of the double beat, and allows the last two lines to flow as in triple time; a device which would be destroyed by an *alla breve* barring, if the singers attended to it; and this is why I have not bar'd it. The explanation here will serve for all other unbar'd tunes of the same period in this book: with such tunes my rule has been to bar them only if there was no reason against it. When bars would cut through semibreves which are intended to be sung smoothly, then they must injure the rhythm; and no greater injury can be done to a melody than to hamper its freedom: therefore in some cases I have left the melody unbar'd, while for the convenience of the singers I have bar'd the under-parts. As for the early plain-song tunes, though some of the simplest of these do not resent barring, they should never be bar'd, because barring implies equality in the length of the notes. It would be as reasonable to expect a proper execution of bar'd plain-song, as to hope for the intelligent performance of a symphony from an orchestra that was provided with their instrumental parts unbar'd. Freedom of rhythm is one of the chief beauties and the characteristic privilege of the old hymn melodies, which, being known by heart and associated with familiar words, will flow naturally into many of those infinite varieties of free rhythm which all the contrivances of musical grammar are unable to express to the eye.

### 26. THE GOD OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

Ps. xxxiii. Geo. Herbert's version (22).

Tune called *S. BARTHOLOMEW* in Smith and Prelluer (12), where it is set to Ps. xci. melody in Tenor, which has crotchets E. C. for C minim on *sheep*-, and dotted crotchet with quaver in place of the two crotchets in fourth line. Set by H. E. Wooldridge.

27. JOY AND TRIUMPH EVERLASTING.

Translation, made for this tune, of Adam of S. Victor, 12th cent. Dr. Neale preferred Adam to Virgil, and as he is perhaps seldom better than in this sequence, I give ten of the thirteen latin stanzas from Wrangham's edit.

1  
Supernae matris gaudia  
repraesentat ecclesia,  
dum festa colit annua,  
suspirat ad perpetua.

2  
In hac valle miseriae  
mater succurrit filiae,  
hic coelestis excubiae  
nobiscum stent in acie.

3  
Mundus, caro, daemonia  
diversa movent praelia,  
incurso tot phantasmatum

*Ainsi que la biche ree,  
Pourchassant le frais des eaux,  
Ainsi mon ame alteree,  
Seigneur Dieu de tes ruisseaux,  
Va toujours criant, suivant  
Le grand le grand Dieu vivant,  
Helas donques quand serace  
Que verray de Dieu la face?*

turbatur cordis sabbatum  
\* \* \*

6  
*Quam felix illa civitas,  
in qua jugis sollempnitas;  
et quam jocunda curia,  
quae curae prorsus nescia.*

7  
*Nec langvor hic nec senium,  
nec fraus nec terror hostium,  
sed una vox laetantium  
et unus ardor cordium.*

\* \* \*

LOUIS BOURGEOIS (19), 1551. Gen. Psal. xlii (see 19). Taken over by the english at Geneva as a D L M tune for Ps. xxvii. It is also set with ruined rhythm five times by Bach in the V C B to *Freu dich sehr o meine Seele*, and by Schumann. Goudimel's 4-part setting may be seen in B and G App. Our setting is by M. M. B. I give Marot's original first stanza. The english psalm begins *The Lord my light and health will be, For what then should I be dismayed?*

9  
*Mirantur nec deficiunt  
in illum quem prospiciunt,  
fruantur nec fastidiunt,  
quo frui magis sitiunt.*

10  
*Illic patres dispositi  
pro qualitate meriti,  
semota jam caligine  
lumen vident in lumine.*

11  
*Hi sancti quorum hodie  
recescunt sollempnia,  
nunc revelata facie*

*regem cernunt in gloria.*

12  
*Illic regina virginum,  
transcendens culmen ordinum,  
excuset apud dominum,  
nostrorum lapsus criminum.*

13  
*Nos ad sanctorum gloriam  
per ipsorum suffragia  
post praesentem miseriam  
Christi perducatur gratia.*

28. LOVE OF THE FATHER, LOVE OF GOD THE SON.

From the latin, by R. B., for this tune. Given by Mone, vol. i, p. 236. Neale also prints it. MSS. with music go back to 14th cent. The sense follows the *Veni Creator*. The free rhythm of these 'Notkerian' sequences links the latin hymns with the greek. I give the magnificent exordium.

*Amor patris et filii,  
veri splendor auxilii  
totius spes solatii,  
O indeficiens piorum  
lux et praemium justorum,  
sublevator perditorum;  
Omnis fortitudinis  
omnis rectitudinis  
ac beatitudinis donator,  
omnis sanctitudinis amator.*

ORLANDO GIBBONS. His *Song 22* from same source as No. 27. Mean parts added by M. M. B. A good example of Gibbons' indifference to Wither's words, which show no trace of the strong caesura in the first line of the music, while the syncopated bass makes havoc of the second line. Here is Wither's first stanza—

*O Lord of Hosts and God of Israel!  
Thou who between the Cherubims dost dwell;  
Of all the world thou only art the King,  
And heav'n and earth unto their form didst bring.*

29. O SPLENDOUR OF GOD'S GLORY BRIGHT.

The latin is almost indisputably by S. Ambrose. The earliest MS. is about 700. Its use was generally for Matins or Lauds on Monday. [J.] Translation by R. B.

ERRATUM: In the fifth stanza of the Latin, 'venenam' is printed for 'venena.' Please erase the *m*.

committing themselves to any decided opinion. Being thus reduced to the external evidence, the facts are, as far as I can gather, much as follows. The old latin breviaries of the western church contained a cycle of hymns for the year. These breviaries varied in minor details, according to local use, such as the saints chosen for commemoration; and the hymns varied: but all the various hymn-cycles had a common nucleus, which was formed between the first general introduction of hymns, due to the influence of the rule of S. Benedict, about the 6th century, and the liturgical expansion of the 10th century: and there can be little doubt that the melodies had a corresponding variation, though there is not the same early MS. authority for the music as there is for the words. Little more, therefore, can be safely affirmed than this, namely, that when a melody is found in the old books in connection with only one hymn, and in use over a wide area, then it is almost certainly the original melody of that hymn, or an altered form of it (the absence of local modification being of great value), and it may be as old as the words. With less of such evidence, there is of course less probability of antiquity.

Tune,—assigned in most of the choral books, from 12th cent. onwards, to the hymn at Lauds on Sundays, *Aeterne rerum Conditor*; and in many to the hymns on Ferias also, of which *Splendor Paternae* is one. It is found in the Sarum & Hereford antiphoners, but not in those of York. It is not set to either of these hymns in the Ambrosian books. [P.] About the date of these early plain-song melodies there is much uncertainty. There is very great probability that some of them are as old as the words: and we may be singing now the very notes which ravished the ears of S. Augustin in the Milan basilica in the year 386. But in the absence of contemporary musical record, one must regretfully admit the untrustworthy nature of the oral tradition of music, which is subject to constant modification by the singers, in accordance with prevailing fashion. Hence, though the age of a plain-song melody may be judged in some measure by its intrinsic character, experts are chary of com-

The date of early plain-song melodies.

The Sarum Hymnal, which was the one in most general use in England, draws the greater part, both of its hymns and melodies, from the common storehouse; but in some instances the melodies have forms which are peculiar to this use. These are of extreme interest; for if they should not be of more ancient authority than others, their form must be the expression of national musical taste at a time when there is little other record of it; and to which it may be said that they do great credit, and for that reason should be jealously guarded from the invasion of foreign and inferior forms. Most of the plain-song melodies in this book are therefore taken from the old Sarum version, the text being that of the Rev. W. H. Frere's 'Hymn Melodies and Sequences,' &c., Plain-song and Mediaeval Musical Society, 1896.

In order to write out for singers a part-setting of a plain-song melody, one must either use the modern notation with its significance of strict time-values (in which case it is impossible to avoid the error of giving one strict interpretation to a melody which is of its nature elastic), or, on the other hand, one may set all the usual time-meaning of modern notation aside, and use symbols which have no strict time-significance, but which, fixing only the sequence and pitch of the notes, will allow the singers freedom of rhythm. This last is the course which I have adopted, and the justification of the method can only be this, that it makes it easy to sing the music properly. Before attempting the four-part singing of any of these tunes, *the melody must be known to the singers*, and its rhythm understood or agreed upon. This is always advisable, though the simplest tunes in this book (and this No. 29 is one) fall naturally into modern bars, and might be read off fluently enough; but in these simplest melodies it is important not to allow the feeling of bars to equalise the value of the notes, and so cut up the melody into unyielding blocks. After these remarks, the notation adopted will be readily understood with the following explanation:

Directions for singing the plain-song settings.

1. The notes (semibreve, minim, and crotchet) have not their proper relative values. As a rule the notes in ligature are of less time-value than the notes which are not in ligature.
2. When a semibreve, not final, occurs in one of the under parts, this means only that it has two or more notes in ligature passing above it.
3. The notes in ligature are represented by minims printed closely together.
4. When an accidental occurs in a ligature, the sharp or flat sign is printed on its proper line or space before the whole ligature, not immediately before the affected note. This is done merely to avoid separating the notes of the ligature.

### 30. THE LAMB'S HIGH BANQUET DOTHS INVITE.

The latin is not allowed to be by S. Ambrose. [See Julian.] *Stolis albis* alludes to the newly baptized, dressed in white on Easter eve, and admitted to Communion on Easter Sunday. As these white garments are no longer used, I have, in my translation for modern use, preserved only the symbolism, which was always their real, essential, and only meaning.

This beautiful melody is one of two appointed to be sung to this Easter hymn in all the english books. It is found in neums in 'Leofric's Collectarius,' 11th cent. (B. M. Harl. 2961). [P.]

### 31. THIS DAY THE FIRST OF DAYS WAS MADE.

The latin is one of the eight hymns which the Benedictine editors assign to S. Gregory. Its universal use was on Sundays at Nocturns or Matins. [J.]

Melody universally found with this hymn on Sundays at Matins in the Epiphany season, and later to the ferial hymns. It has been ascribed to S. GREGORY, 6th cent. The second line repeats the first. The B<sup>b</sup> in the third line is possibly a later introduction. [P.]

ERRATUM: In the second line of music *Or when His word*, on the word *when* the unison should be between alto and tenor, not between alto and treble. Please erase the *D* in the alto part and write in *B*.

### 32. JESU HOW SWEET THE THOUGHT OF THEE.

There is little reason to doubt the universal ascription of this hymn to S. Bernard, in the first half of the 12th cent. The earliest MS. of the text (end of 12th cent.) has 42 stanzas, of which our selection is 1, 2, 3, 9, 5, 6, 4, 19. The whole hymn has no construction, other stanzas have been added, and the variations of text are innumerable. Its ritual use was at first very limited, but it was introduced into special offices, and from 18th cent. three centos appear in the Roman breviary. [J.] My translation preserves the fourfold rhyme of the original, which is a chief point of its form, binding the unconnected stanzas in themselves, and thus suggesting a succession of thoughts rather than a continuity or progress.

This tune has few rivals in popular favour where it is known. It was sung to the hymns in Christmastide. The form is that the climax is in the middle between two identical strains: the last line repeating the first, ends the melody quietly as it began. It seems to have undergone some modification in the Sarum form, possibly to secure the musical rhyme at the end of the first and second lines. [P.]

### 33. O LORD, TURN NOT AWAY THY FACE.

The Lamentation of a sinner, in Day's Psalter, 1560..61. In 1565 it is ascribed to Marchant or Market. It has been variously altered. [J.] I have kept the original version.

S. MARY'S. I have not found this tune in Ravenscroft or Playford. It is in Dr. Patrick's Psalter, 1701, where it has the initials and finals long. These I have not altered, but the tune may certainly be as well sung with equal notes and crowned finals, if it be taken very slow, as it should be. (See note on 10.) Our setting is by Prof. Wooldridge.

34. HAPPY ARE THEY, THEY THAT LOVE GOD.

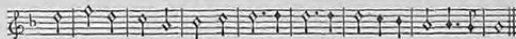
Translated freely for this tune WILLIAM CROFT. This tune first appears as I have printed it, but in A, in Playford's from *O quam juvat fratres, Deus*, 'Divine Companion,' 1709, to Ps. xcvi. It has there no name, and re-appears in the edition of 1717 differently framed, having lost its caesura, and now called *BINCHESTER TUNE*; and in this form it is set by Turle and Goss, and called *NORTHAMPTON*. It would seem that our text is the original form of the composition, and that it was probably rewritten in the manner of Jer. Clark to avoid the awkwardness which its caesura must have caused when sung to hymns which had no corresponding break in the words. There is an intermediate version, called *COMPTON*, in Ben Jacob's book (see 7). I have attempted to supply words to the original melody. Our setting, by M. M. B., keeps Croft's bass, except that C is written for D over the word *by*.

35. MY LORD, MY LIFE, MY LOVE.

The original of this Hymn, beginning *My God, my life, my love*, is in Dr. Watts' (see 10) 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs,' 1707. [J.] My adaptation was made in ignorance of its authorship, and must stand on its merits. ORLANDO GIBBONS. Same source as No. 23. This is *Song 20*, in the second Mode, here lowered one note, the mean parts added by M. M. B. The original, which is printed without signature, its initial being A over D, has a misprint, viz. the first note of second line is D over A, both minims after a rest. Farr's reprint alters the A to a semibreve D, and his conjecture is adopted here, though there is no certainty about it. Also in the original the final bass note of line 3 has not got its flat. The transposition has made it necessary to shift all the minims in the bass of the last line to the upper octave (in the original they are all in the lower octave); hence the leap of a major 6th across the double bar, which does not occur in the original. The D<sup>b</sup> (E<sup>b</sup> of untransposed position) introduced in the alto is a liberty permissible in the transitional style of Gibbons' writing.

36. THAT DAY OF WRATH, THAT DREADFUL DAY.

Sir Walter Scott's adaptation of THOMAS CAMPION. Poet and Musician. The original of this tune is No. 14 in *Dies Irae* at the end of 'The Lay of the last minstrel,' 1805. his 'First Book of Ayres,' etc. 1613; written with one flat and final G. This version of the tune was taken by H. E. W. in good faith from 'The book of praise Hymnal' by J. Hullah, Macmillan 1868; where it is wrongly ascribed: and it is No. 289 in E. G. Monk's 'Anglican H-book,' where it is worse altered. Hullah, whose version seems an improvement, altered the rhythm of the last two lines, the original of which I give here. Campion's setting is neglected throughout in our text.



37. WHEN LOW IN HEAVEN THE SUN WAS NOW DESCENDED.

English made for this tune after—*Als der betrübte Tag zu Ende kommen* by Andreas Gryphius, 1616 . . . 1664. One of the chief poets of Silesia. Teutscher Gedichte Erster Theil. Breslau. 1657. [J.] There is an English version of this H in the Moravian H-bk. i. 87, No. 167. One of the 3 original Strasbourg tunes, dating before 1539, kept by Bourgeois in the Genevan Psalter (see 19.) for Ps. cxxxvii. In 1558 B made an emendation, which, as I understand Douen, was this; on the words *Those few who* the notes were B. A. G. These he altered to D. C<sup>#</sup>. B. I give the notes as in our version, which is raised one tone, and should have the C<sup>#</sup> in the signature, the melody being in the first mode. Our setting by H. E. W.

38. MY LORD, MY LOVE, WAS CRUCIFIED.

By the rev. John Mason, sometime vicar of Water Stratford. His 'Spiritual Songs' are dated 1683. The first line of this is from S. Ignatius, 'O *κύριος* *ἔπος ἐσταύρωται*. [Palgrave.] I have altered *which* in 6th line to *who*, for the sake of the singing. ORLANDO GIBBONS. Same source as 23. This is *Song 3*. The mean parts added by M. M. B. Compare the old tune in English and Scotch psalters for Ps. xxx. which dates from 1556 at Geneva.

39. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCH'D THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.

By Nahum Tate, Poet laureate. *WINCHESTER*. Appears as a new tune in 'Este's Psalter,' 1592. Set by Geo. Kirbye, Psalm lxxxiv. What is known of Kirby may be found in the Ed. of his Madrigals lately published by Mr. Godfrey Arkwright (Parker & Co., Oxford), 'Old English Edition,' Nos. III, IV, and V. Kirby's settings are often distinguished by great individual beauty (see 53). Ravenscroft in some of his more elaborate settings strove to imitate him. Este's Psalter is one of the few old Psalters which are obtainable for reference, Este's Psalter. it having been reprinted by the Mus. Ant. Soc. in 1844. It contains 5 four-line tunes from Damon's Psalter, and 5 new four-line tunes, three of these ten doing duty for eighty-nine psalms. Beside these there are over 60 old long tunes; the settings,

in 4 parts with melody in the tenor, are by John Farmer, 17: Geo. Kirbye, 12: Rd. Allison, 10; Giles Farnaby, 9; Ed. Blancs, 7: John Douland, 5; Wm. Cobbold, 5: Edmund Hooper, 4: Ed. Johnson, 2: Michael Cavendish, 1. [See G.]

#### 40. HOW BRIGHT THESE GLORIOUS SPIRITS SHINE.

Dr. Watts (see 10), 1709. *LONDON NEW*.—Appears first in this form in Playford's 'Psalms and Hymns,' 1671. Altered by rev. Wm. Cameron, [PART]. It is altered from *NEWTOWN*, which is the 22nd common tune in the Scotch Psalter of 1635, where it is in F identical with our text except line 3, which is thus, 1781. [M.]



This is an example of a so-called *STILT TUNE*, the uneven leaping movement of which the new line observes, while the original line is in the manner of an older psalm-tune. The stilt, (other examples of which will be found Nos. 60, 71, 76,) no doubt owes its origin to the exhaustion of the resources of conjunct movement in these short hymn-phrases of equal notes. It takes the bull by the horns and does something as remote from conjunct movement as the old laws will allow: and as conjunct movement is easiest for words, so this is most difficult: but the best stils are beautiful, and together with their active vigour they show an unexpected plaintiveness in fetching their long intervals.

#### 41. LET SAINTS ON EARTH IN CONCERT SING.

This Hymn is an adaptation of Chas. Wesley by the H A M Committee. [M.] Ps. xxiii. in the English Psalter printed by Crespin at Geneva 1556. It is the only four-line tune in that book, and may be the earliest of the English CM Psalm-tunes. The original is printed with the signature of one flat, with final B $\flat$ , the two E's being accidentals. There is a semibreve rest at beginning of line 3, but no other. It was taken with two misprints into the Scotch Psalter of 1595, but fell out in subsequent editions. I have preserved the unusual rhythm, which is both easy and beautiful. Our setting made by H. E. W.

#### 42. AH! HOLY JESU, HOW HAST THOU OFFENDED.

This is the German hymn *Herzliebster Jesu*, 15 stanzas, by Johann Heermann, 1630. Taken from a meditation by S. Anselm, ascribed wrongly to S. Augustin in heading. I have retranslated S. Anselm to suit the tune. J. CRUEGER—1598 . . 1662. Cantor at St. Nicholas in Berlin. He is now best known as composer of some of the most favourite chorales, published in his 'Praxis pietatis melica oder,' etc. for four voices and two instruments, Leipsic, 1649 [G.]. B and G refer this chorale to 'Gesangbuch Augsburgischer Confession,' 1640. The original four-part setting is given in Zahn. Four elaborate settings by J. S. Bach of this tune in the V. C. B. His treatment of the melody is to sharpen the F when it first occurs, and introduce it natural in the second place. A plain setting of the original melody seems preferable for general use, considering especially the words of the hymn.

This tune is a plain example of a common traditional musical treatment of the Latin sapphic stanza. It is in the main an accental interpretation, not observing the quantities of all the syllables of the sapphic line, and it of necessity selects one rhythm to the exclusion of the other varieties proper to the metre. I suppose that it has been always recognised as the favourite or most popular and perhaps orthodox musical interpretation of the sapphic; the tunes Nos. 49 and 75 in this book to S. Gregory's hymns are very ancient examples. Speaking only of the eleven-syllable line, the sapphic proper, it can be satisfactorily barred in *alla breve* time, as in our text of this hymn, and it will be at once apparent that the unaccented last note may be omitted without affecting the force of the rhythm: it is thus equally fit for lines of ten and eleven syllables, and it is used freely for both by Bourgeois in the Genevan Psalter, and he has been followed by English composers in setting ten-syllable lines which have nothing whatever to do with the sapphic measure. Examples by Bourgeois in this book will be found in 20, 37 (which has an unusual cæsura), and 74; and compare the variations founded on it in 28, ll. 1 & 2, and 77, line 2. See also note on 53.

This old sapphic rhythm is most familiar to English ears as being the form of the common Anglican chant. It was, I imagine, from its popularity when it occurred in the so-called Gregorian chants, that it became chosen as model in preference to all other chant-forms by our church composers after the reformation. This especial disposition of semibreves and minims constitutes a rhythmical entity of a primary nature and unmistakable character: and the naming of such simple types should be of great use in the descriptive analysis of music.

#### 43. JERUSALEM ON HIGH.

Sam. Crossman. 1664. WILLIAM CROFT. In Playford's 'Divine Companion,' 3rd Ed. 1709. 'A Psalm set by Mr. William Croft. Cantus and Bassus. Ps. cxxxvi, a 1 voc.' in D with the C $\sharp$  omitted from signature and text, and with an irregular *alla breve* barring. Our setting keeps the bass, but I have altered the barring. This tune is also called Croft's 148th, and is generally given with altered rhythm, in strange disregard to the composer's fine intention.

#### 44. AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING.

An adaptation by Protestants of the famous *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, ascribed to Pope Innocent III, 1215. For an account of this Hymn see Julian. Tune found in the Mechlin books, probably of the 16th cent. Set here by H. E. W.

## 45. O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIFE.

One of the hymns attributed to S. Ambrose but which are now recognised as probably not by him. Its universal use was for Terce. [J.] English by R. B. Here is the Latin:

1 *Nunc sancte nobis spiritus  
Unum patri cum filio:  
Dignare promptus ingeri  
Nostro refusus pectori.*

Tune a foreign form of the melody used at Salisbury in connexion with the ferial hymns at evensong in the season between Epiphany and Lent. In this melody the first and third lines are identical. Its extreme simplicity is in favour of its being very ancient. [P.]

2 *Os lingua mens sensus vigor  
Confessionem personem,  
Flammescat igne caritas  
Accendat ardor proximos.*

## 46. FAR FROM MY HEAVENLY HOME.

H. F. LYTE. The second of three versions of Ps. cxxxvii. in 'The Spirit of the Psalms,' first edit. 1834. Rivington.

H. E. WOOLDRIDGE. Composed to these words for our choir.

## 47. O MAKER OF THE STARS OF NIGHT.

Ascription same as 45. This well-known Latin H. is found as early as 9th cent. in a MS. at Bern. See Julian.

This melody is almost universally used with this hymn, during Advent. It is found in neums in the 'Leofric Collectarius' of the 11th cent. and is not improbably as the words, i.e. 8th cent. It is a good example of a syllabic melody. [P.]

## 48. COME, O CREATOR SPIRIT, COME.

There is a long treatise on the disputed authorship of this hymn in Julian.—The hymn has not been found in any MS. earlier than the latter part of the 10th cent. Its singing in mediaeval times was marked with great ceremony: its use in the Pentecostal services is traced to the 10th cent. It was used at Vespers and also at Terce. [J.] Our text agrees with J.'s except that he has *ditas*: other verses were additions. The fine version of this hymn by Bp. Cosin, 1627, is not likely to go out of use; but since his translation makes no pretence of following the original, which is one of the finest hymns in all the Latin anthology, and since it cannot be sung to the proper tune without contrivance, it would seem better,—supposing that a more faithful version should meet with acceptance,—to use the Bishop's hymn with a tune that was originally associated with it, or specially composed for it, and keep the old music to the old words line for line, as I have attempted.

This 'Proper Sarum' tune is older than the words: it seems to be the original melody of the great Easter hymn of S. Ambrose *Hic est dies verus Dei*; but it has been sung to the *Veni Creator* ever since the 10th cent., when that hymn first appeared, and may now be said to belong to it, though it is perhaps five hundred years older. [P.] The Sarum form differs slightly from foreign versions, see note on 29. Our setting is by M. M. B.

## 49. CHRIST'S LOVING CHILDREN FOR HIS HOPE ABIDING.

S. Gregory's authorship of the Latin hymn is not questioned. It is found in three 11th cent. Hymnaries of the English Church. There are many translations. [J.] As the original seemed to me not of great merit, and of little or no practical use in public worship, I have kept nothing but the mood of it in my English words for the melody.

Melody commonly set to this hymn in English books from the 11th cent. onwards: it is in 'Leofric's Collectarius,' but does not seem to occur in continental books. [P.] For the metre see 42. The tune is of great beauty: it was altered to suit another metre in the Hymnal noted, *Humani generis*, p. 321.

ERRATUM: In the first line of music, on syllable *a* of *abiding*, the alto and tenor parts should cross, exchanging their notes. Please erase the alto D<sup>b</sup> and write in B, and erase tenor B and write in D<sup>b</sup>.

## 50. HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

John Newton. 1725.. 1807. He was a sailor converted to a religious life. This hymn was first published in the 'Olney hymns,' 1779. The fourth stanza is omitted here as usual. [J.]

BRISTOL. In Ravenscroft 1621. Among the church tunes of this date, this melody is remarkable for its feeling.

## 51. WAS EVER GRIEF LIKE THINE.

This hymn is made up of detached stanzas by Chas. Wesley in his 'Short Hymns on select passages of the Holy Scriptures,' 1794. The original verses, which are slightly altered, will be found under Matt. xxvi. 38, Isaiah lii. 14, and Heb. xii. 2.

Ravenscroft's *SOUTHWELL*, composer unknown. I have not found it earlier than Ravenscroft, 1621; where it is set by M. Pierson, in Mode 1, transposed to G, with B<sup>b</sup> for signature: therefore the melody differs, and is as if a C<sup>#</sup> were added in our signature. The more melodious form with the conceded modal flat is generally known. In R. the third line ends, like the first and second with a semibreve followed by a minim rest. Our setting is by H. E. W. Ravenscroft's *LONDON*, a S. M. tune to Ps. 67, also came to be called Southwell.

## 52. DISPOSER SUPREME.

The H A M form of the Rev. Isaac Williams' (1802 . . 65) version of *Supreme quales Arbitrator* by Jean Baptiste de Santeuil, (Victorinus Santolius) 1630 . . 97, Canon of S. Victor, Paris. [M.]—He was jocose and singular in his habits: his hymns published 1689 and 98. [J]. I have altered a word or two in the last verse to make the break in the words agree with the tune. The English is a better hymn than the Latin, of which I give the best quatrain as an example.

*Fac, Christe, coelestes tubae  
Somno graves nos excitent,  
Accensa de Te lumina  
Pellant tenebras mentium.*

*HANOVER*: most probably by Dr. CROFT, for Ps. cxlix. in 'A Supplement to the New V. of the Psalms, 6th ed. 1708,' in B<sup>3</sup>, here lowered one tone. The original is melody and bass, the latter not kept in this setting (see 8). For the origin of this fine metre see 63.

## 53. O THOU FROM WHOM ALL GOODNESS FLOWS.

There is a long account of this hymn in Julian, q. v. The present form is perhaps J. Montgomery's alteration for Cotterill's selection, 1819, of an original by T. Haweis, 1790. [J.]

*WINDSOR* or *WINDSOR AND ETON*. This tune is the *DUNDIE* of the Scotch Psalter, 1615, loved by Burns, *Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise*.—It appeared in Damon's Psalter, 1591. [G.] G. Kirby's setting in Este's Psalter dates 1592, and its great beauty induced me to preserve the rhythm which he adopted, to which, in order that they may be sung together, I have also reduced the soprano setting by H. E. W. There is a note on this tune in G. iv. 473, which traces it to one of Tye's motetts, where the notes are equal. I have no hesitation in preferring Kirby's rhythm, and those who wish for settings that are worth singing cannot afford to neglect this.

I will here give some account of the long notes in the middle of the eight-syllable lines of the English Church tunes. I think they must come immediately from Bourgeois (see 19), who in the construction of his melodies made great use of the alternation of groups of long and short notes (see the tune printed in note to 63). Though his labour and invention did not neglect the opportunities offered to him by the varied metres of Marot, yet the majority of his devices must fall naturally into two classes: either, and this is the first class, the long notes will be set at the beginning (see 67. 1) or end (see 19, 79. 1. 2. 3) of the line, or at both beginning and end (see 58, 64, 77. 1, 66. 1 in note) with a group of shorts in the middle, or else, and this is the second class, the short notes will be divided into two groups by a central group of longs. This latter disposition in lines of ten or eleven syllables readily gives the sapphic rhythm (see 42 note), which owing to the frequency of the ten- and eleven-syllable verse, occurs in as many as thirty of Bourgeois' eighty-five tunes. In lines of eight or nine syllables this arrangement gives another rhythm, which from its likeness to the full sapphic may be conveniently called *the short sapphic*. The first line of this tune is an example of this rhythm, which is found in at least two dozen of Bourgeois' tunes.

Now when the English at Geneva made tunes for their metrical psalms, they took B's book for their model and quarry: and it is not surprising that in the Scotch Psalter which virtually represented their work, (and which I take only on account of the convenience which the Rev. Neil Livingston's reprint affords,) there are, among the first forty possible examples, only eleven tunes which do not contain this short sapphic. These musicians had a heartrending task: the words were wretched stuff disposed for the most part in an eternal D C M doggerel, enough to have baffled even Bourgeois himself; and there is little evidence of imagination in their productions; almost any one of them seems competent or even praiseworthy, but, with a few rare exceptions, none spontaneous, and all cast so much alike that the separate lines might belong to any tune. The reading of them is like reading the variations of a gambit at chess, where any one move has half a dozen answers, between which there is little to choose, while the final result is 'without advantage.' As for syncopation, which Bourgeois used with faultless reserve either to produce some strong effect (see 3), or merely in the usual suspension of the key-note over the dominant in the full close, this artifice his English imitators abused so freely, that a line syncopating its second note, (as line 2 of this hymn), came to be as familiar as the simple form,—in the forty Scotch tunes referred to above I counted seventy-four syncopations,—and though these strong means are not incorrectly used, they usually lack aesthetic justification, and stand forth as wearisome tricks making the foolish words more ridiculous. It was no doubt such abuse of syncopation and of the short sapphic that led to their discredit; and I suppose that it would be difficult to find examples in our modern hymn-books of either: but they are both good when properly used; and what a master could do with them may be seen in Gibbons' tune 25 above. The present tune too may be trusted to justify itself from the reproach of discredited pedantries.

## 54. REJOICE, O LAND, IN GOD THY MIGHT.

Words by R. B., written for this restored tune, as sung at Wells Cathedral. Here is the first stanza of Archbishop Parker's original psalm.

*God grant us grace he us embrace  
In gentle part bless he our heart  
With loving face shyne he in place  
His mercies all on us to fall  
That we thy way may know all day  
While we do saile this world so fraile  
Thy healths reward is us declared  
As playne as eye all Gentiles spy.*

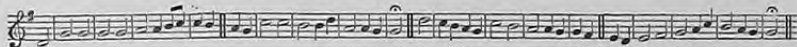
Compare No. 68, and 98.

*THOMAS TALLIS' CANON*, from Parker (see 2). This is the tune in Mode viii, now, I believe, for the first time intelligibly edited by Professor Wooldridge. Excepting the musical directions and barring, for which I am responsible, the tune is copied exactly from Parker, with the following corrections. (1) The fifth and sixth four-note sections of the bass are misprinted in Parker. The Canon however, fixing two parts, and the repeat with a correct bass make the restoration almost a certainty. (2) Of the twelve sharps in our text only three are marked in Parker. Of the others, one is the first sharp in the treble,—which is marked in the three other similar places of the Canon: another is the sharp in the corrected bass, (but the printed bass has a misplaced F<sup>#</sup> among its rejected notes): another is the same note in the repeat of this phrase in the bass, (an omission explicable enough if Tallis had marked it on first occurrence): four others are the sharps in the last phrase of the canon, ascending to the final, in which place its intention is certain: and the remaining two are both



in the contratenor similarly ascending to final. (3) The countertenor part has no signature, while the other three are signed with a B $\sharp$ . The meaning of this B $\sharp$  is only to remind the singers that they are reading a mixolydian and not a transposed dorian tune: but in the tenor this  $\sharp$  is printed on the C line, and is repeated once on the A line before a B quite unnecessarily.

(4) Also the ninth note from the end in the tenor is misprinted one tone. These facts will show that the printer was not overlooked by the composer; and his mistakes, (especially in the wrong bass, where an F $\sharp$  occurs against an F $\natural$  in countertenor, heightening the already unfamiliar characteristics of the mode to an absurdity,) and the uncertainty, in the absence of tradition, as to which of the F's were sung natural and which sharp, have apparently quite put off modern musicians, and led them to conclude that Tallis' work might be improved by being rearranged in their own manner. The graceful form which it enjoyed in the early part of this century is worth recording, and this is how I used to hear it as a boy. (From Jacob's book, see 7.)



### 55. GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT.

Bp. Ken's evening Same canon as 54, without repeats, arranged and barred by H. E. W. This is strongly recommended in place of the form now in use, which inverts the canon, giving positions not in the composer's intention. The congregation will sing their wonted tune, taking the *dux* with the tenors, and the *comes* will be given by the trebles in the choir: thus the canon is well heard, while the other parts supply the beautiful original mixolydian harmony.

### 56. JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

H A M version of an old hymn printed by Dr. Neale: also in Palgrave: see Julian. ORLANDO GIBBONS. Song 67 from same book as 23: this is the last. The first line is identical in melody with Tallis' ORDINAL No. 14. Mean parts added by M. M. B. It is here lowered one tone, and the final bass note is in the lower octave in the original.

### 57. JESU, BEST AND DEAREST.

From Johann Franck's hymn (the first stanza here given).—1618-1677. Many of his hymns set by Crueger. [K.] This translation made to sing with this setting of tune throughout, which the German will not.

Jesu, meine Freude,  
Meines Herzens Weide,  
Jesu, meine Zier!  
Ach, wie lange, lange  
Ist dem Herzen bange,  
Und verlangt nach dir!  
Du bist mein & ich bin dein,  
Ausser dir soll mir auf Erden  
Nichts sonst lieber werden.

Original melody for this hymn by J. CRUEGER (See No. 42). There are five other settings of it by J. S. Bach in the V. C. B.: some for separate verses. In this setting the altus shies to the fifth in the close three times, the tenor once. Rather than strain the sympathy of some singers, let them sing the finals in these places. Precentors must determine whether to observe the pauses made by Bach at end of every line. If the tune be sung very slow (minim = 54) these finals may all be taken in strict time. See Note 83.

### 58. UNTO THEE MY HEART IS SIGHING.

Words expressly for this tune by R. B.

Here is Marot's first stanza:

Mon Dieu, preste moy l'oreille,  
Par ta bonte nompaveille:  
Respon moy, car plus n'en puis,  
Tant povre et affligé suis.  
Garde, je te pri', ma vie,  
Car de bien faire ay envie:  
Mon Dieu, garde ton serviant,  
En l'esperoir de toy vivant.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS—1543 for Marot's 86th Ps. In 1549 the composer changed one note, viz. the 2nd note of 3rd line, from B $\flat$  to A. [D.] In our setting the first F is sharpened. This tune was taken into the English Psalter (Crespin's) 1561 for Ps. LXX. and was disfigured to fit the D. L. Measure, the disagreement of accent remaining. The fine major strain which opens the second half of the tune with its repeat, 'Send Thy love,' etc., had for words 'Confound them quite and put to shame, Thât seek my soul so furiously'!! This is a sample of the skill and intelligence of the English Psalter-makers. Crueger, 1649, took this strain, shifted to the dominant, to help him out with his tune *Schmücke dich*. See No. 64.

### 59. LAMENT, O MAN, THY PRIDE OF LIFE.

Words written for this tune by R. B. The second stanza is from Prudentius (b. 348), Cath. xii; and these eight lines are proper on Holy Innocents' day, and may be sung to tune 32. The last quatrain is from the same poem: the original latin is here given. This hymn is intended for use on other days also when it seems fitting to remember the tragic events which saddened whole generations.

Salvete flores martyrum,  
Quos lucis ipso in limine  
Christi insecutor sustulit,  
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.  
Vos prima Christi victima,  
Grex immolatorum tener,  
Aram ante ipsam simplices  
Palma et corona luditis.

\* \* \*  
Laudate vestrum principem  
Omnes beati ac perditii,  
Vivi, inbecilli ac mortui:  
Iam nemo posthac mortuus.

TALLIS' LAMENTATION, from Day's Psalter, 1563. O Lord, in thee is all my trust. In the first mode, here raised one note. In Day the medius and countertenor have no flat in signature, and no accidental, therefore all the latter's B's (C's in our text) are  $\sharp$ . Tenor and bass have a flat in the signature. The melody is the tenor, but the tune became popular, and the medius so well known that in later books (e.g. Este, 1592) it is found as a C. F. in the tenor part, with a new treble superposed: these settings show the accidentals traditionally sung in the medius, if any doubt should exist as to their propriety.

## 60. HAIL, GLORIOUS ANGELS, HEIRS OF LIGHT.

— From John Austin's 'Devotions,' 1672, published at Rouen; in Palgrave, whence I have taken it. The original hymn begins *Wake, all my hopes, lift up your eyes*. Our text selects stanzas 3, 4, 5, 9 and 11, with alterations. Thus the original has in stanza

- 4, *Long in the shadow sat,*  
9, *About the sparkling throne of love,*  
11, *As at the first still may He be.*

*S. DAVID'S.* A stilt, (see No. 40,) which first appears in Ravenscroft, 1621, to Psalms 43 and 95, being the same in both places. Our version is later. In R. the fourth note of the second line is *la*, which rises to its octave; and on the fifth note of the third line the melody descends to *sol*, and thence leaps up a seventh to *fa*; while the close is *ti, fa, mi*, (instead of *do, mi, fa*), *re, do*. Also the original has long initials and finals to every line; and in this point also the modern version seems an improvement: (see note on 10.) Our setting is by H. E. W.

## 61. THE CHURCH OF GOD A KINGDOM IS.

By Lionel B. C. L. Muirhead, 1898, written for this book: after Van Eyck's picture of the Worship of the Lamb.

JER. CLARK (see 5) in 'Div. Companion,' 1709, p. 20. An Easter hymn, melody and bass: mean parts here added by M. M. B. In Playford the eleventh note in the organ-bass is misprinted E<sup>b</sup>, and the whole of the bass of third line, *Where spirits yearn*, etc., is in the lower octave. Also both minim rests are absent from the bass, which has semibreve initials in place of them. The low D of Clark's bass in the soft repeat is left for the option of singers.

## 62. O SACRED HEAD, SORE WOUNDED.

From S. Bernard's *Salve mundi*, the section *Salve caput cruciatum*. The original metre is different: I give one stanza,

*Tuae sanctae passioni  
Me gauderem interponi,  
In hac cruce tecum mori,  
Praesta crucis amatori  
Sub cruce tua moriar;  
Morti tuae jam amarae  
Grates ago, Jesu care,  
Quia es clemens, pie Deus,  
Fac, quod petit tuus reus,  
Ut absque te non finiar.*

For account of authorship see Julian.

HANS LEONHARD HASSLER, 1564 . . 1612. A pupil of A. Gabrieli in Venice: of a musical family in the Joachimsthal: he settled at Nuremberg, and wrote much music. [G.]—This tune originally a secular air, with triple rhythm in all but the mid-section; for a song *Mein G'müt ist mir verwirret*, in H. L. H.'s 'Lustgarten,' 1601, No. 24. Came to have sacred words in 1613; *Herzlich thut mich verlangen*. [Z.]—Generally adopted for the hymn *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*, by Paul Gerhardt (1607 . . 1676). [K.] That hymn is a translation of S. Bernard, and in this connection the melody is often set by Bach. Our setting is No. 80 in the V. C. B. The penultimate note in the original melody is *re*, not *sol*, (which *sol* is probably Bach's contribution;) and the tune might thus pass for a third mode melody: but there seems neither likelihood nor authority for this idea: Bach's major close is no doubt the traditional and correct reading; and it is found as early as 1627 in Schein's 'Cantional,' according to Bennett and Goldschmidt, who nevertheless gave to their setting the severe Phrygian close. For Bach's end-line pauses see 83.

## 63. MY SOUL, PRAISE THE LORD.

A new version of Ps. CIV. for this tune. Here is Bourgeois' melody to Marot's first stanza of 104th Psalm and Kethe's English beneath.

*Sus, sus, mon ame; il te faut dire bien.*  
1. My soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name.

*Da l'E - ter - nel; O mon vrai Dieu, com - bien*  
O Lord, our great God, how dost thou ap - pear!

*Tu gran - deur est ex - cel - len - te et no - tai - re!*  
So pas - sing in glo - ry that great is thy fame;

*Tu es ves - tu de splen - deur et de gloi - re:*  
Ho - nour and ma - jes - ty in thee shine most clear.

*Tu es ves - tu de splen - deur pro - pre - ment.*  
a. With light as a robe thou hast thee be - clad,

The composer of this tune is unknown. It first appears in Ravenscroft, 1621, and was no doubt expressly composed for Kethe's (see 79) psalm. The first two stanzas of this are given on the left, under the melody for which, incredible as it may seem, they must have been originally written. The alternative, namely that Kethe happened by chance to write a stanza which had exactly the same number of syllables in the line as Marot's version of the same psalm, is more unlikely: and Kethe's stanza was probably considered by him as a four-line, not an eight-line stanza, because the rhymes are then after his manner, regularly alternate; whereas if it be considered as of eight short lines, (as it is now always printed,) they are without analogy. It would seem then that Kethe can have had no knowledge of music whatever: he must have been set to write a psalm with two lines of ten syllables each, followed by two lines of elevens; and it must have been this eleven-syllable line which set him making trisyllabic feet. It is amusing to trace such a successful metrical invention to a misunderstanding: for Kethe's stanza is very fine. Chas. Wesley, who wrote scores of hymns in this metre, made the mistake of rhyming the mid-lines, thus missing its bold character, while at the same time he harassed himself with conditions

Ne plus ne moins que d'un ac-cou-tre-ment.  
Where-by all the earth thy great-ness may see,  
Pour pa-vil-lon qui d'un tel Roy soit dig-ne  
The hea-vens in such sort thou al-so hast spread,  
Tu tens le ciel ain-si qu'u-ne cour-ti-ne.  
That it to a cur-tain com-pa-red may be.

reasonable man might, and was determined that his new tune should not fall under the old reproach of neglecting the accent of the verse, set them thus:

Ho-nour and Ma-jes-ty in thee shine most clear.

but this most creditable *tour de force* did not suit the wonderful curtain passage, nor any subsequent stanza; and the composer's evident misunderstanding justifies the simple correction which has been universally adopted. I have however respected his intention of a great *rallentando* at the close. Opinions will differ as to whether Croft did better, or only as well, when he rivalled this tune with his famous and more popular *HANOVER* (see 52).

64. DARKENING NIGHT THE LAND DOTH COVER.

From the Greek as adapted in Bp. Andrews' (1555..1625) 'Devotions'; the beginning of the evening prayer, here versified for this tune. I give the first stanza of Marot's psalm xxxviii.

*Las en ta fureur aigue,  
Ne m'argue  
De mon fait, Dieu tout puissant.  
Ton ardeur un peu retire,  
N'en ton ire,  
Ne me puni languissant.*

LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1542. To Marot's psalm xxxviii. Johann Crueger (42), to make his chorale *Schmücke dich*, given in B. and G. App. ii, seems to have combined the first strain of this tune in the major with the major strain of Bourgeois' 86th psalm (see 58). It is of course possible that neither of them was originally B's invention; but still less were they Crueger's. Our setting is by H. E. W.

65. HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME.

From Ps. LI. Tate and Brady.

SAMUEL HOWARD. 1710..1782. Organist of S. Clement Danes and S. Bride's, Fleet Street. Part prints five other hymn-tunes by him, none equal to this, which is called *S. BRIDES*. Our setting is by H. E. W.

66. HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

The first three stanzas by Isaac Watts (see 10). The last two added by R. B. for this book.

*S. MICHAEL*, from LOUIS BOURGEOIS. This tune in its present form appears first in Sternhold and Hopkins, 1564, Psalm cxxxiii, beginning with three long notes, set in F with the flat accidentally omitted from the signature of the first line. It was then copied at Geneva by Crespin, 1569,

with the flat omitted throughout, and another misprint added. Both these versions have the close similarly misprinted, as shown at (a). Dowland, who set this tune for Este, 1592, discarded the long notes, and misinterpreted the misprinted close as shown at (b). Common sense has restored the original major close. The tune is really a very successful adaptation of Bourgeois' Ps. ci, 1551, the original of which I append, as it will show how those compilers worked. The history of the tune, as far as I have traced it, seems to show that it was manufactured in England.

(a)  
(b)

Ps. CI. L. BOURGEOIS.

Vou-loir m'est pris de mettre en es-cri-tu-re Pseau-me par-lant de  
bon-te et droi-tu-re. Et si le veus a toy mon Dieu chan-ter, Et pre-sen-ter

It will be seen that as long as this compiler was following Bourgeois note for note his tune went well, but that directly he left him he made a nonsense.

## 67. WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES.

A German hymn of about 1800 (?). This is the first stanza. [M. and J.]

Beim frühen Morgenlicht  
Erwacht mein Herz und spricht  
Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!  
Die Feiertglocke schallt  
Mit heiliger Gewalt  
Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!

It is of great merit, and I have tried to give a better version of it than the current one, keeping the original metre, and preserving the first lines of the old translation, since it is by them that the hymn is known.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1551. To Marot's Ps. iii, of which I give the first six lines.

—The tune was taken into the Crespin Psalter 1561 (L.) and thence into the English and Scotch Psalters, for Ps. cxvii, discarding the feminine rhymes or endings, upon which its movement depends (see again No. 72). In Este it is set by Farnaby, and has lost its initial long notes also. The psalter-makers, having disfigured it to dulness, then cast it away. Douen traces the initial phrase of this melody to a french

chanson printed in Le Roy et Ballard's famous collection, 1554; but this is nothing. In 'Melodiae Prudentianae,' etc., Leipzig, 1533, is a tune to *Inventor rutili*, which is much more likely to have been its original. It is in eight sections of sixes, the first of which is identical with Bourgeois' first, the second similar to his second. The manner in which the 12 simple phrases of B.'s melody are ordered is a good example of his genius for melodic construction. The hymn with which I have associated this tune is not only sympathetic, but has the advantage of a refrain which at once serves to bind all the numerous short lines together, and obviates the necessity of the difficult feminine rhyme, which led to its mutilation.

## 68. ALL-SEEING LORD, WHOSE POWER UNKNOWN.

A new version of Ps. cxxxix, made for this tune. Here are the words printed in Parker beneath the notes,

Eyeend, O Lord, my plaint of worde  
In grieffe that I do make,  
My musing mynd recount most kynd,  
Give care for thine owne sake,  
O harke my grone, my crying none,  
My King, my God thou art:  
Let me not stray from Thee away  
To Thee I pray in hart.

THOMAS TALLIS (see 2). This is the sixth tune, here raised a minor third. The original, barred throughout with relation to words not music, has final F with one flat in signature, the Ionian mode thus standing for the Lydian. I have thought it necessary in this tune to keep to Tallis' disposition of words to the dotted notes and their complements. It is, I believe, the rule in old practice, and, though singers are not accustomed to it, it need occasion no difficulty. The crotchet is sung as a grace to the note which follows it, not as a slur from the preceding note. Some of the phrases in this tune depend on the observance of this, and it should not be neglected. In Parker's words, printed opposite, it will be seen that the mid-line rhyme is a great feature, (see also note on 54, 78 and 98,) and that it must have influenced Tallis considerably in the construction of his melodies. In writing words for them I have therefore rhymed in all the places where the music seemed to call for it.

## 69. ALL MY HOPE ON GOD IS FOUNDED.

A free version of a hymn by Joachim Neander, the first stanza of which is here given. He was born 1650 and died 1680. The first poet of the Reformed Church in Germany. [K.]

Meine Hoffnung stehet feste  
Auf dem unerschaffnen Gott:  
Er ist ja der Treuste, Beste,  
Der mir beisteht in der Noth,  
Er allein  
Soll es seyn  
Den ich nur von Herzen mein!

MEINE HOFFNUNG. Proper German melody set by H. E. W.—often ascribed to Neander himself, but he calls it a well-known melody. Original has some dotted notes. [Z.] This tune seems to be much helped by neglecting the original double rhymes, the musical phrase on which they fall being too strong for any such reinforcement.

## 70. WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Isaac Watts, in Hymns and Spiritual Songs (see 10). This is the usual form of the hymn, which has another stanza (the fourth) bracketed by Watts for omission, thus

His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

Also W. wrote *death for cross* in 2. 2, and in the last stanza a *present for an offering*. The latter alteration is better for singing, and the former is desirable.

This hymn stands out at the head of the few english hymns which can be held to compare with the best old Latin hymns of the same measure. Its true grandeur has been almost obscured by an unfortunate musical association (see 6). The severity of Bourgeois' tune should suit it well.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1551. Set by H. E. W. This tune might be bar'd in *alla breve* time, four minims to a bar, beginning on first beat; but this makes an accent appear on the third note, which is not intended. The first stanza of Beza's Psalm cxxxi, to which this tune is set, is thus

Seigneur, je n'ay point le cœur fier,  
Je n'ay point le regard trop haut,  
Et rien plus grand qu'il ne me faut,  
Ne voulu onques manier.

And the first lines of the two last stanzas are respectively *Si je ne suis, di je, rendu* and *Atten du Seigneur le soulas*.

## 71. THE RACE THAT LONG IN DARKNESS PINED.

Author probably J. Morison, 1781, from Isaiah ix. Our text is the original from Julian, omitting stanzas 3 and 4. Much altered in various hymnbooks, and usually beginning *The people that in darkness sät*. A hymn for Epiphany.

YORK. Proper title is *SCOTCH STILT*. It is the seventh common tune in the Scotch Psalter, 1615, where it is called *STILT TUNE* (see 40). Set here by H. E. W.

## 72. FEAR NOT, THOU FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN FLOCK.

From the German *Verzage nicht, o Häuflein klein*—by Michael Altenburg, 1583 .. 1640, pastor of S. Andreas in Erfurt. His hymn is said to be a translation of one by King Gustav Adolph of Sweden. [K.]

One of the original Strasbourg tunes found by Bourgeois at Geneva in 1541 (see 19), and set to Ps. xxxvi. After knowing this tune for ten years, Bourgeois changed one note in it (viz. the second note of ninth line) from C to B♭. After Marot & Bourgeois left, Beza in continuing the Psalter wrote his 68th Psalm to suit this tune, to which it was set in great contrast to the poor stuff which the new musician was supplying. 'On est tout surpris de rencontrer, parmi ces airs presque burlesques, le psaume de batailles, ce chant grandiose et d'une incomparable vigueur, qui, descendant du sommet des Cévennes, au pétitement de la fusillade, frappait d'une sorte de terreur superstitieuse les troupes du grand roi envoyées à la poursuite des Camisards. Le début en est sourd et étouffé, comme les grondements de l'orage qui approche; vers le milieu, des notes aiguës et prolongées rappellent le fracas de la foudre, (or is not this rather like the battle-cry of the charge?) éclatant deux fois presque coup sur coup, et la finale n'est pas sans analogie avec le dernier roulement du tonnerre se perdant dans le lointain. C'est une inspiration qui a fait mettre le psaume lxxviii sur l'air de xxxvi. . . . Toutefois un homme s'est rencontré, nous n'osons dire un musicien, qui, à ce chant héroïque, déjà devenu LA MARSEILLAISE HUGUENOTE, a osé substituer une baroque ineptie.' [D.] The English spoiled this tune, and then spoilt it: they took it over in 1561 into their Psalter at Geneva for Ps. cxiii, which was written in lines of eight syllables throughout: and it has ever since been known and patronisingly admired in its mutilated form as 'The old 113th,' a *pièce de résistance* for the Ravenscrofts, Rimbaults, and Havergals. But, when the feminine endings are thus taken out, the first half of the tune just gets fairly along: then the high refrain, which is unaltered, saves it for a while, until the ninth line falls flat, and all that follows is nonsense. I have had great pleasure in restoring the strong flowing rhythm after 230 years of abuse, by modernizing for it a German hymn of the proper measure, and on a subject and in a mood which the present note will show to be traditional and fitting. There is a fine four-part setting of this melody by Goudimel, with the C. F. in tenor, with rich imitation in all the parts, obtained by using the conventional semibreve rest at the end of every line as an integral part of the rhythmical structure; this with the long initials and finals allows the voices room for those parts of their imitation which will not canon.

## 73. MY LIFE'S A SHADE, MY DAYS.

Sam. Crossman, 1664 (see 43). This hymn is selected by Palgrave. Though not of high merit, it is well 'humoured' by Lawes' somewhat sentimental tune.

H. LAWES, from his music to Geo. Sandys' 'Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David,' 1638. Ps. xlvii. Air and unfigured bass. The book contains twenty-four Psalm-tunes by Lawes: his talent in this department of music does not justify Milton's sonnet, *Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song*, nor the prophecy—

*'To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue,'*

for Lawes' Psalm-tunes do not exhibit a genius in the construction of simple phrases, nor does his bass here offer any opportunity for strength in harmonic handling. The mean parts were added by H. E. W.

## 74. THE KING, O GOD, HIS HEART TO THEE UPRAISETH.

Jubilee hymn, 1897, by R. B. Adapted from Ps. xxi. in Robert Tailour's 'Fifti select Psalms,' set in five parts, 1615. The music is in the form of short motets, learnedly and solidly composed with instrumental accompaniment. The magnificent style of the prose arguments, the music, and the importance attached to a strange spelling of certain words, all irresistibly suggest that the author was a friend of John Milton, the poet's father. I give a favourable specimen of the verse opposite. Writers of this date often give the word *spirit* as a monosyllable. It seemed better to offer this slight difficulty to the singers than to alter the sense for the worse.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551 (see 19). This is the melody to Marot's 12th Psalm.

Ps. viii.

*When up my wondrous eyes I raise  
Toward higher courts, which speak thy praise;  
The heavens so huge, the stars so bright,  
That Prince of day, this Queen of night:  
All which do Thee their Maker knowe,  
Of peerless hand the matchless show. . . .*

## 75. NOW SHADOWS WANE, NOW HEV Y NIGHT DEPARTETH.

Translation by R. B. of S. Gregory's hymn, also given with the tune.—Its oldest MS. authority is of the 11th century, in Brit. Mus., as an early morning hymn. [J.] S. Gregory's sapphics show traces of the difficulty which he found in writing them, nor do they always scan. The music does not require that they should, nor do I know that there is any advantage in following the long and short syllables of the Latin metre even as closely as I have done.

PROPER SARUM, in the hypophrygian mode, set by M. M. B.—This melody is companion to No. 49. The two hymns to which they belong are a pair in universal use at Matins and Lauds on ferial days through the summer; but the melodies are not of the same universality. [P.] I have given this sapphic in modern notation, unbar'd: the rhythm is the same as that of 49, and the different notations may mutually serve to interpret each other.

## 76. O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

Isaac Watts (see 10). His Ps. xc, 1719. The original began *Our God our help*—the alteration was made by John Wesley, 1737. [J.]

W. CROFT. The tune called S. ANNE. Croft found the first line of this melody and added the other three, in the Supplement to the New Version of the Psalms, 6th edit, 1708. (See *Saint Anne* in Grove.) He set it as an air and bass in D. Our four-part setting by H. E. W. preserves the original initials and finals of Croft's bass. (See note on 8.)

## 77. MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY DOST THOU ME FORSAKE ?

Ps. xxii, versified by R. B. for this melody. The original melody is completed by one repetition of the metre, with the position of the masc. and fem. rhymes reversed. It is thus a long tune, in which it is possible to lose one's way: but the length is justified by the 124 lines of Marot's psalm. For the twenty lines of our hymn, the first half of the tune, (which is the more beautiful part,) needs neither contrast nor amplification. This is a sapphic tune (see 42). The bars in the under-parts are to save singers trouble in reading the syncopations. This tune was pillaged for the old 71st, Crespin 1560.

## 78. WHEN JESUS TO OUR RESCUE DREW.

Ps. cxxvi, versified for this tune by R. B. The first line is from Lyte's Psalm, *When Jesus to our rescue came*.

THOMAS TALLIS' second tune, (see 2,) here transposed; that is, raised a fourth with a flat added, the original having B<sup>b</sup> in the signature. The first B<sup>b</sup> (F<sup>#</sup>) in soprano line 3 and the F<sup>#</sup> (C<sup>#</sup>) in soprano line 7 are not marked in Parker, and one minim of contratenor is there printed a semibreve. There are as many as nine open fifths in this tune, and if preceptors will have any or all of these filled in with thirds they must remember that the C. F. is in the tenor, so that it may be necessary to divide the tenors in these places. This tune must have been invented specially to meet the mid-line rhymes of Archbishop Parker's psalms, (see note on 68 and references,) but, strangely enough, the words printed with the music here do not rhyme on this scheme. I have rhymed in the mid-line where it was evidently Tallis' intention to meet a rhyme. This tune is a remarkable instance of Tallis' mastery in getting strong effect from the simplest means. In singing it, attention must be paid to the absence of pause or break except at the *even* double bars, that is at the end of every fourteen syllables of words. For the consecutive fifths by contrary motion in extreme parts (line 5 of words) see note on 14.

## 79. ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

Ps. c.—by William Kethe (see 63), an english clergyman who was in exile at Frankfort in 1555, and at Geneva 1557, where he contributed twenty-five of the Psalms to Crespin's book of 1561, of which this was one, [J.] and then set to this tune.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551 (see 19). Ps. cxxxiv. This original form of the melody called in England *THE OLD HUNDREDDTH* was preserved for some time in our psalters, but gradually the long notes disappeared, much to the damage of the tune. Our soprano setting is by Professor Woodbridge, the tenor setting by Dr. Chas. Wood, of Caius Coll., Cambridge. There is a contemporary setting by Goudimel, which has the close on the supertonic at end of second line.

## 80. FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES.

Isaac Watts, 1719 (see 10), Ps. cxvii. This is the original version. J. Wesley added to it.

J. S. BACH'S setting of 79. I have not found that this chorale was used by J. S. B. in any of his choral works, nor that he set any words to it. It is twice set in the V. C. B., and occurs in the Gesellschaft edition with the crotchets in the under-parts tied. In distributing the words to these I have suggested some liberty. One note in our text is changed: in the original the first note of penultimate bar in tenor is a fourth below the bass, relying on an organ pedal. That the tune might be sung unaccompanied it was necessary to avoid this position, so that I have given the tenor B for F. An organ accompaniment to this melody is said to have been the last thing which Bach composed, dictating it on his deathbed to a pupil. The time signature was omitted by mistake from this tune.

## 81. COME GENTLE PEACE, WHILE SHADOWS FALL.

Modelled on a hymn by Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, *Again as evening's shadow falls*, 1859. The cæsuras in the music requiring attention, I have sought to supply words to this melody.

JER. CLARK (see 5), from Playford's 'Divine Comp.', 1st edit., 1701. At 8 mi. Melody and bass; an evening hymn to the words *Sleep, downy sleep, come close mine eyes*: for some time a popular tune: it has been variously set. The original bass (see 8) is almost impracticable for vocal parts: it is preserved as far as seemed desirable in this setting, which is the combined result of the work of different hands.

## 82. MY HEART IS FILLED WITH LONGING.

Words for this setting by R. B., after François Amiel. I give the first stanza of the original German:

Ich bruch, ich muß dich lassen,  
Ich far dahin mein strassen  
Zu fremde land dahin.  
Mein frend ist mir genommen  
Die ich nit weiß bekommen  
Wo ich im elend bin.

HEINRICH ISAAC, about 1500. His original setting from Georg Forster's book, 'Ein Auszug guter alter und neuer Teutschen Liedlein etc. Gedruckt zu Nürnberg bey Johan Petreio, anno 1539. Vier Stimmbücher,' Pt. I. As a hymn-tune the melody is known as *INSBRUCK*, from the initial word of the original secular song, the first stanza of which is given opposite.—It was adopted for sacred words, *O Welt, ich muss dich lassen*, in 1598, and later to *Num ruben alle Walder* (see 83). Already in the 'Musae Sionis' of M. Praetorius, 1610, it had lost its E<sup>b</sup> (B and S). It was the fate of this melody, which began life as a secular song of profound human emotion, to become lighter and more trivial as the words to which it was set became more sacred.

## 83. THE DUTEOUS DAY NOW CLOSETH.

Words for this setting by R. B.; adapted from the hymn *Num ruben alle Walder*, by Paul Gerhard (see 72). His hymn is on the occasion of going to bed, e. g. stanza 4 has

Der Leib eilt nun zur Ruhe,  
Legt Kleider ab und Schube.

J. S. BACH's setting of 82 to the words *In allen meinen Thaten* in the V. C. B., where are other settings, chiefly to the words *Num ruben*, etc. Beautiful as Bach's setting is, his chorale must rank in an inferior order of beauty to Isaac's song. In Bach all the finals are crowned: I have omitted the crown from the final of line 3. The *pause* sign is used by Bach, as the *rest* in old Psalters, and as the double bar in this book, to indicate the end of every line of words: it is therefore sometimes difficult to know whether it is intended to be observed: e. g. No. 57, where I have suggested its neglect.

## 84. O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

W. Cowper,—it appeared in 2nd edit. of R. Conyers' Collection of Psalms and Hymns, 1772. [J.] Here is the first stanza of Wm. Whittingham's Psalm, for which it seems that the tune was composed:

When as we sate in Babylon  
the rivers round about,  
And in remembrance of Syon  
the tears for grief brast out,  
Wee hang'd our harps and instruments  
the willow-trees upon:  
For in that place men for their use  
had planted many one.

OLD CXXXVII, that is the tune to that psalm in Crespin's Psalter, 1556: here lowered a third. The setting is by Richard Allison from his Psalter, 1599, where it is in B<sup>b</sup> with only one flat in the signature: the necessary corrections are made in our text.

The merits or demerits of the music of the first english psalm-tune-writers have been much obscured by their having mixed up so much of Bourgeois' work, more or less damaged, with their own, without acknowledgment: there are, for instance, in the 'Scotch' Psalter of 1564 thirty of these so-called french tunes: and, if we set aside with these all those that owe their dignity or merit to imitation of, or purloining from, the french, (see 66 & 77) there remains a collection of very inferior performances, among which this 137th stands out like a miracle. Who can have written it? Certainly its composer was not a man to be guilty of maltreating the fine work of others, nor capable of producing work of such a different order of merit as the other tunes. There is one probable solution, and I am content to suppose that Mrs. Whittingham (née Calvin) induced her brother to get this favour from Bourgeois himself, both in honour of her husband's poetry, of which a specimen may be seen aside, and also to show

the English how to deal with their D. C. M. At any rate the tune may rank with Bourgeois' best. It is seldom heard now, and only in a degraded form, with all its notes equal; see H A M, 375. Please note ERRATUM in words 1, 3.

## 85. 'TIS GONE, THAT BRIGHT AND ORBED BLAZE.

From the evening hymn in 'The Christian Year,' 1827, John Keble. Selections from this hymn commonly omit the first two stanzas: which is regrettable, not only on account of their natural beauty, but because they make the force of what follows.

J. S. BACH's setting of the melody known as *Das walt Gott Vater und Gott Sohn*, from the V. C. B. 224.—This tune first occurs in the second part of 'Kirchen- und Haus-Ergötzlichkeit,' by DANIEL VETTER, organist at the Nicolai-Kirche in Leipzig, 1713. It is one of four new melodies in that book, all of which are ascribed to Vetter, who has put his name to one of them. No other source is known. The original differs a little from Bach's version. [Z.] In Bach's setting I have exchanged the Alto and Tenor of the second line from the third note

onward. To obtain the original setting, put that tenor G and the rest of his notes to the end of the line into the upper octave, and give them all to the alto: the notes which the alto had before are the tenor part: except that (the setting being so far altered) I have given the Tenor *do* for *sol* in that close. Turle put this setting into his 'People's hymn-book,' but it seems quite unknown: the forbiddingly high mean parts, which I have exchanged only of necessity, would prevent its being sung.

## 86. O TRINITY, MOST BLESSED LIGHT.

Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1851 [M.] from the Latin by S. Ambrose: used at Vespers on Saturday in the old Roman, Paris, Sarum, York, and Aberdeen breviaries. [J.]

*PROPER SARUM.* Set by M. M. B. There is usually a mistake made in interpreting the first ligature, which is sometimes printed with its last note long: the three notes written crotchets are a grace or shake on the first of the three, which bears the accent. The melody is remarkable for its simple structure, three of its lines being practically identical, without monotony. It is associated with this hymn from 11th cent. [P.]

## 87. O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD.

Chas. Wesley, 'Hymns and Sacred Poems,' 1742, called *Holiness desired*. Eight stanzas of four lines. [J.] Our text is from modern hymnals.

*CHESHIRE.* A new tune in Este's Psalter, 1592, from which the tenor setting by J. Farmer is taken, written by him as countertenor setting in A minor, and may be sung at that pitch, like 84 by S. S. A. B. The reprint of Este syncopates the A in the treble part of second line, tying the minims, and giving two syllables to the two crotchets. Farmer was one of the contributors to 'The triumphs of Oriana.' The soprano setting of this tune by H. E. W. was not made to be sung with Farmer's. The peculiar leap of the melody in the second line is generally inconvenient for words, and without special adaptation is likely to cause the disuse of the tune.

## 88. O GLADSOME LIGHT, O GRACE.

English version by R. B. of the old Greek hymn sung in the early Church at the lighting of lamps. It is generally attributed to Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem in the early 7th century.

Φῶς λατῶν ἁγίας δόξης ἀθανάτου Πατρὸς  
Οὐρανοῦ, ἁγίου, μάκαρος,  
Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ,  
Ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τὴν γλῶσσαν ὀσίου  
Ἰδόντες φῶς ἑσπερινῶν  
ἠμνοῦμεν πατέρα καὶ Υἱὸν καὶ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα θεοῦ.  
Ἄξιός ἐστιν ἐν παντί καιροῖς ἠμεινῶσθαι φωναῖς ὁσίας  
Υἱὲ θεοῦ ζωῆν ὁ δίδούς.  
Διὸ ὁ κόσμος σὲ δοξάζει.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1549. To the Song of Simeon in the Genevan Psalter (19). Setting by Claude Goudimel, 1565, from Douen. A good example of his plain settings. He has semibreve rests for our double-bars, and of course ties the two last F's in the alto; a syncopation removed here, because it so offends the strong accent on the penultimate of these English rhymes: but it should be practically observed by a smoothness of singing. The open fifths will give a musical effect very congenial to the antiquity of the hymn.—Goudimel was born at Vaison, near Avignon, and went to Rome, where he opened a music-school; Nanini and Palestrina were his pupils. In 1555 he settled at Paris. Having made part-settings of Bourgeois' melodies, he was suspected of heresy, and was massacred in the bloodshed wide on S. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1572. [G.]

## 89. ALL PRAISE BE TO GOD.

A children's hymn of Crespin's lxvii, 1560: whence it came into the Scotch Psalter. The third line is the first of Bourgeois' Old hundredth (see 79). This melody has at least some quality of distinction, which for this tune by R. B. is rare in the English tunes made at Geneva. Set by H. E. W.

## 90. O THOU WHO CAMEST FROM ABOVE.

Chas. Wesley, 'Short Hymns,' 1762. Called *For Holiness and for Earnestness in work*. This fine hymn has been kept out of use by the second line of the second stanza, *with inextinguishable blaze*. [J.] This cannot be sung: in altering it I have departed from the original as little as possible. See Julian, for Bp. Bickersteth's emendation, (the diction of which seems to me to contravene the general mood,) and remarks. The objection to such a long word is not exactly that 'a whole congregation is poised on it,' but that the accents of a melody have too much meaning to allow of such a distribution over one word, the parts of which are not in English of sufficient importance, so that the expression of the musical phrase is ridiculously superabundant.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS. This tune, *DAS NEUGEBORE KINDELEIN*, first appears in 'Ein schön geistlich Gesangbuch, etc., durch M. V., Cantorem zu Weymar, 1609.' In the original melody the bars which contain a dotted note are, in all three cases, sung to one syllable only for the whole bar. It is written as a Dorian tune. [Z.] The setting is from Bach's V. C. B. in G minor. I have had to set it one tone lower, and bring up two bass dominants and one final from the lower octave. I follow his grouping of the notes, though I think that in the underparts it might in several places be altered with advantage (see No. 80). Both in Vulpius and Bach this tune is in crotchets, 3.

## 91. ERE YET IN DARKNESS ENDS THE DAY.

Tr. by R. B. of the ancient Latin, called Ambrosian, but not allowed to be by S. Ambrose. Mone quotes it from an 8th cent. MS. It is in many breviaries, generally as a hymn at Compline. [J.]

The old foreign form of a melody which was included under a very different guise in the later Sarum books, and there set to this hymn. It is the old Ambrosian melody of the Sunday evening hymn *Deus creator omnium*, and is probably one of the most ancient of the tunes. [P.] Set by M. M. B.



92. LOVE, UNTO THINE OWN WHO CAMEST.

Words for this setting by R. B.

En - tens a ce que je cri - e, Je te pri - e,  
O mon Dieu, e - xau - ce moy.  
Du bout du mon - de mon a - mé, Qui se pas - me,  
Ne re - clame au - tre que toy.

1. *Audi, Deus, me vocantem,  
Te rogantem  
Ausculta precor cito.  
Te, maerore dum laboro,  
Nunc adoro  
Telluris ex infimo.*

2. *Me duc in excelsa valde  
Rupis altae  
Non scandenda culmina.  
Turris tu mihi quiete,  
Unde sprete  
Sunt hostium fulmina.*

3. *Sedem tabernaculorum  
Sed tuorum  
Æternam sequens colam,  
Alis sub tuis latebo  
Te valebo  
Præstante custodiam.*

GENEVAN lxi, 1562. Set by H. E. W. The original rhythm of this melody, with the first stanza of its French psalm, is given opposite. It is one of the few good tunes among the forty which were added after Bourgeois left Geneva. It seems rather doubtful who accomplished this task. The present tune is somewhat after Bourgeois' xxxviii. (64). The accent is intended to fall on the second syllable of the melody, the fifth note (B<sup>b</sup> semibreve) being syncopated. The rhythm was soon changed to the preferable form in which we have it, and it would seem that the first syncopation was also neglected, for in Spethe's latin edition of Lobwasser, 1612, we have the following words, which however well observe the beautiful rhythm of the last line:—

93. NOW ALL GIVE THANKS TO GOD.

The famous hymn *Nun danket alle Gott* by—M. Martin Rinckart, 1586 . . 1649, Archdeacon of Eilenburg, his birthplace. It is called the German *Te Deum*. [K.] My translation is an attempt to make it more suitable to modern english use; and I found R's gloria without distinction.

J. CRUEGER (see 42). Proper tune.—The original differs from all adopted versions of the melody, and from ours, in the following particulars, thus: counting it as of six strains, the second note of the first strain and the second and fourth of the third are dotted minims, and the close of the second strain is *do, ti, do*, instead of *mi, re, do*. (Z.) This last is Bach's version, whose settings are too elaborate for general use; and all the alterations are undoubted improvements. Our setting by Dr. Chas. Wood, of Cambridge, was made for this book.

94. YE THAT DO YOUR MASTER'S WILL.

This hymn is made of two stanzas which occur separately in Chas. Wesley's 'Short Hymns on Select Passages,' etc. (see 51). The first stanza is 1260, Zephaniah ii. 3; the second is 702, Job xxxiii. 26. They are here slightly altered.

ORLANDO GIBBONS. Same source as 23. This is *Song 31*. Mean parts added by M. M. B. This setting is perhaps somewhat more elaborate than the general purpose of the book might seem to justify.

95. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

J. Cennick, in 'Sacred hymns for the children of God,' 1742. He was born at Reading, 1718; a Quaker, but brought up in the Church of England, and worked awhile with the Wesleys. This is the most popular of his hymns. [J.]

JER. CLARK (see 5). From 'The Divine Companion,' 1701. for soprano and bass unfigured, which is kept in our setting. It is set to the words *How uneasy are we here*. There is a setting of it in Smith and Prelluer (see 12).

96. CHRIST HATH A GARDEN WALLED AROUND.

From Isaac Watts (10), *We are a garden walled around*. In Hymns and Sp. Songs. Adapted by R. B. for weddings.

H. E. WOOLDRIDGE. Composed for this hymn on an air by Sir W. Leighton, in 'Tears or Lamentations of a sorrowful soul,' 1614. *O loving God and Father dear*.

97. LOVE OF LOVE AND LIGHT OF LIGHT.

Words for this setting by R. B.

The melody known as *JESUS, MEINE ZUFERSICHT*, one of J. S. Bach's settings of it from the V. C. B., No. 338, but I have neglected some of the pauses and ties. The words first appear in Runge's 'Gesangbuch,' 1653, with this melody, and are attributed to a princess of Brandenburg, [Z and K.] and Z supposes that Runge composed the tune for the words. His version has the first two strains, but these do not repeat, and the rest of his melody differs. The tune, with the last two lines as we have them, first appeared in 'Praxis Pietatis' (42),

ed. 1668 (?), and, though it has not Crueger's name to it, the admirable completion of the melody is probably due to his skill. [Z.] The history of this, one of the finest of the German chorales, is worth following: The first two lines are old; I cannot name the German hymn to which they belonged, but the tune must have been popular in the first half of the 16th century because it occurs in Coverdale's Psalter, No. 4 (— date 1539. [L.]). The notes in Coverdale are *Sol, sol, la, ti, do, do, ti.* | *Sol, do, sol, mi, fa, mi, re, do.* | repeated. It is most likely that Runge knew it, and the first phrase of his continuation is similar to that of the old tune in Coverdale, which wanders away in the jovial north-german style of the time. Crueger having got these two lines from Runge, instinctively restored their original repeat, (he lengthens the first two notes,) and completed the melody in a manner worthy of his genius. The melody as he left it falls a third on the second note, as may be seen in Bach's other settings: the original in Coverdale does not; but note that in this setting by Bach the effect of the repeated *sol* in the first two notes is accidentally restored. To ask now how much of Crueger there is in this chorale of six lines: He took his first two lines from Runge, his 3rd and 4th he made by repeating these two; and then,—if Neander's statement concerning his *Meine Hoffnung*, (No. 69,) that it was a *bekannte Melodie*, be true,—he took the last strain of that for his 5th line, (the difference between them in our settings is due to Bach's added ornament,) and was left with only seven notes in which to vindicate the work for his own.

### 98. ENTER THY COURTS, THOU WORD OF LIFE.

Words written for this tune by R. B. Here is the first double stanza of the psalm with which it appears.

Even life (in chase) the hunted hunde  
The waterbrooks: (both glad) desire:  
Even thus my soule: that faintie is,  
To thee (my God) would fayne aspyre.  
My (wey) soule: did thurst to God,  
To God (the fount) of life and grace:  
I said even thus: when shall I come  
To see (at eye) God's lively face.

This is so arranged that, using the brackets variously, the psalm may be sung to a S M, a C M, or a L M tune. I will give some other initial stanzas from psalms apparently intended to be used with this tune.

lxi. My creying heare O God,  
That voice doth sing in song:  
Give care to me: thus cast abroad  
As fled for feare of wrong.

cxlix. O sing unto the Lord  
A song of new accord:  
And let his praise declared be  
In good men's company.

THOMAS TALLIS. Original setting for Archbishop Parker's Bk. (see 2). This is the fifth tune, that is in the fifth mode; but the final is F with B<sup>b</sup> in the signature, so that the Ionian mode is doing duty for the Lydian. The first note of the soprano is misprinted D for C, and the accidental B<sup>b</sup> in the tenor is not marked; the dot is omitted from the alto, and one rest is misprinted. I have made these corrections. The unbar'd original is divided into syllabic sections, thus 6, 6, 4, 4, 6 repeated; and there is some uncertainty about the metre of this tune, which is discussed in the note on the words. Tallis may have been confused by the Archbishop's literary machinations, or he may have thought that such a device as he has adopted was suitable to such words.

cxlv. O worship thanke and praise: the name of God the Lord,  
Ye servants all of this hour God: laud ye with one accord.  
Ye ministers which stand: in God the Lorde's good house;  
And kepe the courts of this our God: O praise him glorious.

2 Let Israel be glad  
In God his Maker brad:  
Let Zion's youth and childer joy  
In their most princely roy.

It will be seen from these quotations what sort of material Tallis had to work on, and anyone may judge for himself, (as well or little as I,) what is the most probable intention of this tune. I have in my words preserved the *cæsura* proper to the Short Measure, because I could not feel justified in forcing what might be a completely foreign interpretation on to Tallis' melody: but I have also arranged for the words to run as freely in sections of 8, 4, 8, 6, (of which there is no example in Parker,) as in sections of 6, 6, 8, 6; and leaving the tune at liberty to do either I have no doubt which it will do. The divided eight-syllable line merely follows Parker's custom of a mid-*cæsura*: he generally makes these two four-syllable components rhyme, (see quotations in notes 54 and 68,) and it seems certain that Tallis must have been following such a rhymed model when he wrote this melody. Yet strangely enough neither here, nor in 78, (see note on that tune,) do the words printed with the music rhyme, like the majority, on this system. If my solution should not recommend itself, any S M hymn may be tried with this beautiful tune.

### 99. THEE WILL I LOVE, MY GOD AND KING.

Words by R. B. for this tune. The first line is common. The old 145th Psalm, 1560, begins *Thee will I laud my God and King*, and it is familiar from the translations of Joh. Angelus' *Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke*, the first words of Ps. xviii. I have thought to improve on Marot's scheme of rhyme, seeing a difference

Old French melody, 1529 or earlier, as reconstructed by Bourgeois in 1543 to Ps. cxxxviii. in Genevan Psalter, set by M. M. B. Douen thinks that this melody may be by Clement Marot. It occurs twice set to Marot's 25th and 24th chansons, in 'Chansons musicales à quatre parties, imprimez à Paris par Pierre Attaignant, 1529.. 1530,' Nos. i and xxv, and D argues that Marot may have composed the melody for his own words, and then have written Ps. cxxxviii. in the same metre, in order that Bourgeois might put it with his psalm into the psalter. This can be disproved. The psalm is *not* in the same metre as the chansons: in both the

between the two halves of the air. Here is Marot's first stanza :

<i>Il faut que de tous mes esprits</i>	8
<i>Ton los et pris</i>	} 9
<i>F'exalte et prise :</i>	
<i>Devant les grans me presenter,</i>	8
<i>Pour te chanter</i>	} 9
<i>F'ay fait emprise.</i>	
<i>En ton saint temple adoreray,</i>	8
<i>Celebreray</i>	} 9
<i>Ta renommee,</i>	
<i>Pour l'amour de ta grand bonte,</i>	8
<i>Et feaute</i>	} 9
<i>Tant estimee.</i>	

chansons in Attaignant's book the syllabic scheme of the words of the first four lines, (which include the musical repeat, and correspond to six lines of words in Marot's psalm, as printed on the left,) is 9,8,9,8 ; that is, the feminine rhyme is in the odd lines, whereas the tune even in A's book has feminine endings, like the psalm, in the even places : and in the second half of the chanson, which does not, as the psalm does, repeat the scheme of the first half, the number of notes in the musical scheme of four lines is 4,7,7,9 ; the first three having masculine closes, and the ultimate a feminine : whereas the word-scheme of the chanson here is 4,6,8,8, with a feminine ending on the second and a masculine on the other three lines. It follows from this that the melody was not composed for Marot's chansons, (far less was it composed by him,) but was merely set alongside of them without adaptation in A's book ; and we are there probably face to face with a popular melody. But there is room for a conjecture which is more than probable, that is, that Marot was fond of the tune, and suggested it in 1543 at Geneva to Bourgeois :—this is the date given both for Marot's substitution of his psalm for Calvin's in this place, and for the first appearance of the melody in the psalter. Bourgeois admired the tune, and, making his admirable recension of it, showed Marot how the words should be written to fit it. The statements in this note rest on the authority of the quotations in Douen.

100. LIFESPRIING DIVINE AND BOND OF ALL.

Trans. by R. B. of the famous Latin hymn given with the music. Its ascription to S. Ambrose is questioned. It is not later than the 7th cent. [J.]

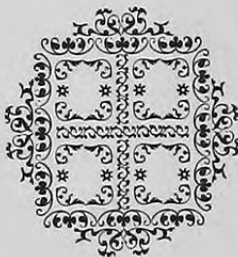
The original Ambrosian melody to the three hymns of the lesser hours of Terce, Sext, and Nones. Originally it was almost if not completely syllabic, and it has become more elaborate by the insertion of passing notes. It seems likely that the tune as well as the words may be by S. Ambrose himself. [P.] Mode II set by M. M. B.

P.S.—In revising these notes I find it necessary to add two general remarks, one concerning the authorship of the words, another on the transposition of the music.

1. The hymn words (especially in the first twenty-five hymns, which are almost all from HAM) are sometimes in the above notes referred to their original authors without notice of considerable modifications introduced by the Compilers of HAM or others. I should wish it to be understood that when hymns have been thus taken from HAM, that version was adopted for practical convenience, as is explained in the preface to the notes : the adoption of that text does not imply any judgment or opinion as to its merits ; and I considered it outside the scope of my book to describe these variants.

2. As to the transposition of tunes from their original position : I intended to note this in all cases, but have omitted it in two, viz. 57 and 80. The original key of 57 is E<sup>b</sup> m<sub>3</sub>, of 80 D<sup>b</sup>. In all other cases where no transposition is noticed it may be assumed that the music is given at its original pitch. But this statement cannot of course apply to the modal tunes, a class which includes not only the plain-song melodies but all Bourgeois' psalms. These were all written as melodies in a C clef without signature, or with one flat only : this, with the final, determined the mode, the pitch being I suppose raised or lowered a little at convenience.

YATTENDON, Sept., 1899.



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## DIRECTIONS TO BINDER



Sew the sheets in the following order :

First, the six pages bearing the Title, Preface, and Synopsis (i-vi).

Second, the 160 unnumbered pages containing the 100 Hymns with music. Twenty sheets signed B-x.

Third, the 30 numbered pages containing Appendix of notes to music and words and Index, ending with this page. Four sheets signed Y-Bb.

*The Wrappers, Advertisements, and Tables of Contents issued with the first three instalments do not form a part of the book, and if sent to be bound up with it must be placed at the end.*

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run ;

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run ;

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run ;

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run ;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy mor - ning sa - cri - fice.

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy mor - ning sa - cri - fice.

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy mor - ning sa - cri - fice.

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy mor - ning sa - cri - fice.

2  
Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

3  
Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;  
Think how all-seeing GOD thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.



4  
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the Angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

5  
Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

S. AMBROSE. 4th CENT.  
TRANSLATED BY R. B.

PROPER SARUM. MODE I.  
SET BY M. M. B.

O splen - dour of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that brin - gest light from light,

O splen - dour of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that brin - gest light from light,

O splen - dour of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that brin - gest light from light,

O splen - dour of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that brin - gest light from light,

O Light of light, light's li - ving spring, O Day all days il - lu - mi - ning.

O Light of light, light's li - ving spring, O Day all days il - lu - mi - ning.

O Light of light, light's li - ving spring, O Day all days il - lu - mi - ning.

O Light of light, light's li - ving spring, O Day all days il - lu - mi - ning.

A - men

A - men

A - men

A - - men



N<sup>o</sup> 29 CONTINUED.

plen - dor Pa - ter - næ glo - ri - æ, De lu - ce lu - cem pro - fe - rens,  
 Lux lu - cis et fons lu - mi - nis, Di - es di - em il - lu - mi - nans. A - men.

2  
 O Thou true sun, on us thy glance  
 Let fall in royal radiance,  
 The Spirit's sanctifying beam  
 Upon our earthly senses stream.

3  
 The Father too our prayers implore,  
 Father of glory evermore,  
 The Father of all grace and might,  
 To banish sin from our delight :

4  
 To guide whate'er we nobly do,  
 With love all envy to subdue,  
 To make ill-fortune turn to fair,  
 And give us grace our wrongs to bear.

5  
 Our mind be in his keeping placed,  
 Our body true to him and chaste,  
 Where only Faith her fire shall feed  
 To burn the tares of Satan's seed.

6  
 And Christ to us for food shall be,  
 From him our drink that wellethe free,  
 The Spirit's wine, that maketh whole,  
 And mocking not, exalts the soul.

7  
 Rejoicing may this day go hence,  
 Like virgin dawn our innocence,  
 Like fiery noon our faith appear,  
 Nor know the gloom of twilight drear.

8  
 Morn in her rosy car is borne;  
 Let Him come forth our perfect Morn,  
 The Word in God the Father one,  
 The Father perfect in the Son. Amen.

2  
 Verusque Sol illabere,  
 Micans nitore perpeti;  
 Jubarque Sancti Spiritus  
 Infunde nostris sensibus.

3  
 Votis vocemus et Patrem,  
 Patrem perennis gloriae,  
 Patrem potentis gratiae,  
 Culpam releget lubricam :

4  
 Informet actus strenuos,  
 Dentem retundat invidi,  
 Casus secundet asperos,  
 Donet gerendi gratiam :

5  
 Mentem gubernet et regat,  
 Casto fideli corpore;  
 Fides calore ferveat,  
 Fraudis venena nesciat.

6  
 Christusque nobis sit cibus,  
 Potusque noster sit fides:  
 Læti bibamus sobriam  
 Ebrietatem Spiritus.

7  
 Lætus dies hic transeat:  
 Pudor sit ut diluculum,  
 Fides velut meridies,  
 Crepusculum mens nesciat.

8  
 Aurora cursus provehit;  
 Aurora totus provehat,  
 In Patre totus Filius,  
 Et totus in Verbo Pater. Amen.

S. GREGORY. 6th CENT.  
ENGLISH BY R. B.

PROPER SARUM.  
MODE IV. SET BY M. M. B.

This day the first of days was made, When God in light the world ar-ray'd,

This day the first of days was made, When God in light the world ar-ray'd,

This day the first of days was made, When God in light the world ar-ray'd,

This day the first of days was made, When God in light the world ar-ray'd,

Or when His Word a-rose a-gain, And con-q'ring death gave life to men.

Or when His Word a-rose a-gain, And con-q'ring death gave life to men.

Or when His Word a-rose a-gain, And con-q'ring death gave life to men.

Or when His Word a-rose a-gain, And con-q'ring death gave life to men.

A - - men

A - men

A - - men

A - - men

Nº 31 CONTINUED.

ri - mo di - e - rum om - ni - um, Quo mun - dus ex - stat con - di - tus,  
 Vel quo re - sur - gens Con - di - tor Nos mor - te vic - ta li - be - rat. A - men.

2  
 Slumber and sloth drive far away;  
 Earlier arise to greet the day;  
 And ere its dawn in heav'n unfold  
 The heart's desire to God be told;

3  
 Unto our prayer that He attend,  
 His all-creating power extend  
 And still renew us, lest we miss  
 Thro' earthly stain our heav'nly bliss.

4  
 That us, who here this day repair  
 To keep the apostles' time of prayer  
 And hymn the quiet hours of morn,  
 With blessed gifts He may adorn.

\* \* \* \* \*

5  
 For this, Redeemer, Thee we pray  
 That Thou wilt wash our sins away,  
 And of Thy loving-kindness grant  
 Whate'er of good our spirits want:

6  
 That exiles here awhile in flesh  
 Some earnest may our souls refresh  
 Of that pure life for which we long,  
 Some foretaste of the heav'nly song.

2  
 Pulsis procul torporibus  
 Surgamus omnes ocius  
 Et nocte quæramus pium,  
 Sicut prophetam novimus;

3  
 Nostras preces ut audiat  
 Suamque dextram porrigat  
 Et expiatis sordibus  
 Reddat polorum sedibus;

4  
 Ut quique sacratissimo  
 Hujus diei tempore  
 Horis quietis psallimus,  
 Donis beatis muneret.

\* \* \* \* \*

5  
 Ob hoc, Redemptor, quæsumus,  
 Ut probra nostra diluas,  
 Vitæ perennis commoda  
 Nobis benigne conferas;

6  
 Quo carnis actus exsules  
 Effecti ipsi cœlibes,  
 Ut præstolamur cernui,  
 Melos canamus gloriæ.



## 49

LATIN BY S. GREGORY, 6th CENT.  
ENGLISH BY R. B.

PROPER SARUM.  
MODE Vj. SET BY M. M. B.

CHRIST's lo - ving chil-dren, for his hope a - bi-ding, Ac-tive in glad-ness, or in hymns a - do-ring ;

CHRIST's lo - ving chil-dren, for his hope a - bi-ding, Ac-tive in glad-ness, or in hymns a - do-ring ;

CHRIST's lo - ving chil-dren, for his hope a - bi-ding, Ac-tive in glad-ness, or in hymns a - do-ring ;

CHRIST's lo - ving chil-dren, for his hope a - bi-ding, Ac-tive in glad-ness, or in hymns a - do-ring ;

*After last verse.*

Be we as ser-vants that a - wait a Mas - ter Sore - ly de - lay-ing. A - - - men.

Be we as ser-vants that a - wait a Mas - ter Sore - ly de - lay-ing. A - - - men.

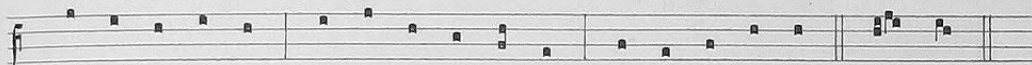
Be we as ser-vants that a - wait a Mas - ter Sore - ly de - lay-ing. A - - - men.

Be we as ser-vants that a - wait a Mas - ter Sore - ly de - lay-ing. A - - - men.

Nº 49 CONTINUED.



oc - te sur - gen - tes vi - gi - le - mus om - nes, Sem - per in psalm - is me - di - te - mur, at - que



Vi - ri - bus to - tis Do - mi - no ca - na - mus Dul - ci - ter hym - nos; A - - men.

2

Happy those servants, whether He returneth  
At dead of midnight, or at early morning:  
Happy those servants, if He only find them  
Faithfully watching.

3

Father of mercies, give us holy comfort  
Here in our pains, and Paradise hereafter:  
Where in eternal vision uncreated  
Joy never endeth. Amen.

2

Ut pio Regi pariter canentes  
Cum suis Sanctis mereamur aulam  
Ingredi cœli, simul et beatam  
Ducere vitam.

3

Præstet hoc nobis Deitas beata  
Patris et Nati pariterque Sancti  
Spiritus, cujus reboat in omni  
Gloria mundo. Amen.



DE SANTEUIL. 1650.  
FR: TR: BY I. WILLIAMS. 1836.

'HANOVER' 1708.  
W. CROFT (?) SET BY H. E. W.

Dis - po - ser su - preme, And judge of the earth, Who chooseth for thine the

Dis - po - ser su - preme, And judge of the earth, Who chooseth for thine the

Dis - po - ser su - preme, And judge of the earth, Who chooseth for thine the

Dis - po - ser su - preme, And judge of the earth, Who chooseth for thine the

weak and the poor: To frail earth - en ves - sels and things of no worth

weak and the poor: To frail earth - en ves - sels and things of no worth

weak and the poor: To frail earth - en ves - sels and things of no worth

weak and the poor: To frail earth - en ves - sels and things of no worth

Nº 52 CONTINUED.

En - trus - ting thy ri - ches, which aye shall en - dure.

En - trus - ting thy ri - ches, which aye shall en - dure.

En - trus - ting thy ri - ches, which aye shall en - dure.

En - trus - ting thy ri - ches, which aye shall en - dure.

2  
 Those vessels soon fail,  
 Though full of Thy light,  
 And at Thy decree  
 Are broken and gone;  
 Thence brightly appeareth  
 Thy truth in its might,  
 As through the clouds riven  
 The lightnings have shone.

3  
 Like clouds are they borne  
 To do Thy great Will,  
 And swift as the winds,  
 About the world go;  
 The WORD with His wisdom  
 Their spirits doth fill,  
 They thunder, they lighten,  
 The waters o'erflow.



[4  
 Their sound goeth forth,  
 "CHRIST JESUS the LORD;"  
 Then Satan doth fear,  
 His citadels fall:  
 As when the dread trumpets  
 Went forth at Thy Word,  
 And one long blast shattered  
 The Canaanite's wall.]

5  
 O loud be their trump,  
 And stirring their sound,  
 To rouse us, O LORD,  
 From slumber of sin;  
 The lights Thou hast kindled  
 In darkness around,  
 O may they illumine  
 Our spirits within.

6  
 All honour and praise,  
 Dominion and might,  
 To GOD, THREE in ONE,  
 Eternally be;  
 Who hath shed around us  
 His marvellous light,  
 And called us from darkness  
 His glory to see.

WM. COWPER, 1772.

OLD CXXXVII. CRESPIN. 1556.  
SET BY RD. ALLISON. 1599.

O! for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame;

O! for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm . . and heav'n - ly frame;

O! for a clo - ser . . walk with . . . God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame;

O! for a clo - ser walk . . with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame;

A light to shine u - pon the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

A light to shine u - pon . . . the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

A light to shine u - pon the . . . road, That leads me to the Lamb.

A light to shine u - pon the . . . road, That leads me to the Lamb.

2

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

Return . . .



3

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

So shall . . .



Nº 84 CONTINUED.

Where is the bles - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the bles - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the bles - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw the . . . Lord?

Where is the bles - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw . . the Lord?

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

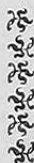
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and . . his word?

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his . . . word?

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

2 CONTINUED.

Return, O holy Dove! return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest:  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
 And drove Thee from my breast.  
 The dearest . . .



3 CONTINUED.

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