

The New Office
Hymn Book

PARTS I AND II
WITH MUSIC

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THE NEW OFFICE HYMN BOOK

PARTS I. AND II.

PART I.

CONSISTING OF

INTROITS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS
WITH THE GRADUALS AND ALLELUIAS,
AND SOME SEQUENCES.

PART II.

CONSISTING OF

OFFICE HYMNS, CHIEFLY FROM THE ROMAN
AND SARUM BREVIARIES, TOGETHER
WITH THE PROPER MELODIES.

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present Union show;
Their Joys are full; our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.

WALLER.

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AND
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1908.

PREFACE TO THE MUSIC OF PARTS I. AND II.

As the whole of the words in Parts I. and II. of the N.O.H.B. are translated from the old Service Books,* it is fitting that they should be sung to the Plainsong to which they have been wedded for so many centuries; but the simplest and easiest forms have been selected.

The music of the Introits is adapted from the Mechlin version of the Church's Plainsong. With regard to the Graduals, it was felt that it would be useless at the present day to reproduce for ordinary choirs and congregations the elaborate music to which they are set in the Latin Service Books, and unadvisable to tamper with it; they are therefore pointed to the Psalm Tones according to the Mechlin rules. This mode will be found fully explained in the "Introduction on Plainsong" and Preface to "A Choir Directory of Plainsong"; also in "The Canticles" edited by Rev. J. W. Doran and Spencer Nottingham, published by Novello and Company, Ltd.

But the Editors would remind those Choirs, which have never availed themselves of the Church's Plainsong, that a colon in every case divides the verses of the Introits and Graduals in halves, so that no Choirmaster need find much difficulty in pointing them to Anglican Chants, if such a step be deemed advisable; and it seems better to sing them to modern music than to abstain from the use of them altogether.

The Melodies of the Office Hymns are taken from various sources, which in each case are specified, but are chiefly from the Ratisbon, Mechlin and Sarum Service Books. Their adoption is strongly recommended; but in every instance an alternative modern Hymn Tune has been suggested, for the use of those Choirs and Organists that are not versed in Plainsong.

The Editors would plead for the retention of the Proper Office Hymn, even if the old music be not adopted. However useful and necessary modern emotional hymns may be in their proper place (*e.g.*, before and after sermons, &c.), it is most desirable to keep them outside the Divine Office; and this can only be done satisfactorily by adhering rigidly to the use of the Office Hymns appointed in the Breviaries for each day of the year.

With regard to the method of rendering the Plainsong Hymn Melodies, "W.H.F." in his preface to "Hymn Melodies and Sequences," published by the Plainsong and Mediæval Music Society, says:

"It must be remembered that the notes express no time-value whatever, and the movement of the melodies is governed entirely by the words, which in the case of Hymns are of course metrical. The metre depends upon a regular succession of accents, not on the measured length of the syllables: this is the essence of a Hymn, and therefore this regular succession of accents must not be disturbed by the music. The notes in consequence must be adjusted to the syllables, so that the metre always remains practically intact, whether there be one or two, or even more notes to a syllable. The simpler melodies easily adapt themselves to this law, but the more florid melodies† require a little study in order to obtain a correct idea of the phrasing.

* A few pieces are from the later French Office Books, and so can hardly be called "old," but these are quite the exception.

† *e.g.*, Melody 89 to Hymn 288, "*O quam glorifica.*"

"No system of notation can express exactly the rendering of an ordinary ballad as sung by a really competent artist; and as a Plainsong Hymn should be sung with at least an equal freedom, it is under the same disadvantage, even when written in proper Plainsong notation: while modern notation can hardly fail to convey an impression of strict measured time which is fatally misleading; for to sing a Plainsong Melody like a modern measured tune is radically wrong.

"Great care is needed on the part of the singers, and still more on the part of the accompanist to keep the light-syllables quite light, and so to preserve the metrical freedom and balance."

For the Sequences, both Ancient and Modern Music has been provided; but the Sequences themselves can be sung, or omitted, as may be thought desirable: and some Choirmasters will no doubt prefer to confine their Choirs to the five Sequences retained in the present Roman Missal. In this present edition of the Office Hymn Book, the date of each Sequence and its proper Melody, which in the case of the older Sequences were always composed together, are given as far as is known.

The Editors are much indebted to Mr. Spenser Nottingham for pointing the Graduals specially for this book; also to Rev. G. H. Palmer for his Harmonies for Organists to the Office Hymns, written for the original issue of the Office Hymn Book, but retained, with a few additions, for the present Edition.

The Editors are also under great obligations to Mr. E. W. Goldsmith for composing harmonies for Organists to many of the Sequence Melodies, and for much laborious work in correcting proofs; also to Mr. Arthur H. Brown, Rev. H. S. Milner, and Mr. Thos. Wigley for their kind assistance in various ways; and they gratefully acknowledge many valuable hints and suggestions made by Rev. G. H. Palmer. To Messrs. Novello and Company, Ltd., they offer their sincere thanks for permission to insert many of their copyright tunes; also to Rev. G. R. Woodward, Editor of "Songs of Syon," to the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and to the Proprietors of the "English Hymnal," for permission to use several tunes and harmonies from their respective collections which are their copyright.

To Provost Ball the Editors are specially indebted for placing his numerous translations of Hymns and Sequences at their disposal, and for giving them free permission to make such alterations in his text as might approve themselves to them; they also offer their cordial thanks to Rev. G. H. Palmer for allowing them to make use of his and the late Rev. M. J. Blacker's translations in "The Hymner"; and to Rev. T. A. Lacey for No. 138, which was specially translated by him for the Office Hymn Book.

The Editors also acknowledge the debt which they cannot overestimate to Dr. Julian for the use they have made of his Dictionary of Hymnology—a book to which the Editors of all recent collections of Hymns owe so much: for without its aid that accuracy of detail which is now looked for in Hymn Books can hardly be attained.

Finally, they apologise for any infringement of copyright of which they may inadvertently have been guilty, and they ask that the involuntary offence, if committed, may be kindly condoned.

J. F. W. BULLOCK.

Radwinter, 1908.

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LATIN TABLE OF PROCESSIONS, SEQUENCES AND OFFICE HYMNS IN PARTS I. AND II.

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PROCESSIONS, INTROITS,
AND
GRADUALS.

PART I.

INTROITS, GRADUALS, ETC.

FOR THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

1. ASPERGES ME HYSSOPO.

Before a Solemn Eucharist (except during Eastertide) the following may be sung on Sundays instead of the Introit.

Mode VII.

Ant. Thou shalt purge me, O Lord, with hys-sop, and

I shall be clean; Thou shalt wash me,

and I shall be whi-ter than snow..

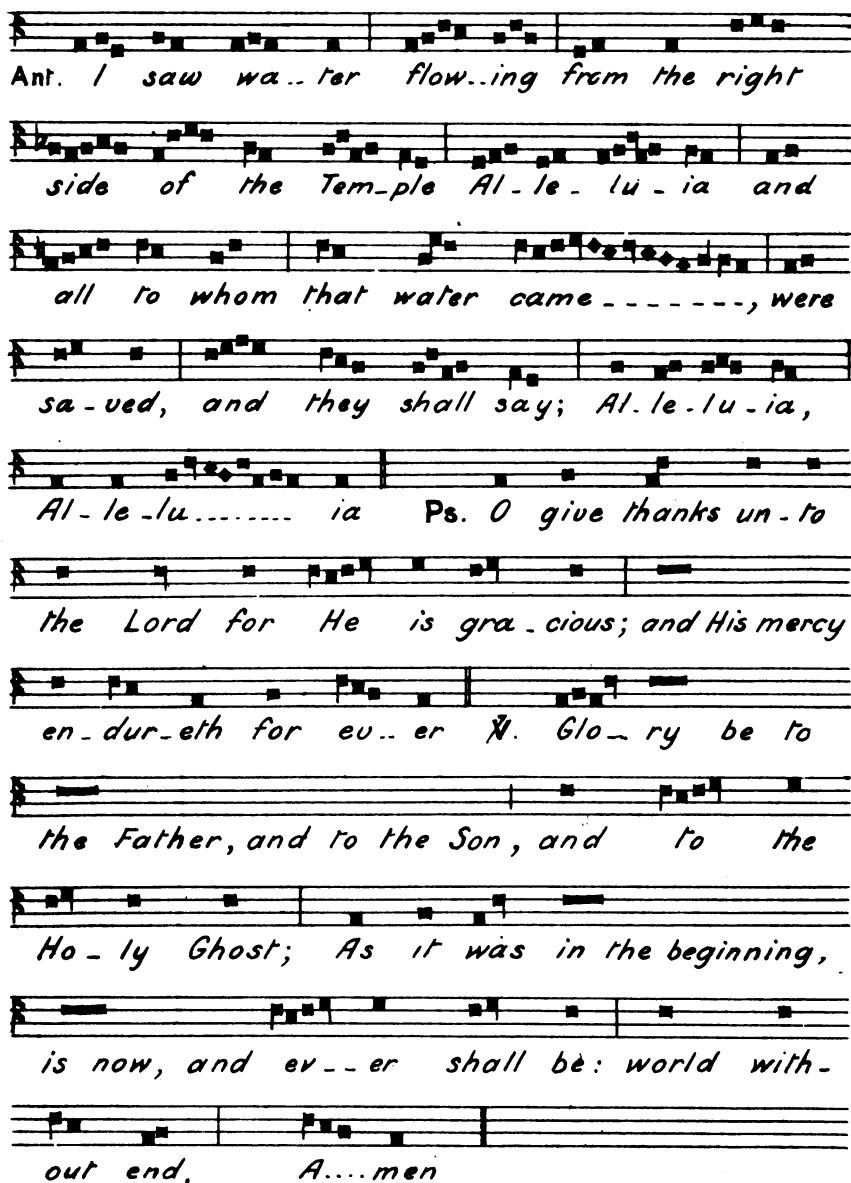
Ps. Have mer-cy up-on me O God; af-ter thy great

good-ness.. *Gl...* Glo...ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and

to thee Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning is now, and

ev. er shall be; world with...out end, A-men..

Repeat Antiphon - Thou shalt purge me.

*The following may be substituted during Eastertide.**Mode VIII.*


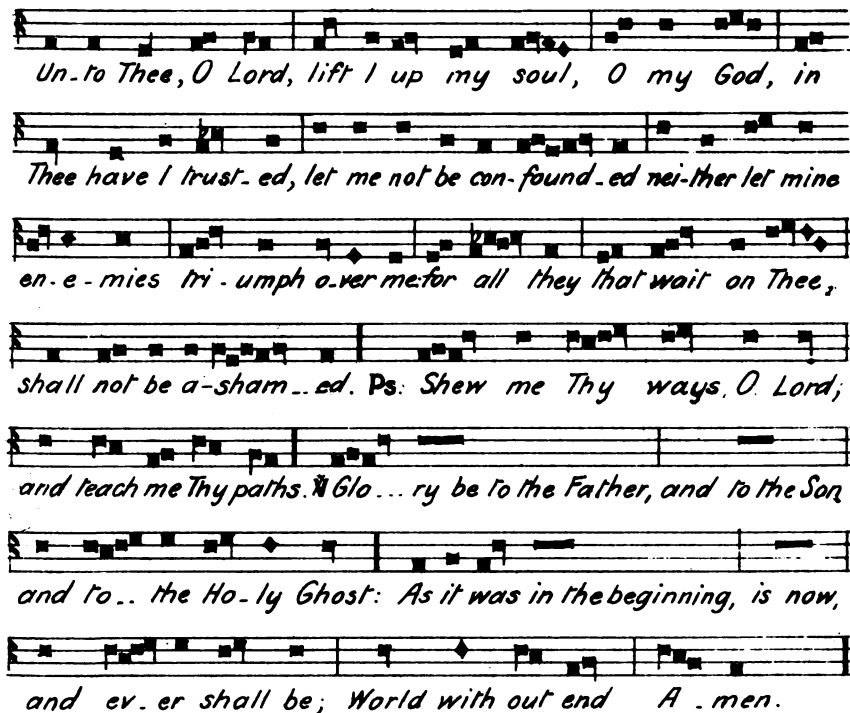
Ant. I saw wa-ter flow-ing from the right
 side of the Tem-ple Al-le-lu-ia and
 all to whom that water came-----, were
 sa-ved, and they shall say; Al-le-lu-ia,
 Al-le-lu-ia Ps. O give thanks un-to
 the Lord for He is gra-cious; and His mercy
 en-dur-eth for ev-er N. Glo-ry be to
 the Father, and to the Son, and to the
 Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and ev-er shall be: world with-
 out end, A....men

Repeat Antiphon - "I saw water."

First Sunday in Advent.

Introit.

Mode VIII.

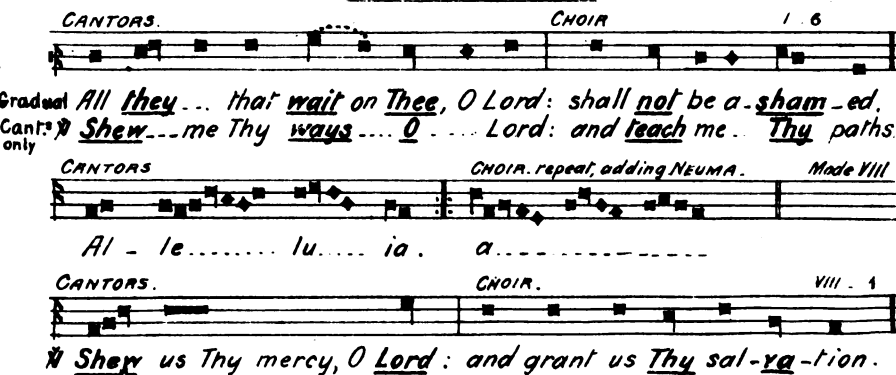


Un-to Thee, O Lord, lift I up my soul, O my God, in
Thee have I trust-ed, let me not be con-found-ed nei-ther let mine
en-e-mies tri-umph o-ver me: for all they that wait on Thee,
shall not be a-sham-ed. Ps: Shew me Thy ways, O Lord;
and teach me Thy paths. * Glo ... ry be to the Father, and to the Son
and to .. the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ev-er shall be; World with out end A-men.

Repeat Introit "Unto Thee, O Lord, lift I." ho.

N.B. This manner of repeating the Introit must be observed throughout the year.

BETWEEN EPISTLE AND GOSPEL



CANTORS. CHOIR. 1. 6
Gradual *All they... that wait on Thee, O Lord: shall not be a-sham-ed.*
Cantors only ** Shew... me Thy ways... O... Lord: and teach me... Thy paths.*

CANTORS CHOIR. repeat, adding NEUMA. Mode VIII
Al-le... lu... ia. a.....

CANTORS. CHOIR. VIII. 1
* *Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord: and grant us Thy sal-va-tion.*

N.B. The Cantors repeat "Alleluia" once as above; the Choir falling in and singing the Neuma only on vowel a. This mode to be observed throughout the year, but when a Sequence is sung, the "Alleluia" is repeated without the Neuma.

4.

Second Sunday in Advent

Introit.

Mode VII.

Peo-ple of Si-on be-hold, the Lord com-eth to re-deem the
 na-tions; and the Lord shall cause the glo-ry of His voice to be heard,
 in the glad-ness of your heart..... Ps. Hear, O Thou Shep-herd of Is-
 ra-el: Thou that lead-est Jo-seph like a sheep. ¶ Glo-ry be to the
 Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the
 beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be; World with-out end, A-men,

Repeat Introit— "People of Sion"

BETWEEN EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

V. 2. Sermon.

Grad. Out of Si-on hath God ap-pear-ed; in per-fect beau-ty
 ¶ Ga-ther my Saints together unto Me: those that have
 made a co-venant with Me with Sa-cri-fice.

Al-le-lu-ia a-----

1-6.

¶ The pow-ers of Heaven shall be sha-ken: and then shall they see the Son of
 Man com-ing in the clouds of Heaven with power and great glo-ry.

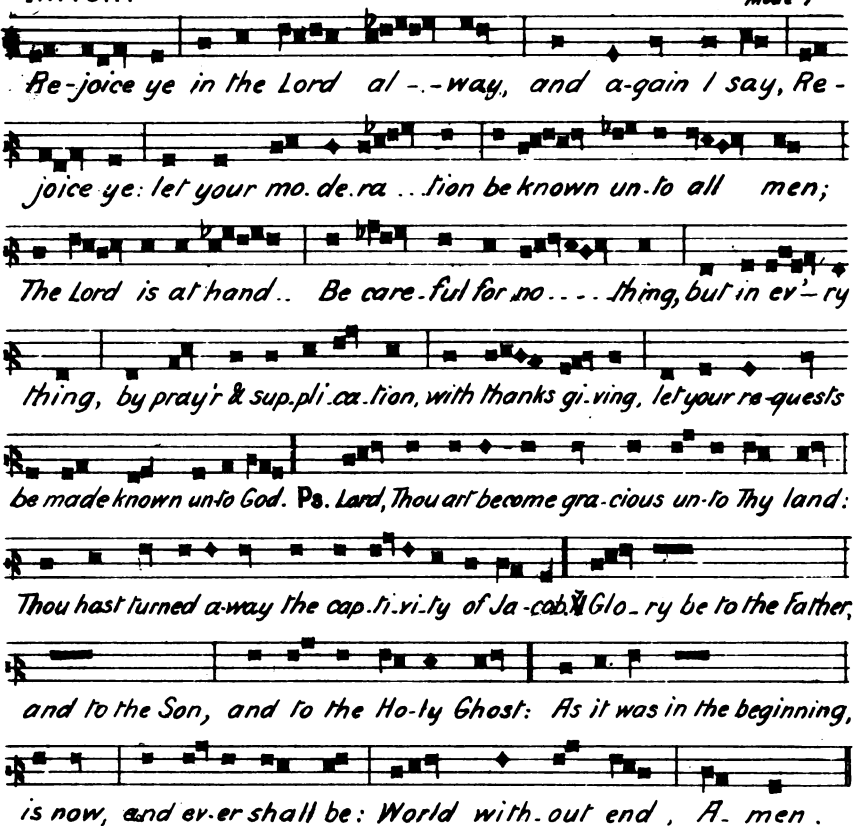
Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 116.

Third Sunday in Advent.

Introit.

Mode I



Re-joice ye in the Lord al - - way, and a-gain I say, Re-
 joice ye: let your mo. de. ra .. tion be known un-to all men;
 The Lord is at hand.. Be care-ful for no thing, but in ev'-ry
 thing, by pray'r & sup. pli. ca. tion, with thanks gi-ving, let your re-quests
 be made known unto God. Ps. Lord, Thou art become gra- cious un-to Thy land:
 Thou hast turned a-way the cap. ti. vi. ty of Ja- cob. Glo- ry be to the Father,
 and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and ev-er shall be: World with- out end, A- men.
 Repeat Introit - "Rejoice ye."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Vn. T.

Grad. O Lord, Thou that sittest between the Cheru-bim: stir up Thy strength & come.
 Xi. Hear, O Thou Shep-herd of Is-ra-el: Thou that leadest Je-seph like a sheep,



Al - le - lu - ia a - - - -

Mode IV

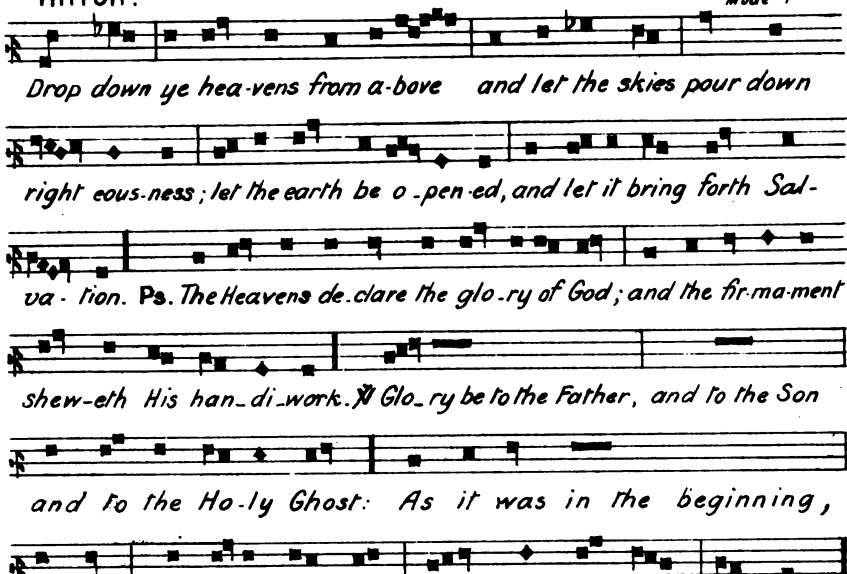
Stir up Thy strength, O Lord: and come and help us.
 Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 116.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

Introit.

Mode 1



Drop down ye hea-vens from a-bove and let the skies pour down
right eous-ness; let the earth be o-pen-ed, and let it bring forth Sal-
va-tion. Ps. The Heavens de-clare the glo-ry of God; and the fir-ma-ment
shew-eth His han-di-work. ✠ Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son
and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the begin-ning,
is now, and ever shall be; World with-out end. A-men.
Repeat Introit - "Drop down."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

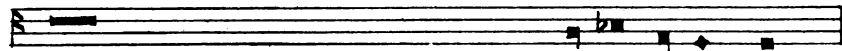
V. 2. Serum.

Grad. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him:

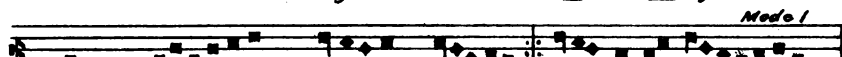


yea, all such as call up-on Him faith-fully.

✠ My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord.



and let all flesh give thanks un-to His ho-ly Name.



Al - le - lu - ia. a -

I. 10. Serum.

✠. Come O Lord, and tar-ry not: forgive the sins of Thy peo-ple Is-ra-el.

Repeat - "Alleluia."

Christmas. (MIDNIGHT)

Introit.

Mode II.

The Lord said un-to Me, Thou art My Son, this day
 have I be-got - - - ten Thee. Ps: Why do the hea-then so furiously
 rage to-ge-ther: and why do the peo-ple i-ma-gine a vain thing?
 * Glo -- ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost. As it was
 in the beginning, is now, and ex - er shall be: World with-out end, A - men.
 Repeat Introit - "The Lord said"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

II. Festal.

Grad. In the day of thy power shall the people offer Thee freewill offer-
 -ings with an ho - ly wor-ship: the dew of Thy birth is of
 the womb of the morn-ing * The Lord said un-to My Lord:
Sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thine en-e-mies Thy foot-stool.

Mode VIII.

Al - le - - lu ia. a - - -

VIII. A Festal.

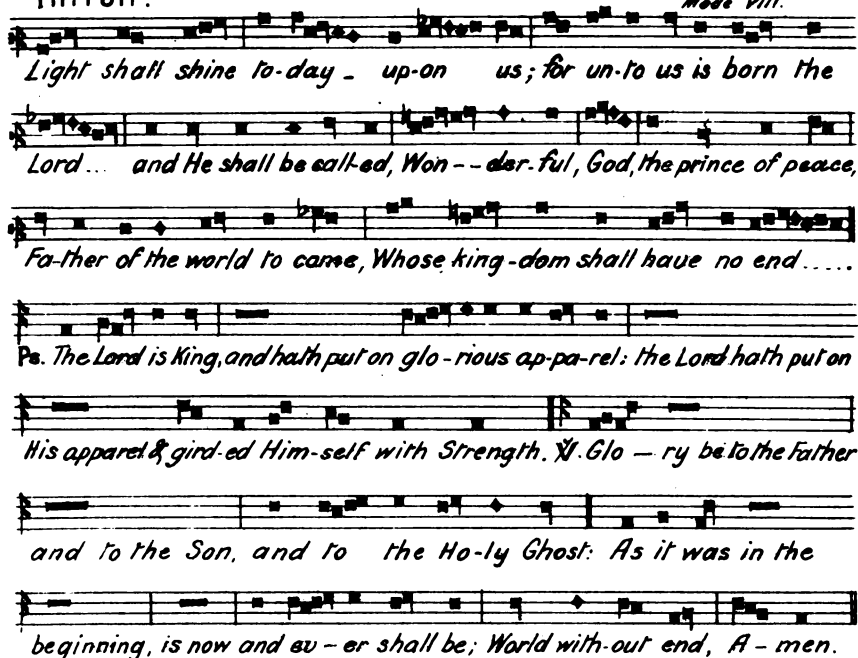
* The Lord said un-to Me Thou art My Son, this
 day have I be-got-ten Thee. Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 117.

Christmas. (AT BREAK OF DAY)

Introit.

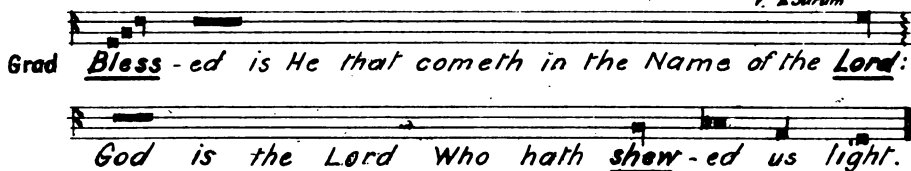
Mode VIII.



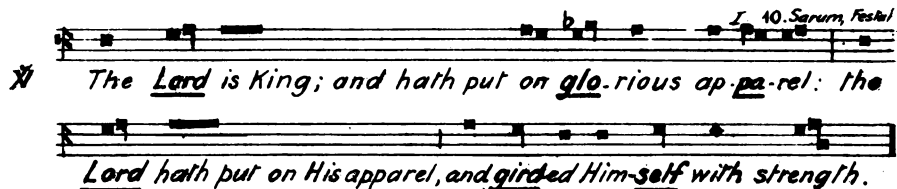
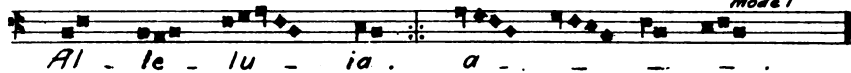
Repeat Introit - "Light shall shine"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. & Sarum



Mode I



Repeat "Alleluia".

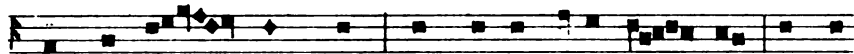
Christmas (IN THE DAY-TIME).
also on the Circumcision.

Introit.

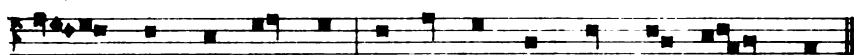
Mode VII.



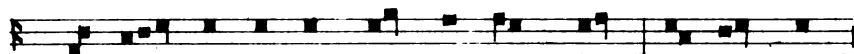
Un-to us a Child is born, un-to us a Son is gi-ven;



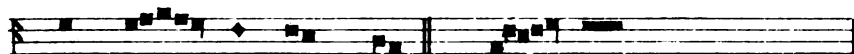
and the go.....vern-ment shall be up-on His shoul-der, and His



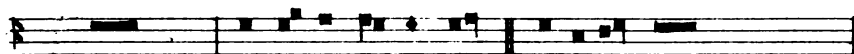
Name shall be call-ed, the An-gel of migh-ty Coun-sel.



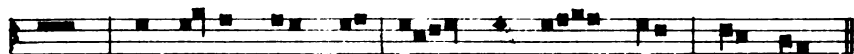
Ps. O sing un-to the Lord a new song: for He hath



done mar-vel-lous things. X. Glo--ry be to the Father



and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the begining,

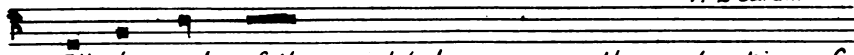


is now, and ev-er shall be; World with-out end. A-men.

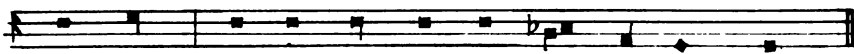
Repeat Introit. "Unto us a Child"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

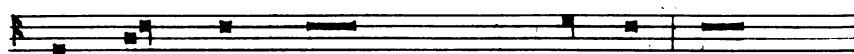
V. 2. Sarum.



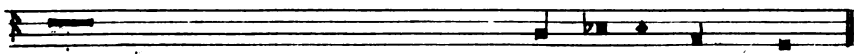
GRAD. All the ends of the world have seen the salvation of



our God: O be joy-ful in God, all ye lands.

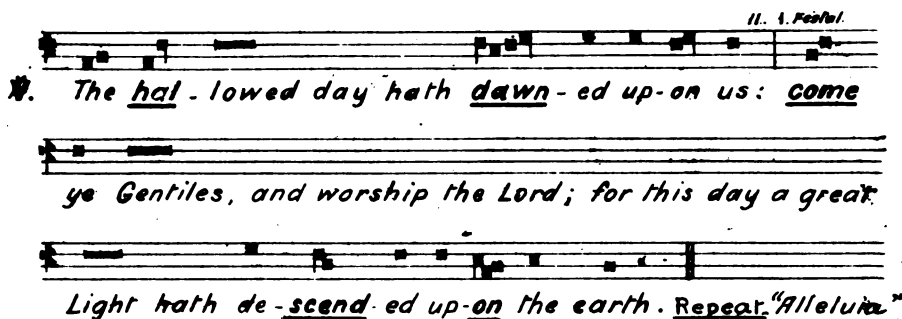


X. The Lord hath declared His sal-va-tion: His righteous-

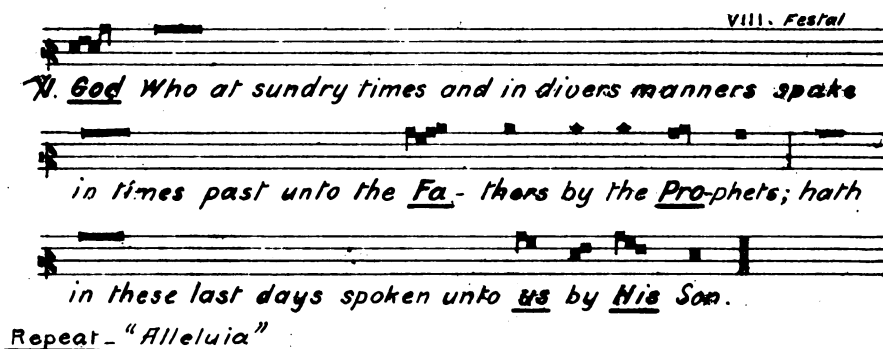
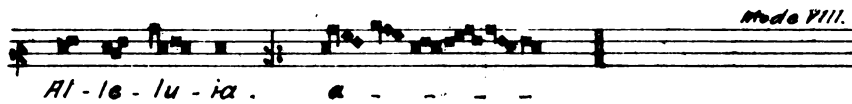


ness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the hea-then.

[over



ON THE CIRCUMCISION, SUBSTITUTE:-



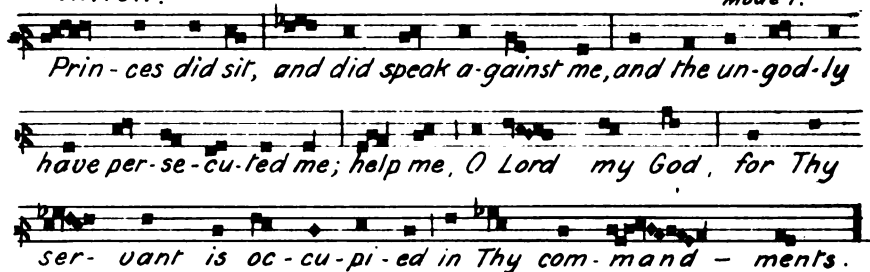
SEQUENCE, 118.

10.

S. Stephen's Day.

Introit.

Mode I.



Ps. Bless - ed are these that are unde - fi - led in the way: and walk
in the law of the Lord. XI. Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ev - er shall be: World with - out end, A - men.

Repeat Introit "Princes did sit."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2 F.

Grad. Prin - ces did sit and did speak against me; and the
ungodly have per - se - cu - ted me. XI. Help me O Lord
my God: and save me for thy mer - cies' sake.

Mode II

Al - le - lu - ia. a - - -

II. 1 Festal. Mod.

XI Lo, I see the Hea - vens o - pen - ed: and Je - sus
standing at the Right Hand of God. Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE. 119.

. 11.

11.

S. John the Evangelist's Day.

Introit.

(ALSO ON MAY 6)

Mode VI.

In the midst of the Church, he o-pen-ed his mouth; and the Lord
 fill-ed him with the spi-rit of wis-dom, and un-der-stand-ing:
 In Eastertide
 in a robe of glo-ry He ar-ray-ed him. (Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia)

Ps. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord; and to sing
 prais-es un-to Thy Name, O most High-est. *V.* Glo-ry be to the father,
 and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and ev-er shall be: World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit - "In the midst"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2

Grad. There went a saying abroad among the brethren, that that Disci-
 -ple should not die: yet Je-sus said not, He shall not die

V. But if I will that he tarry till I come: Fol-low thou Me.

Mode II

Al-le-lu-ia, a - - -

II. Festal.

V. This is that Disciple which testi-fi-eth of these things: and
 we know that his tes-ti-mo-ny is true. Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE. 142.

12.

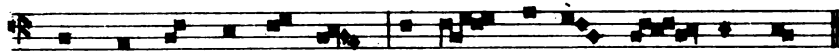
The Innocents' Day.

Introit.

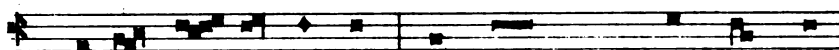
Mode II



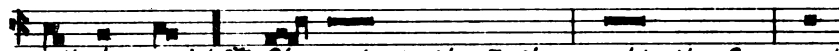
Out of the mouth of ve - ry babes, O, God, and of suck - lings



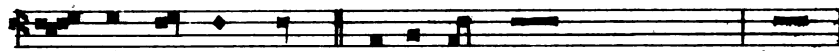
Thou hast per - fect - ed praise, be - cause of Thine e - ne - mies.



Ps. O Lord our Go - ver - nor; how excellent is Thy Name in



all the world. V. Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and



to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now,



and ev - er shall be; World with - out end, A - men.

Repeat Introit. "Out of the mouth"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

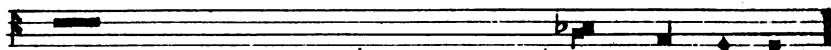
V. 2. Sarum.



Grad. Our soul is es - ca - ped: even as a bird out of the snare of the fow - ler.

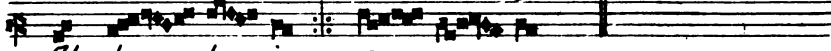


X The snare is broken, and we are de - li - ver - ed: our help



standeth in the Name of the Lord, Who hath made Heaven & earth.

Mode IV



Al - le - lu ia, a.

IV Festal.



The White-robed ar-my of Mar - tyrs: praise Thee, O Lord.

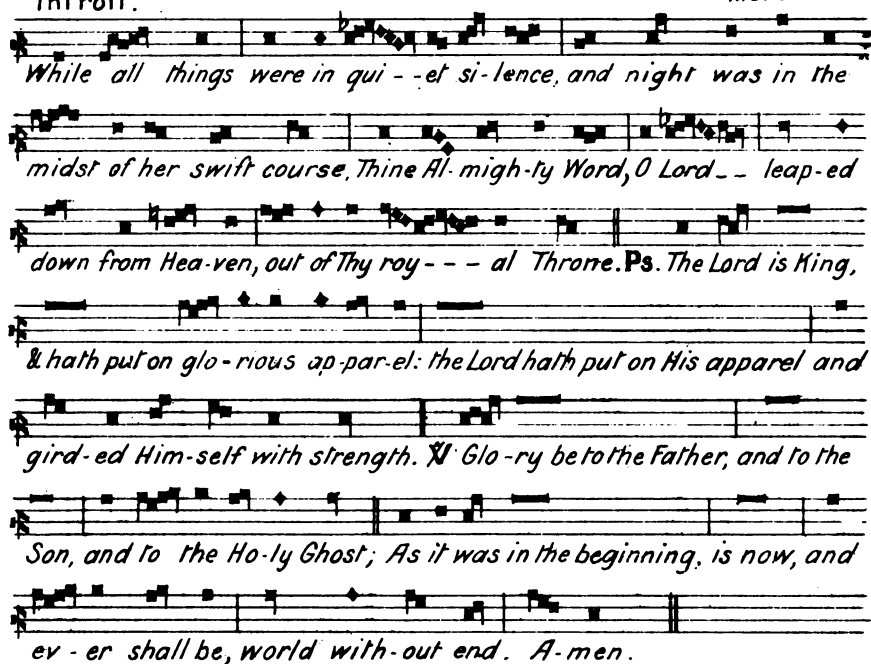
Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE, 120.

The Sunday after Christmas Day.

Introit.

Mode VIII.



Repeat Introit - "While all things"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2. Sarum.

Grad. Thou art fair-er than the children of men: full of grace are Thy lips.

XI. My heart is inditing of a good matter, I speak of the things which I have
 made unto the King: My tongue is the pen of a read-y wri-ter.

Mode I

Al-le-lu-ia. a - - -

XI The Lord is King; and hath put on glo-rious ap-pa-rel: the Lord
 hath put on His apparel, and gird-ed Him-self with strength.

Repeat "Alleluia."

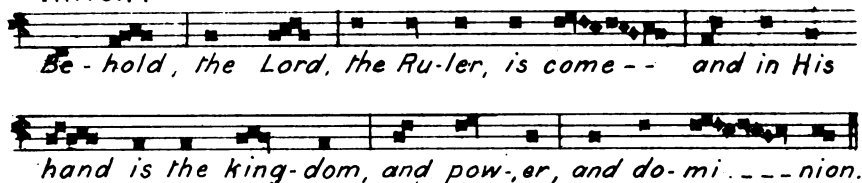
SEQUENCE 118.

14.

The Epiphany.

Introit.

Mode II



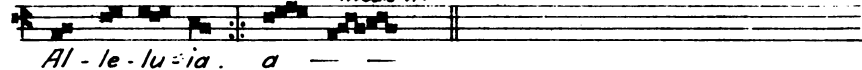
Repeat Introit - "Behold, the Lord."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

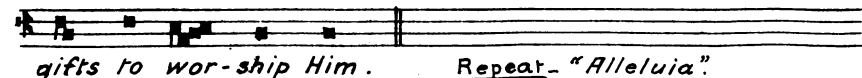
V. 2 F



Mode II.



II Festal.

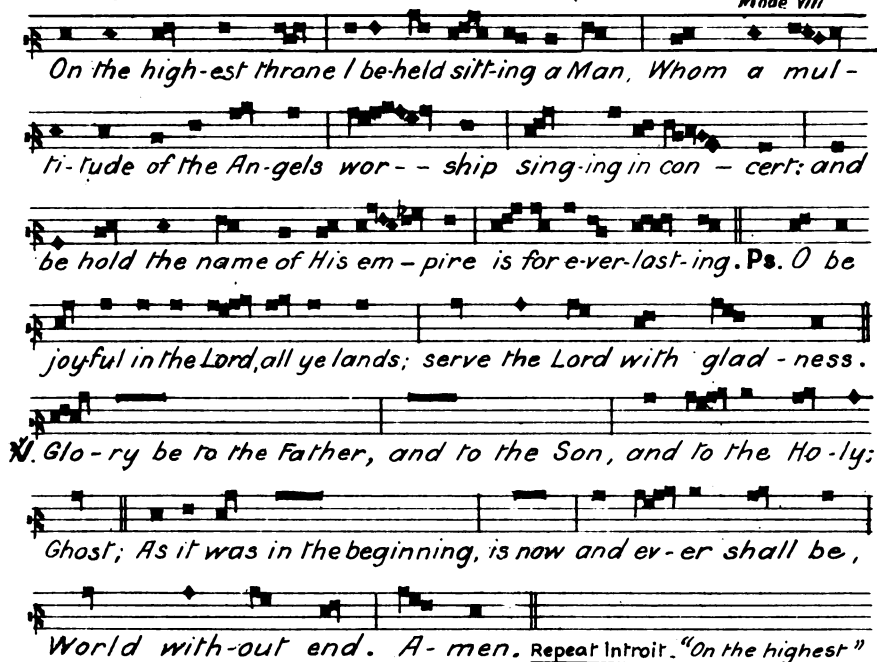


SEQUENCE, 121.

15. The First Sunday after the Epiphany.

Introit.

Mode VIII

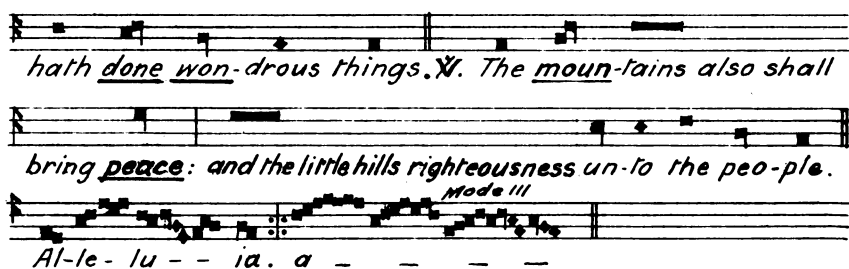


On the high-est throne I be-held sitt-ing a Man, Whom a mul-
ti-tude of the An-gels wor- - ship sing-ing in con - cert: and
be hold the name of His em - pire is for e-ver-last-ing. Ps. O be
joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with glad - ness.
V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly:
Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now and ev-er shall be,
World with-out end. A-men. Repeat Introit. "On the highest"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VIII. 1.

Grad. Bless-ed be the Lord God of Isra-el: Who alone from the beginning



hath done won-drous things. V. The moun-tains also shall
bring peace: and the little hills righteousness un-to the peo-ple.
Al-le-lu - - ia. a - - - - -

Mode III

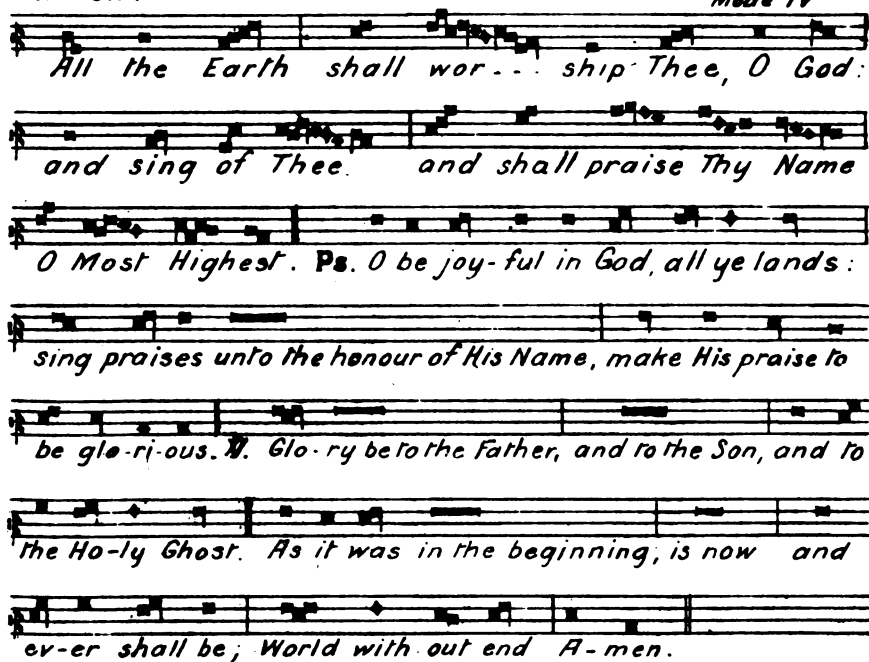
V. O be joy-ful in the Lörd all ye lands: and serve
the Lörd with glad-ness. Repeat "Alleluia".

SEQUENCE, 121.

16. The Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

Introit.

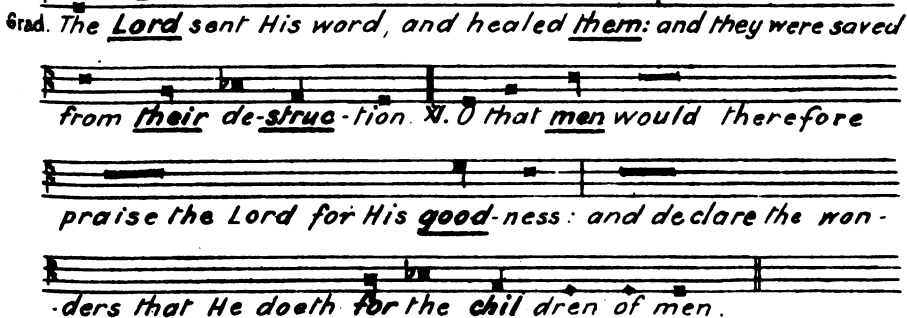
Mode IV



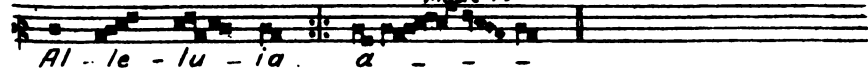
Repeat Introit. "All the Earth."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

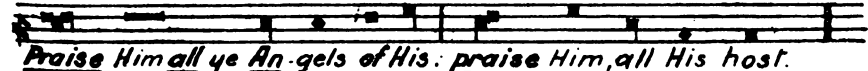
V & Sarum.



Mode IV



IV. 1



Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 129.

17. The Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Sundays after the Epiphany

Introit.

Mode VII.

Wor-ship God, all ye His An-gels: Si-on heard of it
and re-joiced and the daugh-ters of Ju-dah were glad.

Ps: The Lord is King, the earth may be glad there-of:

yea the mul-ti-tude of the isles may be glad there-of.

¶ Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son and to the
Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and

ev-er shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit - "Worship God."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2. Sarum.

Grad. The Gen-tiles shall fear Thy Name, O Lord: and all the

Kings of the earth Thy ma-jes-ty ¶ When the Lord shall
build up Si on and when His glo-ry shall ap-pear.

Mode VIII

Al-le-lu ia a - - -

VIII - A.

¶ The Lord is King, the earth may be glad there-of:

yea, the multitude of the isles may be glad there-of.

Repeat - "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 129

18. Septuagesima Sunday.

Introit.

Mode V

The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of Hell
come a-bout me: and in my tri-bu-la-tion I call-ed up-on
the Lord, and He heard my voice out of His Ho-ly Tem-ple

Ps. I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength; the Lord is
my stony rock, and my defence: my Saviour,
my God, and my might, in whom I will trust, my
buckler, the horn also of my Sal-va-tion, and my
re-fuge. ✠ Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,

is now, and ever shall be, World with-out end. A-men.
Repeat Introit—"The Sorrows."

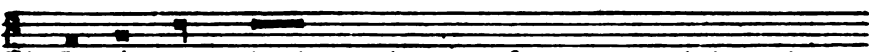
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

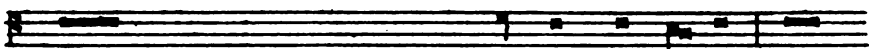
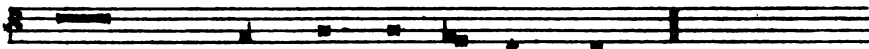
Mode III. 5 F.

Grad. The Lord will be a refuge in due time of trou-ble:
and they that know Thy Name will put their trust in Thee,
for Thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek Thee.

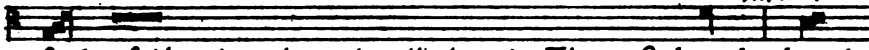
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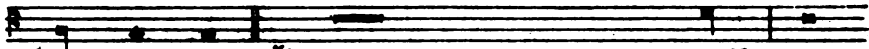
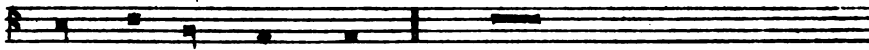
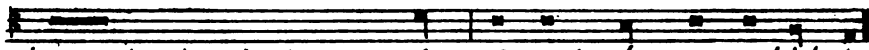
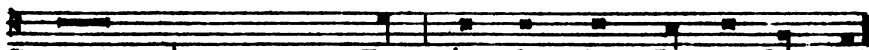
18. continued.



¶. For the poor shall not alway be forgotten; the patient

abiding of the meek shall not perish for ev-er: up, Lord

and let not man have the up-per hand.

TRACT.



Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord

hear my voice ¶. O let Thine ears consider well: the

voice of my com-plaint. ¶. If Thou, Lord wilt be extreme

to mark what is done a-miss: O Lord, who may a-bide it.

¶. For there is mercy with Thee: therefore shalt Thou be fear-ed.

19.

Sexagesima Sunday.

Introit.

Mode 1.

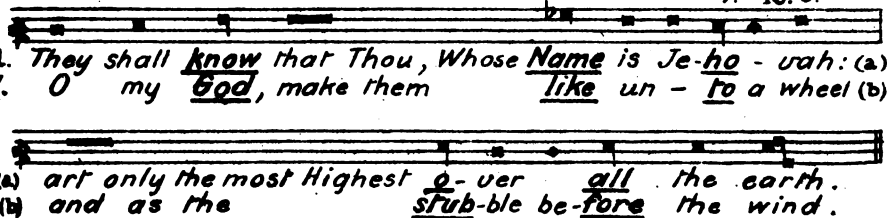


Up! Lord, why sleepest Thou a-wake, and be not ab-
 -sent from us for-ev-er; where-fore hi-dest Thou Thy
 face, & for-get-test our mi-se-ry and trouble; our bel-ly
 cleav-eth un-to the ground A-rise, O Lord, help us, and
 de-li--ver us. Ps. We have heard with our ears, O
 God, our fa-thers have told us: what Thou hast done
 in their time of old. V. Glo-ry be to the Father,
 and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it
 was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall
 be: World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "Up! Lord,"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

1. 10. 5.



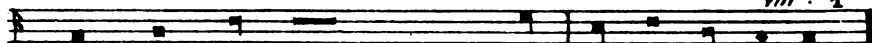
rad. They shall know that Thou, Whose Name is Je-ho-uah: (a)
 V. O my God, make them like un - to a wheel (b)
 (a) art only the most Highest o-ver all the earth.
 (b) and as the stub-ble be-fore the wind.

{over.

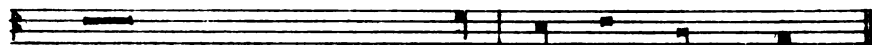
19. Continued.

TRACT.

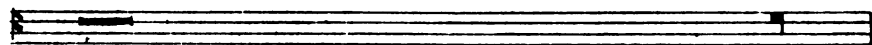
VIII - 1



Thou hast mo-ved the Land O Lord: and di-vid-ed it.



✠ Heal the sores there-of: for it shak-eth.



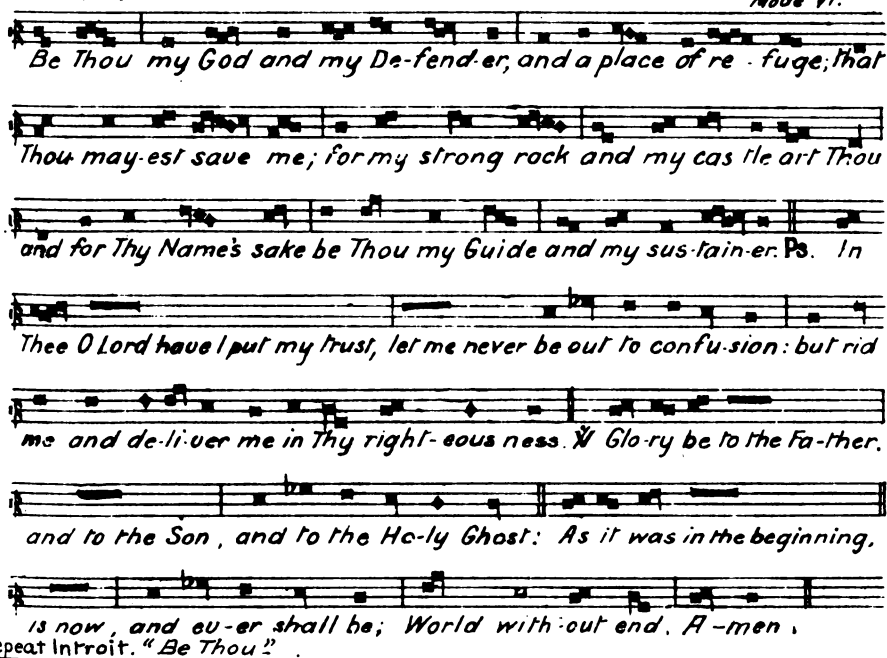
✠ That they may triumph because of the truth:



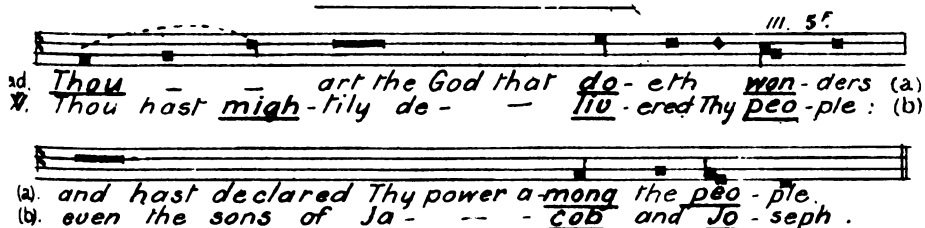
there-fore were Thy be-lov-ed de-liv-er-ed.

Introit.

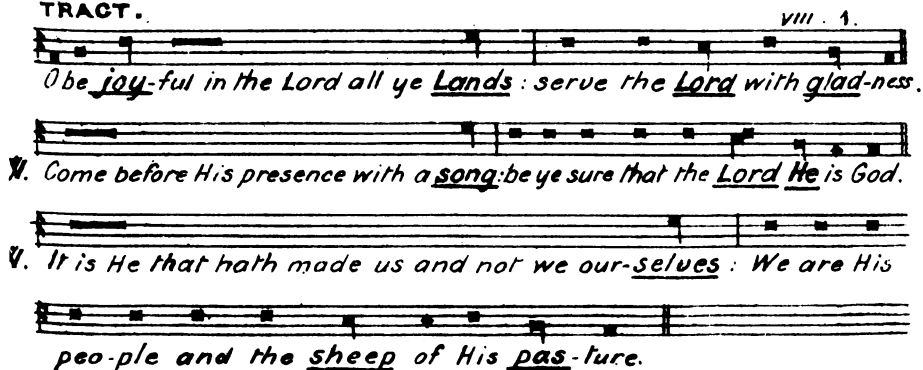
Mode VI.



BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



TRACT.



21.

Ash Wednesday.

Introit.

Mode I.

Thou hast mer-cy on all O Lord: and ha-test

no-thing that Thou hast made; and wink-est at

the sins of men, be-cause they should a-mend

and spar-est them be-cause Thou art the

Lord our God. Ps. Be mer-ciful unto me O God,

be merciful unto me, for my soul trusts in

Thee: and un-der the sha-dow of Thy wings shall

be my refuge, un-til this ty-ran-ny be o-ver-past.

N. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the

Ho-ly Ghost As it was in the beginning is now and ever

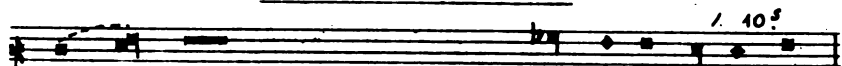
shall be; World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—"Thou hast mercy."

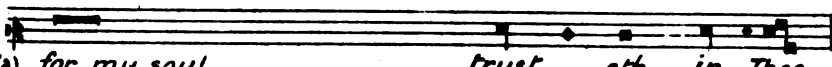
[OVER

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

1. 40.^s



Be mer-ciful unto me, O God, be mer-ci-ful un-to me: (a)
He - - - shall send from Hea-ven: (b)



(a) for my soul trust - eth in Thee.
 (b) and save me from the reproof of him that would eat me up.

TRACT.

11. 1.



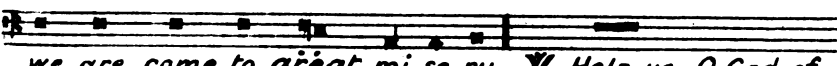
O Lord, deal not with us after our sins: nor re-ward



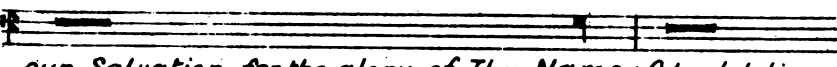
us according to our wick-ed-ness-es. V. O remember not



our old sins but have mercy upon us and that soon: For



we are come to great mi-se-ry. V. Help us, O God of



our Salvation, for the glory of Thy Name: O Lord deliver.



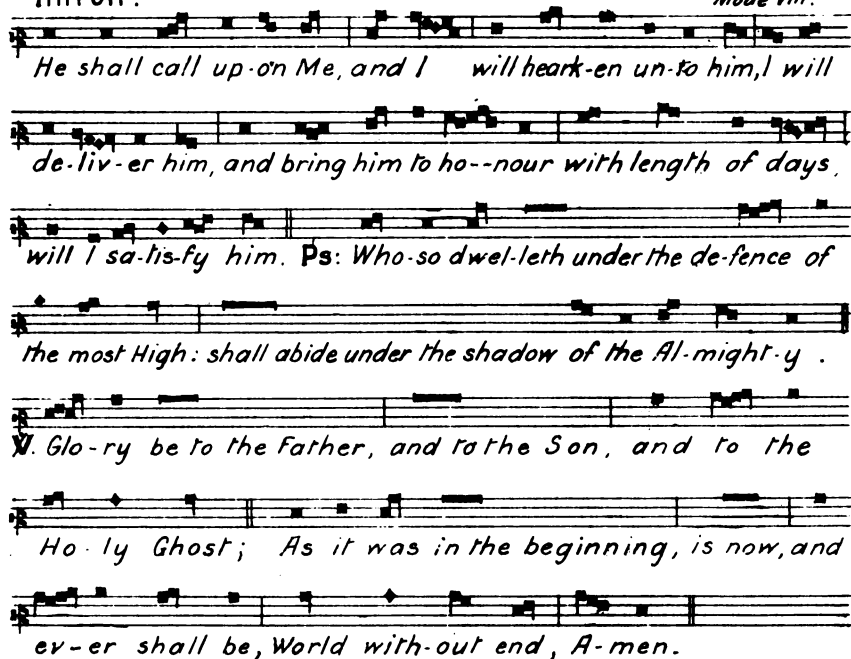
us & be merciful to our sins for Thy Name's sake.

22.

First Sunday in Lent.

Introit.

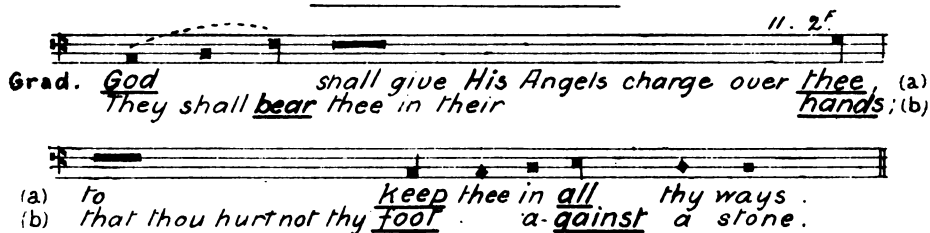
Mode VIII.



He shall call up-on Me, and I will heark-en un-to him, I will
 de-liv-er him, and bring him to ho-nour with length of days,
 will I sa-lis-fy him. Ps: Who-so dwel-leth under the de-fence of
 the most High: shall abide under the shadow of the Al-might-y .
 X. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
 Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and
 ev-er shall be, World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit: "He shall call"

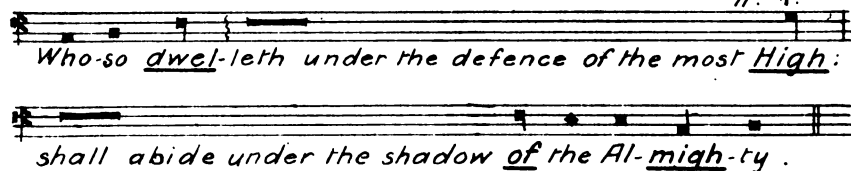
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



Grad. God shall give His Angels charge over thee (a)
 They shall bear thee in their hands; (b)
 (a) To keep thee in all thy ways.
 (b) That thou hurt not thy foot a-gainst a stone.

TRACT.

II. 1.



Who-so dwel-leth under the defence of the most High:
 shall abide under the shadow of the Al-migh-ty .

X. I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and
 my strong hold: my God, in Him will I trust.

[OVER.]

22. continued.

¶ For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunt-er: and from the noi-some pes-tilence.

¶ He shall defend thee under His wings, and thou shalt be safe under His fea-thers: His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buck-ler.

¶ Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night: nor for the ar-row that fli-eth by day.

¶ For the pestilence that walketh in dark-ness: nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.

¶ A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.

¶ For He shall give His Angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.

¶ They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt not thy foot a-gainst a stone.

¶ Thou shalt go upon the lion and ad-der: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread un-der thy feet.

¶ Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him up, because he hath known My Name.

¶ He shall call upon Me, and I will hear him: yea, I am with him in trouble, I will deliver him, and bring him to ho-nour.

¶ With long life will I satisfy him: and shew him My sal-va-tion.

25.

Second Sunday in Lent.

Introit.

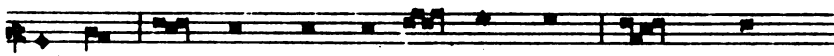
Mode IV.



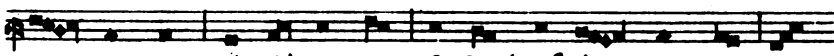
Call to re-mem-brance Thy ten-der mer-cies, O Lord,



and Thy loving kind-ness-es, which have been ev-er



of old; nei-ther let our e-ne-mies tri-umph



o-ver us: de-li-ver us, O God of I-sra-el, out



of all our trou-bles. Ps. Un-to Thee, O Lord,



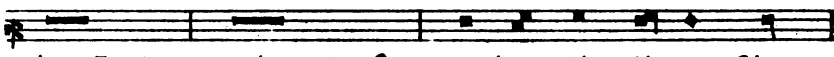
will I lift up my soul; my God, I have put my trust



in Thee: O let me not be confounded, neither let



mine enemies tri-umph o-ver me. V. Glo-ry be to



the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost:



As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be;



World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit - "Call to remembrance."

[OVER.]

26.

23. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 25

Grad. The sor-rows of my heart are en-larga-ed: (a)
 V. Look upon my adversity and mi-se-ry: (b)

(a) O bring Thou me out of my trou-bles.
 (b) and for - - give me all my sin.

TRACT.

//. 1.

The Lord said unto the woman of Cana-an It is not

meet to take the children's bread and to cast it

to dogs V. And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat

of the crumbs which fall from their mas-ters ta-ble.

V. Jesus said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith:

Be it unto thee ev-en as thou wilt.

Introit.

Mode VII.



Mine eyes are ev-er look-ing un-to the Lord



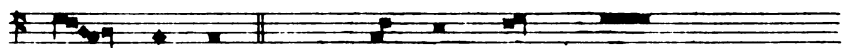
for it is He that shall pluck my feet out of the



net: look Thou up-on me, and be mer-ci-ful



un-to me; for I am de-so-late, and in



mi-se-ry. Ps. Un-to Thee, O Lord, will I



lift up my Soul; my God, I have put my



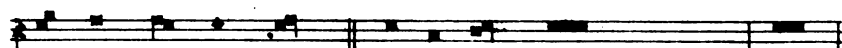
trust in Thee: O let me not be confounded,



neither let mine e-ne-mies tri-umph o-ver me.



V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and



to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the begining, is now,



and ev-er shall be, World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit. "Mine Eyes"

{OVER.

24. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

IV. 1.

Grad. Up Lord and let not man have the up per hand: (a)
 V. While mine en-emies are driv-en back (b)

(a) let the heathen be judg-ed in Thy-sight.
 (b) they shall fall and perish at Thy pre-sence.

T R A C T.

VIII. 1.

Un-to Thee lift I up mine eyes: O Thou that dwellest

in the Hea-vens. V. Behold even as the eyes of

ser-vants: look unto the hand of their mas-ters.

V. And as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her

mis-tress: even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our

God, until He have mer-cy up on us. V. Have mercy

upon us, O Lord: have mer-cy up on us.

25.

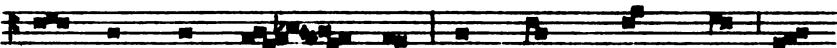
Fourth Sunday in Lent.

Introit.

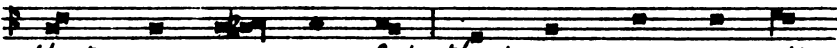
Mode V.



Re-joyce, Je-ru-sa-lem, and be glad with her,



all ye that love her, re-joyce with joy, ye



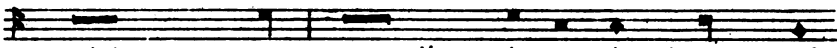
that were sor-row-ful: that ye may ex-ult,



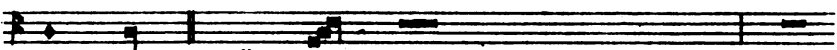
and be sa-tis-fied with the breasts of her



con - - so - la - tions. Ps. I was glad when they



said un-to me: we will go in-to the house of



the Lord. V. Glo - ry be to the Father, and



to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it

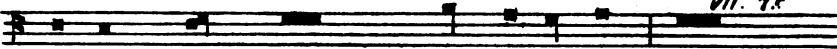


was in the beginning, is now, and ever



shall be, World with-out end, A-men.

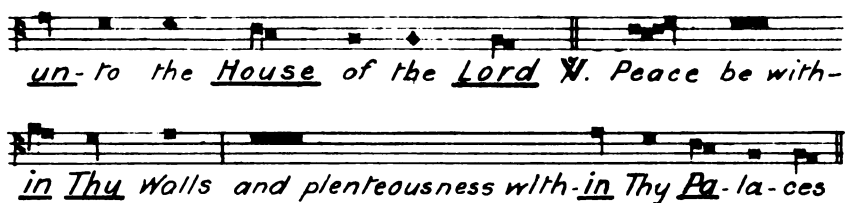
Repeat Introit - "Rejoice."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.VII. 7.^f


Grad. I was glad when they said un-to me: we will go

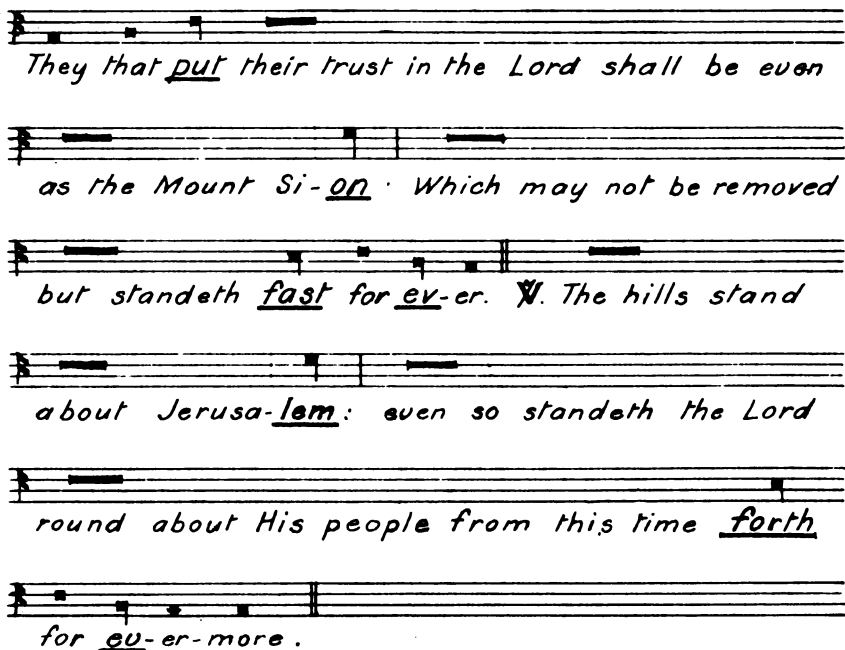
{OVER.

25. continued.



TRACT.

VIII. 1.

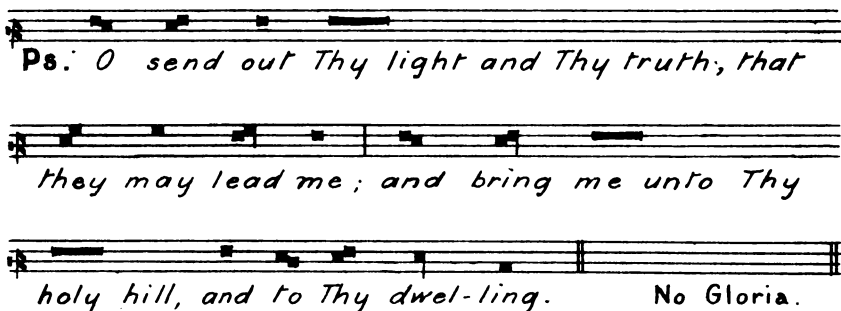


26.

Passion Sunday.

Introit.

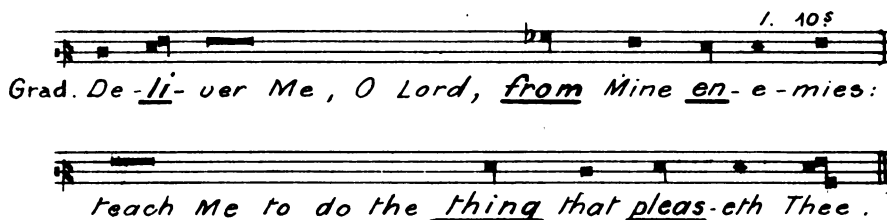
Mode IV.



No Gloria.

Repeat Introit. "Give Sentence."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



X. It is the Lord that delivereth Me from My cruel

26. Continued.

enemies, and setteth Me up above Mines ad-ver-sa-ries

Thou shalt rid Me from the wick-ed man.

TRACT.

VIII. A.

Ma-ny a time have they fought against me from

my youth up: May Is-ra-el now say .

Yea, many a time have they vexed me from

my youth up: but they have not pre-vail-ed

a-gainst me. V. The plowers plowed upon my

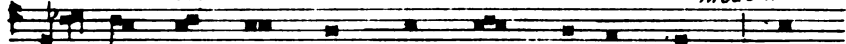
back: and made long fur-rows . V. But the

righteous Lord: hath hewn the snares of

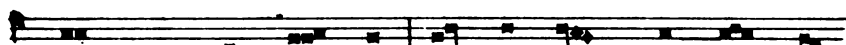
the un-god-ly in pie-ces .

At the Procession.

Mode I.




Glo-ry and ho-nour and praise be to Thee, our



King and Re-deem-er: Thou to Whom chil-dren of



old lov'd their Ho-san-nas to raise. R. Glo-ry &c.



Y. Is-ra-el's Monarch art Thou, and the glo-ri-ous Off-



-spring of Da-vid: Thou that ap-proach-est, a King



blest in the Name of the Lord. R. Glo-ry.



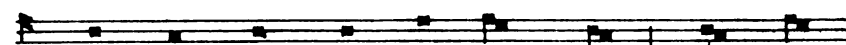
Y. Glo-ry to Thee up-on high, the Hea-ven-ly



arm-ies are sing-ing: Glo-ry to Thee up-on



earth, man and cre-a-tion re-ply. R. Glo-ry

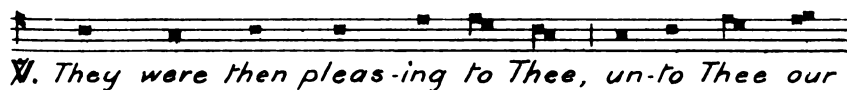


Y. Met Thee with palms in their hands, that day



the folk of the He-breus: We with our prayers and our

27. continued.



Introit.

Mode VIII.

O Lord re-move not Thy suc-cour a-far from Me; have re-spect

to my de-fence: de-liv-er me from the li-on's mouth and my

low-li-ness from the horns of the u--ni-corns: Ps. My God,

my God look upon me; why hast Thou for-sa-ken me: and art so far

from my health, and from the words of my complaint. No Gloria.

Repeat Introit—“O Lord.”

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

IV. 1.

Grad. Thou hast hold-en Me by My Right Hand: Thou shalt guide

Me with Thy counsel and after that re-ceive Me with glo-ry

X Tru-ly God is loving unto Israel even unto such as are of a

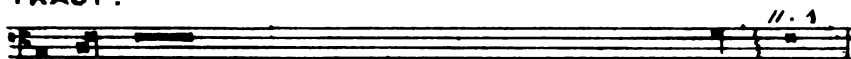
clean heart: nevertheless My feet were almost gone, My tread-

ings had well nigh slipt, and why? I was grieved at the wick-

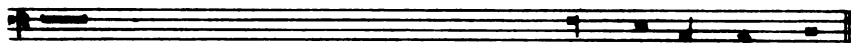
ed, I do also see the un-god-ly in such pros-pe-ri-ty.

28. continued.

TRACT.



My God, My God, look upon Me: why hast Thou forsaken Me :



and art so far from My health, & from the words of My com-plaint.

℟. O My God, I cry in the daytime, but Thou hearest not :
and in the night-season also I take no rest.

℟. And Thou continuest ho-ly: O Thou Wor-ship of Is-rael.

℟. Our fathers hoped in Thee: they trusted in Thee, and Thou didst de-li-ver them.

℟. They called upon Thee, and were hol-pen: they put their trust in Thee, and were not con-found-ed.

℟. But as for Me, I am a worm, and no man: a very scorn of men, and the out-cast of the peo-ple.

℟. All they that see Me laugh Me to scorn: they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, say-ing.

℟. He trusted in God, that he would deliver Him: let Him deliver Him, if He will have Him.

℟. They stand staring and looking upon Me; they part My garments among them: and cast lots up-on My ves-ture.

℟. Save Me from the lion's mouth: Thou hast heard Me also from among the horns of the u-ni-ocorns.

℟. O praise the Lord, ye that fear Him: magnify Him all, ye seed of Ja-cob.

℟. My seed shall serve Him: they shall be counted unto Lord for a ge-ne-ra-tion.

℟. They shall come, and the Heavens shall declare His right-eousness: unto a people that shall be born, whom the Lord hath made.

29. Monday in Holy Week.

Introit.

Mode IV.

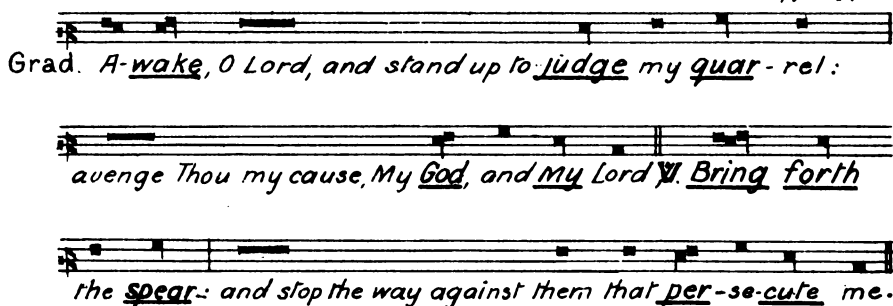


Plead Thou my cause O Lord with them that strive
with me, and fight Thou a-against them that fight
a-against me: lay hand upon the shield and
buck-ler and stand up so help me O Lord ---
the strength of my sal-va-tion. Ps. Bring
forth the spear, and stop the way against
them that per-se-cute me: say unto my
soul, I am Thy sal-va-tion. No Gloria.

Repeat Introit - "Plead Thou!"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

IV. 1.

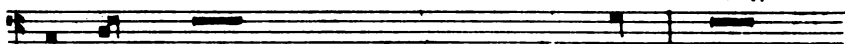


Grad. A-wake, O Lord, and stand up to judge my quar-rel:
avenge Thou my cause, My God, and My Lord VI. Bring forth
the spear: and stop the way against them that per-se-cute me.

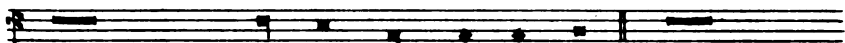
29. continued

TRACT.

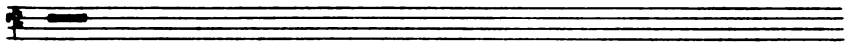
// 1.



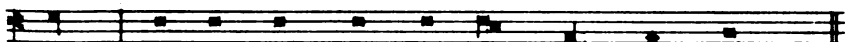
O Lord, deal not with us after our sins : Nor reward



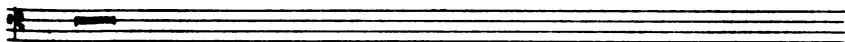
us according to our wick-ed-ness-es V. O remember



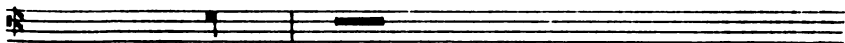
not our old sins, but have mercy upon us, and that



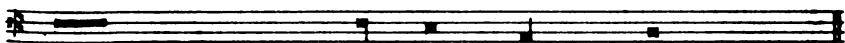
soon : For we are come to great mi- se - ry .



V. Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the glory



of thy Name : O Lord, deliver us and be mer-



ci-ful to our sins, for Thy Names. sake .

Introit.

Mode IV



Ps. God be mer-ci-ful un-to us & bless us: and shew us the light of

His countenance, and be mer-ci-ful un-to-us No Gloria.
Repeat Introit- "But as for us."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

IV. 1

Grad. No - vertheless, when they were sick, I put on sack cloth.and humbled my soul with fast-ing: and my prayershall turn unto Mine Owñ Be-som Y. Plead Thou my

cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me, and

fight thou against them that fight a-against

me: Lay hand upon the shield and buckler,

and stand up to help me.

31.

Wednesday in Holy Week.

Introit.

Mode III

At the Name of Jesus eve-ry knee shall bow, of things in

Hea-ven, and things in earth, and things un-der the earth for the

Lord be-came o-be-dient un-to death eu-en the death of the

Cross, therefore Jesus Christ is Lord in the glory of God

the Fa-ther. Ps: Hear my prayer O Lord and let

my cry-ing come un-to Thee No Gloria.

Repeat Introit, "At the Name."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

H. 1.

Grad. Hide not thy Face from Thy servant, for Iam, in trou-ble: O haste Thee and hear me.X Save me O God, for the waters are come in,eu-en unto my Soul: I stick fast in the deepmire where no ground is.

31. continued

TRACT

11. 2^r

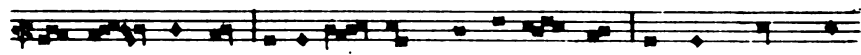
Hear my prayer, O Lord: And let my cry come
un-to Thee. ♪ Hide not Thy Face from me in the
time of my trou-ble: In-cline Thine ear to me when
I call; O hear me, and that right soon ♪ For my
days are consumed away like smoke. And my
bones are burnt up as it were a fire-brand
♪ My heart is smitten down, and withered like grass:
So that I for-get to eat my bread. ♪ Thou, O Lord,
shalt arise and have mercy up-on Si-on: For it is
time that Thou have mer-cy up-on her.

32.

Maundy Thursday

Introit.

Mode IV.



But as for us, it be-~~ho~~-ueth us to glo-ry in the Cross of



our Lord Je-sus Christ in whom is our sal-ua-tion, life and



re-sur-rec-tion by whom we are sau-ed and set free ...



Ps. God be mer-ci-ful un-to us and bless us: and shew us the



light of His countenance, and be mer-ci-ful un-to us. No Gloria.

Repeat Introit - "But as for us."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VI.



Grad. Christ became obedient un-to death even the death of the Cross.



X. Where-fore God also hath highly ex-alt-ed Him:



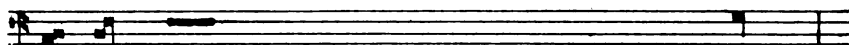
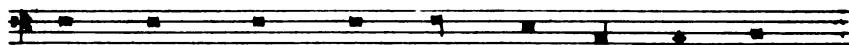
and given Him a Name which is a bove ev-ry Name

N6 Introit.

TRACT.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

//. 1

De-li-ver me, O Lord, from the evil man :And pre-serve me from the wick-ed man .

℣. Who imagine mischief in their hearts : and stir up strife all the day long.

℣. They have sharpened their tongues like a ser-pent : adder's poi-son is un-der their lips.

℣. Keep Me, O Lord, from the hands of the un-god-ly : preserve Me from the wicked men, who are prepared to over-throw My go-ings.

℣. The proud have laid a snare for Me, and spread a net abroad with Cords : yea, and set traps in My way.

℣. I said unto the Lord, Thou art My God : hear the voice of My prayers, O Lord.

℣. O Lord God, Thou strength of My health : Thou hast covered My head in the day of bat-tle.

℣. Let not the ungodly have his desire, O Lord : let not his mischievous imagination prosper, lest they be too proud.

℣. Let the mischief of their own lips fall upon the head of them : that com-pass Me about.

℣. The righteous also shall give thanks unto Thy Name : and the just shall con-tin-ue in Thy sight.

THE REPROACHES.

TWO CANTORS, Decani.

Mode 1

V. O My peo-ple, what have I done un-to thee, or
 where-in have I wea-ried thee? tes-ti-fy a-gainst Me.

V. Be-cause I brought thee forth from the land of E-gypt,
 thou hast pre-par-ed a Cross for thy Sau-iour.

CHOIR, Decani.

CHOIR. Cantoris.

CHOIR. Decani.

Ho-ly God. Ho-ly God. Ho-ly and Migh-ty.

CHOIR. Cantoris.

CHOIR decani

Ho-ly and Migh-ty Ho-ly and Im-mor-tal, have mer-cy

CHOIR, Cantoris

up-on us, Ho-ly and Im-mor-tal, have mer-cy up-on us.

TWO CANTORS. cantoris.

V. Be-cause I led thee through the wilder-ness for-ty years,

and fed thee with manna, and brought thee in-to a land

ex-ceed-ing good, thou hast pre-par-ed a Cross for

thy Sa- viour.

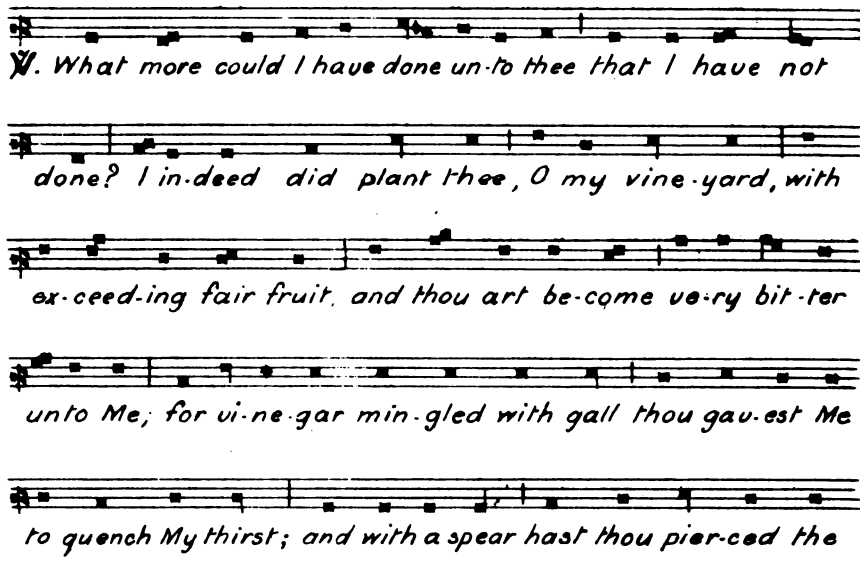
Choirs Decani and Cantoris
 alternately as before, "Holy God"

{ over.

47.

34. continued.

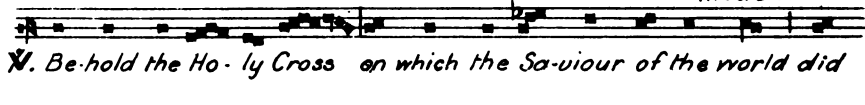
TWO CANTORS. Decani



*Y. What more could I have done un-to thee that I have not
done? I in-deed did plant thee, O my vine-yard, with
ex-ceed-ing fair fruit, and thou art be-come ve-ry bit-ter
un-to Me; for vi-ne-gar min-gled with gall thou gav-est Me
to quench My thirst; and with a spear hast thou pier-ced the
Side of thy Sa-viour.*

Choirs Decani and Cantoris
alternately as before, "Holy God" &c.

Mode VI



*Y. Be-hold the Ho-ly Cross on which the Sa-viour of the world did
hang for us : R. O come and let us wor-ship .*

ANTIPHON

Mode IV

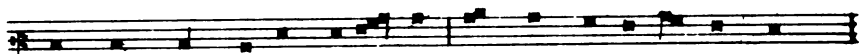


*We ve-ne-rate Thy Cross, O Lord, and praise and glo-
ri-fy Thy ho-ly Re-sur-rec-tion: for be-hold, by means
of the Cross, there hath come joy un-to the whole world.*

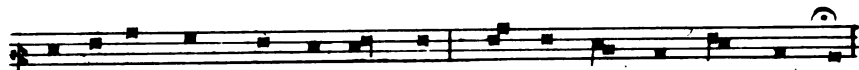
FINE.

{over.

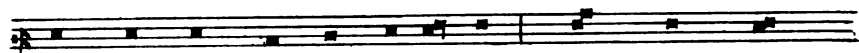
Ps. God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and shew us the
 light of his countenance, and be mer-ci-ful un-to us. That thy
way may be known up-on earth: Thy sav-ing health a-mong
 all na-tions. Let the peo-ple praise Thee, O God: yea let all
 the peo-ple praise Thee. O let the nations re-joice and be glad:
 for thou shalt judge the folk righteously and govern the na-tions up-
-on earth. Let the peo-ple praise Thee, O God: let all the peo-
-ple praise Thee. Then shall the earth bring forth
 her in-crease: and God even our own God shall
give us His bless-ing. God shall bless us: and all
 the ends of the world shall fear Him. Repeat Antiphon
 We venerate



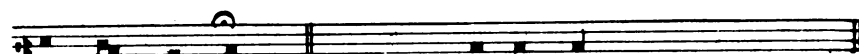
V. Faith-ful Cross! above al-lo-ther, One and on-ly no-ble Tree!



None in fol-i-age, none in blos-som, None in fruit thy peer may be:



Sweet-est wood and sweetest i-ron! Sweet-est weight



is hung on thee!

*Rx. Faithful Cross! &c. **

*V. Sing my tongue, the glorious battle,
With completed victory rife;
And above the Cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife,
How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
By surrend'ring of His Life.*

Rx. Faithful Cross! &c.

*V. God his Maker, sorely grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
Whose reward was death and Hell,
Noted then this Tree, the ruin
Of the former tree to quell.*

Rx. Faithful Cross! &c.

*V. Thus the scheme of our Salvation
Was, of old, in order laid;
Thus the wily arts were baffled
Of the foe who man betrayed,
And the weapon of the foeman
Was the Rod of healing made.*

Rx. Faithful Cross! &c.

*X. Therefore, when the sacred fulness
Of th' appointed time drew nigh,
God the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's Throne on high,
And came forth, a Virgin's Offspring,
Clothed in our humanity.*

Rx. Faithful Cross! &c.

*X. Now the thirty years accomplished,
Which on earth He willed to see,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
Gives Himself, an offering free;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.*

Rx. Faithful Cross! &c.

*X. He endured the nails, and spitting.
Vinegar, and spear, and reed;
From that Sacred Body broken
Blood and Water forth proceed:
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
By that flood from stain are freed.*

Rx. Faithful Cross! &c.

*X. To the Trinity be glory.
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal glory to the Father,
To the Son, and Paraclete;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation,
Their eternal praise repeat.*

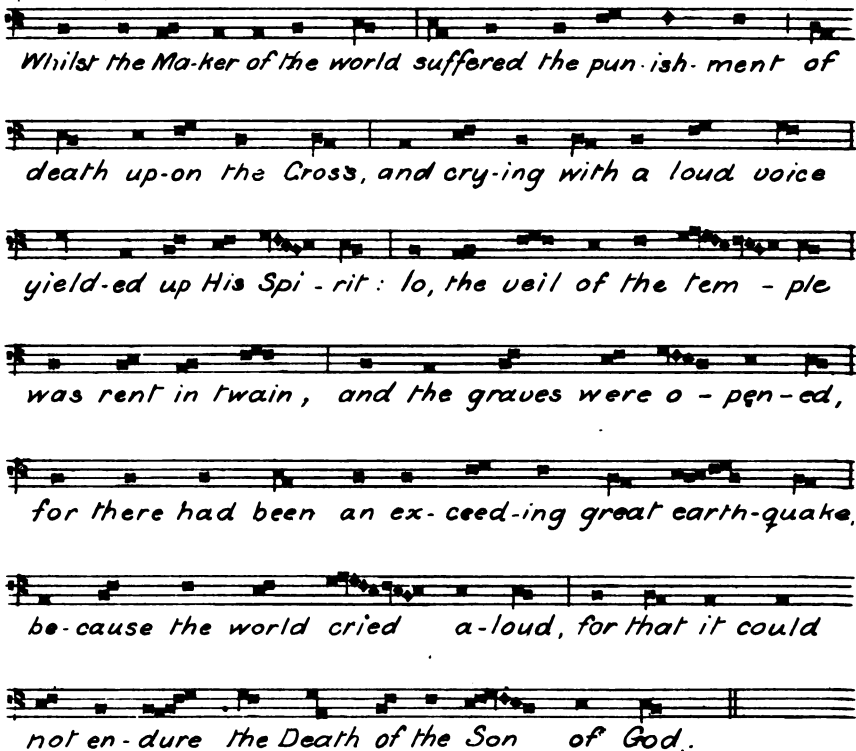
Rx. Faithful Cross! &c.

* The Sarum Rubric orders the whole verse "Faithful Cross" to be repeated after each verse of this Hymn. The Roman Rubric orders the first four lines only of the verse "Faithful Cross" to be sung after the even verses, beginning with "Sing my tongue the glorious battle"; and the two last lines of the same verse, "Sweetest Wood to be sung after the uneven verses, beginning with "God his Maker".

34. continued.

Mode II.

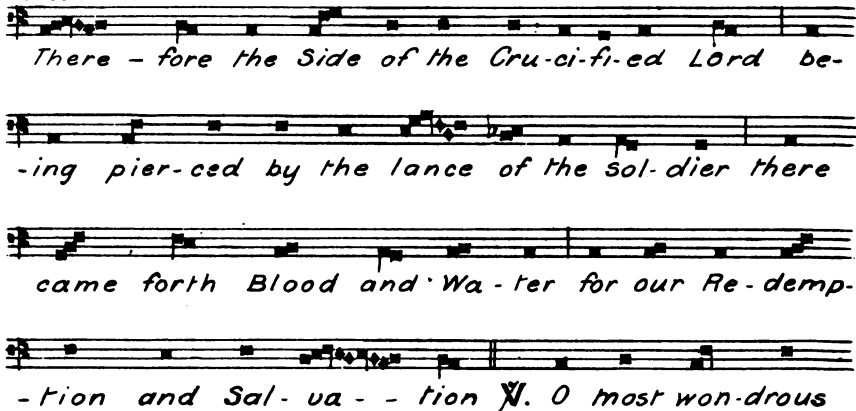
Adapted from
Domine audi
Mechlin 1854 p. 153.



Whilst the Ma-ker of the world suffered the pun-ish-ment of
death up-on the Cross, and cry-ing with a loud voice
yield-ed up His Spi-rit: lo, the veil of the tem-ple
was rent in twain, and the graves were o-pen-ed,
for there had been an ex-ceed-ing great earth-quake,
be-cause the world cried a-loud, for that it could
not en-dure the Death of the Son of God..

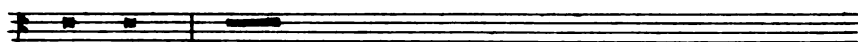
Mode VIII.

Adapted from
Cantemus Domino, Mechlin 1854 p. 173.

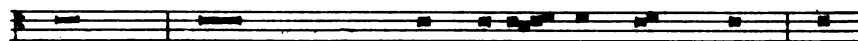


There - fore the Side of the Cru-ci-fi-ed Lord be-
-ing pier-ced by the lance of the sol-dier there
came forth Blood and Wa-ter for our Re-demp-
-tion and Sal-va - - tion V. O most won-drous

34. continued.



Ran-som! Whose weight hath redeemed the world from



captivity hath shattered Hell's in-fer-nal strong holds: and



open-ed un-to us the gate of the King-dom.

Rx. Therefore the Side &c.

The complete Ritual Music of the Reproaches, (set to the above words) according to the use of Sarum, is published separately, and can be obtained from W. Knott, 26, Brooke St, E.C.

35.

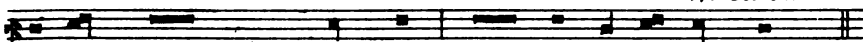
Holy Saturday. (Otherwise called Easter Even)

No Introit.

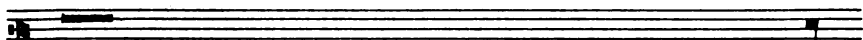
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

TRACT.

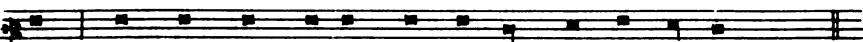
VI. Sarum.



O Praise the Lord all ye heg-then: Praise Him all ye na-tions.



X. For His merciful kindness is ever more and more to-wards



us: And the truth of the Lord en-dur-eth for ev-er.

36.

Easter Day.

At the Procession.

Mode IV.




Wel - come Fes - ti - val day, thrice hal - low'd for



eu - er and eu - er; God, Who hath con - quer'd hell,



ris - eth a - gain from the dead. *Rx.* Wel - come &c.



V Lo! the fair beauty of earth, from the slum - ber



of win - ter a - ri - sing, shew - eth, how all God's gifts



now with their Mak - er - re - vive. Wel - come &c.



V. He, Who once hung on the Cross, now reign - eth



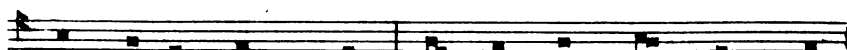
in bound - less do - min - ion; Ev - ry cre - a - ted thing



prais - eth, its Mak - er, and Lord. Wel - come &c.



V. Migh - ty and gra - cious art Thou to res - tore their



faith to the doubt - ful; This is Thine own third morn
(over

36 continued

Bu-ried One, rise and come forth. Wel-come &c.

Will it be-seem-eth Thy limbs to lin-ger in low-

-ly dis-hon-our; Rocks are not meet to hide

Him Who hath ran-som'd the world. Wel-come &c

Thou it no lon-ger be-comes, Whose grasp

doth cre-a-tion en-cir-cle; Cap-tive to lie

im-mur'd un-der the pri-son-ing stone. Wel-come &c.

Rid Thee of bur-i-al garb, leave nap-kin and cere-

cloth be-hind Thee; Thou art e-nough for us; and with-

out Thee there is nought. Wel-come &c.

*Thou hast en-dur-ed the grave, Who art Au-thor
(over.*

36. continued.

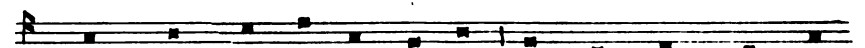

of life and cre-a-tion; Tread-ing the path-way of


death, life Thou be-stow-est on all. Wel-come &c.

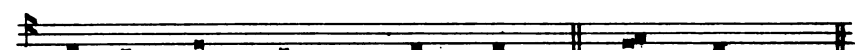

X. Shew us Thy Face once more, that all a-ges may


joy in its bright-ness; Grant us thy day-light


a-gain veil'd at Thy death from our eyes. Wel-come &c.


X. Forth from the fet-ters of Hell Thou art lead-ing num-


-ber-less cap-tives; Fol-low-ing glad and free,


whither their Ran-som-er goes. Wel-come &c.


X. Burst are the ruth-less chains of him who

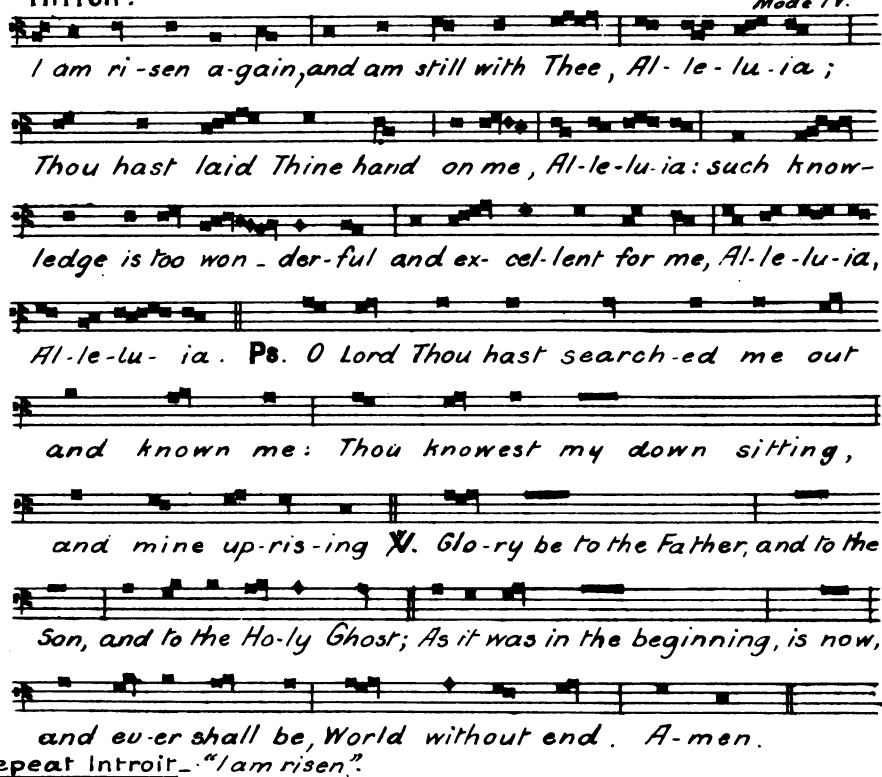

reign-eth in dark-ness; Hell, fore-bo-ding its


doom, shrinks from the pre-sence of light. Wel-come &c.

37.

Introit.

Mode IV.

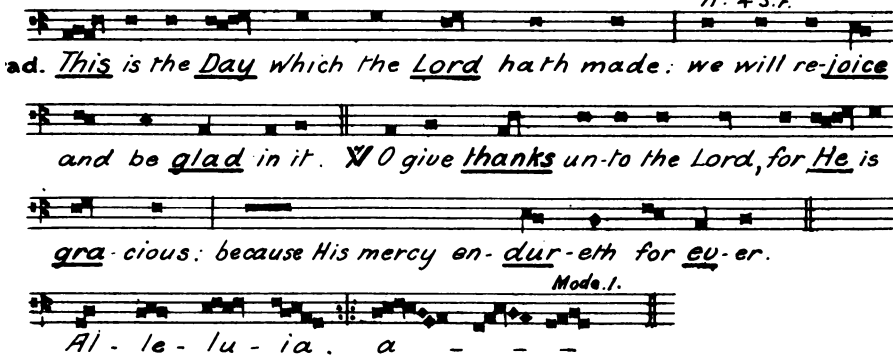


I am ri-sen a-gain, and am still with Thee, Al-le-lu-ia;
Thou hast laid Thine hand on me, Al-le-lu-ia: such know-
ledge is too won-der-ful and ex-cel-lent for me, Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia. Ps. O Lord Thou hast search-ed me out
and known me: Thou knowest my down sitting,
and mine up-ris-ing V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the
Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now,
and eu-er shall be, World without end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—"I am risen".

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

11. 4 S.F.



ad. This is the Day which the Lord hath made: we will re-joice
and be glad in it. V O give thanks un-to the Lord, for He is
gra-cious: because His mercy en-dur-eth for eu-er.
Al-le-lu-ia. a - - -

Mode I.

Men. Med. 3 End 2

V. Christ our Pas-so-ver: is sa-cri-fi-ced for us.
 Repeat—"Alleluia."

Introit.

Mode VIII.

The Lord hath brought you in-to a land flowing with milk
and hon-ey, Al-le-lu-ia: that the law of the Lord may al-way
be in your heart, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. Ps. O give thanks
unto the Lord and call up-on His Name: tell the people what things
He hath done. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and
to the Ho-ly Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and
eu-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—"The Lord."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

II. 4. S. F.

Grad. This is the Day which the Lord hath made: we will re-
-joice and be glad in it. V. Let Is-ra-el now confess that He
is gra-cious: and that His mercy en-dureth for eu-er.

Mode VII.

Al-le-lu-ia a - - -
VII. T. F.
V. Did not our heart burn within us con-cern-ing Je-sus:
while He talked with us by the way. Repeat—"Alleluia."

39.

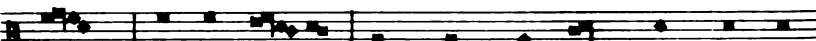
Tuesday in Easter Week.

Introit.

Mode VII



He hath giu-en them the wa-ter of wisdom to



drink, Al-le-lu-ia: He shall be stab-lish-ed in



them, and shall not be mo-ued, Al-le-lu-ia;



and He shall e-xalt them for ev-er, Al-le-lu-ia,



Al-le-lu-ia. Ps. O give thanks unto the



Lord and call up-on His Name: tell the



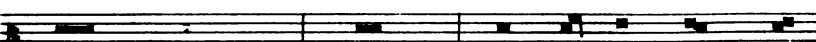
peo-ple what things He hath done.



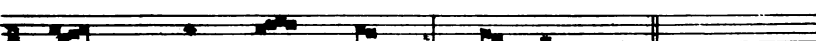
X Glo-ry be to the Father and to the Son



and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in



the begin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be



World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "He hath given"

{over.

39. continued

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

11. 4. S.F.

Grad This is the Day which the Lord hath made: we

will re-joice and be glad in it: ¶ Let them

give thanks whom the Lord hath re-deem-ed:

and delivered from the hand of the enemy,

and ga-thered them out of the lands.

Mod. l.

Al-le-lu-ia. a - - -

1. 3.

¶ Je-sus, our Lord, after He was ri-sen: stood in

the midst of His Disciples and said Peace be un-to you.

Repeat - "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 122

Introit.

Mode VI

As new born babes, Al-le-lu-ia: de-sire ye the
 sin-cere milk of the word. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,
 Al-le-lu-ia, Ps. Sing ye mer-ri-ly un-to God our strength:
 make a cheer-ful noise un-to the God of Ja-cob.

V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
 Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now,
 and eu-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit "As new born."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode VII.

Al-le-lu-ia a - - -

VII. 15.

V. After eight days, when the doors were shut; Jesus stood
 in the midst of His Disciples, and said, Peace be un-to you.

Mode VII.

Al-le-lu- - ia a - - -

VII. 15.

V The An-gel of the Lord de-scend-ed from Hea-ven; and came
 and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat up-on it.

Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 122 OF 123.

Introit.

Mode IV

Of the good-ness of the Lord the earth is full, Al-le-lu-ia:

by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, Al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu - - - ia. Ps. Re-joice in the Lord O ye right-eous

for it becometh well the just to be thank-ful V. Glory

be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly

Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever

shall be. World without end A-men.

Repeat Introit—"Of the Goodness"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode I.

Al-le-lu - - - ia a - - - -

I. 5 S.M.

V. I am the Good Shep-herd: and I know My sheep,

and am known of Mine.

Mode III.

Al-le-lu-ia a

III. 5 F.

XI. The Good Shep-herd has ris-en: Who gave His

life for His sheep.

Repeat. "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 123 or 124.

42.

The 3rd Sunday after Easter.

Introit:

Mode VIII.

O be joy-ful in God, all ye lands, Al-le-lu-ia.

Sing ye praises to the hon-our of His Name,

Al-le-lu-ia; make His praise to be glo-ri-ous,

Al-le-lu-ia; Al-le-lu-ia; Al-le-lu-ia. Ps. Say

unto God, O how wonderful art Thou in Thy works

O Lord: through the greatness of Thy power

shall Thine enemies be found li-ars

un-to Thee. V. Glo-ry be to the Father,

and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and eu-er

shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit - "O be joyful."

42. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



Repeat- "Alleluia"

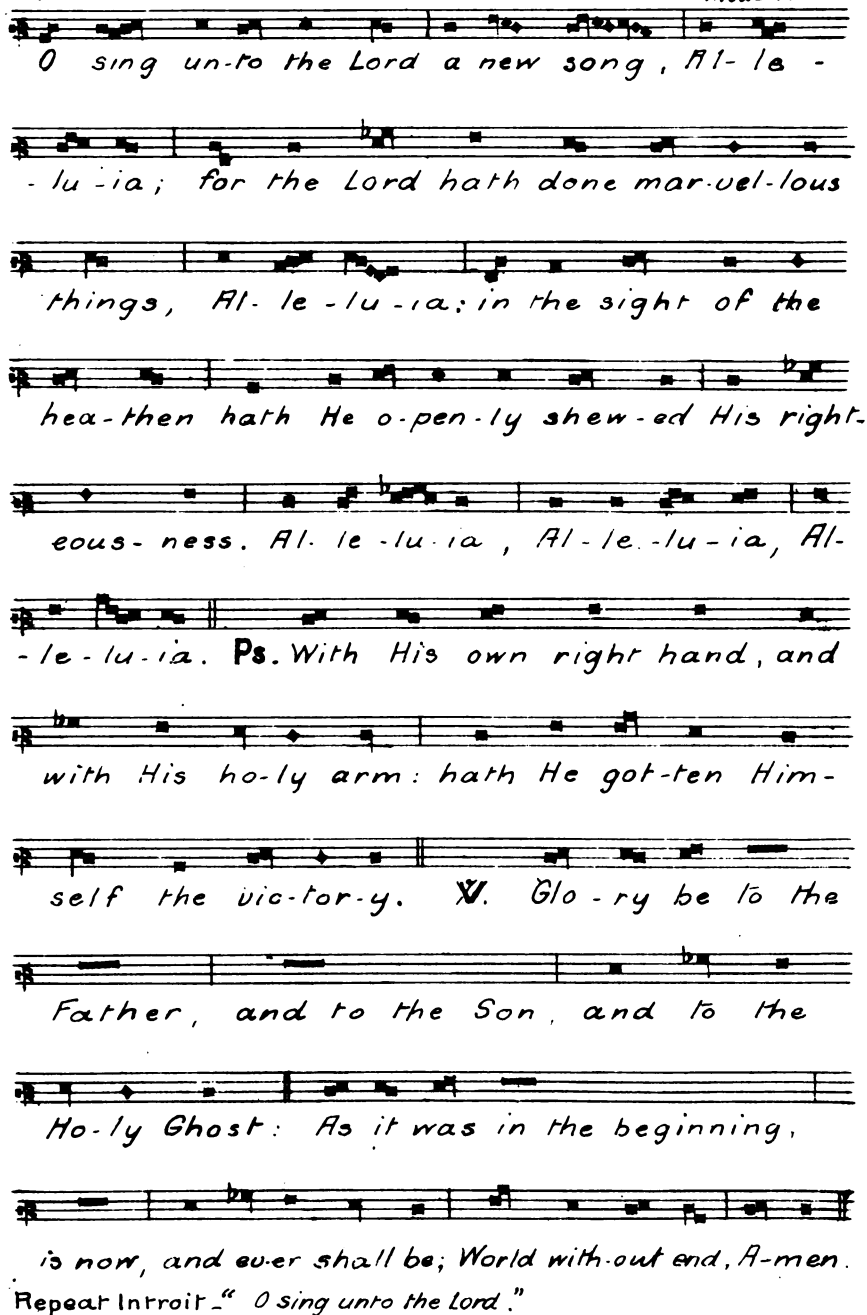
SEQUENCE 123 or 124.

43.

The 4th Sunday after Easter.

Introit.

Mode VI.



O sing un-to the Lord a new song, Al-le -
 lu - ia; for the Lord hath done mar-vel-lous
 things, Al-le - lu - ia; in the sight of the
 hea-then hath He o-pen-ly shew-ed His right-
 eous-ness. Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-
 le - lu - ia. Ps. With His own right hand, and
 with His ho-ly arm: hath He got-ten Him-
 self the vic-tor-y. V. Glo-ry be to the
 Father, and to the Son, and to the
 Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and ever shall be; World with-out end, A-men.
 Repeat Introit - " O sing unto the Lord."

43. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode 1

Al - le - lu - ia, a - - - -

Al - le - lu - ia, a - - - -

1. 10. S

1. 10. 5

X. I go My way to Him that sent Me: but because

X. I go My way to Him that sent Me: but because

I have said these things unto you, sor-row

I have said these things unto you, Sor-row

hath fill'd your heart.

hath fill'd your heart.

Mode 1.

Al-le-lu-ia a - - - - .

Al-le-lu - ia a - - -

1 Mon. Med. 5.

I tell you the truth. it is expedient for

I tell you the truth. it is expedient for

you that I go a-way. Repeat-"Alleluia".

you that I go a-way. Repeat- "Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 123 or 124.

44.

The 5th Sunday after Easter.

Introit.

Mode III.

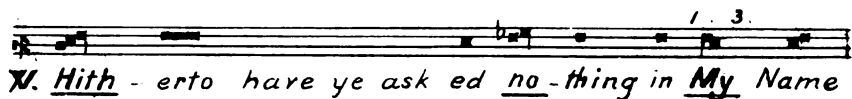
With a voice of sing-ing de-clare ye, and
 let it be heard, Al-le-lu-ia: ut-ter it er--en
 to the ends of the earth: the Lord hath
 re-deem-ed His peo-ple, Al-le-lu-ia,
 Al-le--lu--ia. Ps. O be joy-ful
 in God all ye lands: sing prais-es
 unto the honour of His Name, make
 His praise to be glo-ri-ous. V. Glo-ry be to
 the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
 Ghost, As it was in the beginning, is now,
 and er-er shall be, World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit—"With a voice."

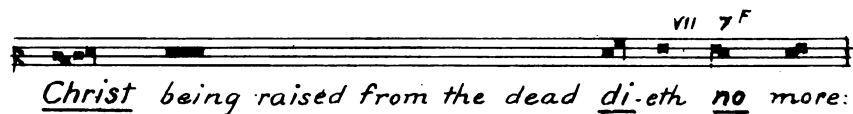
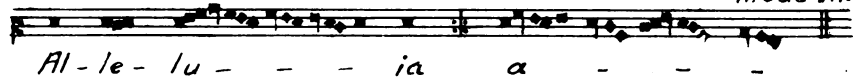
44. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode I.



Mode VII.



Repeat - "Alleluia"

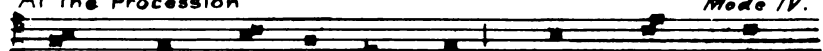
SEQUENCE 123 or 124

45.

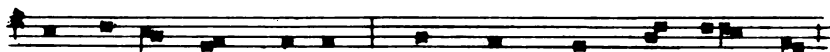
Ascension Day.

As the Procession

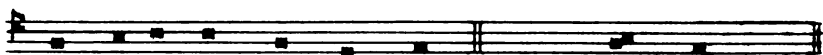
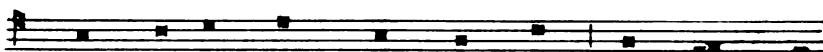
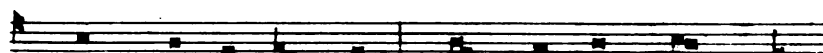
Mode IV.



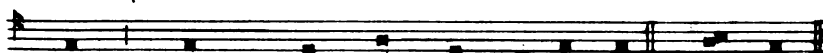
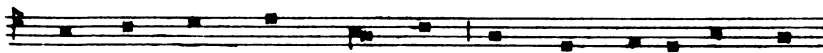
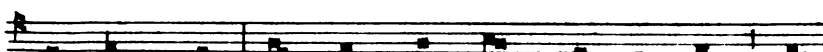
Wel- come Fes- ti- val day, thrice hal- low'd



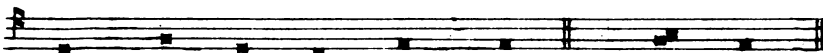
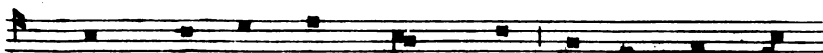
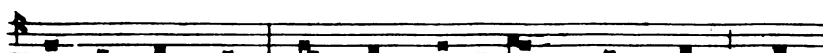
for eu- er and eu- er; Day when our Lord as- cends

high in- to Hea- ven to reign. *Rx.* Wel- come &c.2 *V.* Glows o- ver mea- dows in bloom the cloud- less

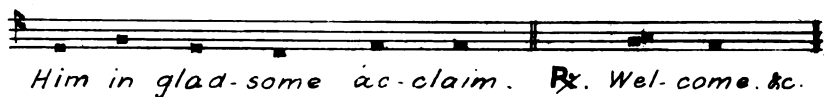
morn- ing a- bove us, Broad- er the bright' ning

dawn streams from the gates of the day *Rx.* Wel- come &c3 *V.* Sor- row and death are past; for Christ as a Vic- tor

re- turn- eth, Leaf- age the wood- land a- dorns, mea-

dows with her- bage are deck'd *Rx.* Wel- come &c4 *V.* Tramp- ling on hell's dread pow'r, to High- est Hea-: ven as- cend- ing, Hea- ven and earth and sea praise
(over,

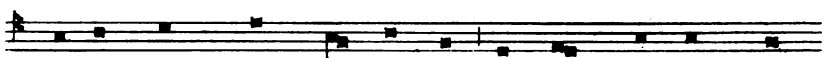
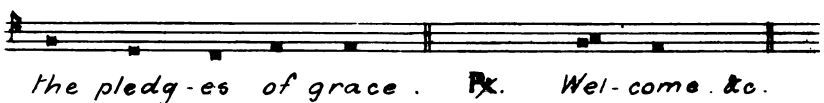
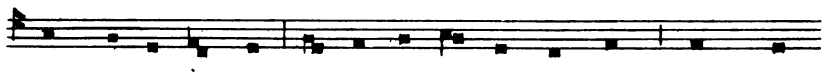
45 continued.



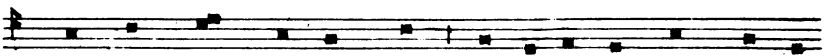
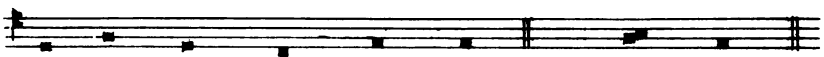
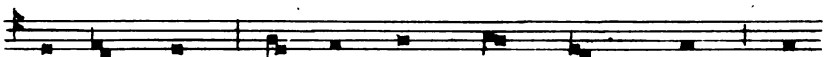
5. *V.* Loose from the bonds of Hell the long-pri-son'd



6. *V.* Cleans'd from their guilt, renew'd, and em-bract'd in the

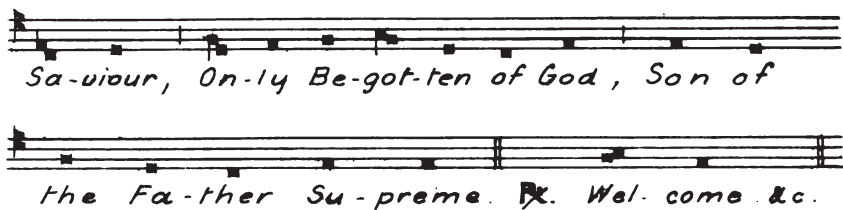


7. *V.* Di-a-dems twain en-cir-cle Thy brow, O Vic-tor

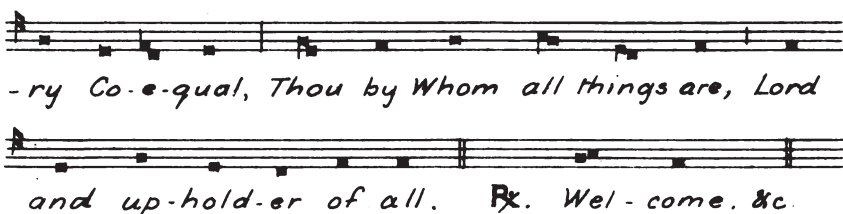


8. *V.* Sou-ran Health of the world, Cre-a-tor, Re-deem-er and.

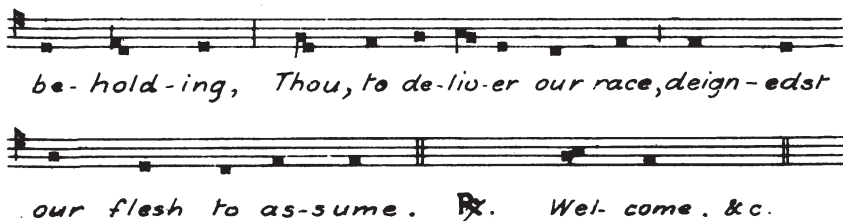
45. continued.



9. *V.* Peer of the Fa-ther art Thou, Co-e-ter-nal, in glo-



10. *V.* Sunk in pro-found-est depths was man, when in pit-y



A very special Catholic hymnal will be released sometime in 2018: CCWATERSHED.ORG/HYMN

46.

Introit

Mode VII.

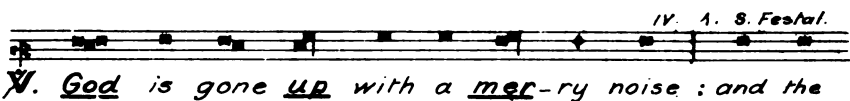
Ye men of Ga-li-lee, why stand ye gaz-ing
up in-to Hea-ven? Al-le-lu-ia; in like
man-ner as ye have seen Him as-cend-ing
up in-to Hea-ven, so shall He come, Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. Ps. O clap
your hands together all ye peo-ple: O
sing unto God with the voice of me-lo-dy.
V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the
beginning, is now, and eu-er shall be;
World with-out end; A-men.

Repeat Introit- "Ye men of Galilee."

72.

46. continued

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 125

Introit.

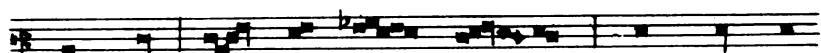
Model.



Hear-ken, O Lord, un-to my voice, when I cry



un-to Thee, Al-le-lu-ia: my heart hath talk-ed



of Thee, seek ye my face - ; Thy face, O



Lord, will I seek; O hide not Thou Thy



face from me, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-



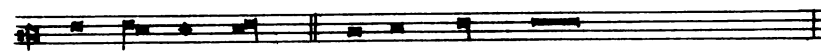
lu-ia. Ps. The Lord is my light and



my sal-va-tion: whom then shall I fear?



W. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to



the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,



is now, and eu-er shall be, World



with-out end, A-men. Repeat Introit—"Hearken."

47. continued

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode I.

Al- le - lu - ia - a

1. 3. s.m.

XI. God reign-eth o-ver the hea-then: God sit-teth

up-on His ho-ly seat.

Mode I.

Al - le - lu - ia a - - -

1. 6. s.f.

XI. I will not leave you com. fort-less: I go

away, and I will come again to you, and

your heart shall re-joice. Repeat. "Alleluia."

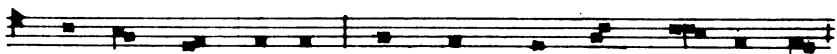
SEQUENCE 125.

At the Procession.

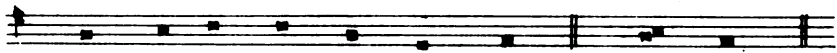
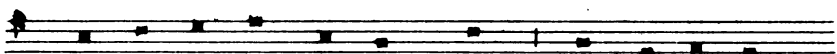
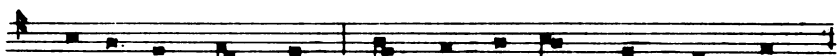
Mode IV.



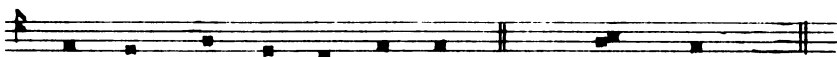
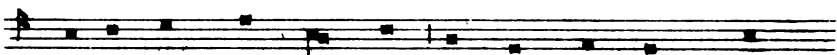
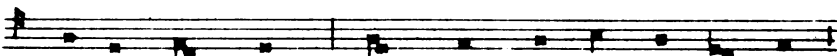
Wel-come, Fes-ti-ual Day, thrice hal-low'd for



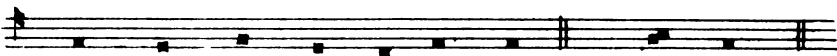
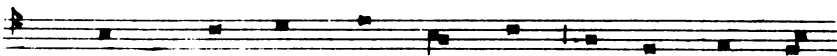
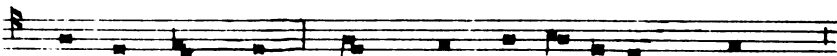
eu-er and eu-er; Day where-on grace from a-boue

came to en-light-en the world. *Rx.* Wel-come &c.2. *V.* Lo! in the like-ness of tongues, mys-te-ri-ous ,

fi-e-ry, clo-ven, O'er the A-po-stles in pray'r

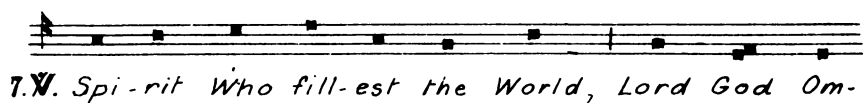
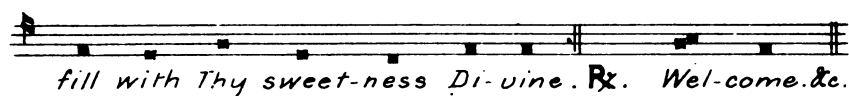
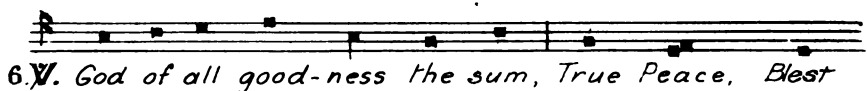
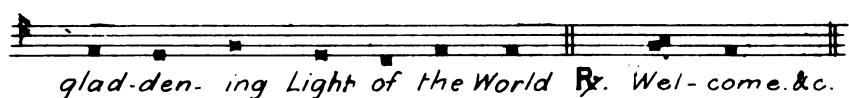
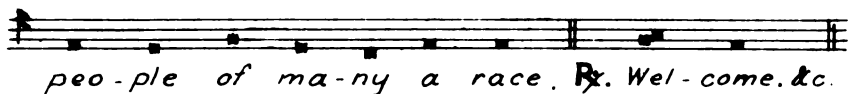
ho-vers the Spi-rit of God. *Rx.* Wel-come. &c.3. *V.* In-to the souls of men to pour the full wealth

of the God-head; Forth from the Fa-ther He comes,

bear-ing the mys-ti-cal gifts. *Rx.* Wel-come. &c.4. *V.* Straight-way the Twelve pro-claim the won-drous works

of the Mas-ter, Teach-ing in a-li-en tongues

48. continued.



48. continued.

se-cret of wis-dom, Where the e-lect Che-ru-

-bim mys-te-ries hid-den be-hold. Rx. Wel-come. &c.

9 *V. O that the Se-raph would touch our lips with a*

coal from the Al-tar! So should our ice-bound

hearts glow with the fire of Thy love. Rx. Wel-come. &c.

Introit.

Mode VII.



*The Spi-rit of the Lord fill-eth the whole
world, Al-le-lu-ia: and that which con-tain-
-eth all things, hath know-ledge of the
voice, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-
lu-ia. Ps. Let God arise, and let His
e-ne-mies be scat-ter-ed: let them also
that hate Him flee be fore Him .
V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the
beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be,
World with-out end . A-men.*

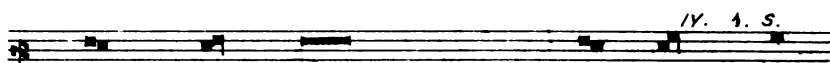
Repeat Introit—"The Spirit."

49. continued.

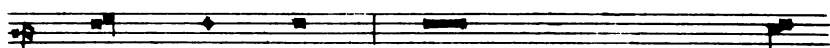
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



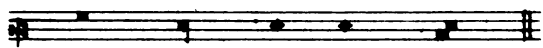
Al - le - lu - ia a - - -



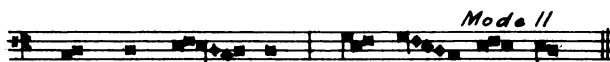
X. When Thou lettest Thy Spirit go forth, they



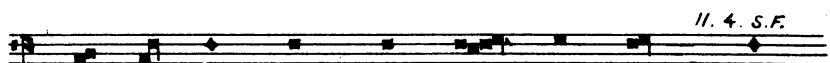
shall be made: and Thou shalt re-new



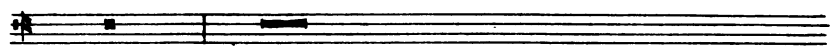
the face of the earth.



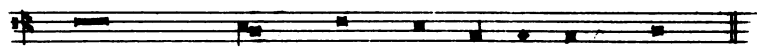
Al - le - lu - ia a - - -



XI. The Ho-ly Ghost pro-ceed-ing from the



Throne: illuminated the hearts of the Apos-



-tles this day with in-vi-si-ble pow'r.

Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 126.

50. Monday in Whitsun Week.

Introit.

Mode II.

He fed them al- so with the fi- nest wheat

flour, Al- le- lu - ia: and with ho- ney

from the sto- ny rock hath He sa- tis- fi- ed

them, Al- le- lu- ia , Al- le- lu - ia , Al - le -

- lu - ia. Ps. Sing we mer- ri- ly un- to God

our strength: make a cheer- ful noise un- to

the God of Ja- cob V. Glo - ry be to the Father,

and to the Son, and to the Ho- ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er

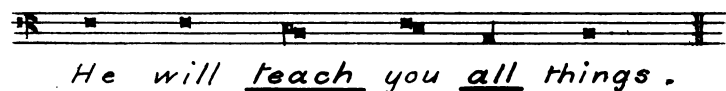
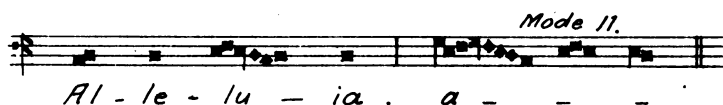
shall be, World with- out end, A- men.

Repeat Introit. "He fed them."

{over.

50. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



Repeat—"Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 126.

Introit

Mode IV.

Re - ceive the joy - ful - ness of your glo -

- ry, Al - le - lu - ia; giu - ing thanks un - to

God. Al - le - lu - ia: Who hath call -

ed you to the Heav'n - ly King - dom.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia

Ps. Hear my law O my peo - ple: in - cline your

ears unto the words of my mouth. V. Glo - ry be

to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly

Ghost; As it was in the beginning. is now,

and eu - er shall be; World with - out end, A - men.

Repeat Introit - "Receive".

{over

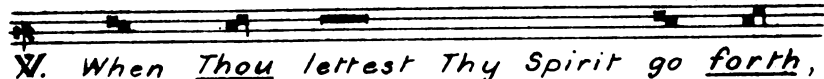
51. continued

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode IV.



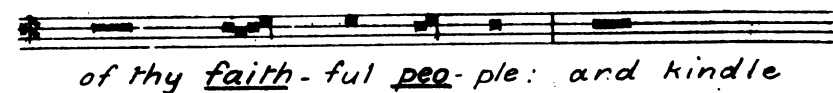
IV. 1 3



Mode II



II. 1



Repeat-"Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 126.

Trinity Sunday.

Introit

Mode VIII.

Bless-ed be the Ho-ly Tri-ni-ty and the

Un-di-vi-ded U-ni-ty: we will give

thanks un-to Him, for He hath dealt

with us ac-cord-ing to His mer-cy Ps. 0

Lord our Gov-er-nor: how excellent is Thy

Name in all the world ¶ Glo-ry be to

the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to

the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the

beginning, is now, and ev-er shall

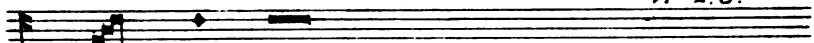
be; World without end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "Blessed be."

(over.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2. S.



Bless-ed art Thou, O Lord, That behold-



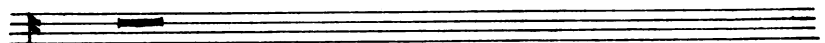
-est the depths: and sitt-est be-tween



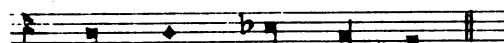
the Che-ru-bim. *V.* Bless-ed art Thou,



O Lord, in the firmament of Hea-ven:




worthy to be praised, and magni-



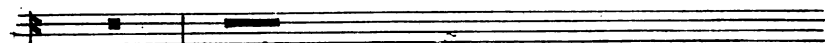
fi-ed for eu-er.



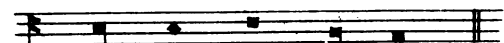
Mode VIII
Al-le-lu-ia - a - - -



VIII. 1.
V. Bless-ed art. Thou, O Lord, God of our Fa-



thers: worthy to be praised and magni-



fi-ed for eu-er. *Repeat* "Alleluia."

53. The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

At the Procession

Mode IV.

Wel-come Fes-ti-ual Day, thrice hallow'd for

eu-er and eu-er; When to His Church on earth

God doth His Presence im-part. *Rx.* Wel-come. &c

2. *V.* Sor-row and death are no more; in glad-ness the

Fes-ti-ual dawn-eth; Sin hath sur-ren-der'd to

grace; life that was lost is re-stor'd. *Rx.* Wel-come. &c

3. *V.* Here is the Body of Christ, That sav-eth from death

eu-er last-ing, Food by the man-na fore-told,

writ in the re-cords of yore. *Rx.* Wel-come. &c.

4. *V.* Here is the Fa-ther's Word, of Hea-ven and

earth the Cre-a-tor; He, with the Fa-ther One, blest

with His God-head the world. *Rx.* Wel-come. &c.

(over

5. *Here is the An-gels' Bread, to the right-eous
the Food of Sal-ua-tion, Bread that a-vail-eth
not them that re-ceive it in sin. Rx. Wel-come &c.*
6. *He, the In-car-nate God, Who stab-lish'd the work
of cre-a-tion, Tramp-ling on Hell's dread
hosts, rul-eth, Re-deem-er and King. Rx. Wel-come &c.*
7. *He in the ful-ness of time was born by a won-
drous Con-cep-tion, Child of the Mo-ther Maid,
Guest of a uir-gi-nal womb. Rx. Wel-come &c.*
8. *His ve-ry Flesh and Blood He took, when at sup-
per re-clin-ing, And the Dis-ci-ples Twelve fed
with the Mys-ti-cal Gifts. Rx. Wel-come &c.*

53. continued.

9. *Thus doth the Vir-gin-born, the Fa-ther's In-
fi-nite Wis-dom, Plead as a Vic-tim
true, laid on the Al-tar of God. Rx. Wel-come &c.*
10. *Thron'd on the Cross of shame o-ver death
He tri-umph'd in dy-ing, Thus, He the world's deep
stains cleans'd by the Wa-ter & Blood. Rx. Wel come, &c.*
11. *Pur-chas-ing life by death, His Hands for our Ran-
som ex-tend-ing, He, when the Third Day dawn'd, rose
in the flesh from the grave. Rx. Wel-come &c.*
12. *Grant us e-ter-nal rest, O Source and Foun-
tain of bless-ings; Ours be the Land where day
dur-eth, and night is un-known. Rx. Wel-come. &c.*

Introit.

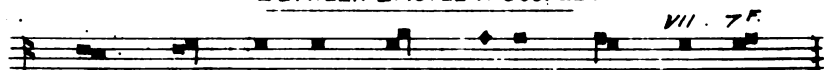
Mode II

He fed them al-so with the fi-nest
 wheat flour; Al-le-lu-ia. and with ho-
 -ney from the sto-ny rock hath He sa-tis-
 fi-ed them. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,
 Al-le-lu-ia. Ps. Sing we mer-ri-ly un-
 -to God our strength: make a cheer-ful noise un-to
 the God of Ja-cob. V. Glo-ry be
 to the Father, and to the Son, and
 to the Ho-ly Ghost. As it was in the
 beginning, is now, and eu-er shall
 be, World with-out end. A-men.

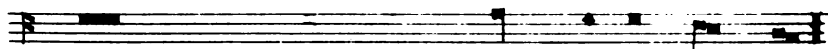
Repeat Introit — "He fed them".

54. continued.

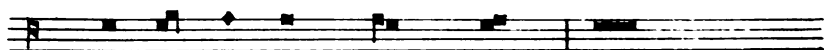
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



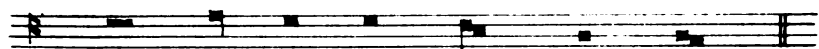
Grad The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord.



& Thou givest them their meat in due sea-son.



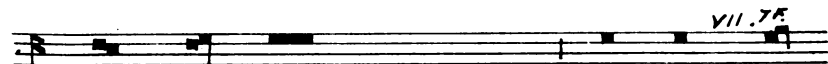
X. Thou o-pen-est Thine hand: and fill-est all



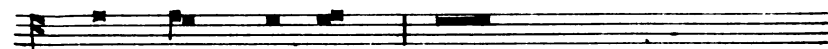
things liv-ing with plen-teous-ness.



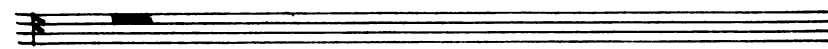
Al-le-lu ia a - -



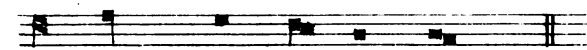
X. My flesh is Meat indeed, and My Blood



is Drink indeed: he that eateth My Flesh,



and drink-eth My Blood, dwelleth in



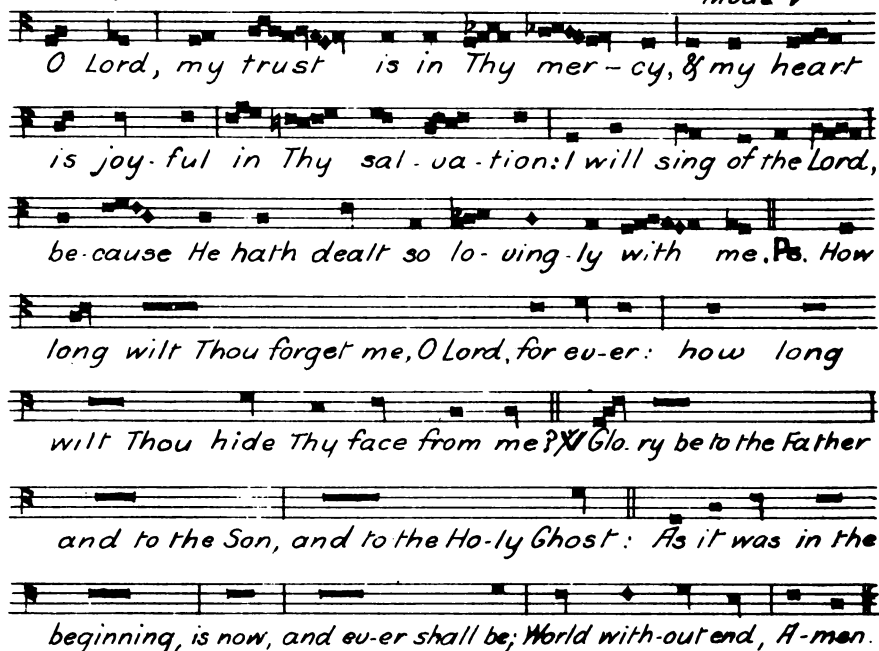
Me, and I in him. Repeat—"Alleluia."

55.

1st. Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

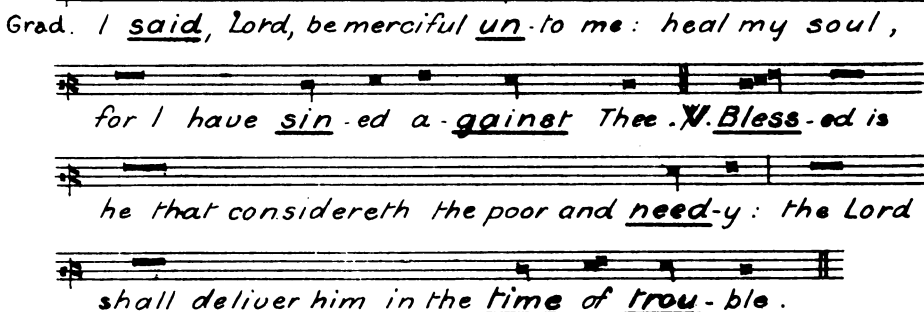
Mode V



Repeat Introit: "O Lord."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VI Sarum.



Mode II



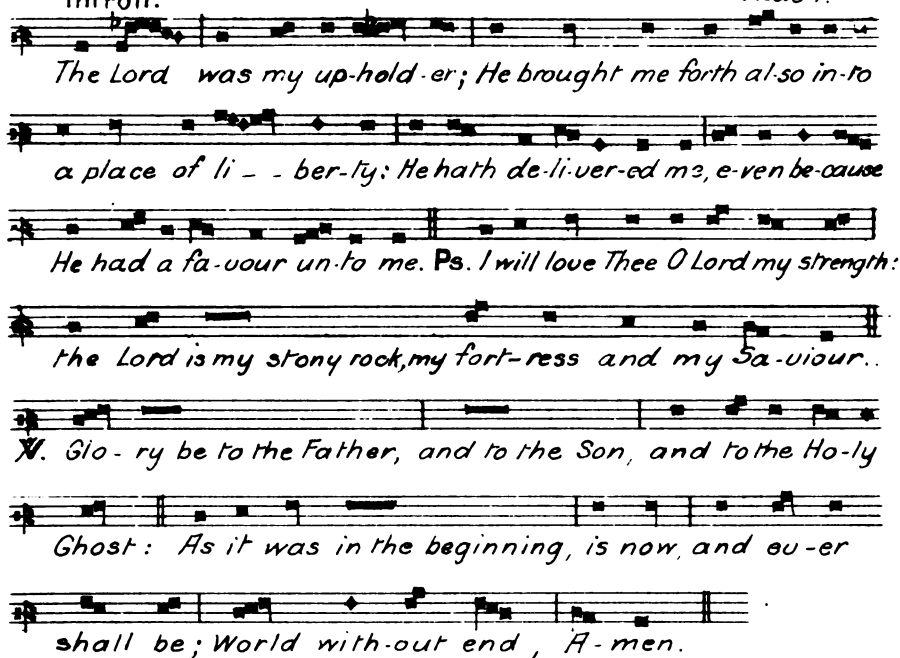
II. 1.

V Pon-der my words O Lord: consider my me-di-ta-tion.

Repeat: "Alleluia."

Introit.

Mode 1.

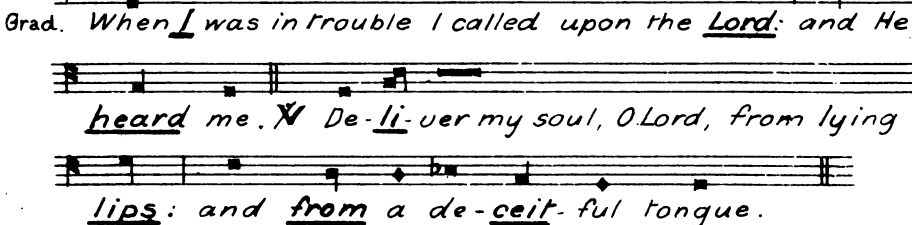


The Lord was my up-hold-er; He brought me forth al-so in-to
a place of li - ber-ty; He hath de-li-ver-ed me, e-ven be-cause
He had a fa-vour un-to me. Ps. I will love Thee O Lord my strength:
the Lord is my stony rock, my fort-ress and my Sa-voir.
V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Ghost: As it was in the begin-ning, is now, and eu-er
shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit - "The Lord".

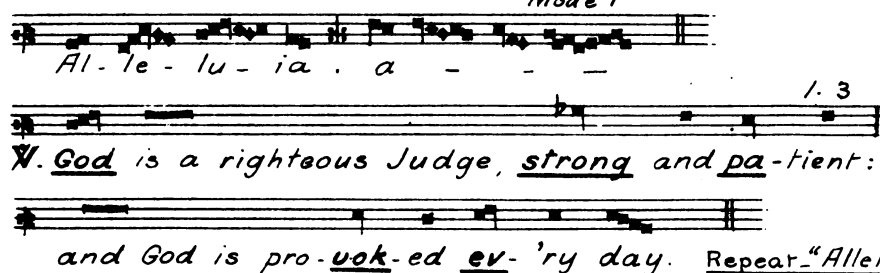
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2 S



Grad. When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord: and He
heard me. V De-li-ver my soul, O Lord, from lying
lips: and from a de-ceit-ful tongue.

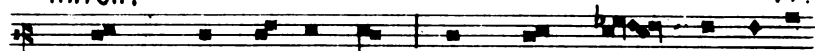
Mode 1



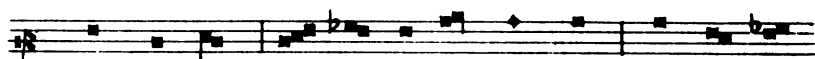
Al-le-lu-ia. a - - -
V. God is a righteous Judge, strong and pa-tient:
and God is pro-uok-ed ev- 'ry day. Repeat - "Alleluia"

Introit.

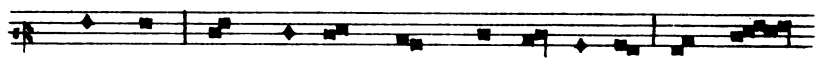
Mode VI.



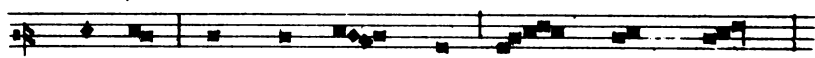
Turn Thee un-to me, and have mer-cy up-on



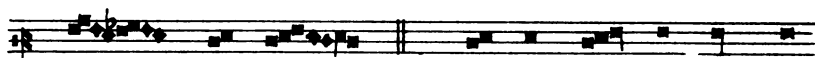
me, O Lord, for I am de-so-late and in mi-



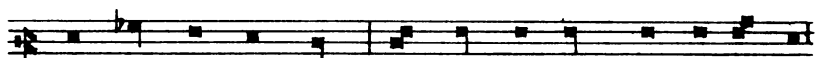
se-ry: look up-on mine ad-ver-si-ty and mi-



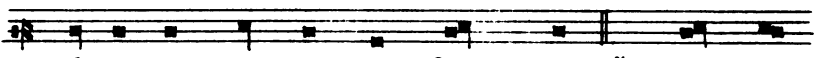
se-ry; and for-give me all my sin



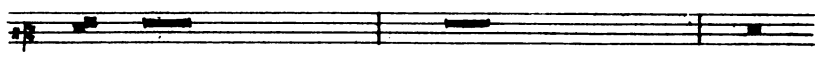
O my God Ps. Un-to Thee, O Lord, will



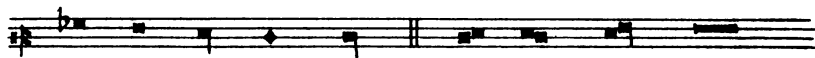
I lift up my soul: my God, in Thee have I trusted,



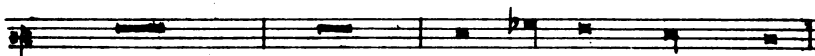
O let me not be con-found-ed. V. Glo-ry



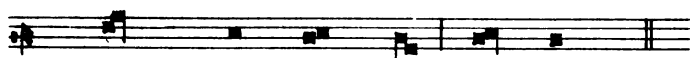
be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and



to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the



beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be.



World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit "Turn thee"

57. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VII. 7 F

Grad. O cast thy bur-den up-on the Lord: and

He shall nou-rish thee. *V.* When I cri-ed

un-to the Lord, He heard my voice:

and delivered me from the battle that

was a-gainst me.

Mode VIII

Al-le-lu-ia a - -

VIII. 1.

V. I will-love Thee, O Lord, my strength:

the Lord is my stony rock, and my defence,

and my Sa-viour. Repeat—"Alleluia."

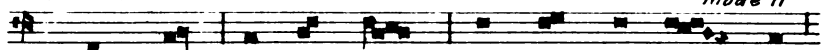
SEQUENCE 129.

58.

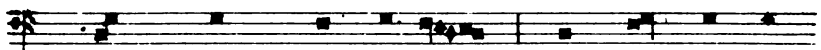
4th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

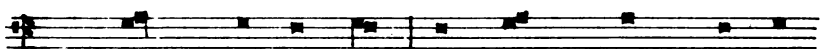
Mode II



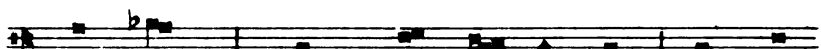
The Lord is my light, and my sal-va-tion,



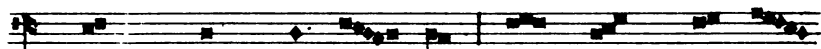
whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the



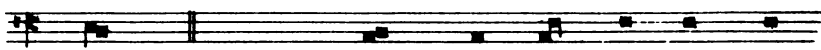
strength of my life, of whom shall I be



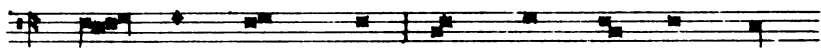
a-fraid? When mine e-ne-mies and my



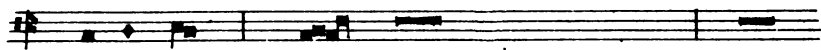
foes came up-on me, they stum-bled and



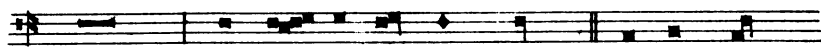
fell. Ps. Though an host of men were



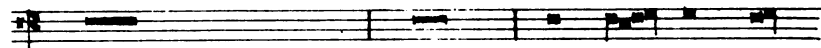
laid a-gainst me: yet shall not my heart



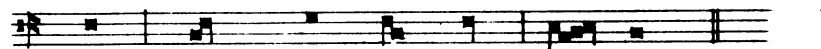
be afraid. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to



the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was



in the beginning, is now, and eu-er shall



be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit. "The Lord?"

Grad. *Be mer-ci-ful, O Lord, unto our sins:*

wherefore shall the heathen say, Where

is now their God? V. Help us, O God

of our Salvation, for the honour of Thy

Name: de-li-ver us, O Lord.

Al-le-lu-ia. a - - - - - Mode VII

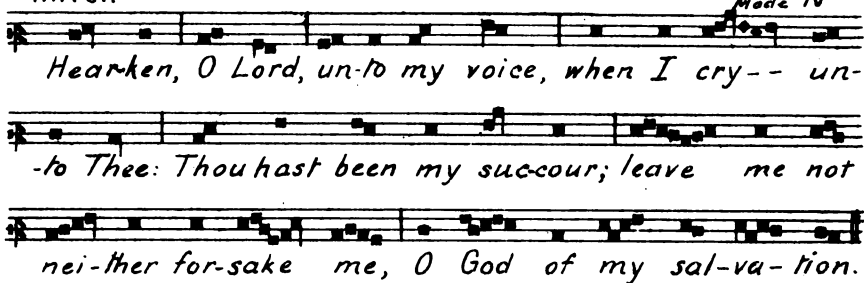
V. The King shall re-joice in Thy strength, O Lord: VII 7.^f

exceeding glad shall he be of Thy Sal-va-tion.

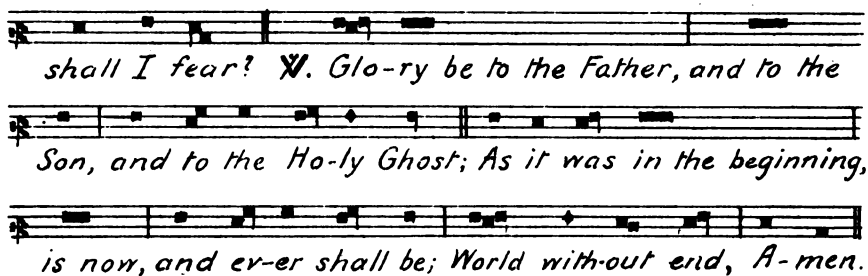
Repeat - "Alleluia".

Introit

Mode IV



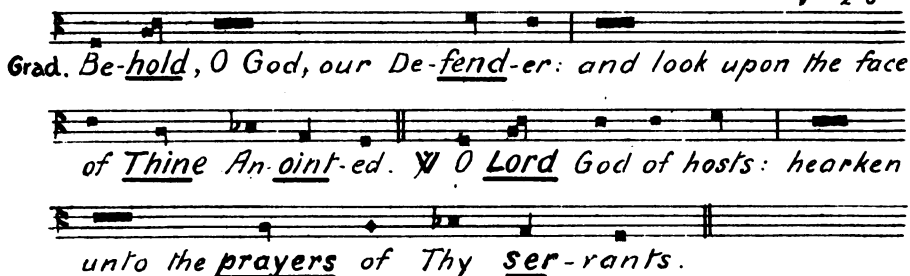
Ps. The Lord is my light and my sal-va-tion: whom then



Repeat Introit—"Hearken."

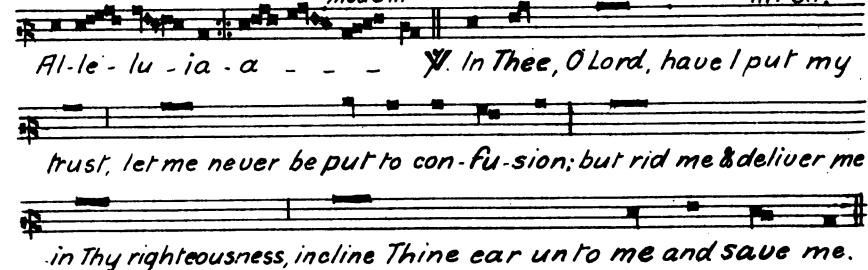
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V 2 S



Mode III

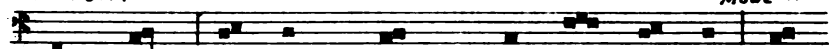
III. S. F.



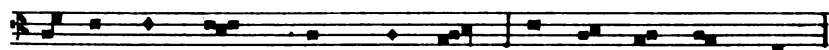
Repeat "Alleluia".

Introit.

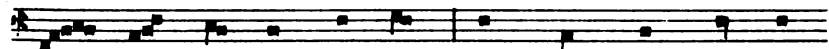
Mode "11"



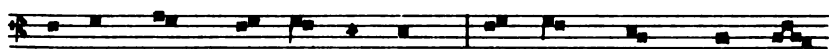
The Lord is the strength of His peo-ple, and



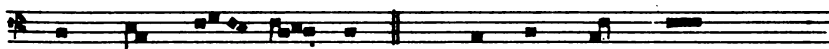
He is the whole-some de-fence of His A-noin-red:



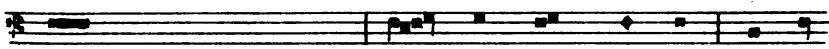
save Thy peo-ple, O Lord, and give Thy blessing



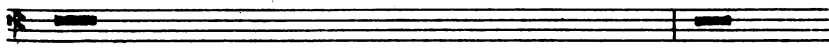
un to Thine in-her-i-tance: O feed them, and set



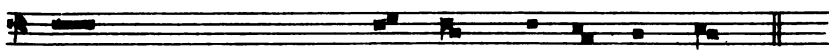
them up for e-ver. Ps. Un-to Thee will I cry,



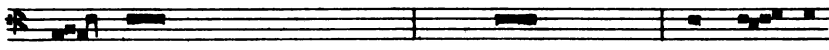
O Lord my strength; think no scorn of me: lest if



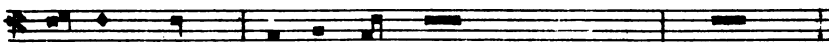
Thou make as though Thou hearest not, I become



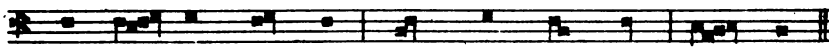
like unto them that go down in-to the pit.



¶ Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the



Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now,



and ex-er shall be; World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—"The Lord is "

60. continued.

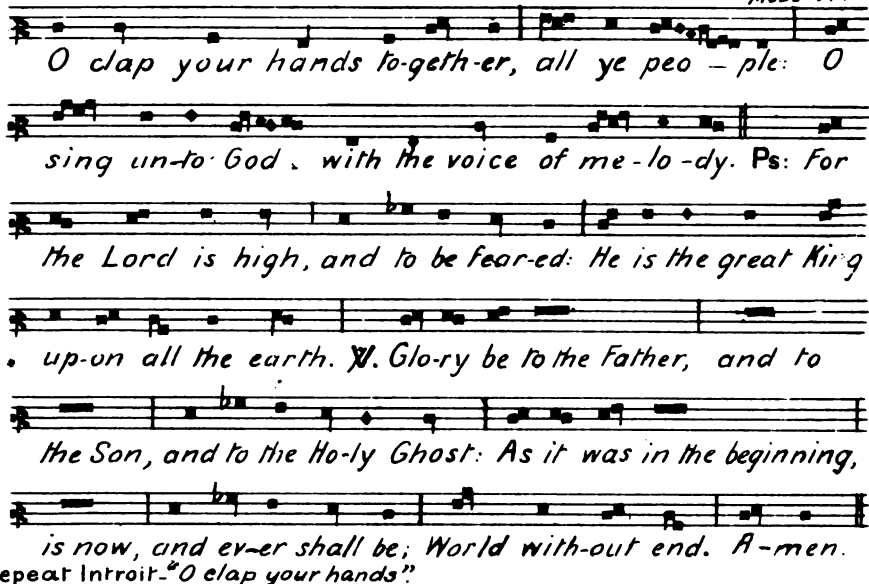
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last: and
be gracious un-to Thy ser-vants. W. Lord,
Thou hast been our Re-fuge: from
one generation to an-o-ther.
Al-le--lu--ia a - - -
W De-li-ver me from mine en-e-mies,
O my God: defend me from them
that rise up a-gainst me. Repeat "Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 129.

Introit.

Mode VI.



Repeat Introit—"O clap your hands"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2.

Grad. Come, ye chil dren, and hearken unto me:V. They had an eye unto Him and were light-en-ed:

Mode I.



1. 10 S

Thou, O Lord, art prais-ed in Si-on: and unto Thee

Repeat "Alleluia"

Introit.

Mode I.

*We wait, O God, for Thy lo-ving kindness, in
the midst of Thy Tem-ple: ac-cord-ing to Thy Name,
O God, so is Thy praise un-to the world's end;
Thy right hand is full of righ-te-ous-ness. Ps. Great
is the Lord, and high-ly to be prais-ed: in the city of our
God, even up on His Holy Hill. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to
the Son, and to the Ho ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning;
is now, and ever shall be; World with-out end. A-men.*

Repeat Introit "We wait"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode VI. S.

*Grad. Be Thou, O God, my strong Rock and House of defence:
that Thou mayest save me. V. In Thee, O God have I
put my trust: let me never be put to con-fu-sion.*

Mode VII.

Al-le-lu-ia a — — —

VII. F

V. Hear My law: O My peo-ple. Repeat "Alleluia"

Introit

Mod. V.

Behold, God is my help-er, the Lord is with them that uphold my
 soul: He shall re-ward e-vil un-to mine e-ne-mies: de-destroy
 Thou them in Thy truth, O Lord my pro-TECT--or. Ps: Save
 me, O God, for Thy Name's sake: and a-venge me in Thy strength. ¶ Glo-
 -ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in
 the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end. A-men.
 Repeat Introit, "Behold"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

vi. S.

grad. O Lord our Gov-er-nor: how excellent is Thy
 Name in all the world. ¶ Thou that hast set Thy
 glo-ry: a-bove the Hea-vens.

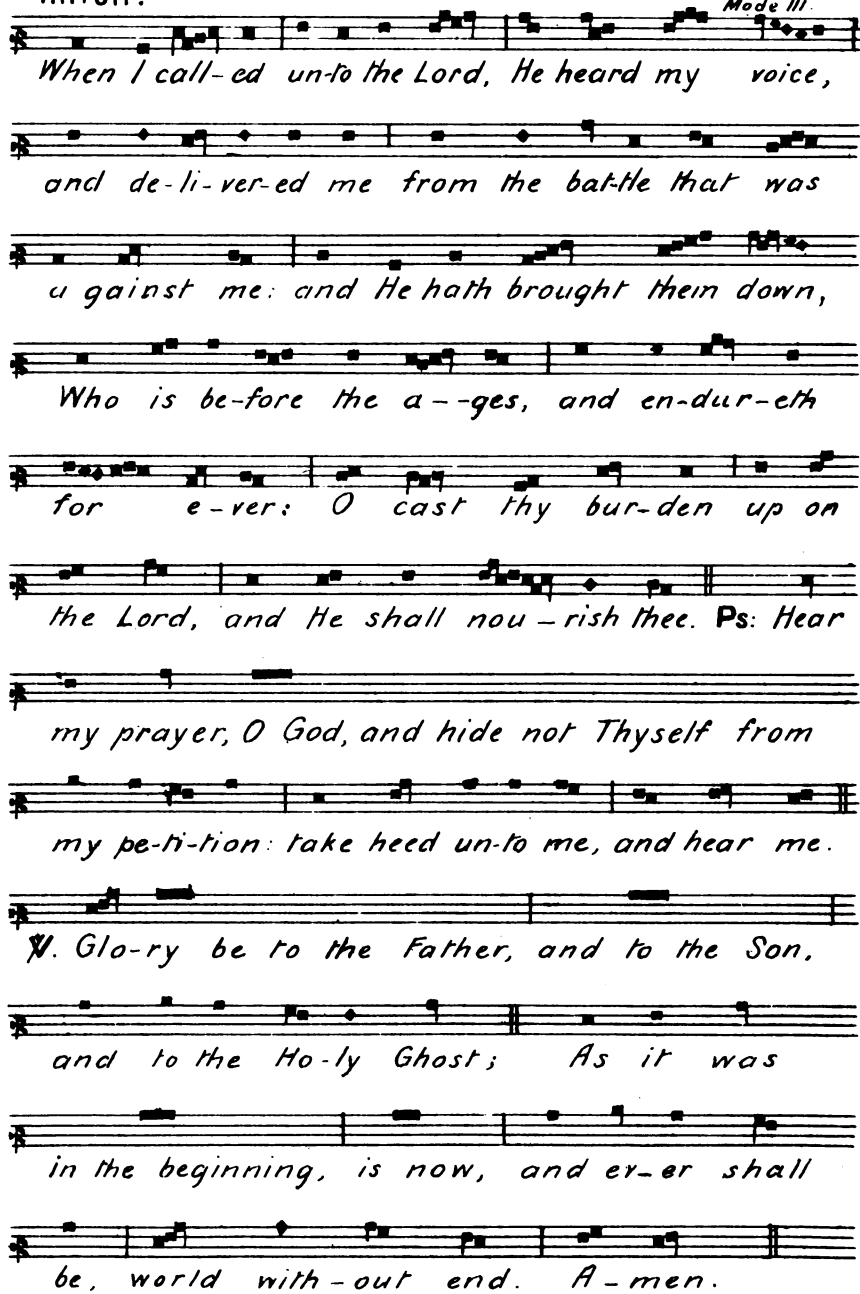
Mod. II.

Al-le-lu-ia. a - - -
 ¶ Sing we mer-rily unto God our strength, make a
 cheerful noise unto the God of Ja-cob: take the
 Psalm, bring hi-ther the lute. Repeat "Alleluia"

* pronounce Yä - coob.

Introit.

Mode III.



When I call-ed un-to the Lord, He heard my voice,
and de-li-ver-ed me from the bat-tle that was
a gainst me: and He hath brought them down,
Who is be-fore the a--ges, and en-dur-eth
for e-ver: O cast thy bur-den up on
the Lord, and He shall nou-rish thee. Ps: Hear
my prayer, O God, and hide not Thyself from
my pe-ti-tion: take heed un-to me, and hear me.
V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was
in the beginning, is now, and ex-er shall
be, world with-out end. A-men.

64. continued

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. Keep me, O Lord, as the ap-ple of an eye: hid me
under the sha-dow of Thy wings. V. Let my
sen-tence come forth from Thy Pre-sence:
and let thine eyes look upon the thing
that is e-qual.

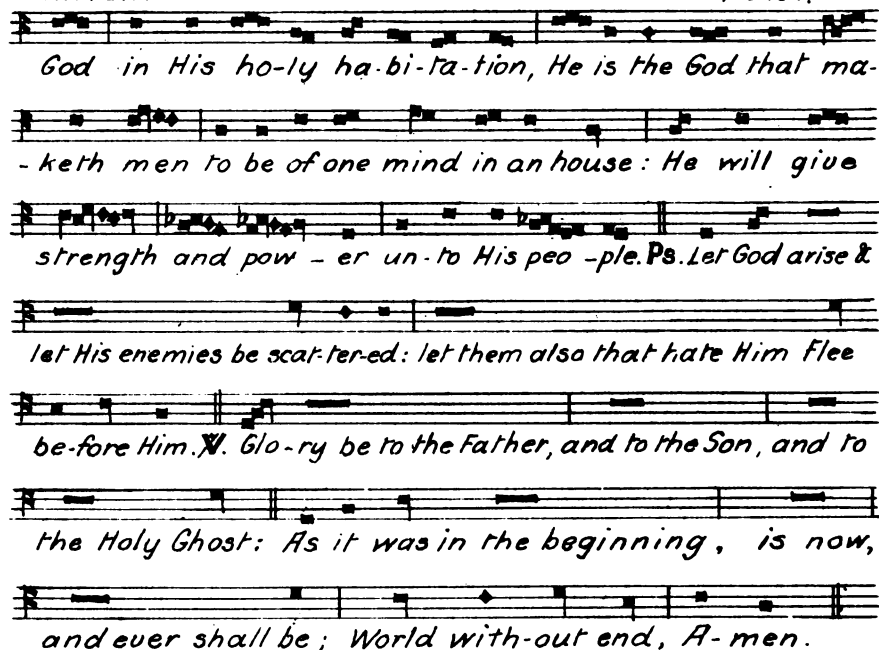
Mode VII.
Al-le-lu-ia a - - -
VII. 7^F
V. O Lord God of my sal-ua-tion: I have
cri-ed day and night be-fore Thee.

Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

Introit.

Mode V.

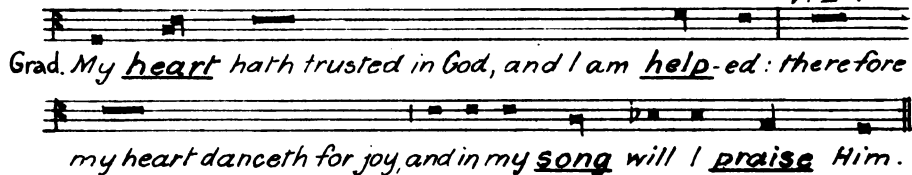


God in His ho-ly ha-bi-ta-tion, He is the God that ma-
 -keth men to be of one mind in an house: He will give
 strength and pow - er un-to His peo - ple. Ps. Let God arise &
 let His enemies be scat-tered: let them also that hate Him flee
 be-fore Him. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
 the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now,
 and ever shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit—"God in his Holy."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 25.



Grad. My heart hath trusted in God, and I am help-ed: therefore
 my heart danceth for joy, and in my song will I praise Him.

V. Un-to Thee will I cry, O Lord, my strength: think no scorn of me.

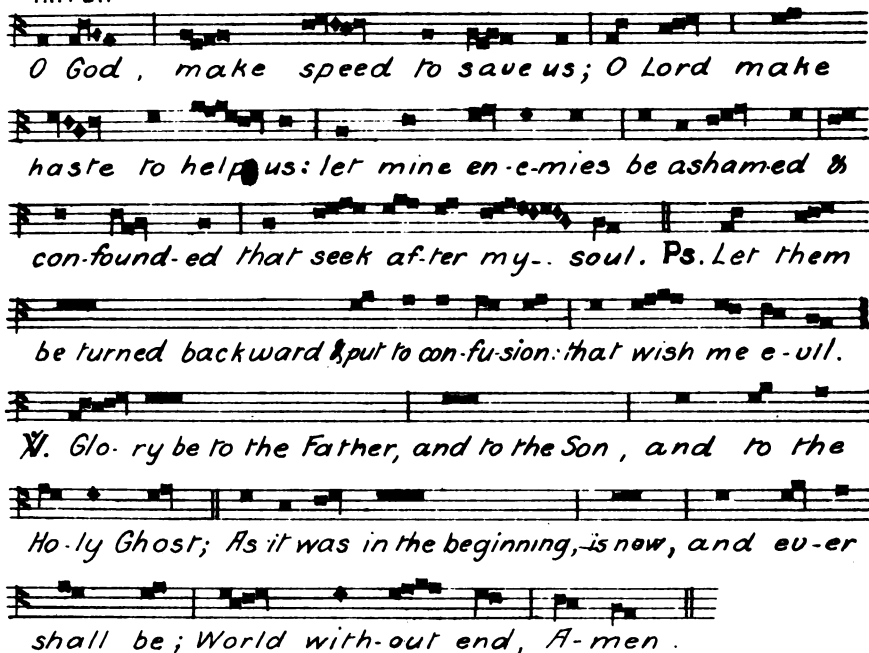
Mode VII



Al - le - lu - ia. a - - - VII. 7.^F
 V. Lord, Thou hast been our Re-fuge: from one gen-
 -er-a-tion to an-o-ther. Repeat "Alleluia"

Introit

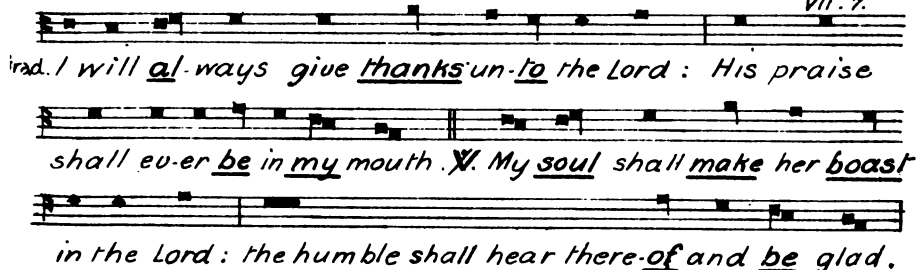
Mode VII



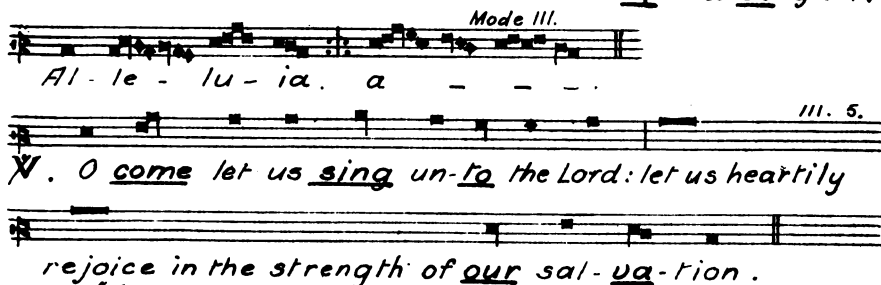
Repeat Introit "O God"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VII. 7.



Mode III.



Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

Introit.

Mode VII



Look, O Lord, up-on Thy co-ve-nant, and



for-get not the con-gre-ga-tion of Thy poor



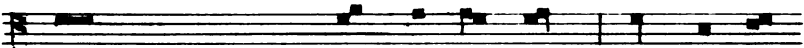
for eu-er: a-rise, O Lord, and main-tain Thine



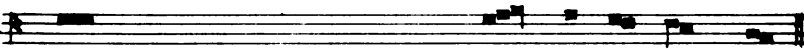
own cause; & for-get not the voi-ces of



them that seek Thee. Ps. O God wherefore



art Thou absent from us so long: why is Thy



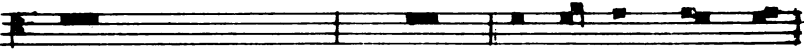
wrath so hot against the sheep of Thy pas-ture?



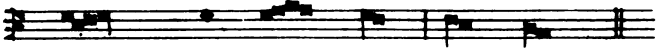
V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,



and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was



in the beginning, is now, and eu-er shall be;



World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—"Look, O Lord."

67 continued.

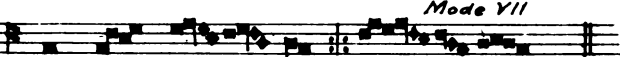
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

 V. 2 S

Grad. Look, O Lord, up-on Thy co-ve-nant: and for-

-get not the congregation of the poor for ev-er.

X. A-rise, O Lord, and main-tain Thine own

cause: and forget not the voices of them that seek Thee.
 Mode VII
Al-le-lu-ia a - -
 VII. 7.
X. The Lord is a great God: and a great

King o-ver all the earth. Repeat-"Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 129

Introit.

Mode IV

Be-hold, O God, my De-fend er, and

look up-on the face of Thine A-noint-ed:

for one day in Thy courts is bet-ter

than a thou--sand. Ps. O how a-mi-able

are Thy dwell-ings Thou Lord of hosts:

my soul hath a desire and longing to

enter into the courts of the Lord..

X. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was

in the beginning, is now, and ev-er

shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit "Behold."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VI. *Sarum.*

Grad. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to
 the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy
 Name, O most High-est. ✕ To tell of Thy
 loving-kindness early in the morn-ing:
 and of Thy truth in the night-sea-son.

Mode VII.

Al - le - lu - ia. a - -


VII. 7.

✕ O give thanks unto the Lord, and
call up-on His Name: tell the peo-
 ple what things He hath done.

Repeat. "Alleluia".SEQUENCE 129.

Introit.

Mode IV



Be-hold, O God, my De-fend er, and
 look up-on the face of Thine A-noint-ed:
 for one day in Thy courts is bet-ter
 than a thou--sand. Ps. O how a-mi-able
 are Thy dwell-ings Thou Lord of hosts:
 my soul hath a desire and longing to
 enter into the courts of the Lord..
 V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
 and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was
 in the beginning, is now, and ev-er
 shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit "Behold."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VI. Sarum.

Grad. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to

the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy

Name, O most High-est. ~~X~~ To tell of Thy

loving-kindness early in the morn-ing:

and of Thy truth in the night-sea-son.

Mode VII.

Al - le - lu - ia a - -

VII. 7.

~~X~~ O give thanks unto the Lord, and

calt up-on His Name: tell the peo-

ple what things He hath done.

Repeat "Alleluia".

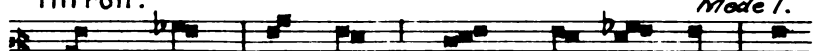
SEQUENCE 129.

69.

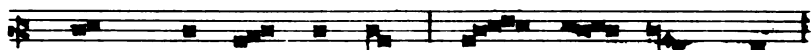
15th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

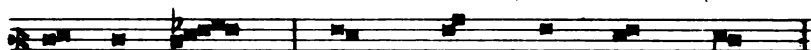
Mode 1.



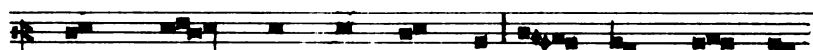
Bow down, O Lord, Thine ear to me, and



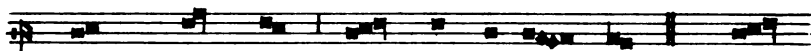
heark-en un-to me; save Thy ser-vant,



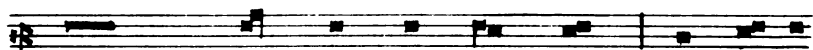
O my God-, that trust-eth in Thee:



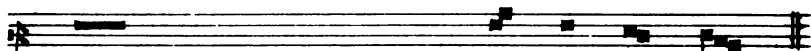
have mer-cy up-on me, O Lord, for I



have call-ed dai-ly up-on Thee. Ps. Com-



fort the soul of Thy ser-vant: for un-to



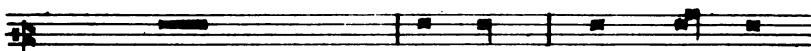
Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.



Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,



and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was



in the beginning, is now, and eu-er



shall be; World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "Bow down."

69 continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2

Grad. It is bet-ter to trust in the Lord: than to
put any con-fi-dence in man. *V.* It is
bet-ter to trust in the Lord: than to put any
con-fi-dence in prin-ces.

Mode VII.

Al-le-lu - ia.

a

VII. 7

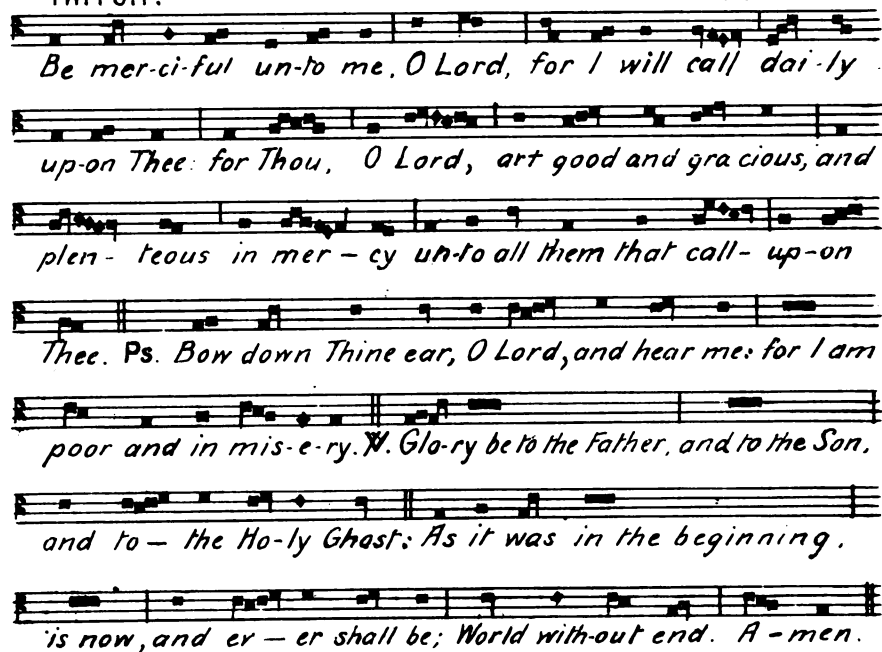
O God, my heart is ready, my heart is
rea-dy: I will sing and give praise
with the best mem-ber that I have.

Repeat - "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

Introit.

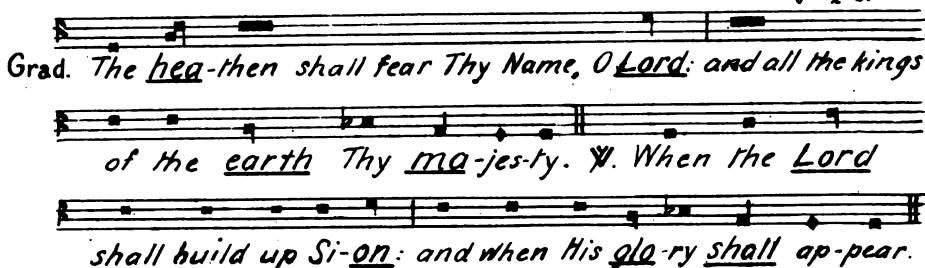
Mode VIII



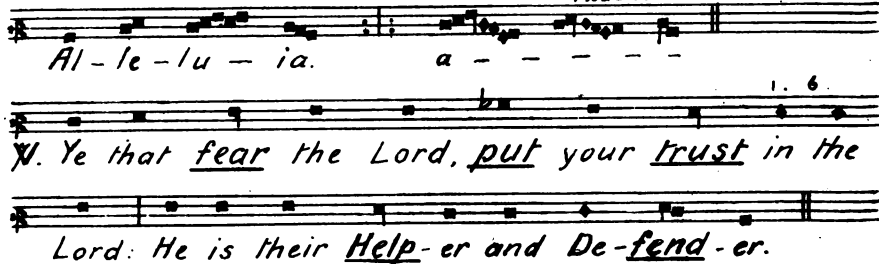
Repeat Introit "Be merciful."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V 2 S.



Mode I.



Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

Introit.

Mode I.

Righteous art Thou, O Lord and true is Thy judge-ment:

O deal with thy ser-vant ac-cord-ing to Thy lo-ving mer-cy.

Ps: Bless-ed are those that are undefil-ed in the way: and walk in

the law of the Lord. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the begin-ning,

is now, and er-er shall be; World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—“Righteous art Thou.”

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

I. S. R.

Grad. Bless-ed are the people whose God is the Lord: and

blessed are the folk that He hath chosen to Him to be His

in-he-ri-tance. V. By the Word of the Lord were the Hea-vens

made: and all the hosts of them by the breath of His mouth.

Mode VII.

Al - le - lu - ia . a - - -

VII. 7

V. The Right Hand of the Lord bringeth migh-ty things to

pass: the Right Hand of the Lord hath the pre-em-i-nence.

Repeat “Alleluia”.

Introit.

Mode 1

Give peace, O Lord, to them that wait for Thee, and

let Thy pro-phets be found faith-ful: hear the pray'is of

Thy ser-rant, and of Thy peo-ple Is-rael. Ps: I was

glad when they said un-to me: We will go in-to the house

of the Lord. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Ho-ly Ghost. As it was in the beginning,

is now, and ex-er shall be. World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit - "Give peace"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VII. 7.

Grad: I was glad when they said un-to me: We will go

in-to the house of the Lord. V. Peace be with-in thy

walls: and plenteousness with-in thy Pa-la-ces.

Al - le - lu - ia. a - - -

Mode 1

V. I was glad when they said un-to me: We

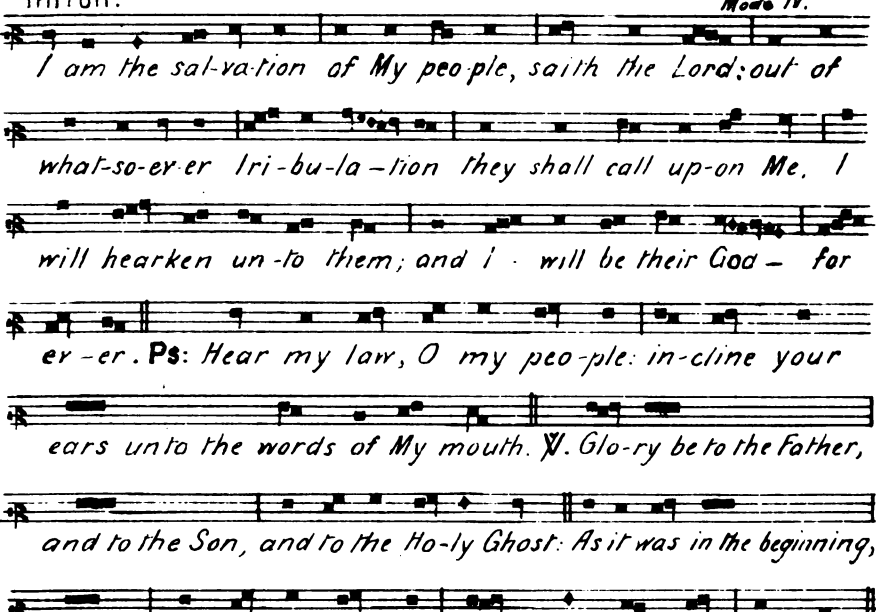
will go in-to the house of the Lord.

Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

73. 19th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit. Mode IV.



I am the sal-va-tion of My peo-ple, saith the Lord: out of
 what-so-ev-er Iri-bu-la-tion they shall call up-on Me. I
 will hearken un-to them; and I will be their God - for
 ex-er. Ps: Hear my law, O my peo-ple: in-cline your
 ears unto the words of My mouth. V. Glo-ry be to the Father,
 and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and ex-er shall be; World with-out end. A - men.

Repeat Introit "I am the Salvation"

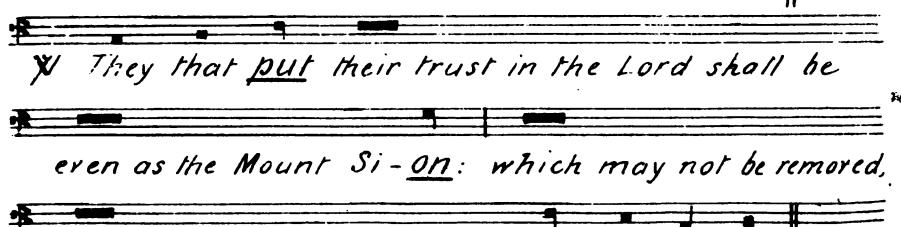
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VII. 7.



ad. Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight, O Lord: as the in-cense.
 V. And let the lift-ing up of my hands: be an even-ing sa-cri-fice.
Mode II
 Al-le-lu--ia. a - - - -

II



V. They that put their trust in the Lord shall be
 even as the Mount Si-on: which may not be removed,
 but standeth fast at Jerusalem for ex-er.

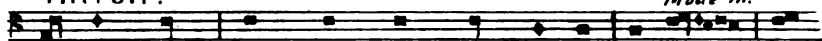
Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

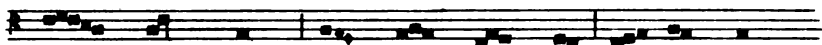
74. 20th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

Mode III.



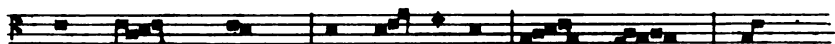
Ev'ry thing that Thou hast done to us, O Lord, in



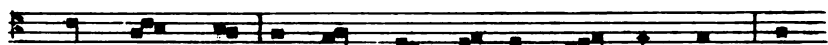
true judge-ment hast Thou done it: for we have



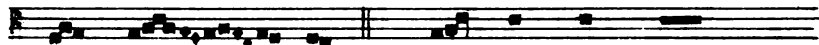
sinned a-gainst Thee, and have not o-bey-ed Thy



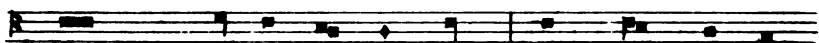
com-mand-ments; but glo-ri-fy Thy Name, and



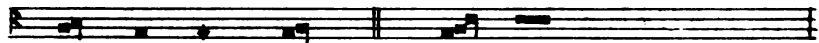
deal with us ac-cord-ing to the mul-ti-tude of



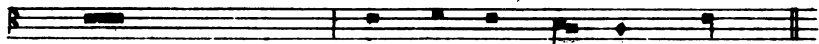
Thy mer - - - cy. Ps: Blessed are those that



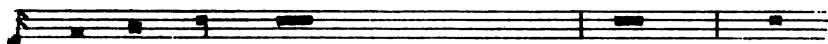
are undefil-ed in the way: and walk in the



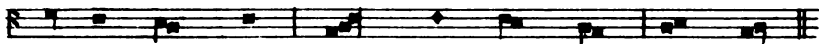
law of the Lord. V. Glo-ry be to the Father,



and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost:



As it was in the beginning, is now, and



ex-er shall be; World with-out end. A - men.

Repeat Introit - "Ev'ry thing"

74 continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VII. 7 F.

rad. The eyes of all wait up on Thee, O Lord:

and Thou givest them their meat in due

sea-son. V. Thou o-pen-est Thine Hand: and

fillest all things liv-ing with plen-teous-ness.

Al - le - - lu - ia.

a - - - - - ,

V. Out of the deep have I called un-to

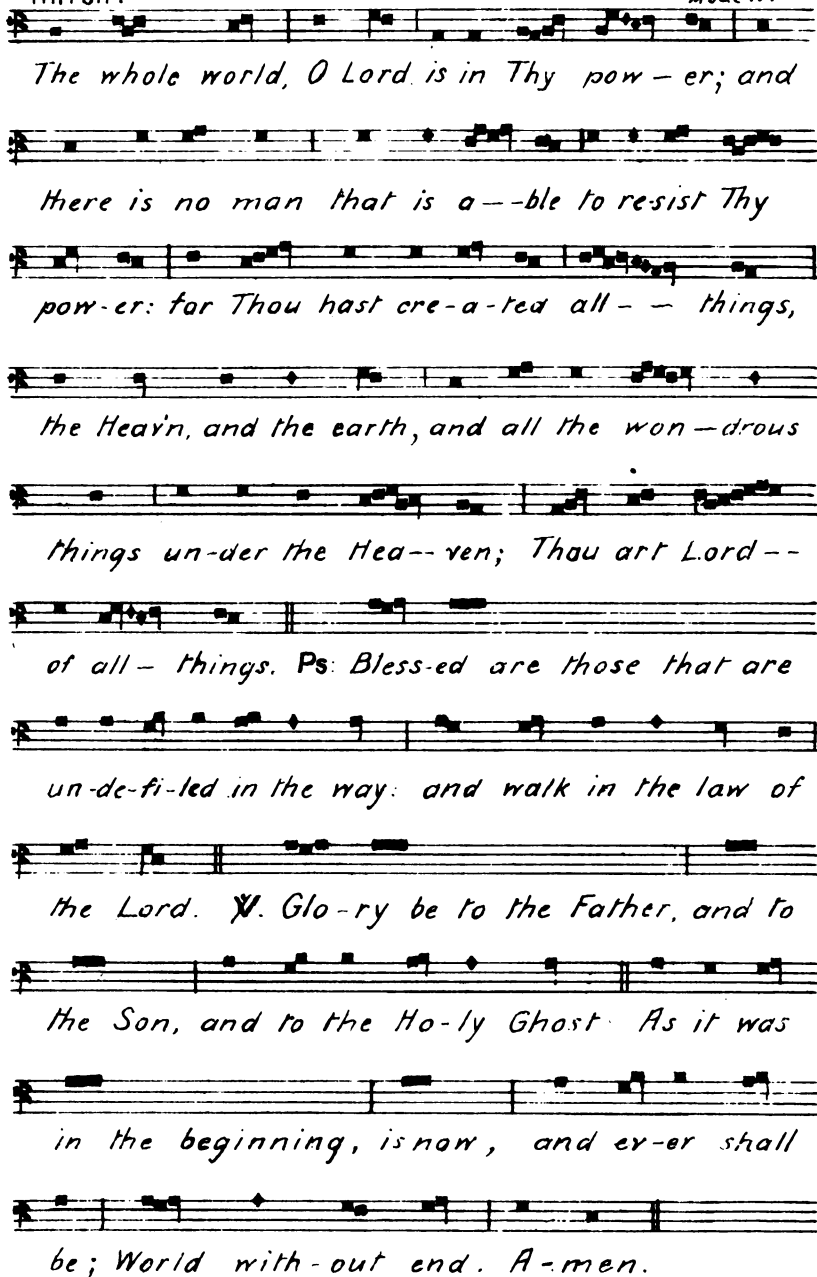
Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

Introit.

Mode IV.



The whole world, O Lord is in Thy pow - er; and

there is no man that is a -- ble to resist Thy

pow - er: for Thou hast cre - a - red all - - things,

the Heav'n, and the earth, and all the won - drous

things un - der the Hea -- ven; Thou art Lord --

of all - things. Ps: Bless - ed are those that are

un - de - fi - led in the way: and walk in the law of

the Lord. V. Glo - ry be to the Father, and to

the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost. As it was

in the beginning, is now, and ex - er shall

be; World with - out end. A - men.

Repeat Introit—"The whole world."

75. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

II. 25

ad: Lord, Thou hast been our Re-fuge: from

one generation to an-o-ther. V. Before the

mountains were brought forth, or ever the

earth and the world were made: Thou art

God from everlasting and World with-out end.

Mode VII.

Al-le - - - lu - ia. o - - -

VII. 7

V. Praise the Lord O my soul; while I live

I will praise the Lord: yea as long as I have

any being, I will sing praises un-to my God.

Repeat - "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

76. 22nd Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

Modo III.

If Thou, O Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done a-miss,
 O Lord, who may a-bide it?: for there is mer-cy with Thee, O God
 of Is - - - ra-el. Ps: Out of the deep have I called unto Thee,
 O Lord: Lord hear my voice. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to
 the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghast: As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and ex-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "If Thou"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

1. 6 S. F.

Grad: Be-hold how good and joy-ful a thing it is:
 brethren, to dwell to-ge-ther in u-ni-ty. V. It is like
 the precious ointment upon the head, that ran
 down un-to the beard: ex-en un-to Aa-ron's beard.
Modo I.
 Al-le - - lu - - ia. a - - - - -
1. 6 S. F.
 V. He heal-eth those that are bro-ken in heart:
 and giveth medicine to heal their sick-ness.


Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.

77. The 23rd & 24th Sundays after Trinity & Sunday before Advent.

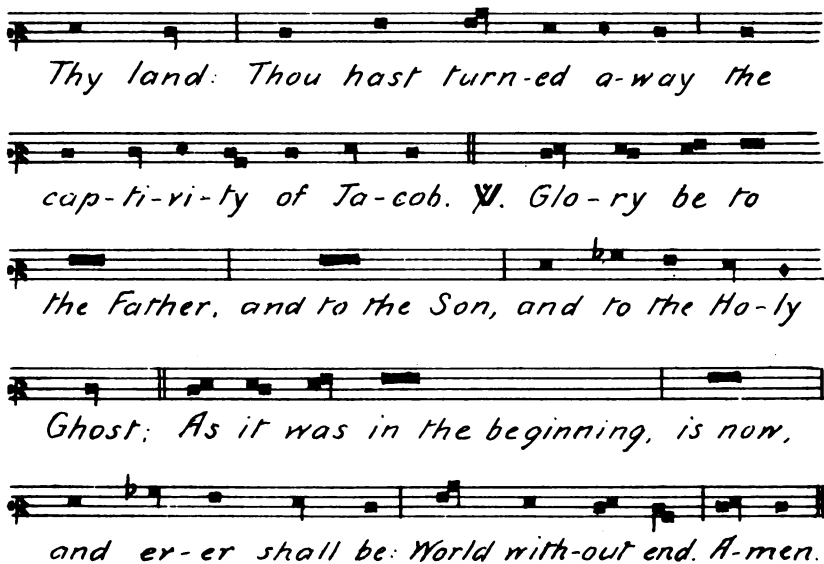
Introit.

Mode VI.



Thus saith the Lord, I know the thoughts that
I think to-ward you, thoughts of peace, and
not of af-flic-tion: ye shall call up-on me,
and I will heark-en un-to you, and will turn
a-way your cap-ti-vi-ty from all— pla— ces.

Ps: Lord Thou art be-come gra-cious un-to



Thy land: Thou hast turn-ed a-way the
cap-ti-vi-ty of Ja-cob. V. Glo-ry be to
the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ex-er shall be: World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit "Thus saith the Lord."

77 continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

vii. Y

Grad. It is Thou, O Lord, that savest us from our

en-e-mies: and putteth them to con-fu-sion

that hate us. ¶ We make our boast of God all

day long: and will praise Thy Na-me for ex-er.

Mode VII.

Al-le-lu--ia. a- - - - -

vii. Y

¶ The hea-then shall fear Thy Na-me, O Lord:

and all the kings of the earth, Thy Ma-jes-ty.

Repeat. "Alleluia".

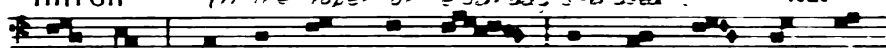
SEQUENCE 124

78. For any Sunday after Trinity.

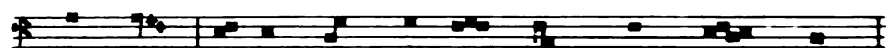
Introit

(If the Proper for the Sunday is not used.)

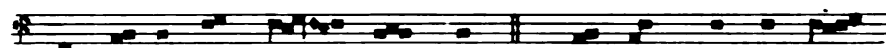
Mode 1



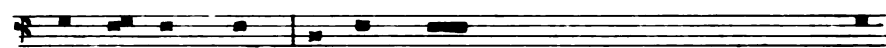
O come, let us wor-ship God— and bow down be fore



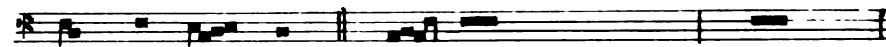
the Lord: let us kneel be-fore Him that made us:



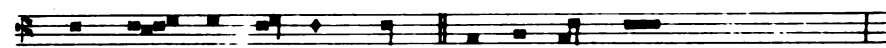
for He is the Lord— our God. Ps: O come let us sing



un-to the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of



our sal-va-tion. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son



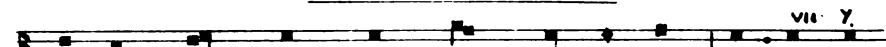
and to— the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning



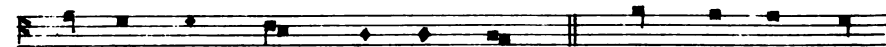
is now, and er — er shall be: World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—“O come.”

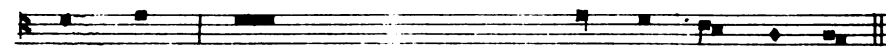
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.



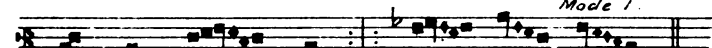
Grad: I was glad when they said un-to me: We will go



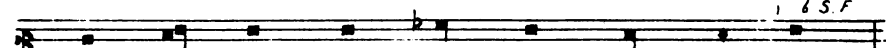
in-to the house of the Lord. V. Peace be with-in



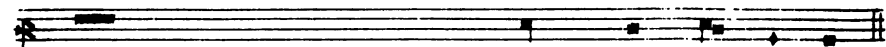
thy walls: and plenteousness with-in thy Pu-laces.



Al-le-lu — — — ia.



V. The hea-then shall fear Thy Name, O Lord:



and all the kings of the earth Thy Ma-jes-ty.

Repeat. “Alleluia”

SEQUENCE 129 or 690

Introit.

Mode 1.

Je - sus, walk - ing by the sea - of Ga - li - lee,

saw - two bre - thren, Pe - ter and An - drew;

and He call - ed them, say - - ing, Come

ye af - ter me, I will make you to

be - come fish - ers of men. Ps: The Heavens

declare the glo - ry of God: and the firmament

shew - eth His han - dy work. V. Glo - ry

be to the Father, and to the Son, and

to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in

the beginning, is now, and ex - er shall

be. World with - out end. A - men.

Repeat Introit "Jesus, walking"

79 continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2.F.

Grad. *Thou shalt make them princes in all*

lands: they shall re-mem-ber Thy Name,

O Lord. *V. In-stead of thy fa-thers thou*

shalt have Chil-dren: there-fore shall the

peo-ple give thanks un-to Thee.

Mod. II.
Al-le-lu--ia.

a - - - - -

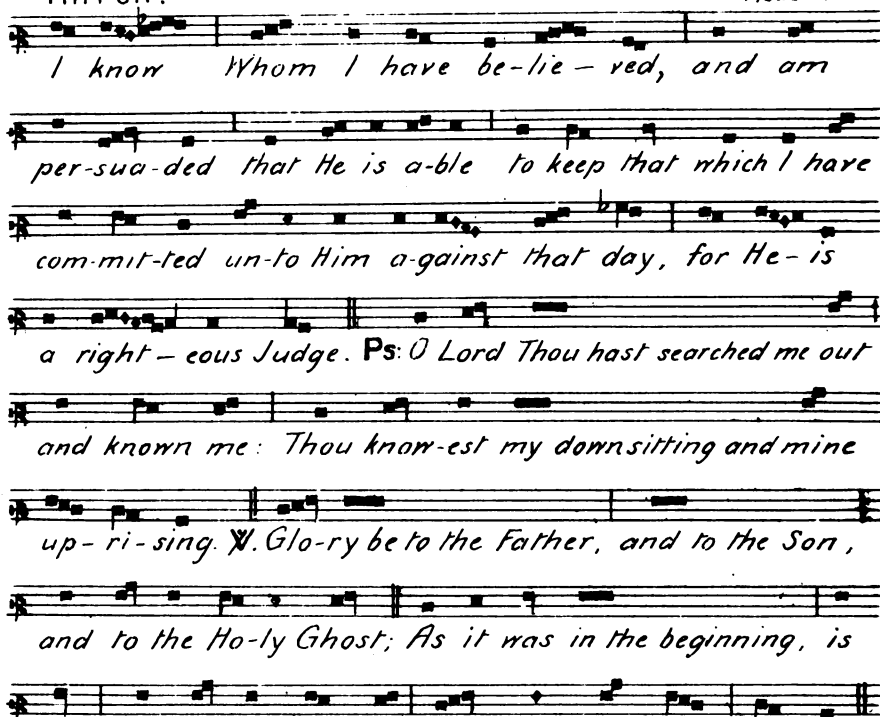
V. The Lord lov-ed An-drew: as a sweet smelling so-our.

Repeat - "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 141.

Introit.

Mode 1.

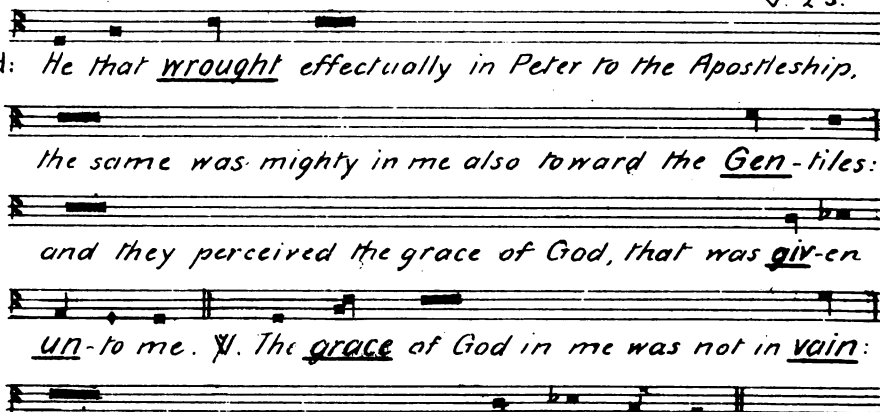


I know Whom I have be-lie-red, and am
 per-sua-ded that He is a-ble to keep that which I have
 com-mit-ted un-to Him a-gainst that day, for He-is
 a right-eous Judge. Ps: O Lord Thou hast searched me out
 and known me: Thou know-est my down-sitting and mine
 up-ri-sing. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
 and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the begin-ning, is
 now, and ex-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "I know Whom."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2 S.



Grad: He that wrought effectually in Peter to the Apostleship,
 the same was mighty in me also toward the Gen-tiles:
 and they perceived the grace of God, that was giv-en
un-to me. V. The grace of God in me was not in vain:
 but His grace a-bid-eth in me for ex-er.

Before Septuagesima add.

Al - le - lu - ia. a - - -

Repeat "Alleluia"

After Septuagesima omit Alleluia and V. following & sing, after the gradual.

[illegible]

45

81. The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.

Introit

Mod. 1.

*We wait, O God-, for Thy lo-ving kind-ness, in the
midst of Thy tem-ple; ac-cord-ing to Thy Name, O
God, so is Thy praise un-to the world's end--;
Thy right hand is full of righ-teous-ness. Ps: Great
is the Lord, and high-ly to be prais-ed: in the city
of our God, even up-on His ho-ly hill. V. Glo-ry be
to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and
er-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.*

Repeat Introit "We wait, O God"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VI. S. R. F.

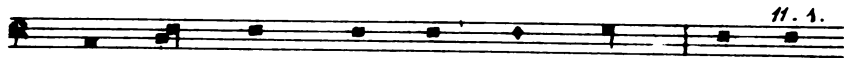
Grad: *We wait for Thy loving-kindness O God: in the
midst of Thy Tem-ple. V. O God according to Thy
Name, so is Thy praise un-to the world's end:
Thy right hand is full of righ-teous-ness.*

81 continued.

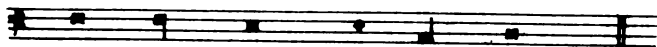
Before Septuagesima add:



Al-le-lu — — ia , a — — — .



¶ The an-cient car-ried the Child: but the

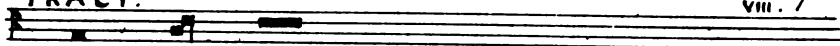


Child go-verned the an-cient. Repeat "Alleluia".

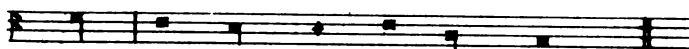
SEQUENCE 131.

After Septuagesima omit Alleluia and ¶ following ¶ sing, after the gradual.

TRACT.



Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in



peace: ac-cord-ing to Thy word.

¶ For mine eyes have seen: Thy sal-va-tion.

¶ Which thou hast pre-par-ed: before

the face of all peo-ple.

¶ To be a light to lighten the Gen-tiles:

and to be the glory of Thy peo-ple Is-rael.

82. The Annunciation of our Lady.

Introit.

Mode 1.

Drop down ye hea-vens from a-bove- and let the skies
pour down right-eous-ness; let the earth be o-pen-ed,
(In Easter-tide)
and let it bring forth Sal-ra-tion. Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia. Ps: And let righteousness spring
up to-ge-ther: I.— the Lord have cre-a-ted it. V. Glo-ry
be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ex-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.
Repeat Introit "Drop down"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL IN LENT.

V. 2.

Grad: Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye
everlasting doors: and the King of glo-ry shall come
in. V. Who shall ascend into the Hill of the Lord:
or who shall rise up in His holy place? even he
that hath clean hands and a pure heart.

82 continued.

TRACT

Hail, thou that art highly fa-voured: the Lord is with thee. V. Bless-ed art thou among wo-men: and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. V. The Ho-ly Ghost shall come upon thee: and the power of the Highest shall o-ver-sha-dow thee. V. There-fore that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee: shall be call-ed the Son of God.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL, IN EASTERTIDE.

Mode II.

Al-le-lu-ia. a

V. Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.

Mode VIII.

Al-le-lu-ia. a

VIII. I

V. The rod of Jesse hath blossomed, a Virgin hath brought forth God and Man: God hath restored peace, reconciling to Himself all things, both in Hea-ven and earth.

repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 132

(This Sequence is sung even in Lent.)

Introit.

Mode I.

They cri-ed un-to Thee O— Lord in the time of their
 trou-ble; and Thou heard-est them from Hea — — — ven,
 Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu — — ia. Ps: Re-joice in the
 Lord, O ye righ-teous: for it becometh well the just to
 be thank-ful. ✠ Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
 and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and ev-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.
 Repeat Introit — "They cried"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode VII.

Al-le-lu-ia. a — — — — —

The righ-teous man shall stand in great bold-ness:
 be-fore the face of such as have af-flict-ed him.

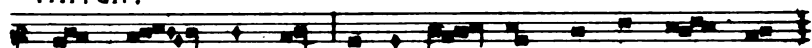
Al-le-lu-ia. a — — — — —

✠ Did not our hearts burn with-in us: while
 He talk-ed with us by the way. Repeat "Alleluia"

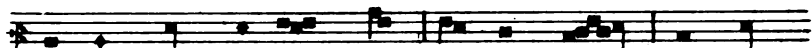
84. The Invention of the Holy Cross.

Introit.

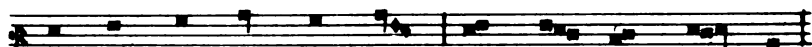
Mode IV.



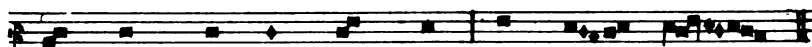
But as— for us, it be-ho-ve-th us to glo-ry



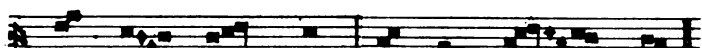
in the Cross of our Lord Je-sus Christ, in Whom



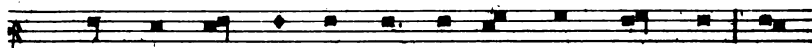
is our sal-va-tion, life, and re-sur-rec-tion:



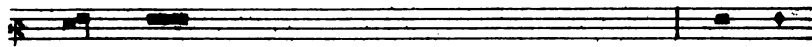
by Whom we are sav-ed and set-free---



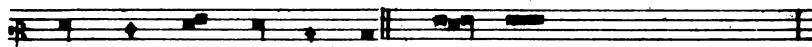
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu---ia.



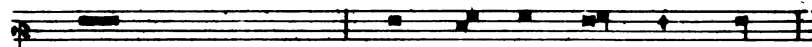
Ps: God be mer-ci-ful un-to us: and bless us: and



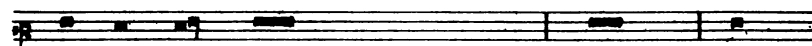
shew us the light of His countenance, and be



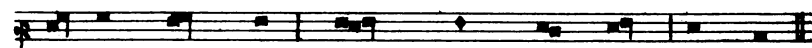
mer-ci-ful un-to us. Glo-ry be to the Father,



and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost:



As it was in the beginning, is now, and

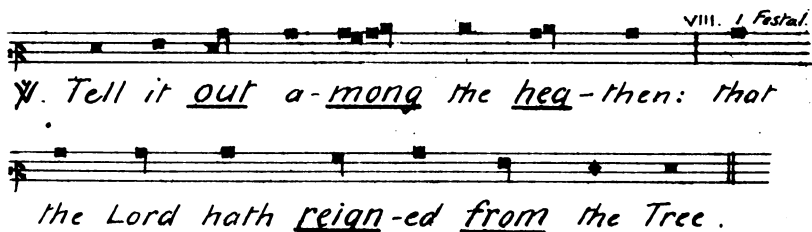
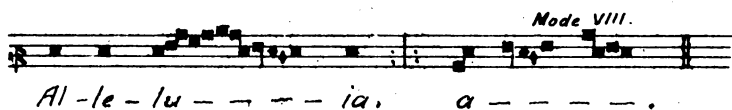
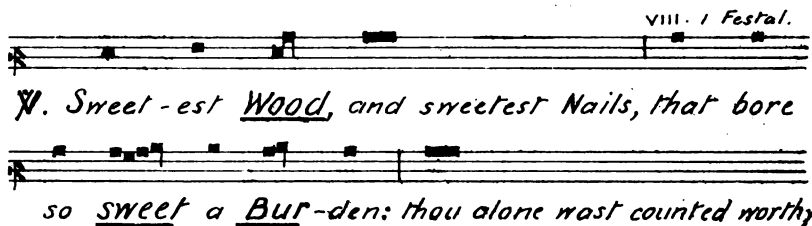
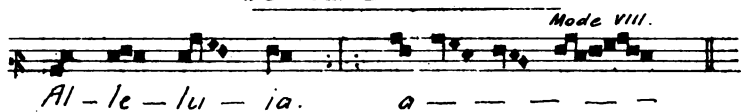


ev-er shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit—“But as for us.”

84 continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

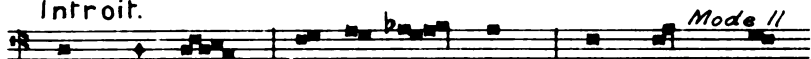


Repeat - "Alleluia"

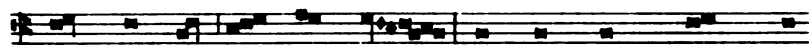
SEQUENCE 133 or 134.

Introit.

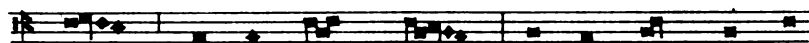
Mode II



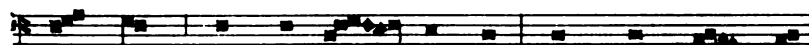
From the womb of my mo - ther, the Lord hath



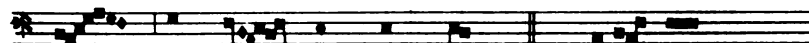
call - ed me by my name, and He hath made my



mouth like a sharp sword: in the sha - dow of



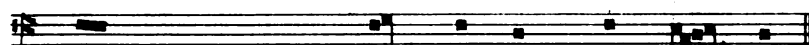
His hand hath He hid - den me, and hath made me



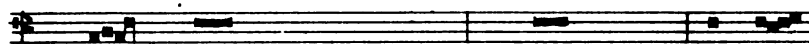
like a po - lish - ed shaft. Ps. It is a good



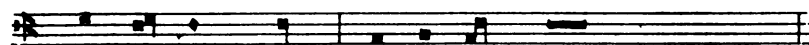
thing to give thanks un - to the Lord: and to sing



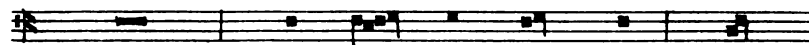
praises unto Thy Name O Thou most High - est.



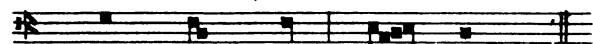
V. Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to



the Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,



is now, and eu - er shall be; World



with - out end, A - men. Repeat Introit. "From the womb"

85 continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

v. 2. 3

Grad. Be-fore I formed thee in the womb, I knew thee:

and before thou camest forth out of

the womb, I sanc-ti-fi-ed thee. V. The Lord

put forth His hand: and touch-ed my mouth.

Made II

Al-le-lu-ia. a - - - .

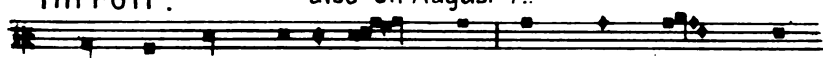
II. 1.

V A-mong them that are born of wo-men:

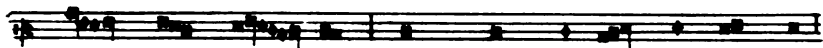
there hath not risen a greater than

John the Bap-tist. Repeat "Alleluia"

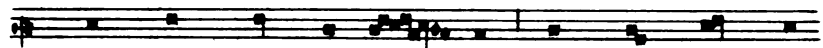
SEQUENCE 135.



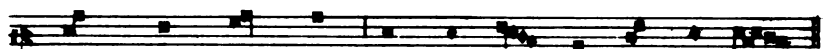
Now I know of a sure-ty, that the Lord hath



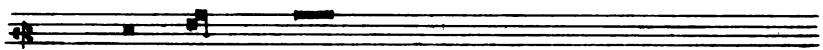
sent His An-gel; and hath de-li-ver-ed me



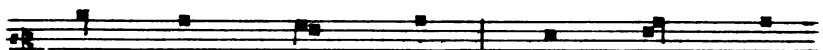
from the hand of He-rod, and from all the



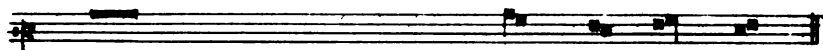
ex-pect-a-tion of the people of the Jews.



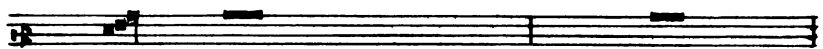
Ps. O Lord, Thou hast searched me



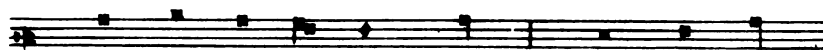
out and known me: Thou know-est



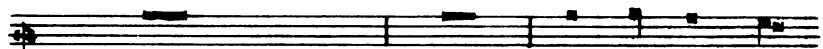
my down-sitting and mine up-ri-sing.



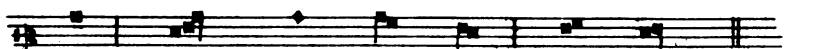
V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,



and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was



in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall



be: World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit - "Now I know"

86. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2. 5

Grad Thou shalt make them princes in all lands;
 they shall re-mem-ber Thy Name,
 O Lord. V. In-stead of thy fa-thers
 thou shalt have chil-dren: therefore
 shall the people give thänks un-to Thee.
 Mode II.
 Al-le-lu-ia. a - -

II. 1

V. Bless-ed art thou Simon Bar-jon-a,
 for flesh and blood hath not revealed it
 un-to thee: but my Father Which is in Hea-ven.

Repeat "Alleluia"

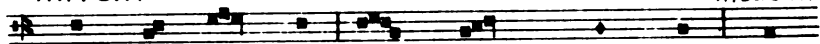
SEQUENCE 141.

87.

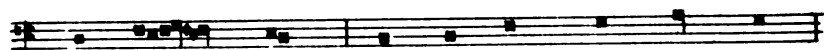
S. Mary Magdalen.

Introit.

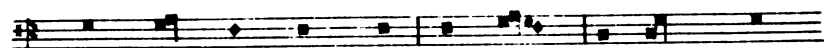
Mode II.



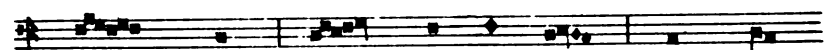
The un-god-ly laid wait for me to



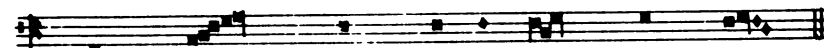
de-stroy me, but I will con-si-der



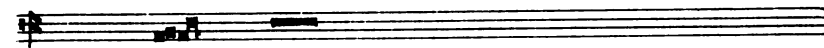
Thy tes-ti-mon-ies O Lord: I see that



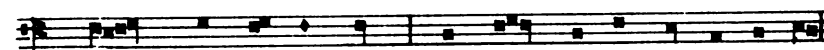
all things come to an end, but Thy



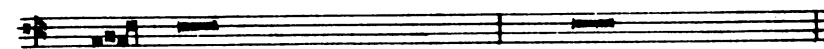
com-mand-ment is ex-ceed-ing broad.



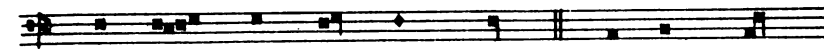
Ps. Bless-ed are those that are unde-



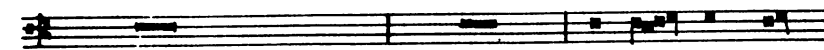
-fil-ed in the way: and walk in the law of the Lord.



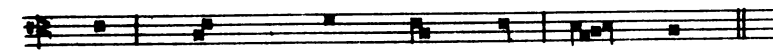
X Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,



and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was



in the beginning, is now, and ever shall



be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "The ungodly"

87. continued

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VIII. 1.

Grad. Full of grace are thy lips: because God
 hath blessed thee for ex-er. X. Thou hast
lov-ed righteousness & hated in-i-qui-ty:
 wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed
 thee with the oil of glad-ness

Mode VIII.

Al- le - lu - ia. a - - -

VIII. 4

X. Ma-ry hath chosen that good part:
 which shall not be ta-ken a-way from her.

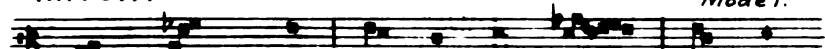
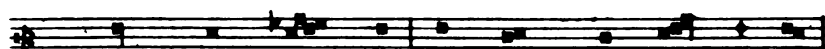
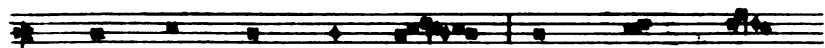
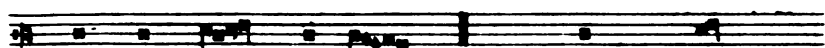
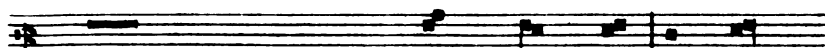
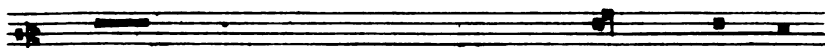
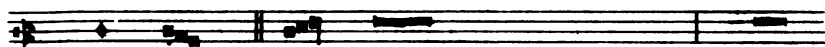
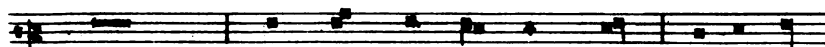
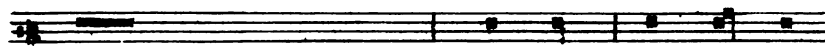
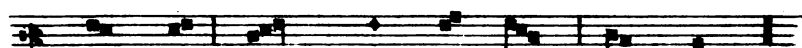
Repeat "Alleluia"SEQUENCE 136.

88.

S. Anne .

Introit.

Model.

*Re-joice we all in the Lord, cel-e-**bra-ting a Fes-ti-ual in hon-our of**Bless-ed An-na: in whose so-lem-ni-ty**the An-gels re-joice, and sing praise**to the Son of God. Ps. My heart**is inditing of a good mat-ter; I speak**of the things which I have made un-to**the King. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to**the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was**in the beginning, is now, and eu-er.**shall be, World with-out end. A-men.*Repeat Introit—"Rejoice we"

88. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VIII. 1.

Grad. Full of grace are thy lips: because God

hath blessed thee for ev-er. Ps. Thou hast

lov-ed righteousness & hated in-i-qui-ty:

wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed

thee with the oil of glad-ness.

Mode. VIII.

Al - le - lu - ia . a - -

VIII. 1.

Ps. Hail, ho-ly Anna, of whom was born

the Vir-gin Ma-ry: who conceived from

Heaven and brought forth the Sa-viour

of the world. Repeat. "Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 146.

89.

The Transfiguration.

Introit.

Mode III

The Light-nings gave shine un-to
the world: the earth was mov-ed
and shook with-al... Ps: O how
amiable are Thy dwell-ings, Thou Lord
of hosts: my soul hath a desire and
longing to enter in-to the courts
of the Lord. V. Glo-ry be to
the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in
the beginning, is now, and ex-er shall
be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "The Lightnings."

Grad. In the day of Thy power shall the people

offer their free-will offerings with an holy

WOR-ship: the dew of Thy Birth is of the

womb of the morn-ing. *V.* A hal-lowed

day hath dawned up-on us: Come

ye nations and adore the Lord,

for a great light hath this day

des-cend-ed up-on the earth.

Al-le - - lu - - ia. a - - - -

Mode VII.

VII. I.S.R.F.

V. The Lord said un-to My Lord: Sit Thou on my right

hand, until I make Thine en-e-mies Thy foot-stool.

Repeat "Alleluia"

90. The Sweet Name of Jesus.

Introit.

Mode III.

At the Name of Je-sus ev'-ry knee shall

bow, of things in Hea-ven, and things in

earth, and things un-der the earth: and

ev'-ry tongue shall con-fess-- that Je-sus

Christ is Lord in the glo-ry of God the

Fa--ther. Ps: O Lord our Go-vern-or: how

ex-cel-lent is Thy Name in all the world.

✠. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was

in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall

be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit "At the Name"

90 continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

IV. 1

Grad. God the Fa-ther hath set Jesus Christ at His
own Right Hand: in the Hea-ven-ly pla-ces.

¶ Far a-bove all principality, and powers,

and might, and dominion, and every name

that is nam-ed: not only in this world,

but also in that which is to come, and

hath put all things un-der His Feet.

Mode VIII.

Al-le-lu - - - ia. a - - - - -

VIII. 1

¶ Help us, O God of our salvation, for the

glory of Thy Name: O deliver us, and be

merciful unto our sins, for Thy Name's sake.

Repeat. "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 137.

91. The Beheading of S. John Baptist.

Introit.

Mode V.

*I will speak of Thy tes - ti - mo - nies e - ven be - fore kings,
and will not be a - sha - med; and my de - light shall be in
Thy com - mand - ments, which I have lo - ved ex - ceed - ing - ly.*

*Ps: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing
praises unto Thy Name, O Most High - est. V. Glo - ry be to the Father,
and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be; World with - out end. A - men.*

Repeat Introit - "I will speak."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

11. 1.

*Grad. Thou hast set upon his head, O Lord: a crown of
pure gold. V. Thou hast giv - en him his heart's de - sire:
and hast not denied him the request of his lips.*

Mode I.

Al - le - lu - ia. a -

1. 1.

*V. He - rod sent an ex - e - cu - tion - er: and commanded
that John should be beheaded in the pri - son.*

Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 135.

92. The Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Introit.

Mode IV.

*But as -- for us, it be-ho-- veth us to glo- ry in the Cross of
our Lord Je-sus Christ, in Whom is our sal-va-tion, life, and
re-sur-rec-tion: by Whom we are sa-ved and set- free --*

*Ps: God be mer-ci-ful un-to us, and bless us: and shew us the light of His
countenance, and be mer-ci-ful un-to us. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and
to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ex-er shall be; World with-out end. A-men.*

Repeat Introit, "But as for us".

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

VI. S. R. F.

*Grad. Christ became obedient for us UN-to death: e-ven the death of the
Cross. V. Where-fore God also hath highly ex-alt-ed Him:
and given Him a Name which is a-bove ev-ry name.*

Mode VIII.

Al-le-lu -- ia. a --

VIII. I

*V. Tell it out among the hea-then: that the
Lord hath reign-ed from the Tree.*

Repeat "Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 133 or 134.

93. S. Michael and All Angels.

Introit.

Mode III.

O praise the Lord, all ye An-gels of His: ye that
ex-cel in strength, ye that ful-fil His com-mand-ment,
and heark-en un-to the voice of His words.

Ps: Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is
with-in me praise His Ho-ly Name. V. Glo-ry be to
the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ex-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "O praise the Lord."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

IV. /

Grad. O praise the Lord all ye An-gels of His: ye that ex-cel
in strength. V. Ye that fulfil His com-mand-ment:
and hearken unto the voice of His words.

Mode VIII.

Al-le-lu-ia. a - - - - -
VIII. /

V. In the pre-sence of the An-gels: will I sing praise un-to Thee.
Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 138.

Introit.

Mode VI.

The mouth of the right-eous is ex-er-cis-ed in wis-dom,
 and his tongue will be talk-ing of Judge - - ment:
 the law of his God is in - - his heart. Ps: Fret not thy-self
 be-cause of the un-god-ly: nei-ther be thou en-vi-ous
 a-gainst the e-vil do-ers. V. Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and
 to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the begin-ning,
 is now, and ev-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit - "The mouth"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad: The mouth of the righteous is exercised in Wis-dom:

and his tongue will be talk-ing of judge-ment. V. The law
 of his God is in his heart; and his go-ings shall not slide.

Al - le - lu - ia . a - - - - - Mode I.

V. I, the First will say unto Zion, Be-hold, be-hold them:

and I will give to Jerusalem one that bring-eth good ti-dings.

Repeat - "Alleluia".

95.

All Saints' Day.

Introit

Model

Re-joyce we all in the Lord, cel-e-bra-ting a fes-ti-val,
 in honour of all the Saints: at whose so-lem-ni-ty
 the An-gels re-joyce and sing praise to the Son
 of God. Ps. Re-joyce in the Lord, O ye right-eous: for it
 becometh well the just to be thank-ful. V. Glo-ry be to the Father,
 and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and eu-er shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit: "Rejoyce we all."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

//. 1.

Grad. O fear the Lord, ye that are His Saints: for they
 that fear Him lack no-thing. V. But they who seek the Lord:
 shall want no manner of thing that is good.

Mode VIII.

Al-le-lu-ia a - - -

V The Saints shall judge the nations, and have dominion
 over the peo-ple: and their Lord shall reign for eu-er.

Repeat "Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 139.

96. Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

Introit

Mode VI.

Rest e-ter-nal grant un-to them, O Lord -

and may light per-pet-u-al ligh - ten up-on them.

Ps Thou, O God, art praised in Si-on: and un-to Thee

shall the vow be performed in Je-ru-sa-lem; Thou that

hearest the prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Repeat Introit - "Rest eternal."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

II. 1.

Grad Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord: and may

light perpetual ligh-ten up-on them.

V. Let their souls dwell at ease: and their seed in-herit the Land

TRACT.

VIII. 1

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord:

Lord, hear my voice.

V. O let Thine ears consider well: the voice of my com-plaint:

*V. If Thou, Lord wilt be extreme to mark what is done a-miss:
O Lord, who may a-bide it?*

V. For there is mercy with Thee: therefore shalt Thou be fear-ed.

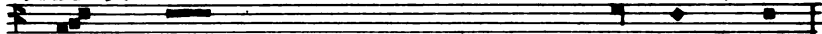
SEQUENCE 140.

96. continued.

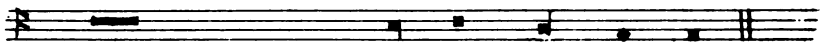
But at Funerals, if the Corpse be present, or if the Service be for a Bishop, the following Tract is sung :—

TRACT.

VIII. 1.



Like as the hart desireth the wa-ter brooks:



so longeth my soul af-ter Thee, O God.

*℣. My sôul is athirst for God, yea, even for
the living God: when shall I come to
appear be-fore the pre-sence of God?*

*℣. My tears have been my meat day and
night: while they daily say unto
me, Where is now thy God?*

NOTE: For complete Plainsong setting see:—

"Requiem Æternam; a Manual of Ritual Music for the Burial of the Dead."

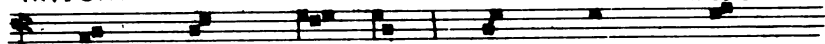
By Doran and Nottingham, Novello & Co, Limited.

97.

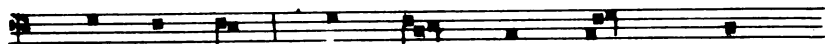
Common of Apostles.

Introit.

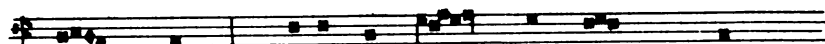
Mode II



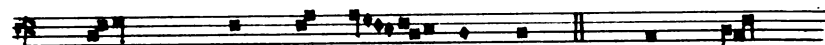
How dear, O God, are Thy friends



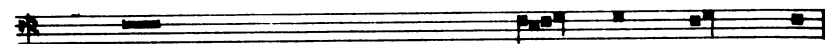
un-to me, and held in high - est



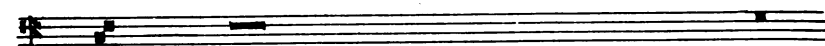
ho-nour: Very se-cure-ly is their



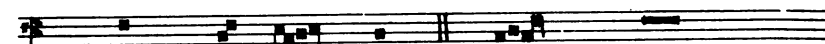
prince-dom es-tab - lish-ed Ps. O Lord,



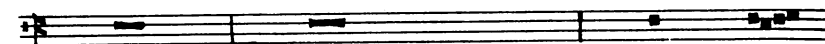
Thou hast searched me out and known me:



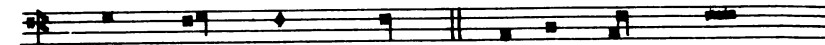
Thou knowest my downsitting, and



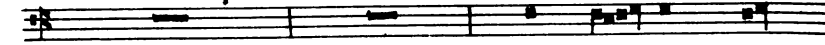
mine up-ris-ing. V. Glo - ry be to the



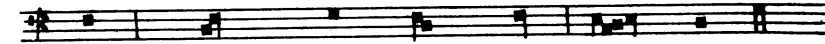
Father, and to the Son, and to



the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the



beginning, is now, and eu-er shall



be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit - "How dear."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. Their sound is gone out into all lands : and their words
in- to the ends of the world. *V. 2.*
 The Hea-vens declare the glory of
God; and the firmament shew-eth His hand-i-work.
Mode VIII.
 Al - le - lu - ia . a - -

VIII. 1
V. By the hands of the A-pos-Hes : were many signs &
 wonders wrought a-mong the peo-ple. Repeat, "Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 141, FOR S. MATTHEW 142, FOR S. BARNABAS 143 OR 144.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL, AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA.

Grad. Their sound x x x x x x x hand-i-work (as above V. 2).
 TRACT. *VIII. 1*
Bless-ed is the man that feareth the Lord; he hath
 great delight in His com-mand-ments.
V. His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the gener-
 -ation of the faithful shall be bless-ed.
V. Rich-es and plenteousness shall be in his house :
 and his righteousness en-dur-eth for ev-er.

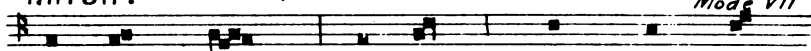
98.

Common of Martyrs.

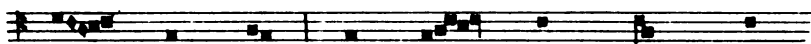
Introit.

(out of Eastertide.)

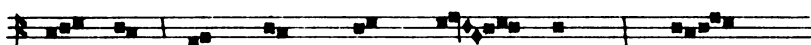
Mode VII



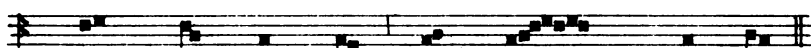
In Thy strength, O Lord, shall the right-



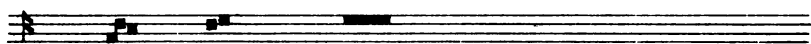
eous re-joice, ex-ceed-ing glad shall



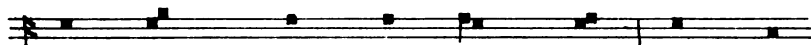
he be of Thy sal-ua-tion: Thou



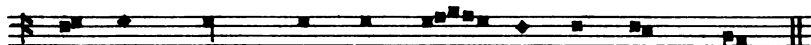
hast giu-en him his heart's de-sire.



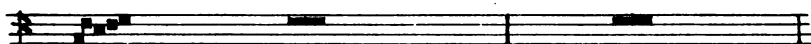
Ps. For Thou shalt prevent him with



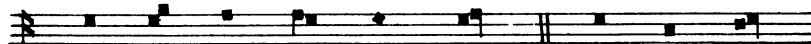
the bless-ings of good-ness: and shalt



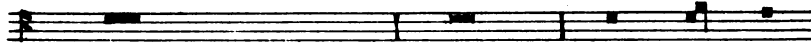
set a crown of pure gold up-on his head.



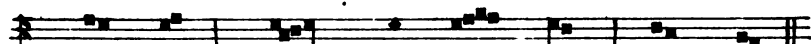
V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,



and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was



in the beginning, is now, and eu-er



shall be, World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit "In Thy strength."

98. continued.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 25

Grad. Bless-ed is the man that feareth the Lord: he hath great
delight in His com-mand-ments. V. His seed shall be mighty
upon earth: the generation of the faithful shall be bless-ed.

Al - le - lu - ia . a - - - Mode II.

V. Thou shalt set a crown of pure gold: up-on his head. II. 1

SEQUENCE 143 or 144.

Repeat "Alleluia."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA.

TRACT

VIII. 1.

Thou hast giu-en him his heart's de-sire: and hast
not denied him the re-quest: of his lips.

V. For Thou shalt prevent him: with the bless-ings of good-ness.

V. Thou shalt set a crown of pure gold: up-on his head.

Common of Martyrs.

Introit.

(in Eastertide.)

Mode VII.

Thou hast hid-den me, O God, from the ga-ther-ing to-geth-
 -er of the fro - ward, Al-le-lu - ia: from the in - sur-
 rec - tion of wick-ed do - ers, Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le-
 lu - ia. Ps. Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer; preserve my life
 from fear of the e - ne-my. V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the
 Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the begin-ning, is now,
 and eu-er shall be, World with-out end, A-men.
 Repeat Introit - "Thou hast hidden."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Mode VII.

Al - le - lu - ia. a - - - -
 VII. 7. F
 V. The righ - teous shall re-joice in the Lord, and put his
trust in Him: and all they that are true of heart shall be glad.
 Mode II.
 Al - le - lu - ia. a - - - -
 II. 4.
 V. Christ is risen, and hath en-ligh-tened His peo-ple:
 whom He hath redeemed with His own Blood.
 Repeat - "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 143 OR 144 - FOR S. MARK. 142.

100 Common of a Confessor and Bishop.

Introit

Mode I:

The Lord hath es-tab—lish-ed a co-re-nant of peace—
with him, and made him a chief. that he should possess
the dig-ni-ty of the priest-hood for ex — — — er.
In Eastertide:

Al-le-lu-ia. Al-le — — lu — — ia.

Ps: Lord re-mem-ber Da-vid: and all his trou-ble.

¶ Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ex-er shall be: World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit "The Lord hath."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

v. 2 S.

rad: Be-hold a High Priest: who in his day plea-sed God. ¶ There
was found none like him: who kept the law of the Most High.

Mode VIII

Al-le — — — lu-ia. a — — —

viii. 1

¶ The Lord loved him and beautified him: He
clothed him with a robe of glo-ry.

Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 145 or 146

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA.

rad. Be höld a High Priest: who in his day plea-sed God.

¶ There was found none like him: who kept the law of
TRACT. VIII. 1.

the Most High. Bless-ed is the man that feareth the
Lord: he hath great delight in His com-mand-ments.

¶ His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the
generation of the faithful shall be bless-ed.

¶ Rich-es and plenteousness shall be in his house:
and his righteousness en-du-reth for ev-er.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL, IN EASTERTIDE.

Al-le - lu - ia. a - - - Mode VIII. VIII. 1.

¶ The right-eous shall rejoice in the Lord, and put his trust
in Him: and all they that are true of heart shall be glad.

Al-le - lu - ia. a - - - Mode II. II. 1.

¶ Christ is risen, and hath en-ligh-tened His peo-ple:
whom He hath redeemed with His own Blood.

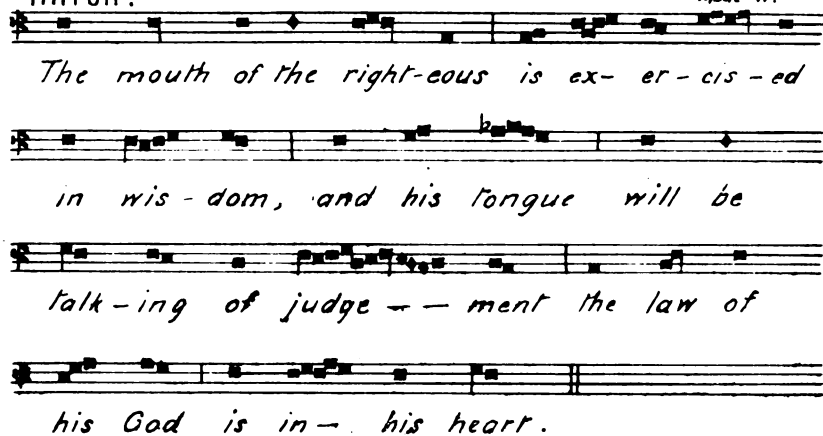
Repeat "Alleluia".

SEQUENCE 145 or 146.

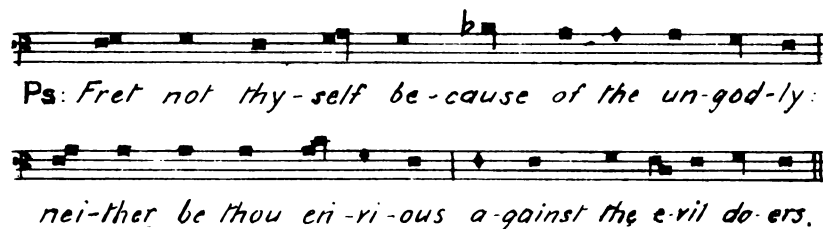
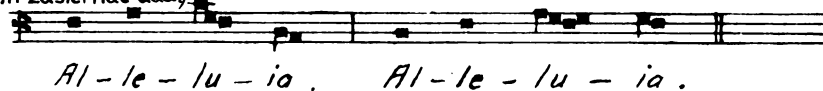
101 Common of a Confessor not a Bishop.

Introit.

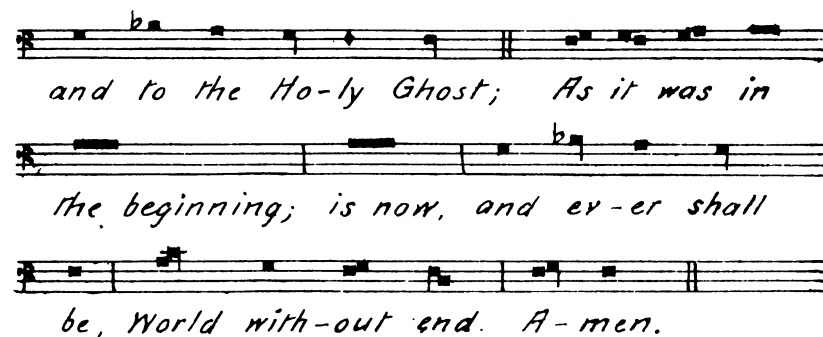
Mode VI.



(In Easterhild add.)



V. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,



Repeat Introit. "The mouth."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. The mouth of the righteous is exercised in
Wis-dom; and his tongue will be talk-ing of
judge-ment. ¶ The law of his God is in his
heart: and his go-ings shall not slide.
 Al-le - - - lu - - - ia. a - - - - - Mode II.
 ¶ I have laid help upon one that is migh-ty:
 I have exalted one chosen out of the peo-ple.
 Repeat "Alleluia!"

SEQUENCE 145 or 146

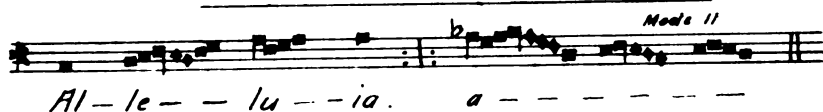
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA.

Grad. The mouth of the - - - - shall not slide. (as above)
 TRACT. VIII. I.
 Thou hast giv-en him his heart's de-sire: and hast
 not denied him the re-quest of his lips. ¶ For Thou
 shalt prevent him with the blessings of good-ness:
 and shalt set a crown of pure gold up-on his head.

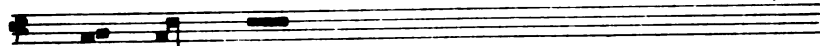
[continued.]

101 continued.

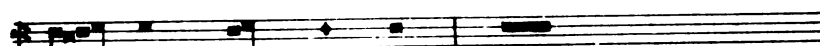
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL, IN EASTERTIDE.



II. I.



V. The righteous shall rejoice in the Lord, and

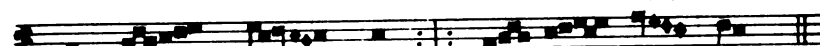


put his trust in Him: and all they that

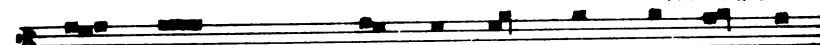


are true of heart shall be glad.

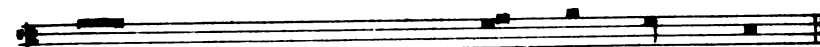
Mode IV.



IV. I Sarum.



V. Christ is risen, and hath en-light-ened His peo-ple:



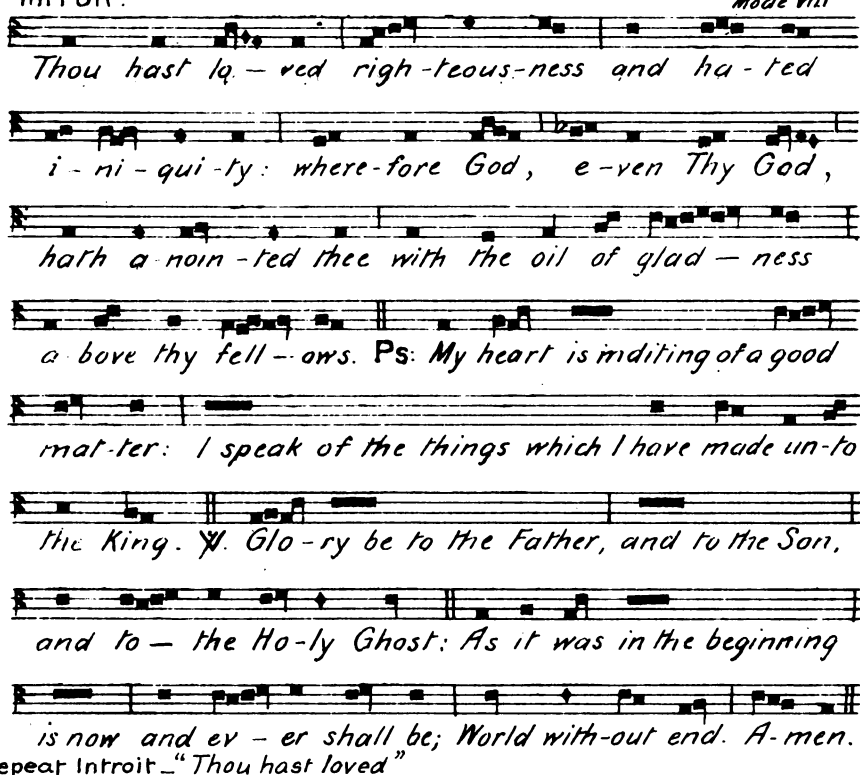
whom He hath redeemed with His own Blood.

Repeat—“Alleluia.”

SEQUENCE 145 or 146

Introit.

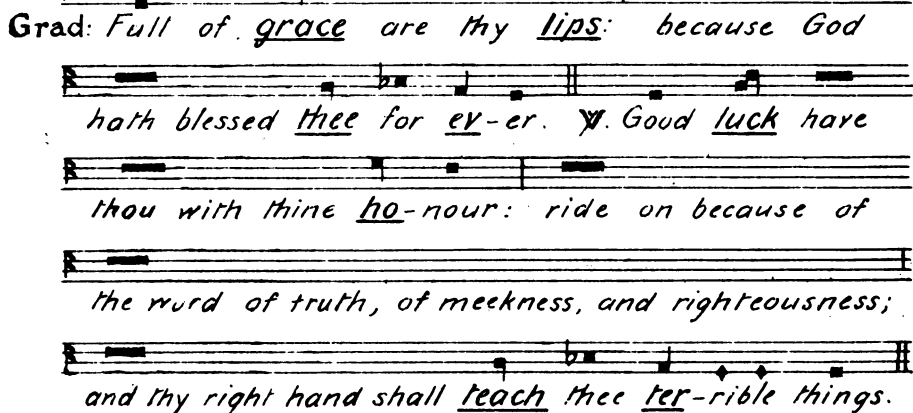
Mode VIII



Thou hast lo - ved right - teous - ness and ha - ted
i - ni - qui - ty: where - fore God, e - ven Thy God,
hath a noint - ed thee with the oil of glad - ness
a - bove thy fell - ows. Ps: My heart is inditing of a good
mat - ter: I speak of the things which I have made un - to
the King. V. Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to - the Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning
is now and ev - er shall be; World with - out end. A - men.
Repeat Introit - "Thou hast loved"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2 S.



Grad: Full of grace are thy lips: because God
hath blessed thee for ev - er. V. Good luck have
thou with thine ho - nour: ride on because of
the word of truth, of meekness, and righteousness;
and thy right hand shall teach thee ter - rible things.

102 continued.

Mode VI.

Al - le - lu - ia. a - - - -

VI. The Vir-gins that be her fellows shall bear

her com-pany: and shall be brought un-to Thee.

Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 147

After Septuagesima, (instead of Alleluia and Ψ with Sequence).
after the gradual, is said:—

TRACT. II. 7.

Heark-en, O daughter, and consider, incline thine

ear: so shall the King have plea-sure in thy beau-ty.

Ψ . The rich also among the peo-ple: shall make
their suppli-ca-tion be-fore Thee.

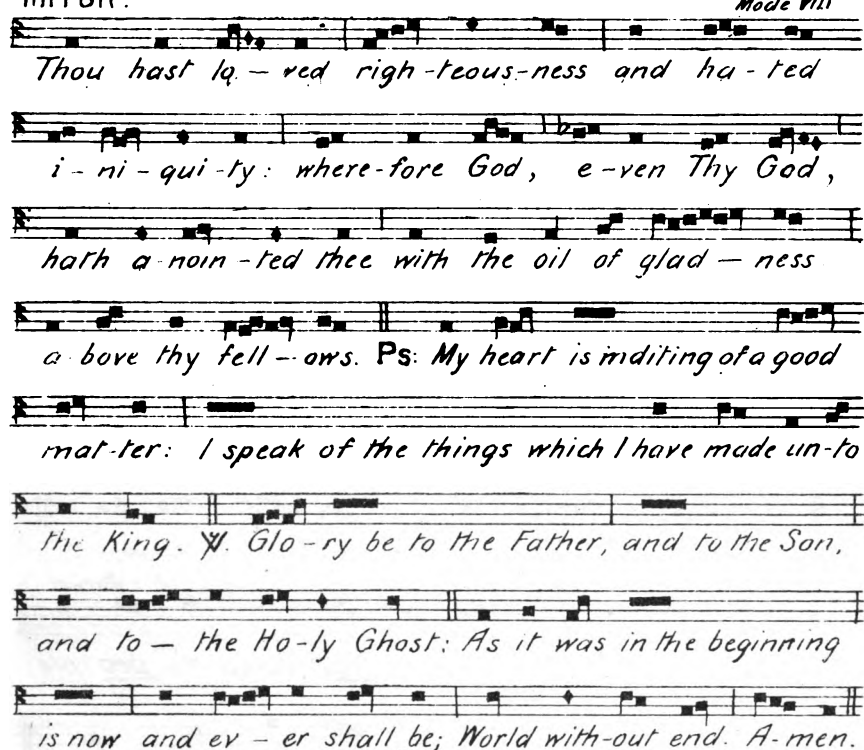
Ψ . The Vir-gins that be her fellows shall bear her
com-pany: and shall be brought un-to Thee.

Ψ . With joy and gladness shall they be brought:
and shall enter into the King's Pa-lace.

Common of Virgins.

Introit.

Mode VIII

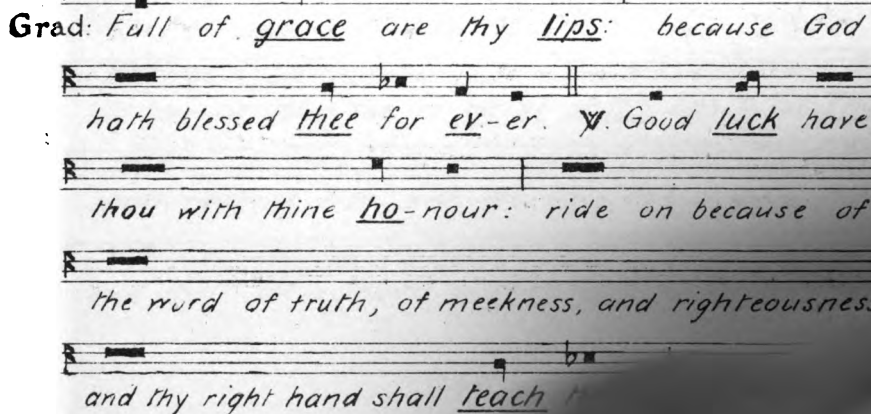


Thou hast lo - ved right - eous - ness and ha - ved
i - ni - qui - ty: where - fore God, e - ven Thy God,
hath a - noint - ed thee with the oil of glad - ness
a - bove thy fel - lows. Ps: My heart is inditing of a good
mat - ter: I speak of the things which I have made un - to
the King. V. Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to - the Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in the beginning
is now and ev - er shall be; World with - out end. A - men.

Repeat Introit - "Thou hast loved"

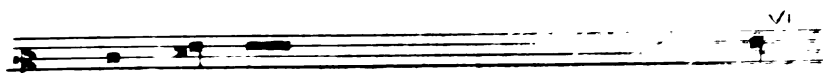
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2 S.

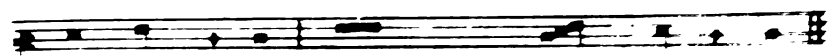


Grad: Full of grace are thy lips: because God
hath blessed thee for ev - er. V. Good luck have
thou with thine ho - nour: ride on because of
the word of truth, of meekness, and righteousness;
and thy right hand shall teach thee

102 continued.



VI. The Vir-gins that be her fellows shall bear



her com-pany: and shall be brought un-to Thee.

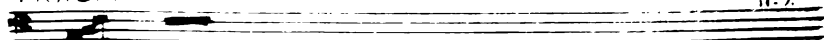
Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 147

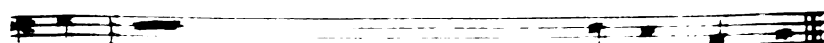
After Septuagesima, (instead of Alleluia and VI with Sequence).
after the gradual, is said: -

TRACT.

11. 7.



Heark-en, O daughter, and consider, incline thine



ear: so shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty.

VI. The rich also among the peo-ple: shall make

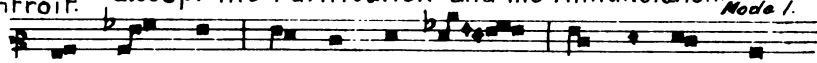
their suppli-ed from be-fore Thee

VI. The Vir-gins that be her fellows: shall bear her

com-pany and shall be brought un-to Thee.

VI. With joy and gladness shall they be brought

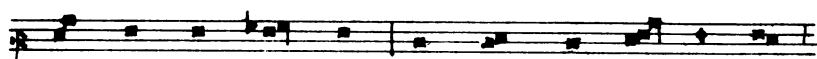
and shall be brought into King's pleasure.

Introit: Except the Purification and the Annunciation. *Mode 1.*


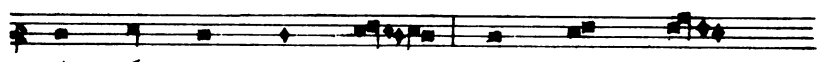
Re-joyce we all in the Lord, cel-e-bra-ting



a Fes-ti-val in ho-nour of bless-ed



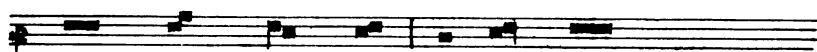
Ma-ry the Vir-gin; in whose so-lem-ni-ty



the An-gels re-joyce-, and sing praise



to the Son of God. Ps: My heart is inditing



of a good mat-ter: I speak of the things



which I have made un-to the King.



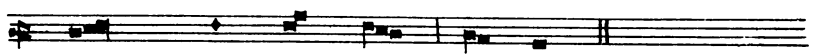
¶ Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,



and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in



the beginning, is now, and e-ver shall be,



World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit—"Rejoyce we."

Grad: Bless - ed and worthy of honour art thou,

O Vir - gin Ma - ry: who, without loss of

virginity, was found to be the Mo - ther

of the Sa - viour. *V.* O Vir - gin Mother

of God, He Whom the whole world

can - not con - tain: enshrined Himself

in thy womb, and was made Man.

Mode 11.
Al - le - lu - ia. a - - - -

11. 1.
V. Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord

is with thee: blessed art thou among women,

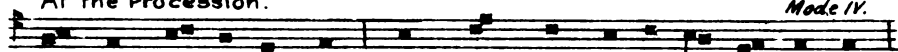
and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.

Repeat "Alleluia."

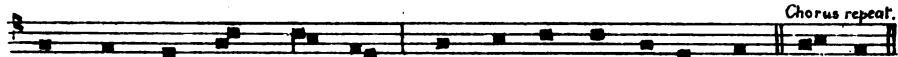
SEQUENCE 148 or 118

At the Procession.

Mode IV.

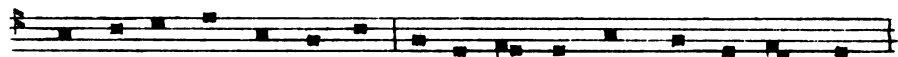


- 1 *Wel-come Fes-ti-val Day, thrice hall-ow'd for e-ver and e-ver.*

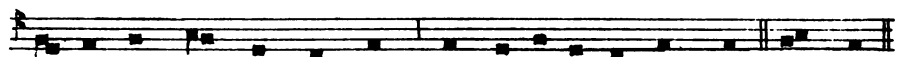


Chorus repeat.

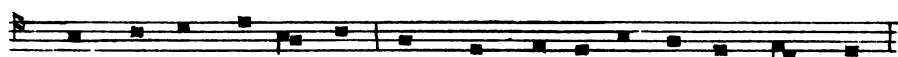
Day when the Spouse Di-rine, plight-eth His troth to the Bride. Wel-come.



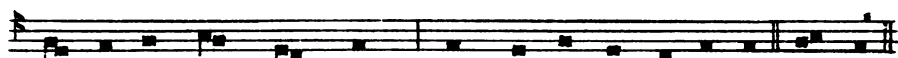
- 2 *This is the Pal-ace of God, the a-bode of peace and re-fresh-ment:*



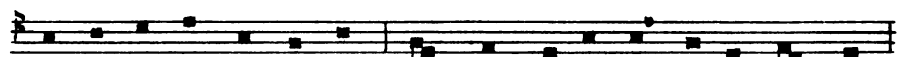
Ent-er-ing here can the poor rich-es of So-lo-mon find. Wel-come.



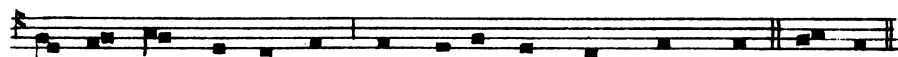
- 3 *Christ of Dav-id the Son, Who deign-ed to call us His breth-ren,*



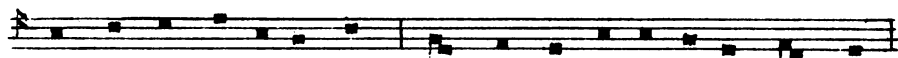
Here in our moth-ers Courts dwell-eth as God and as Man. Wel-come.



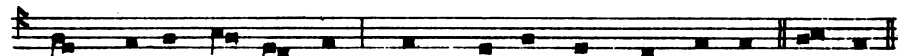
- 4 *Ye are a Hea-ven-ly race, and born of a mys-ti-cal wed-lock,*



Who by faith un-de-fil'd seek to be one with your Lord. Wel-come.



- 5 *Here the new Ci-ty of peace, from Hea-ven in glo-ry de-scead-ing,*



Shines in ap-par-el fair, wrought in the king-dom of light. Wel-come.

6 *¶ Bathed in bap-tis-mal dew's here faith's rich har-rest a bound-eth,
Gift of the right-e-ous King pledgd to His Church from on high. Wel-come.*

7 *¶ Tow-er of Da-vid is this, where who-so run-neth for re-fuge,
Here in the Name of the Lord pled-ges of safe-ty shall find. Wel-come.*

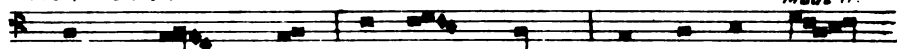
8 *¶ This is the ark of God, sure Re-fuge of aid for be-liev-ers,
Who, thro' the storms of life, pass to the Ha-ven of rest. Wel come.*

9 *¶ This is the lad-der, of old re-veal'd in a vi-sion to Ja-cob,
Which shall the faith-ful soul raise to the pre-sence of God. Wel-come.*

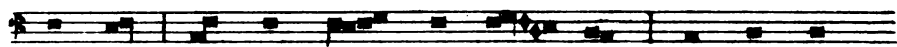
Note:— An alternative (Modern) setting of this Procession
is given on page. 182.

INTROIT.

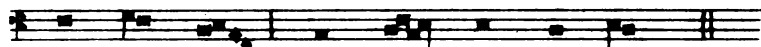
Mode II.



How dread-ful is this place: this is the House

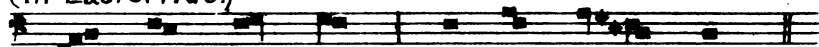


of God, and the Gate of Hea-ren: and it shall

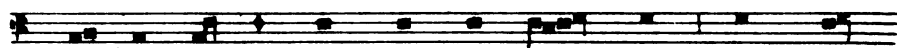


be call-ed the Pal-ace of God.

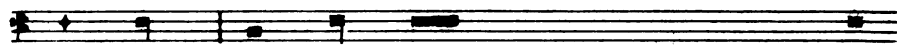
(In Eastertide.)



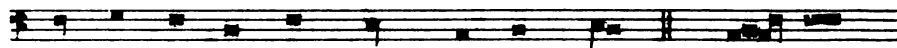
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.



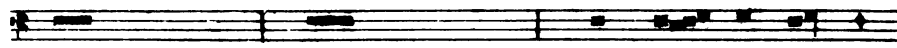
Ps: O how a-mi-able are Thy dwel-lings, Thou Lord



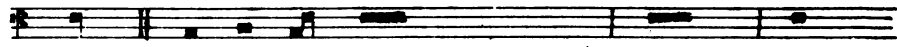
of Hosts: my soul hath a desire and longing to



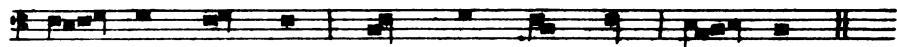
en-ter in-to the courts of the Lord. V. Glo-ry be



to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly



Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and



er--er shall be; World with-out end. A--men.

Repeat Introit - "How dreadful."

THE COLLECT (FOR S. S. SIMON AND JUDE'S DAY).

FOR THE EPISTLE, REV. XXI. 2-6

V. 2.

Grad: This dwel-ling is God's han-dy work: it is a
 mystery beyond compare, that can-not be spo-ken
 a-gainst. *V.* O God, in Whose Presence stand the Choirs of
An-gels: graciously hear Thy ser-vants' pe-ti-tions.

Mode VIII.

VIII. 1.

Al-le - lu - ia. a - - - - *V.* I will wor-ship
 toward Thy ho - ly Tem-ple: and will praise Thy Name.
 Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 149 or 150.

THE GOSPEL, S. LUKE, XIX. 1-10.

BETWEEN EPISTLE AND GOSPEL IN EASTERTIDE.

Mode VIII.

Al-le - lu - ia. a - - - -

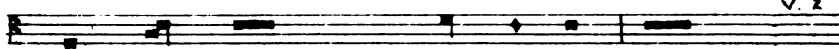
VIII. 1.

V. The Lord's House shall be established on the top- of
 the moun-tains: and shall be ex-alt-ed a-bove the hills.
 Repeat "Alleluia."

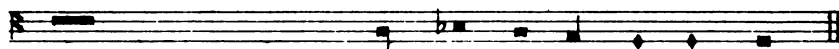
SEQUENCE 149 or 150.

BETWEEN EPISTLE AND GOSPEL AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA.

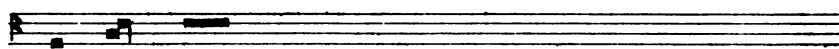
V. 2



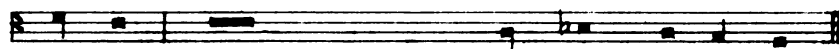
Grad. This dwell-ing is God's han-dy work: it is a mystery



beyond compare, that can-not be spo-ken a-gainst.



¶ O God in Whose Presence stand the Choirs of



An-gels: graciously hear Thy ser-vants' pe-tt-tions.

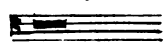
TRACT.

VIII. 1

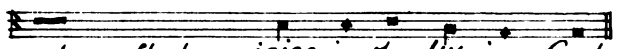


O how a-miable are Thy dwell-ings: Thou Lord of hosts.

¶ My Soul hath a desire and longing to



enter in-to the courts of the Lord: my heart



and my flesh re-joice in the liv-ing God.

¶ Yea, the spar-row hath found her an house, and the

swallow a nest where she may lay her young: even

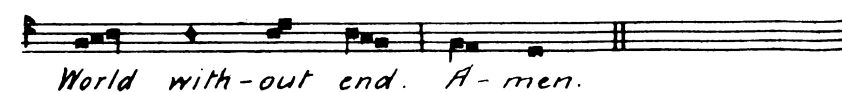
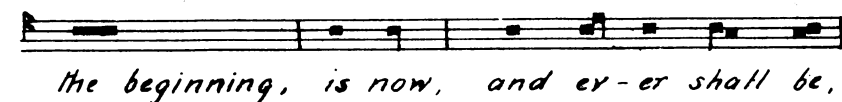
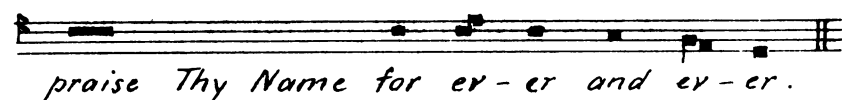
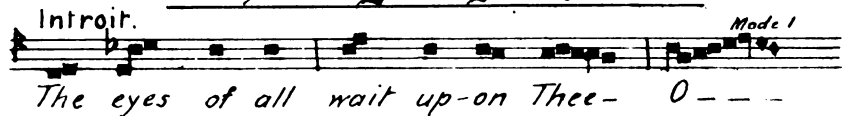
Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

¶ Bless-ed are they that dwell in Thy house:

they will be al-way prais-ing Thee.

Introit.

Mode 1



Repeat Introit "The eyes of all."

THE COLLECT.

O Almighty and everlasting God, Who hast given unto us the fruits of the earth in their season; Grant us grace to use the same to Thy glory, the relief of those that need, and our own comfort, through Jesus Christ, Who is the Living Bread Which cometh down from Heaven and giveth life unto the world; to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

THE EPISTLE I THESS. V. 16-24.

VII. Y

Grad: Let the peo-ple praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the

peo-ple praise Thee. ¶ Then shall the earth bring

forth her in-crease. and God, even our

own God, shall give us His bless-ing.

Mode VII.

Al-le--lu--ia. a-----

VII. 7

¶ How ma-nifold are Thy works, O Lord:

in wisdom hast Thou made them all;

the earth is full of Thy rich-es.

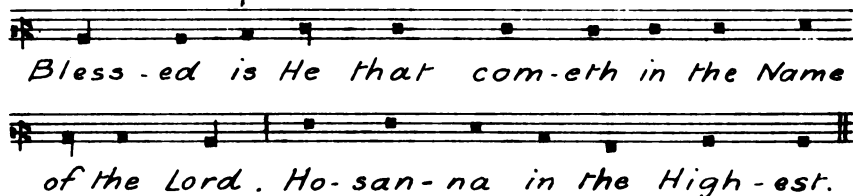
Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 124.

The GOSPEL, S. MATTHEW, XIII. 36-44.

107^A Before "The Prayer of Consecration."

Benedictus qui venit.



107^B After "The Prayer of Consecration",

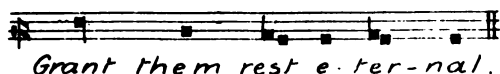
Agnus Dei.



* At a service for the Faithful Departed, in the place of—
"Have mercy upon us," substitute:—



* and for "Grant us Thy peace" substitute:—



Antiphons

with Psalm CXVII, to be sung at end of the Service.

108. Ego sum panis vivus.

Mode 1.

I am the liv-ing Bread, Which came down from Hea-ven;
if any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for eu-er.
(In Paschal-tide)
eu-er, Al-le-lu-ia. o-i-ou-e-a-e.

109. Sapiencia.

Mode 1.

Wis-dom hath build-ed an house for her-self;
she hath ming-led her wine, and hath fur-nish-ed her ta-ble.
(In Paschal tide)
ta-ble, Al-le-lu-ia. o-i-ou-e-a-e.

Psalm, CXVII.

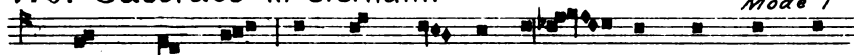
1. 2

O praise the Lord all ye hea-then: praise Him, all ye na-tions
For His meroiful kindness is ever more and more to-wards us.
and the truth of the Lord endureth for-e-ver Praise the Lord
Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and e-ver shall be: world
with-out end, A-men.

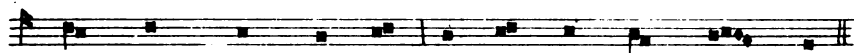
Repeat Antiphon.

110. Sacerdos in eternum.

Mode I

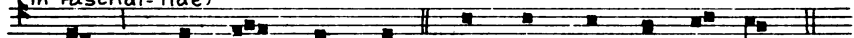


Christ the Lord, a Priest for eu-er af-ter the or-der



of Mel-chi-se-dec, of-fer-ed Bread and Wine.

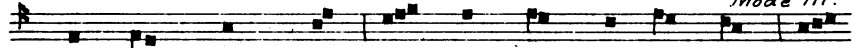
(In Paschal-tide)



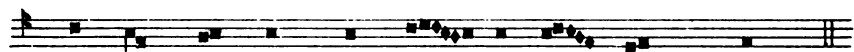
Wine, Al-le-lu-ia. o-i-ou-e-a-e.

111. Calicem Salutaris.

Mode III.

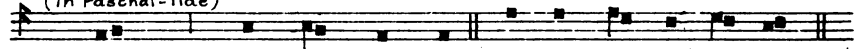


I will re-ceive the Cup of Sal-va-tion, and



I will of-fer the Sac-ri-fice of praise.

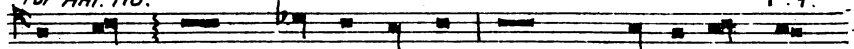
(In Paschal-tide)



praise, Al-le-lu-ia. o-i-ou-e-a-e.

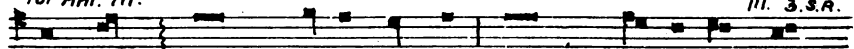
Psalm, CXVII.

For Ant. 110.



1. 1.

For Ant. 111.



III. 3. S. A.

O praise the Lord, all ye hea-then: praise Him all ye na-tions.

For His merciful kindness is ever more and more to-wards us
and the truth of the Lord. endureth for ever. Praise the Lord.

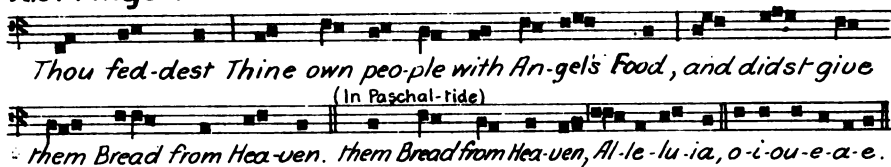
Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son: and to the Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and e-ver: shall be world
with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Antiphon

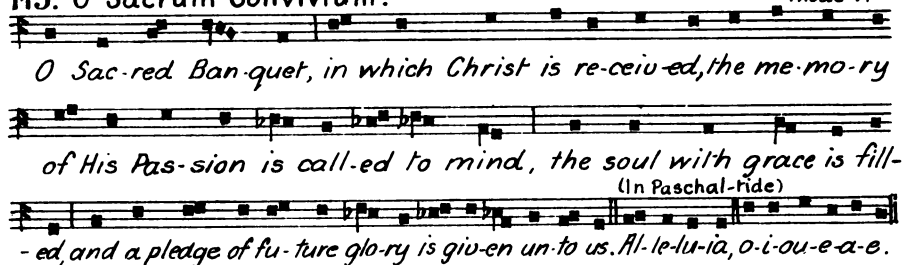
112. Angelorum esca.

Mode II



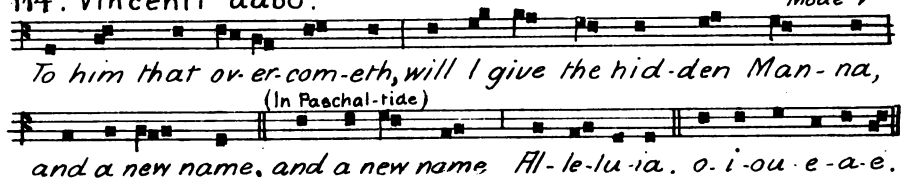
113. O Sacrum Convivium.

Mode V.



114. Vincenti dabo.

Mode V



Psalm, CXVII.



O praise the Lord, all ye hea-then: praise Him all ye na-tions.

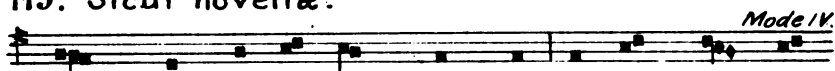
For His merciful kindness is ever more and more to-wards us:
and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world
with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Antiphon

115. Sicur novellæ.

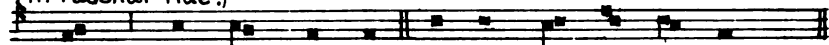


Like as the o-live branch-es, let the Church-'s



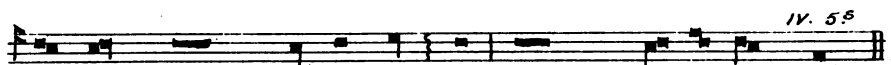
chil-dren be round a-bout the Ta-ble of the Lord.

(In Paschal-tide.)



Lord, Al-le-lu-ia, o-i-ou-e-a-e.

Psalm, CXVII.



O praise the Lord, all ye hea-then: praise Him all ye na-tions.

For His merciful kindness is ever more and more to-wärds us:

and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son: and to the Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shäll be: world
with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Antiphon.

N.B. — The Alleluias are to be added to the Antiphons (108-115)
in Paschal-tide only, that is, from Easter Day to
Trinity Sunday exclusive.

ALTERNATIVE SETTING FOR The Dedication of a Church,

Salve! Festa dies.

The Music for the Odd Verses.

Cantors (in one or two parts: The lower part is ad lib.).

C. J. Ridsdale.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

1. Wel - come Fes - ti - val day, thrice hal - low'd for eu - er and
3. Christ of Da - vid the Son, Who deign - eth to call - us His

Without Ped's

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line (Cantors) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two parts: a main part and a lower part marked 'ad lib.'. The piano part is marked 'Without Ped's' (without pedals). The tempo is indicated as $\text{♩} = 96$.

eu - er! Day - when the Spouse Div - ine pligh - teth His
bre - thren, Here - in our Mo - ther's courts dwel - leth as

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The piano part includes a 'ped.' (pedal) marking at the end.

troth to the Bride.
God and as Man.

Attacca Chorus.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the section with the text 'Attacca Chorus.' indicating the start of the next section. The piano part includes a 'ped.' (pedal) marking.

104. continued.

The Music for the Chorus
Choir (full)

f. Wel - come Fes-ti-val Day Thrice hal-low'd for eu-er and eu-er!

Day when the Spouse Di-vine pligh-tereth His troth to the Bride.

The Music for the Even Verses.
Cantors, (Tenors.)

2. This is The Pal-ace of God, The a-bode of peace and re-fresh-ment;
4. Ye are a heavn-ly - race, and born of a mys-ti-cal wed-lock,

Without Ped^o

En-ter-ing here can the poor rich-es of Sol-o-mon find
Who - by faith un-de-filed seek to be one with your Lord

Allacca Chorus

LITHO BY
G. F. TUPPER,
LONDON.

SEQUENCES.

SEQUENCES.

HYMNS seem to have been confined originally to the Divine Office, *i.e.*, Mattins, Vespers, etc., but about the ixth Century something analogous to a Hymn was introduced into the Celebration of the Mass.

It had become customary to prolong the last syllable of the Alleluia, which follows the Gradual at Mass (except in penitential seasons when the Tract is substituted), to a number of musical notes (called *neuma*), which were sung while the Deacon ascended the Ambo to chant the Gospel for the day. After a time, to avoid the wearisome effect of such a prolongation, suitable words were substituted for the vowel "a." Notker, a Monk of the celebrated Monastery of S. Gall, in Switzerland (who wrote *c.* 850—880), is generally regarded as the first composer of these Sequences, as they were called; but he himself tells us that he had seen words affixed to the *neuma* of the "Alleluia" in an Antiphonary brought to S. Gall from Jumièges, a Benedictine Abbey, five leagues from Rouen, and he at once set to work to compose new and more appropriate words for the different Festivals.

These offerings of praise were called Proses, because they were for most part unrhymed and in no regular metre; * and Sequences (*sequens*, following) because they followed "the Alleluia" which came after the Gradual.

In course of time these unrhymed and irregular, though often meritorious, compositions gave way to the elegant, rhymed Sequences in metre (composed by Adam of the Monastery of S. Victor at Paris, and others), which retained their hold on the Church of Western Europe for at least four centuries. Many mediæval Missals provided Sequences for nearly every Sunday and Holy Day in the year, except from Septuagesima to Easter—those in the Sarum Missal originally numbering eighty-six; and, as time went on, additions were made, often of very inferior merit.

The result was a reaction; and in the revision of the Roman Missal in the xvth Century (A.D. 1570) only four Sequences were retained—a fifth, "The *Stabat Mater*," being added about the year 1727. But in many local Uses they were permitted to remain until comparatively recent times; even now some additional Sequences are to be found authorized locally, or in the Missals of Religious Orders; *e.g.*, one for the Feast of the Holy Name in that of the Franciscans; for S. Benedict, S. Maur, S. Placid, and S. Scholastica in the Benedictine Missal; and in the Supplement authorized for the Diocese of Paris there are four extra Sequences; and in that for Lyons some twenty; and there are other exceptions.

The music of a Sequence is unlike an ordinary Hymn Tune. In the case of the old non-metrical Sequences it sometimes changed with every verse: more often, as in metrical Sequences, it is varied for each *pair* of stanzas. The Chanter having sung the first of the two stanzas, the Choir and people sang the second to the same Melody; and so on, all through to the end of the Sequence.

* Some authorities give quite another derivation of the word "Prose." They say it is a made-up word. In certain Mediæval MSS. the place for the Sequence was marked in abbreviation *pro sñ*, *i.e.*, pro *Sequentia*, and that was taken as a word, "*prosa*."

TABLE OF SEQUENCES.

116. *Advent.* Thou for ever our Salvation.
117. *Christmas.* Hark, the Hosts of Heav'n are singing.
118. *Christmas.* Raise your voices.
119. *S. Stephen's Day.* Yesterday, with exultation.
120. *The Innocents' Day.* A hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing.
121. *The Epiphany.* Unto Jesus hasten ye.
122. *Eastertide.* Christians ! to the Paschal Victim.
123. *Eastertide.* Feast of Feasts ! to-day we tell.
124. *Eastertide.* The strain upraise.
125. *The Ascension Day.* Sing vict'ry, O ye seas and lands !
126. *Whitsunday.* Come, Thou Holy Paraclete.
127. *Trinity Sunday.* Trinity, Unity, Deity.
128. *The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.* Praise, O Sion, praise thy Pastor.
129. *The Sundays after Trinity.* In our common celebration.
130. *The Conversion of S. Paul.* From thee, illustrious Teacher, Paul.
131. *The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.* Avè, Mary, full of grace
132. *The Annunciation of Our Lady.* The sighs and the sorrows.
133. *The Festivals of the Holy Cross.* Be the Cross our theme and story.
134. *The Festivals of the Holy Cross.* Lo, the blest Cross is display'd.
135. *S. John Baptist's Day.* Hail, O thou of women born.
136. *S. Mary Magdalen.* Joy to thee ! to souls despairing.
137. *The Sweet Name of Jesus.* Jesus, Nazarene they name Thee.
138. *S. Michael and All Angels.* Who the pilgrim soul defendeth.
139. *All Saints' Day.* Bride of Christ, in warfare glorious.
140. *Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.* Day of wrath ! O day of mourning !
141. *Common of Apostles.* Robes of royal honour wearing.
142. *Common of Evangelists.* Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.
143. *Common of Martyrs.* Sing we all with jubilation !
144. *Common of Martyrs.* Blessed Feasts of blessed Martyrs.
145. *Common of Confessors.* Bride of Christ, thy thanks declaring.
146. *Common of Confessors.* The Church on earth, with answering love.
147. *Common of Virgins.* Virgin Saints of high renown.
148. *Common of B. V. Mary.* Let to-day above all other.
149. *The Dedication of a Church.* Raise your voices.
150. *The Dedication of a Church.* Jerusalem and Sion's daughters fair !
436. *The Sorrows of the B. V. Mary.* At the Cross her station keeping.

NOTES ON THE SEQUENCES.

116. ADVENT. *Salus eterna indeficiens*. From a MS. in the Bodleian, c. 1000. In the Sarum Missal for the First Sunday in Advent. The translation from "*Sequences from the Sarum Missal with English Translations by C. B. Pearson, 1871.*" Though rendered into regular rhymed metre by C. B. P., the original represents the earliest form of a Sequence before it became metrical.

117. CHRISTMAS. *Nato canunt omnia*. From a MS. in the Bodleian, c. 1000. In the Sarum, Hereford and York Missals it is given as the Sequence at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. Translated by Dr. E. H. Plumptre for "*The Hymnary, 1872.*"

118. CHRISTMAS. *Laetabundus exultet fidelis chorus, Alleluia*. In a MS. in the British Museum (Add. 18,302), c. 1100, and therefore earlier than S. Bernard of Clairvaux, to whom it has been generally attributed. Its use was extended throughout Europe. In the Sarum Missal it is given as a Sequence, and in the Sarum Breviary in place of a Hymn. Though clearly intended for use at Christmas, and still used at that Season by the Dominicans, it is appointed in the Sarum Missal for the 4th day in the Octaves of the Visitation and the Assumption; and, in the Breviary, for the Purification and the Nativity B. V. M. The translation here given follows almost exactly that in the Second Edition of "*The Hymner, 1891.*" "*Laetabundus*" represents a Sequence in its second stage, working itself out from being merely rhythmical towards being strictly metrical.

119. S. STEPHEN'S DAY. *Heri mundus exultavit*. This is regarded by many as the masterpiece of Adam of S. Victor (c. 1110—1180), and was sung, as were all his Sequences, in his own Abbey. The full text consists of seventy-eight lines. The translation is by Dr. Mason Neale (1818—1868) (with a few slight alterations), as written by him for his second edition of "*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences, 1863.*"

120. THE INNOCENTS' DAY. *Hymnum canentes Martyrum*. By Venerable Bede of Jarrow (672—735). These three stanzas (of eight lines each) are a Cento from the translation by Dr. Neale (first verse altered), made for "*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences, 1851.*" Dr. Neale in his translation omits two out of the eight stanzas of the original poem.

121. THE EPIPHANY. *Ad Jesum accurre*. The Paris Missal, 1685. The translation, by Rev. M. J. Blacker, is taken by permission from the earlier editions of "*The Hymner,*" but is not in the 1904 edition.

122. EASTERTIDE. *Victimæ Paschali laudes*. Authorship unknown, but is found in a German Gradual, c. 1000. It is in some of the late French Breviaries, as well as in the Missals. In the Sarum Missal it is appropriated to the Friday in Easter week. It is one of the Five Sequences given in the Roman Missal at the present day. Rev. W. H. Frere (in his "*Plain-song Hymn Melodies and Sequences,*" published by the *The Plain-song and Mediæval Music Society*, London, 1896) gives it as a type of the earliest form of a Sequence, in which words were first adapted to the *neuma* sung to the final "*a*" of the Alleluia. The translation is based on that given in "*The Hymner, 1891,*" which was much influenced by the translation made by Dr. Neale for "*The Hymnal Noted, Part I., 1852.*"

123. EASTERTIDE. *Haec est sancta Solemnitas*. An Easter Sequence by Notker Balbulus, the Benedictine Monk of S. Gall (840—912). The translation is by Provost Ball and Professor Courthope. The original is irregular in form.

124. EASTERTIDE. *Cantemus cuncti melodum.* "THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE" was written for use during the Octave of the Epiphany; but Dr. Neale remarks that, according to our present ideas, Easter would seem to be a more appropriate time for its introduction. It is probably by Notker Balbulus, the Benedictine Monk of S. Gall (840—912), and was translated by Dr. Neale for "*The Hymnal Noted*, Part II., 1858." Itself the child of the 148th Psalm, it may be regarded as the parent of every Alleluia Hymn that has been written since. It is included among the Seven great Mediæval Hymns of Christendom; the other six being *Dies iræ* (140), *Hora novissima* (820), *Stabat Mater* (436), *Veni, Creator Spiritus* (218), *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* (126), and *Vexilla Regis* (200).

125. THE ASCENSION DAY. *Triumphe! plaudant maria.* Probably of the xviith Century. Found in "*Sirenes Symphonicæ*, Cologne, 1678. Translated by Dr. Neale for his "*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, 1851." One line of the first stanza of the translation was evidently inadvertently omitted by the printers, and the omission overlooked by Dr. Neale. The error runs through all the editions, but the missing line is here supplied.

126. WHITSUNTIDE. *Veni, Sancte Spiritus.* "THE GOLDEN SEQUENCE." The author was probably Innocent III. (1160—1216). It is one of the Five Sequences given at the present day in the Roman Missal. The translation (with two or three slight alterations) is Dr. Neale's, as made for "*The Hymnal Noted*, Part II., 1858." The opinion of critics is unanimous in regarding this Sequence as one of the masterpieces of Latin Sacred Poetry. It is one of the Seven great Mediæval Hymns of Christendom.

127. TRINITY SUNDAY. *Trinitas, Unitas, Deitas.* Found at Munich in a xiith Century MS. It was translated by Dr. Neale for "*The Hymnal Noted*, Part II., 1858."

128. THE FESTIVAL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. *Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.* Written by S. Thomas Aquinas, "The Angelical Doctor," c. 1260. He composed it in nine stanzas of six lines, followed by two of eight, and then by one of ten lines, in imitation of *Laudes Crucis attollamus*, that it might be sung to the same popular Melody. The translation here given is a Cento based on A. D. Wackerbarth, J. R. Beste, J. D. Chambers, and others. This is one of the Five Sequences found at the present day in the Roman Missal.

129. THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY. *Omnes una celebremus.* Found in a MS. of 1473 in the Chapter Library at Posen, and appointed for use "In Summer on Sundays." Dr. Neale translated it for "*The Hymnal Noted*, Part II., 1858."

130. THE CONVERSION OF S. PAUL. *Paule, Doctor egregie.* By S. Peter Damiani (988—1072). In the translation here given the first two stanzas are, by permission, from "*The Hymner*, 1882," and the other four from Dr. Neale's translation made for "*The Hymnal Noted*, Part II., 1858."

131. THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN. *Ave, plena gratia.* In the Paris Missals of 1706 and 1738 this is given as the Sequence for the Purification B. V. M. [In Paris Missal, 1685, the Sequence is, "*Ave, virgo virginum.*"] The translation is Rev. W. J. Copeland's (1804—1885), slightly altered from his version as given in "*Hymns for the Week and Hymns for the Seasons, translated from the Latin.*" London: W. J. Cleaver and J. H. Parker, 1848."

132. THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY. *Humani generis.* In the Paris Missals of 1685 and 1738 this is given as the Sequence for the Feast of the Annunciation. The translation is Dr. Neale's for "*The Hymnal Noted*, Part II., 1858" (very slightly altered).

133. THE FESTIVALS OF THE HOLY CROSS. *Laudes Crucis attollamus.* Almost certainly by Adam of S. Victor (c. 1110—1180). It is found in the English and many other Missals. The full text consists of thirteen stanzas; ten of six lines (the last of which, however, was never used liturgically); two of

eight lines ; and one of ten lines. The Sequence is a panegyric of the Cross, in which its Old Testament Types are draw out at great length. Dr. Neale translated it for "*Hymns and Sequences*, 1851," giving the tenth verse, but omitting the thirteenth. In the 1891 edition of "*The Hymner*" Dr. Neale's translation is adopted, with slight alterations, and with his tenth verse omitted and a translation given (for the first time) of verse 13, so that the Melody might be sung *in toto*. Dr. Neale's translation is here given, but of stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, 10 and 12 only.

134. THE FESTIVALS OF THE HOLY CROSS. *Crux benedicta nitet*, by Venantius Fortunatus (530—609), the famous author of "*Vexilla Regis*." The abbreviated form of the Hymn, in nine stanzas of two lines each, is that which is generally known. The translation is Dr. Neale's (See "*S. Margaret's Hymnal*, 1892," Hymn 185), omitting his seventh stanza and adopting a few variations from "*The Hymner*."

135. S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY. *Salve, O sanctissime*. A hymn found in a MS. at Karlsruhe of the date of 1439. The translation is Rev. Gerard Moultrie's, but with several variations taken from the version given in "*The Hymner*."

136. S. MARY MAGDALEN. *Gaude, pia Magdalena*. This certainly dates back to 1390. The translation is Provost Ball's, inserted by permission.

137. THE SWEET NAME OF JESUS. *Dulcis Jesus Nazarenus*. Probably of the xivth Century. For the "Feast of the Holy Name" in the Sarum and other Missals. It consists of ninety-six lines. The translation (inserted by permission) is by Provost Ball, who describes his work as "*Abridged from the Sarum Missal*."

138. S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. *In hac valle lacrymarum*. From the Rennes Missal, 1492. The translation is by Rev. T. A. Lacey, inserted by permission.

139. ALL SAINTS' DAY. *Sponsa Christi, quae per orbem*. This is the finest of all the late French Sequences. It is found in the Paris Missal of 1665 ; and, in the Paris Missal of 1739, the author is given as John Baptiste de Contes, who became Dean of Paris in 1647. The translation is chiefly that by W. Palmer (1811—1879), an elder brother of Roundell, Lord Selborne. See page 75 of "*Short Poems and Hymns, the latter mostly translations*." I. Shrimpton, Oxford, 1845." In verses 1, 2, 6, 8, 10, 11, and 12, Palmer's translation is more or less deviated from.

140. COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED. *Dies irae! Dies illa!* The Author of this celebrated Hymn was probably Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan Friar of the xiiith Century, and the friend and biographer of S. Francis of Assisi. Originally intended for private devotion, it ended with v. 16. The part beginning "Ah that day" is older than Thomas of Celano, and is found in a MS., c. 1200. It is the only famous Sequence of Italian origin, and is regarded as one of the Seven great Mediæval Hymns of Christendom. The earliest MS. in which it appears is one at Naples of the xiiith Century. Originally (and still in the Roman Missal) the first verse ran thus :—

*Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibilla.*

In the French Missals this is altered to :—

*Dies irae, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla,
Solvat seclum in favilla.*

The translation is by Dr. W. J. Irons (1812—1883), verses 13 and 20 being the only ones altered, and that but slightly. Dr. Julian states that the total number of translations of the "*Dies irae!*" into English is over 150.

141. COMMON OF APOSTLES. *Stolt regni laureatus*. This fine Sequence is by Adam of S. Victor (1110—1180), and was appointed for use in his own Abbey on October 28th. The full text consists of ten stanzas of six lines each. The stanzas here given (1, 2, 3 and 10) are Provost Ball's translation, inserted by permission.

142. COMMON OF EVANGELISTS. *Jocundare, plebs fidelis*. Adam of S. Victor wrote two Sequences for Feasts of Evangelists, the one beginning *Jocundare, plebs fidelis*, and the other *Plausu Chorus laetabundo*. The three stanzas here given (translated by R. Campbell, 1814—1868) are a Cento made up of v. 1 of *Plausu Chorus*, and vv. 8 and 9 of *Jocundare, plebs fidelis*. This Cento was first published in "*Hymns and Anthems for use within the united Diocese of S. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane*, Edinburgh, 1850." The book was sanctioned for use by Bishop Torry. The compilers of "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861," and in all their subsequent Editions, have adopted stanzas 1 and 2 from Campbell's Cento, but replaced stanza 3 with an original one of their own.

143. COMMON OF MARTYRS. *Laetabundi jubilemus*. From a xiith Century MS. in the National Library at Paris. This appears as a Sequence in the Angers Missal, 1523. It is given by Dr. Neale in his "*Sequentiæ ex Missalibus*," p. 222, where he describes it as "*ex Missalibus Pictaviensi, Xantonensi, Andegavensi*," and consists of ten stanzas of six lines each. The translation of the six stanzas here given is Provost Ball's (inserted by permission), with some lines based on the translation in "*The Hymner*," 1882 and 1891 Editions.

144. COMMON OF MARTYRS. *O beata beatorum*. Dr. Neale says: "This very elegant Sequence is of German origin. Its rhymes are irregular in the original." It is found in a xiith Century MS. in Vienna. It is in the Magdeburg Missal of 1480, and in many other German Missals. The translation is Dr. Neale's, and in some places follows his 1851 and in others his 1854 version. A few variations are also introduced, taken from the translations given in "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868," and "*The Hymner*, 1904."

145. COMMON OF CONFESSORS. *Gratulare, Sponsa Christi*. Anon. This Sequence is found in a xiith Century MS. at Graz. It was in use in the Diocese of Bamberg. The translation is Provost Ball's, somewhat altered.

146. COMMON OF CONFESSORS. *Supernæ Matris gaudia*. Of this Sequence by Adam of S. Victor (1110—1180), Dr. Neale (who translated it for "*The Hymnal Noted*, Part II., 1858") says that it is one of the loveliest that Adam ever wrote. Dr. Julian ("*Dictionary of Hymnology*," p. 1103) remarks that in it, contrary to the usual practice, the Church Triumphant is spoken of as the Mother, the Church Militant as the Daughter. It appears to have been written for All Saints' Day. Wedded to a lovely melody, it is found in many Graduals and Missals. The full text consists of thirteen stanzas of four lines each.

147. COMMON OF VIRGINS. *Virgines egregiæ*. Found in a MS. written at Limoges at the beginning of the xiith Century. It occurs in many French Missals. The original consists of six verses. This translation of the three first is Provost Ball's, inserted by permission. This Sequence is attributed doubtfully to Adam of S. Victor, or S. Odo of Cluny.

148. COMMON OF B. V. MARY. *Hodiernæ lux diei*. Found in xiith Century MSS. In many French Missals. Appointed in the Sarum Missal for the 7th day within the Octave of the Visitation B. V. M. Provost Ball's translation is here given, slightly altered, and one stanza omitted.

149. THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH. *Laetabundus exsultet fidelis chorus Coeli curiae*. This Dedication Sequence (in imitation of the earlier Christmas "*Laetabundus*") is found in a xiiith Century Sarum Gradual, and exhibits the custom of writing new words to old Melodies. It is appointed for use, in the Sarum Missal, "*in Dominica infra Octavas Dedicationis Ecclesiae*." The translation was made by Rev. M. J. Blacker for "*The Hymner*," and is inserted by permission.

150. THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH. *Jerusalem et Syon filiae*. By Adam of S. Victor (1110—1180). This Sequence is appointed for use in the Sarum Missal "*in die Dedicationis Ecclesiae*." The full text consists of sixteen stanzas. The translation is C. B. Pearson's, given in his "*Sequences from the Sarum Missal, with English Translations, 1871*." Of his sixteen stanzas, eight are here given, viz., 1, 12, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 and 16.

1436. THE SORROWS OF THE B. V. MARY. *Stabat Mater dolorosa*. The Author of this Hymn is supposed to have been Innocent III. (1160—1216), or Jacobus de Benedictis (c. 1226—1306), a Franciscan Friar. "As the '*DIES IRAE*' has been pronounced the greatest, so the '*STABAT MATER*' universally is deemed the most pathetic of Mediaeval Hymns." This noble Poem (used both as a Sequence and an Office Hymn) was not officially sanctioned for general use till by a decree of Benedict XIII. in 1727; but long before that date it was in popular use. It seems to have been added to the Breslau Missal of 1483, and to various other Missals of the xvth Century. It was not included in any of the English Service Books; but eighteen lines of it are found in the Hereford Missal as the "The Tract" in the Mass "*Nostrae Dominae Pietatis*."; and the whole is given in "*Horae B. V. M., Sec. Us. Sarum, Paris, 1526*." According to present Roman use it is both Sequence and Office Hymn for "*Fest. vii. Dol.*" in Lent; and Sequence only for the Festival in September. The translation here given is mainly by Bishop Mant and Provost Ball. It is almost unnecessary to add that this poem is regarded as one of the Seven great Mediaeval Hymns of Christendom.

PART I. SEQUENCES.

"Amen" is never sung after a Sequence according to English Use, but is added here in brackets to many of these Sequences, as they may be also used as ordinary Hymns.

ADVENT'.

116 (First Tune.)
Mode viij.

Salus eterna indeficiens.

8.7.8.7. D.

"Verbum bonum."
Sarum Gradual.
(xijth Century Melody.)

*

* The Distropha, indicated throughout in the Accompaniment by a small note, is probably a portamento from a quarter-tone below, and can only be executed by the voice.

Part 1. Sequences.

Thou didst save by might pre-vail-ing, Bring-ing joy to all our race;
Take us for an ha-bi-ta-tion Cleansed for Thy-self by grace.

3. By Thy first hu-mi-li-a-tion Grant us, Lord, jus-
When in glo-ry man-i-fest-ed Thou the se-cret

- ti-fi-ca-tion: When a-gain in ex-al-ta-tion
heart hast test-ed, In un-sul-lied robes in-vest-ed

Thou shalt come, O set us free;
May we close-ly fol-low Thee.

rall.

A - - - men.
A - - - men.

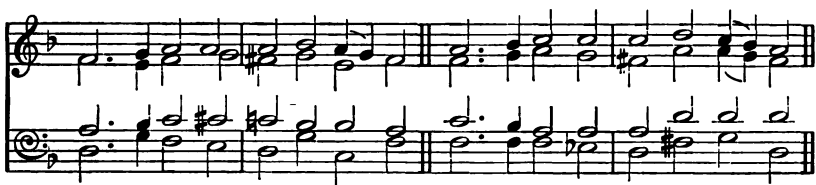
Advent.

116 (Second Tune.)

LAUDA SION.

G. F. COBB.

8.8.8.7. D. Four-Part Harmony arranged by E. W. G.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

A Unison Setting of this Tune will be found at 128, Second Tune.

- 1 THOU for ever our Salvation,
Thou the Life of all creation,
Thou our Hope of restoration,
Thou the never-failing Light,
Grieving for man's loss impending,
By the tempter's wiles pretending,
Camest down, Thine aid extending,
Leaving not the starry height.
- 2 In our flesh Thy glory veiling,
All on earth, in ruin failing,
Thou didst save by might prevailing,
Bringing joy to all our race :

Grant, O Christ, Thine expiation,
Unto us, Thine own creation,
Take us for an habitation
Cleansed for Thyself by grace.

- 3 By Thy first humiliation
Grant us, Lord, justification :
When again in exaltation
Thou shalt come, O set us free ;
When in glory manifested
Thou the secret heart hast tested,
In unsullied robes invested
May we closely follow Thee. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

CHRISTMAS.

117

Nato canunt omnia.

SPONSA CHRISTI.

8.7.8.7. D.

W. S. HOYTE.



By permission of W. S. Hoyte.

(4*)

Christmas.

- * 1 HARK, the Hosts of Heav'n are singing
Praises to their New-born Lord,
Strains of sweetest music flinging,
Not a note or word unheard :
This the Day of days most holy,
Day in which new joys were given,
Not in part alone, but wholly,
To the wide world under Heav'n.
- 2 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the Angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious Birth :
Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flash'd the light on shepherds' eyes ;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.
- 3 God of God, ere ages hoary,
Now is born of purest Maid ;
In the Heav'ns is boundless glory,
On the earth is peace display'd :
All the hosts of Heav'n are chanting
Songs with power to stir and thrill,
And the universe is panting
Joy's deep longings to fulfil.
- 4 On this Day then through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out ;
Let men hail the great Salvation,
"God with us," with song and shout.
See! the powers of Hell are broken,
Fierce and tyrannous and wild :
And on earth glad words are spoken,
Heralding the New-born Child.
- 5 Christ Who framed the earth and Heaven,
Such the Word's creative power,
Who alone the law hath given
That upholds them hour by hour,
Grant to us, of His great pity,
Pardon for our guilt and sin ;
Grant us in the Heav'nly City
Peace, and rest, and life to win. [Amen.]

* By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Part 1. Sequences.

118 (First Tune.)

Laetabundus.

Modes vi. & v. transposed.

Irregular.

Sarum Gradual.
(Melody of xjth or xijth Century.)

1. Raise your voi - ces, Faith - ful Choirs, with rap - ture sing - ing
Mon - archs' Mon - arch, From a stain - less Maid - en spring - ing,

Al - le - lu - ia! 2. An - gel of great coun - sel, here,
Match - less won - der! He, a Sun Who knows no night,

Sun from star, He doth ap - pear, Born of Maid - en:
She, a star whose pa - ler light, Shi - neth ev - er.

(6*)

Christmas.

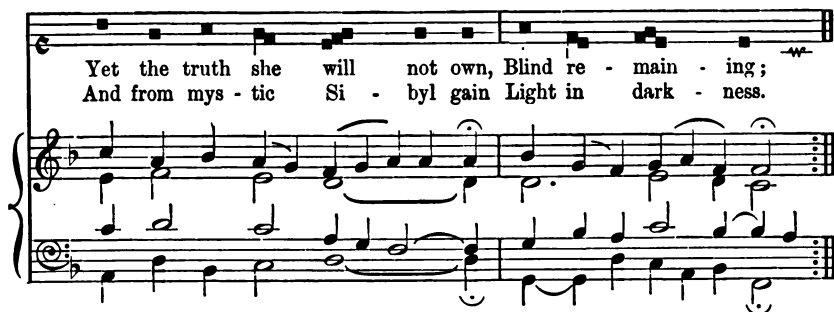
3. As a star its kin-dred ray, Ma-ry doth her Child dis-play,
Still un-dim-m'd the star shines on, And the Vir-gin bears a Son,

Like in na-ture; 4. Leb-a-non's tall Ce-dar now
Pure as ev-er. To our vale of sor-row came

Hys-sop-like in vale to bow Con-de-scend-eth;
Word of God in mor-tal frame, Born In-car-nate.

5. Though E-sai-as had foreshown, Tho' the Sy-na-gogue had known,
If her Pro-phets speak in vain, Let her heed a Gen-tile strain,

Part 1. Sequences.



Yet the truth she will not own, Blind re - main - ing;
And from mys - tic Si - byl gain Light in dark - ness.



6. No long - er then de - lay; Doubt not what le - gends say;
Turn, and this Child be - hold; That ve - ry Son, of old



Why be cast a - way, A race for - lorn?
In God's writ fore - told, A Maid hath borne. A - men.

By permission of Rev. G. H. Palmer, from "The Hymner."

According to English Use, this Sequence is also used as an Office Hymn, when the following ♯. and ♯♯. should be added:

The Purification of the B.V.M., 2nd Evensong.

♯. We wait, O God, for Thy loving-kindness.

♯♯. In the midst of Thy Temple.

The Nativity of the B.V.M., 2nd Evensong.

♯. God hath chosen her and predestined her.

♯♯. He hath made her to dwell in His Tabernacle.

Christmas.

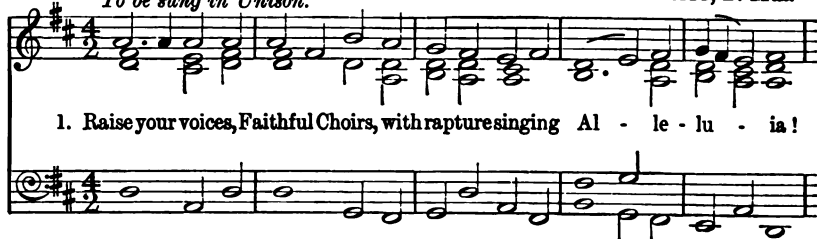
118 (Second Tune.)

LAETABUNDUS.

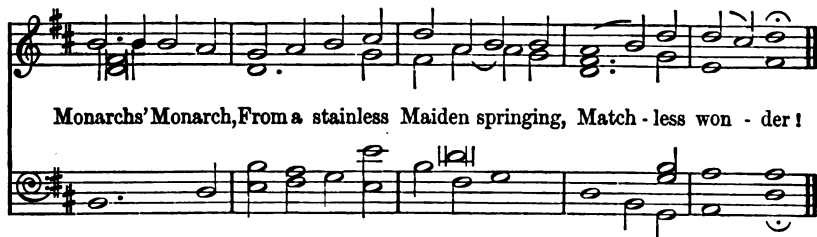
Irregular.

NICHOLAS GATTY, B. Mus.

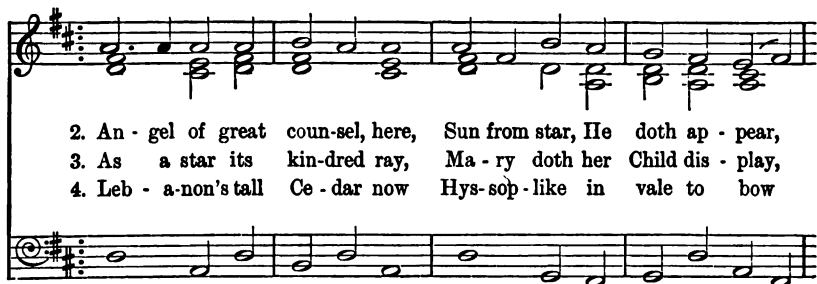
To be sung in Unison.



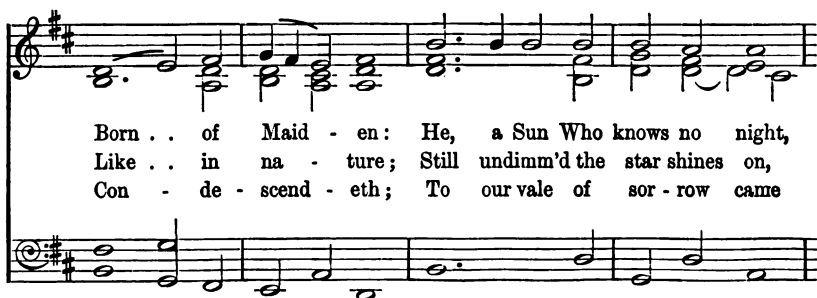
1. Raise your voices, Faithful Choirs, with rapturesinging Al - le - lu - ia !



Monarchs' Monarch, From a stainless Maiden springing, Match - less won - der !



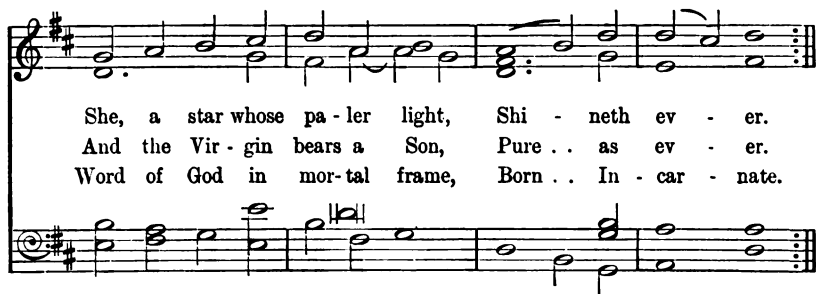
2. An - gel of great coun-sel, here, Sun from star, He doth ap - pear,
3. As a star its kin-dred ray, Ma - ry doth her Child dis - play,
4. Leb - a-non's tall Ce - dar now Hys-sop - like in vale to bow



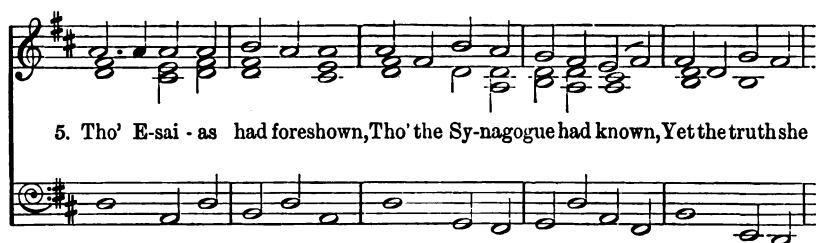
Born . . of Maid - en : He, a Sun Who knows no night,
Like . . in na - ture ; Still undimm'd the star shines on,
Con - de - scend - eth ; To our vale of sor - row came

(9*)

Part 1. Sequences.



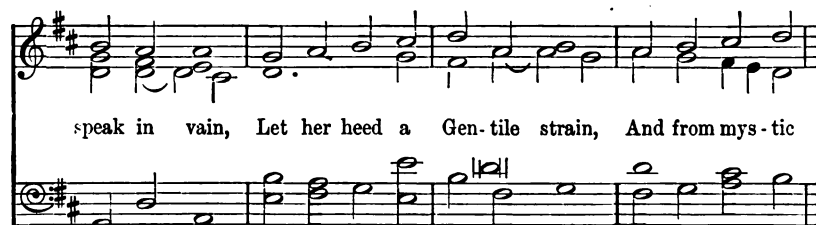
She, a star whose pa-ler light, Shi-neth ev-er.
And the Vir-gin bears a Son, Pure... as ev-er.
Word of God in mor-tal frame, Born... In-car-nate.



5. Tho' E-sai-as had foreshown, Tho' the Sy-nagogue had known, Yet the truths she



will not own, Blind re-main-ing; If her Pro-phets



speak in vain, Let her heed a Gen-tile strain, And from mys-tic

Christmas.

Si - byl gain Light . . in dark - ness. 6. No long - er then de -

- lay; Doubt not what le - gends say; Why be cast a - way, . . A

race for - lorn? Turn, and this Child be - hold; That ve - ry Son, of

old In God's writ fore - told, A Maid hath borne. A - men.

By permission of Nicholas Gatty, B. Mus.

Part 1. Sequences.

S. STEPHEN'S DAY.

119 (First Tune.)

Heri mundus exultavit.

S. Gall, MS. 546.

Mode v.

8.8.7. D.

"Plausu chorus laetabundo."

1. Yes - ter - day, with ex - ul - ta - tion, Join'd the world in cel - e - bra - tion
Yes - ter - day the An - gel na - tion Pour'd the strains of ju - bi - la - tion

The first system of music features a vocal line with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff brace. The piano part uses chords and single notes, primarily in the bass register.

Of her prom-is'd Saviour's Birth; 2. But to - day, o'er death vic - tor - ious,
O'er the Mon-arch born on earth. Dared the Dea-con Pro - to - mar - tyr

The second system continues the musical piece. It includes a repeat sign (double bar line with two dots) in the middle of the vocal line. The piano accompaniment also features repeat signs corresponding to the vocal line.

By his faith and ac - tions glo - rious, By his Mir - a - cles re - nown'd,
Earth - ly life for Heav'n to bar - ter, Faith - ful 'midst the faith - less found.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line.

(12*)

S. Stephen's Day.

3. Forward, champion, in thy quar-rel ! Cer-tain of a cer-tain lau - rel,
Per-jured wit-ness - es con-founding, Sa-tan's Syn - a - gogue as-tound-ing



Ho - ly Ste-phen, per - se - vere ! 4. For the crown that fa - deth nev - er
By thy doc-trine true and clear. Death shall be thy life's be - gin - ning,

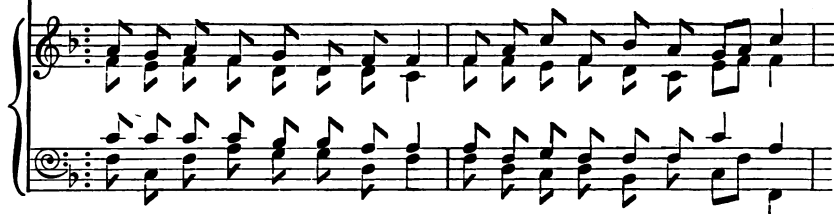


Bear the tor-tur-er's brief en - deav - our ; Vic-t'ry waits to end the strife :
And life's los - ing be the win - ning Of the True and Bet - ter Life.

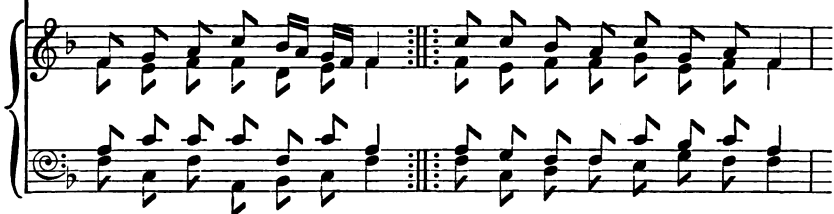


Part 1. Sequences.

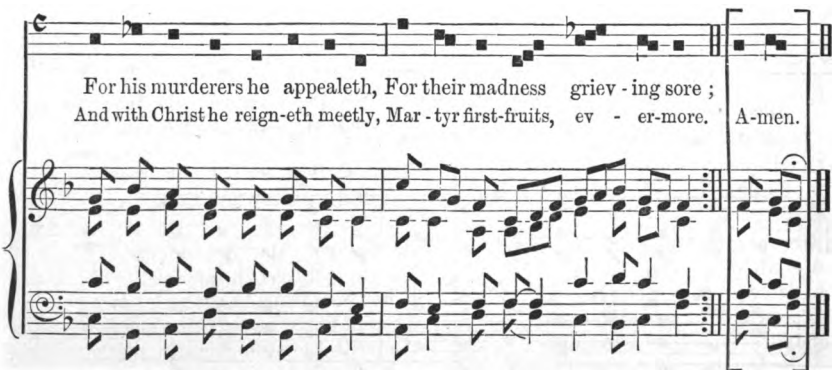
5. See, as Jew - ish foes in -vade thee, See how Je - sus stands to aid thee,
Tell how o - pen'd Heav'n is shown thee, Tell how Je - sus waits to own thee,



Stands at God's right hand on high : 6. As the dy - ing Mar - tyr kneel-eth,
Tell it with thy la - test cry. Then in Christ he sleep-eth sweet-ly,



For his murderers he appealeth, For their madness griev - ing sore ;
And with Christ he reign-eth meetly, Mar - tyr first-fruits, ev - er - more. A-men.



Harmonies by permission of the Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

S. Stephen's Day.

119 (Second Tune.)

HERI MUNDUS.

8.8.7. D.

WALTER MACFARREN.



By permission of the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 YESTERDAY, with exultation,
Join'd the world in celebration
Of her promis'd Saviour's Birth ;
Yesterday the Angel nation
Pour'd the strains of jubilation
O'er the Monarch born on earth.</p> <p>2 But to-day, o'er death victorious,
By his faith and actions glorious,
By his Miracles renown'd,
Dared the Deacon Protomartyr
Earthly life for Heav'n to barter,
Faithful 'midst the faithless found.</p> <p>3 Forward, champion, in thy quarrel !
Certain of a certain laurel,
Holy Stephen, persevere !
Perjured witnesses confounding,
Satan's Synagogue astounding
By thy doctrine true and clear.</p> | <p>4 For the crown that fadeth never
Bear the torturer's brief endeavour ;
Vict'ry waits to end the strife :
Death shall be thy life's beginning,
And life's losing be the winning
Of the True and Better Life.</p> <p>5 See, as Jewish foes invade thee,
See how Jesus stands to aid thee,
Stands at God's right hand on high :
Tell how open'd Heav'n is shown thee,
Tell how Jesus waits to own thee,
Tell it with thy latest cry.</p> <p>6 As the dying Martyr kneeleth,
For his murderers he appealeth,
For their madness grieving sore ;
Then in Christ he sleepeth sweetly,
And with Christ he reigneth meetly,
Martyr first-fruits, evermore.</p> |
|---|---|

[Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

Hymnum canentes Martyrum.

120 (First Tune.)

WER DA WONET.

D.L.M.

Melody in "S. Gall Gesangbuch," 1863,
from VEHZ's Gesangbüchlein, 1537.



120 (Second Tune.)

CANTATE DOMINO.

D.L.M.

J. BARNBY.



The Innocents' Day.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system is labeled 'Unison.' and 'Harmony.' and shows a melody in the treble clef and a supporting part in the bass clef. The second system is labeled 'Unison.' and continues the melody and supporting part. The third system is labeled 'Harmony.' and concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the staff.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

- 1 A HYMN for Martyrs sweetly sing,
 For Innocents your praises bring,
 Whom in their woe earth cast away,
 But Heav'n with joy received to-day ;
 Whose Angels see the Father's Face
 World without end, and hymn His grace ;
 And while they praise their glorious King,
 A hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing.

- 2 A voice from Ramah was there sent,
 A voice of weeping and lament ;
 When Rachel mourn'd her children sore,
 Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore :
 Triumphant is their glory now,
 Whom earthly torments could not bow :
 What time, both far and near that went,
 A voice from Ramah was there sent.

- 3 And ev'ry tear is wiped away
 By their dear Father's hands for aye ;
 Death hath no power to hurt them more,
 Whose own is Life's Eternal store.
 Who sow their seed, and sowing weep,
 In everlasting joy shall reap ;
 What time they shine in Heav'nly Day,
 And ev'ry tear is wiped away. [Amen.]

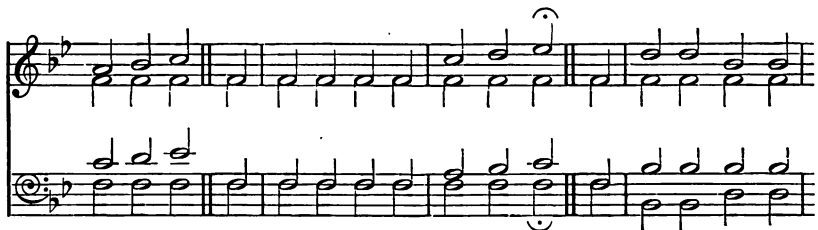
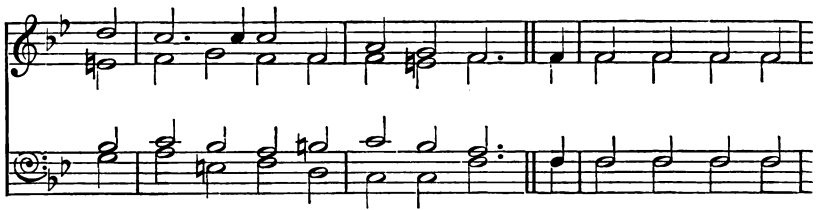
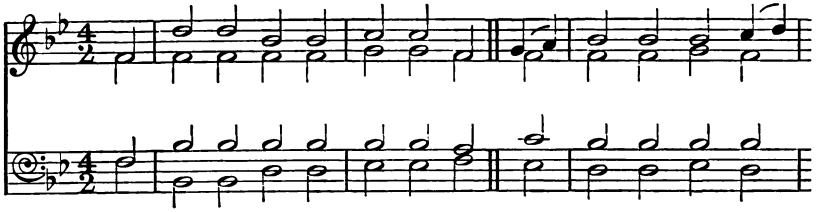
Part 1. Sequences.

120 (*Third Tune.*)

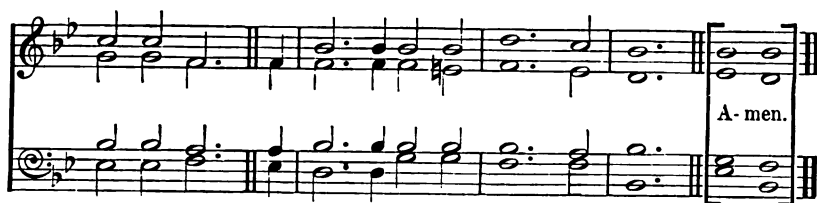
S. SERF.

D.L.M.

HENRY LAHEE.



The Innocents' Day.



By permission of Henry Lahee.

1 A HYMN for Martyrs sweetly sing,
For Innocents your praises bring,
Whom in their woe earth cast away,
But Heav'n with joy received to-day ;
Whose Angels see the Father's Face
World without end, and hymn His grace ;
And while they praise their glorious King,
A hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing.

2 A voice from Ramah was there sent,
A voice of weeping and lament ;
When Rachel mourn'd her children sore,
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore :
Triumphant is their glory now,
Whom earthly torments could not bow :
What time, both far and near that went,
A voice from Ramah was there sent.

3 And ev'ry tear is wiped away
By their dear Father's hands for aye ;
Death hath no power to hurt them more,
Whose own is Life's Eternal store.
Who sow their seed, and sowing weep,
In everlasting joy shall reap ;
What time they shine in Heav'nly Day,
And ev'ry tear is wiped away. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

THE EPIPHANY.

121 (First Tune.)
In Unison.

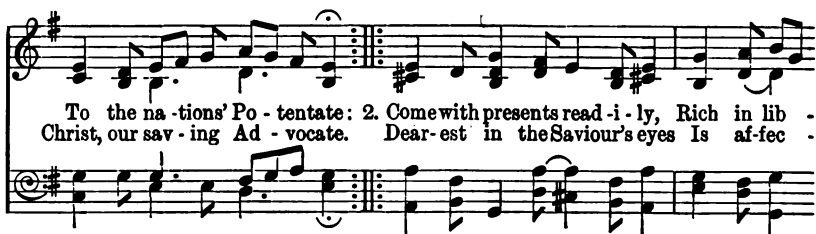
Ad Jesum accurrite.

7.7.7. D.

Paris.
(xviith Century Melody.)



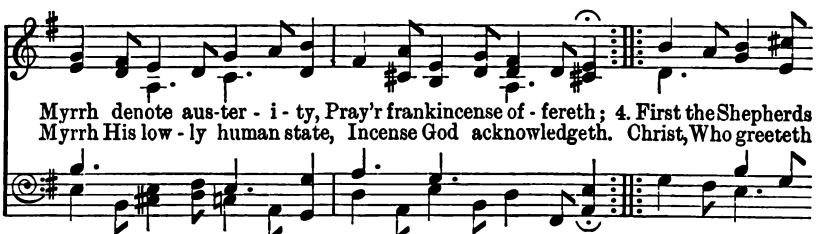
1. Un - to Je - sus has - ten ye, Let your hearts de - vo - ted be
Whom the star is her - ald - ing, In - ward faith is wit - ness - ing,



To the na - tions' Po - tentate: 2. Comewith presents read - i - ly, Rich in lib -
Christ, our sav - ing Ad - vocate. Dear - est in the Saviour's eyes Is af - fec -



- er - al - i - ty, Pledge of hearts muni - ficent: 3. Gold your love may sig - ni - fy,
- tion's sac - ri - fice Of - fer'd by the pen - i - tent. Gold a King doth in - di - cate,



Myrrh denote aus - ter - i - ty, Pray'r frankincense of - fereth; 4. First the Shepherds
Myrrh His low - ly human state, Incense God acknowl - edgeth. Christ, Who greeteth



hom - age pay, Then the Ma - gi wend their way To the faithful com - pa - ny:
Is - ra - el, From His crib will not re - pel Gentiles call'd to u - ni - ty.

The Epiphany.

5. Beth - le - hem this bless - ed day Doth for all the Church sur - vey
Christ, with - in us deign to dwell, Ev - 'ry reb - el thought ex - pel,

rall. at close.

Proof of her na - tiv - i - ty;
Reign in matchless sov - 'reign - ty!
rall. A - - - men.

121 (Second Tune.)

7.7.7. D.

As arranged by Sir JOHN GOSS
for MERCER'S Hymn Book, 1864.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

1 Unto Jesus hasten ye,
Let your hearts devoted be
To the nations' Potentate:
Whom the star is heralding,
Inward faith is witnessing,
Christ, our saving Advocate.

2 Come with presents readily,
Rich in liberality,
Pledge of hearts munificent:
Dearest in the Saviour's eyes
Is affection's sacrifice
Offer'd by the penitent.

3 Gold your love may signify,
Myrrh denote austeritv,
Prayer frankincense offereth;

Gold a King doth indicate,
Myrrh His lowly human state,
Incense God acknowledgeth.

4 First the Shepherds homage pay,
Then the Magi wend their way
To the faithful company:
Christ, Who greeteth Israel,
From His crib will not repel
Gentiles called to unity.

5 Bethlehem this blessed day
Doth for all the Church survey
Proof of her nativity;
Christ, within us deign to dwell,
Ev'ry rebel thought expel,
Reign in matchless sovereignty!
[Amen.]

- 1 Unto Jesus hasten ye,
Let your hearts devoted be
To the nations' Potentate:
Whom the star is heralding,
Inward faith is witnessing,
Christ, our saving Advocate.
- 2 Come with presents readily,
Rich in liberality,
Pledge of hearts munificent:
Dearest in the Saviour's eyes
Is affection's sacrifice
Offer'd by the penitent.
- 3 Gold your love may signify,
Myrrh denote austeritv,
Prayer frankincense offereth;

- Gold a King doth indicate,
Myrrh His lowly human state,
Incense God acknowledgeth.
- 4 First the Shepherds homage pay,
Then the Magi wend their way
To the faithful company:
Christ, Who greeteth Israel,
From His crib will not repel
Gentiles called to unity.
- 5 Bethlehem this blessed day
Doth for all the Church survey
Proof of her nativity;
Christ, within us deign to dwell,
Ev'ry rebel thought expel,
Reign in matchless sovereignty!
[Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

EASTERTIDE.

122 (*First Tune.*)

Victimæ Paschali laudes.

Modes i. & ii.

Irregular.

Ratisbon Form
of an xjth Century Melody.

Christians! to the Pas-chal Vic-tim Of-fer your thank-ful prais-es.

The first system of the musical score for 'EASTERTIDE'. It features a vocal line with square neumes on a four-line staff and a piano accompaniment in G major (one sharp) with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are 'Christians! to the Pas-chal Vic-tim Of-fer your thank-ful prais-es.' The music is in common time (C) and ends with a double bar line.

The Lamb the sheep hath ransom'd; Christ, by sin un-de-fi-led,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with square neumes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns. The lyrics are 'The Lamb the sheep hath ransom'd; Christ, by sin un-de-fi-led,'. The system ends with a double bar line.

Sin-ners to His Fa-ther re-con-ci-led. Death and life were con-tend-ing

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with square neumes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns. The lyrics are 'Sin-ners to His Fa-ther re-con-ci-led. Death and life were con-tend-ing'. The system ends with a double bar line.

Eastertide.

In a fray, sore and wondrous ; The King of Life, Who died, now deathless reigneth.

What saw - est thou, Ma - ry, On the way, as thou cam - est ?

"I saw the grave's o - pen por - tal, His glo - ry, Who rose from death, Im - mor - tal ;

Bright An - gels at - test - ing, The shroud and nap - kin rest - ing ; "

Part 1. Sequences.

"The Lord, my Hope, hath a - ris - en ; For Gal - i - lee He leaves death's pris - on."

Christ, we know, is tru - ly ris - en, Hence-forth ev - er liv - ing ;

Have mer-cy, Vic-tor King, par-don giv - ing. A - - - men.

Al - le - lu - ia ! a

Eastertide.

122 (Second Tune.)

VICTIMÆ PASCHALI.

Irregular.

GEORGE BAYFIELD ROBERTS.

Allegretto.

Christians! to the Pas-chal Vic-tim Of-fer your thank-ful prais-es.

Org. Org.

Animato.

The Lamb {the sheep hath} ransom'd; Christ, by sin un-de-fi-led, {Sinners to} {His Father}

re-con-ci-led. Death and life were con-tend-ing In a

Allegro, tempo giusto.

fray, sore and won-drous; {The King of Life, Who} died, now deathless

Unison. Lento ad lib.

reign-eth. What sawest {thou, Mary, On the way,} as thou cam-est?

Org.

Part 1. Sequences.

Largo, ma poco a poco accel. e cres.

ORGAN 8ve higher

TREBLES ONLY.

pp

"I saw the grave's open por - tal, { His glory, Who rose } mor - tal; Bright Angels at -
from death, Im-

ORGAN 8ve higher *sostenuto.*

- test - ing, { The shroud } rest - ing;," "The Lord, my Hope, hath a -
and napkin'

ad lib. *Allegretto.*
Harmony.

ris - en; { For Galilee He } prison." { Christ, we know, } ly ris - en, Hence - forth
leaves death's is tru-

Larghetto. *rit.*

ev - er liv - ing; Have mer - cy, Vic - tor King, par - don
rit.

Tempo. Allegro.

giv - ing, A - men. Al - le - lu - ia!

Eastertide.

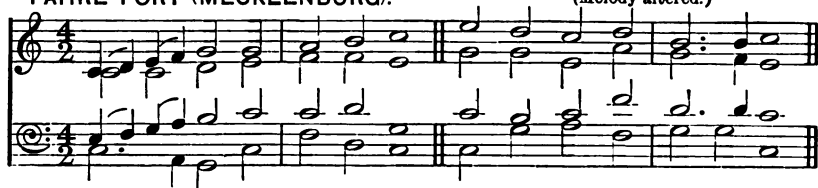
Haec est sancta Solemnitas.

123

7.7.7.7. D. Freylinghausen, *Gesangbuch*, 1704.

FAHRE FORT (MECKLENBURG).

(Melody altered.)



By permission of the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

1 FEAST of Feasts! to-day we tell
How before Christ's triumph fell
All the powers of Death and Hell,
Satan vanquish'd, man forgiven!
Let us grateful praises sing
Unto Thee, Redeemer, King;
Join the songs on earth we sing
With Thine Angels' songs in Heaven.

2 Shew the brightness of Thy Face,
Thou, Who, in Thy plenteous grace,
Grieving for our death-doom'd race,
Hath Thyself death's pathway trod;
Past is now Thy Cross's pain,
Burst Hell's gate and Satan's chain;
Thou o'er all the world shalt reign,
Alleluia! Son of God! [Amen.]

(27*)

Part 1. Sequences.

Cantemus cuncti melodum.

124 (*First Tune.*)

Irregular.

ixth Century Melody.

1. The strain up - raise of joy and praise, Al - le - lu - ia.

The musical score for the first sequence consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line is written in a square-note style on a four-line staff. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, both using square notes.

2. To the glo - ry of their King Shall the ransom'd peo - ple sing Al - le - lu - ia.

The musical score for the second sequence follows the same format as the first, with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a small 'b' marking in the right hand and an asterisk in the left hand, indicating specific performance instructions.

3. And the Choirs that dwell on high Shall re - e - cho thro' the sky, Al - le - lu - ia.

The musical score for the third sequence also follows the same format, with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a small 'b' marking in the right hand and an asterisk in the left hand, indicating specific performance instructions.

* The open 5ths may be filled in, if desired, either major or minor, *ad lib.*

Eastertide.

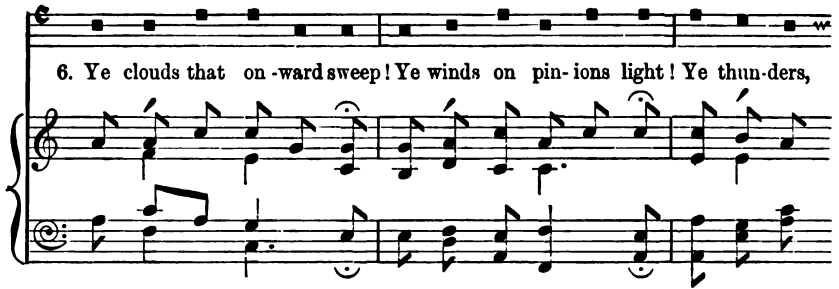
4. They, thro' the fields of Pa - ra - dise that roam, The bless - ed ones, re - peat

thro' that bright Home Al - le - lu - ia. 5. The planets glitt'ring on their Heav'nly way,

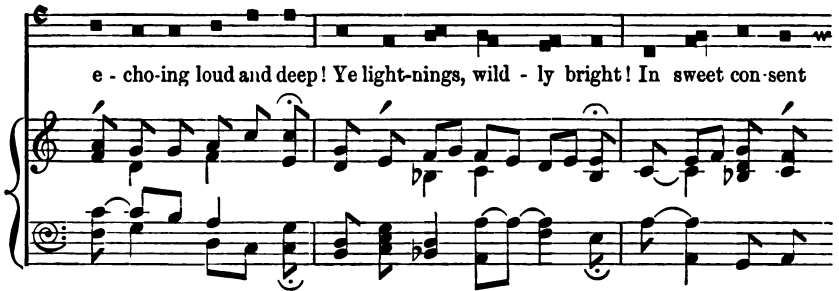
The shi - ning con - stel - la - tions join, and say Al - le - lu - ia.

Part 1. Sequences.

6. Ye clouds that on-wardsweep! Ye winds on pin-ions light! Ye thun-ders,



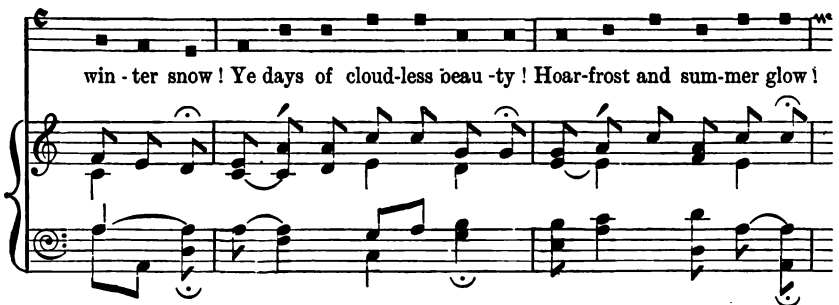
e - cho-ing loud and deep! Ye light-nings, wild - ly bright! In sweet con-sent



u - nite your Al - le - lu - ia. 7. Ye floods and o - cean bil-lows! Ye storms and



win - ter snow! Ye days of cloud-less beau - ty! Hoar-frost and sum-mer glow!



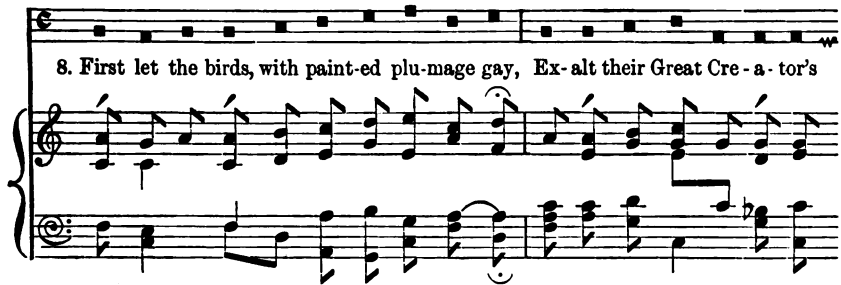
(30*)

Eastertide.

Ye groves that wave in spring, And glo-rious for-ests, sing Al-le-lu-ia.



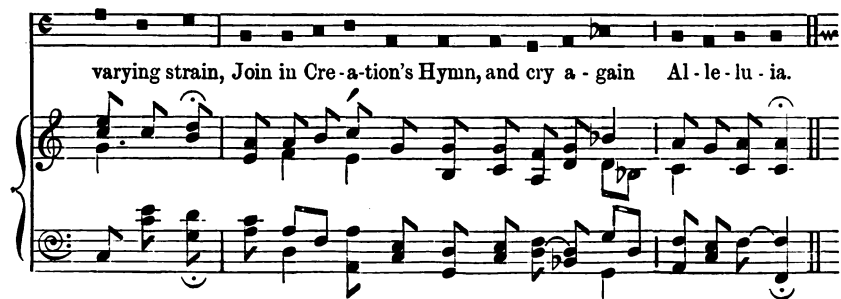
8. First let the birds, with paint-ed plu-mage gay, Ex-alt their Great Cre-a-tor's



praise, and say Al-le-lu-ia. 9. Then let the beasts of earth, with



varying strain, Join in Cre-a-tion's Hymn, and cry a-gain Al-le-lu-ia.

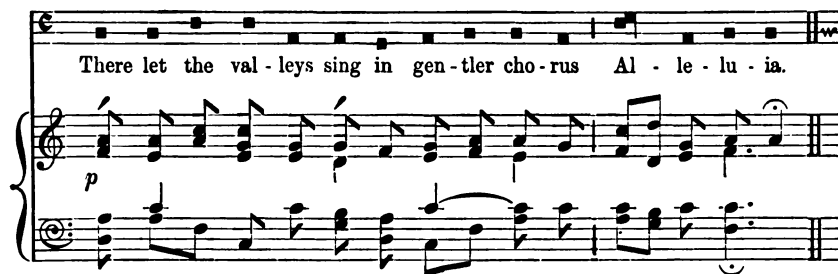


Part 1. Sequences.

10. Here let the moun-tains thun-der forth so - nor - ous Al - le - lu - ia.



There let the val - leys sing in gen - tler cho - rus Al - le - lu - ia.



11. Thou ju - bi - lant a - byss of o - cean, cry Al - le - lu - ia.



Ye tracts of earth and con - ti - nents, re - ply Al - le - lu - ia.



Eastertide.

12. To God, Who all Cre - a - tion made, The fre - quent hymn be du - ly paid :



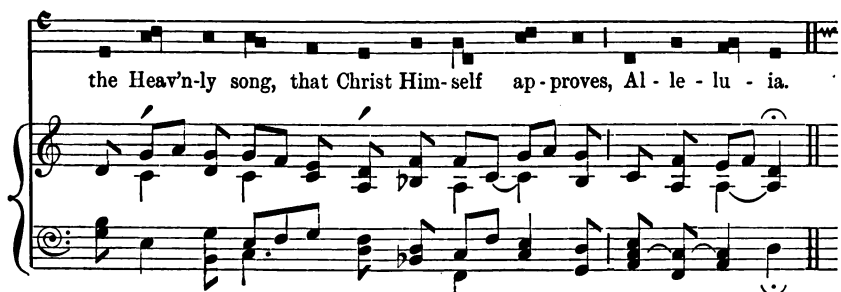
Al - le - lu - ia. 13. This is the strain, th'E - ter - nal strain, the



Lord of all things loves, Al - le - lu - ia. This is the song,



the Heav'n-ly song, that Christ Him-self ap - proves, Al - le - lu - ia.



Part 1. Sequences.

14. Where-fore we sing, both heart and voice a - wa - king, Al - le - lu - ia.

This musical score is for a hymn sequence. It features a vocal line at the top with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment below with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

And chil-dren's voi - ces e - cho, an - swer ma - king, Al - le - lu - ia.

This musical score continues the sequence. It has the same instrumental and vocal parts as the previous section. The melody continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

15. Now from all men be out - pour'd Al - le - lu - ia to the Lord ;

This musical score is for a new hymn sequence. It features a vocal line at the top with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment below with a grand staff. The key signature has one flat. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Eastertide.

With Al - le - lu - ia ev - er - more The Son and Spi - rit we a - dore.

The musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line is written in a simple, rhythmic style with square notes. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both using eighth and sixteenth notes.

16. Praise be done to the Three in One. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

This section continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes a key signature change to one flat (B-flat) in the left hand.

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

The final section of the score features the same vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking in the right hand.

Part 1. Sequences.

124 (Second Tune.)

Irregular.

A. H. D. TROTT.



- | | | | |
|--|------------------------|--|--------------------|
| 1 THE strain upraise of
joy and praise, Alle- | lu - - - ia. | 2 To the glory of their
King Shall the ransom'd | peo - ple sing |
| 3 And the Choirs that . . | dwell on high | Shall re-echo . . . | through the sky, |
| 4 They, through the fields
<i>Unison.</i> | of Paradise that roam, | The blessed ones, repeat
through | that bright Home |
| 5 The planets glitt'ring on
<i>Harmony.</i> | their Heaven - ly way, | The shining constellations | join, and say |
| 6 Ye clouds that onward
sweep ! Ye winds on | pin - ions light ! | Ye thunders, echoing loud
and deep ! Ye lightnings, | wild - ly bright ! |
| 7 Ye floods and ocean bil-
lows ! Ye storms and | win - ter snow ! | Ye days of cloudless
beauty ! Hoar-frost and | sum - mer glow ! |
| 8 First let the birds, with
painted | plu - mage gay, | Exalt their Great Creator's | praise, and say |
| 9 Then let the beasts of
earth, with
<i>Unison.</i> | vary - ing strain, | Join in Creation's Hymn,
and | cry a - gain |
| 10 Here let the mountains
thunder forth so- | nor - - - ous | Alle - - - | - lu - - - ia. |
| 11 Thou jubilant abyss of
<i>Harmony.</i> | o - cean, cry | Alle - - - | - lu - - - ia. |
| 12 To God, Who all Cre - | - a - tion made, | The frequent hymn be . . | du - ly paid : |
| 13 This is the strain, th'
Eternal strain, the
Lord of | all things loves, | Alle - - - | - lu - - , ia ! |
| 14 Wherefore we sing, both
heart and voice a- | - wa - king, | Alle - - - | - lu - - - ia. |
| <i>Unison.</i> | | | |
| 15 Now from all men | be out - pour'd | Alleluia . . . | to the Lord ; |
| <i>Harmony.</i> | | | |
| 16 Praise be done to the . | Three in One. | Alle - - - | - lu - - - ia ! |

Eastertide.



- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|----------|----|------------|--------------------|----|--------|------|---|------|
| (2) Alle | - | - | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (3) Alle | - | - | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (4) Alle | - | - | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (5) Alle | - | - | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (6) In sweet con | - | - | - | - | - sent | u | - nite | your Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (7) Ye groves that wave in
spring, And glorious | - | - | - | - | - for | - | ests, sing | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (8) Alle | - | - | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (9) Alle | - | - | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (10) There let the valleys sing in
gentler | - | - | - | - | - cho | - | rus | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (11) Ye tracts of earth and conti- | - | - | - | - | - nents, | re | - ply | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (12) Alle | - | - | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (13) This is the song, the Heav'nly
song, that Christ Him- | - | - | - | - | - self | ap | - proves, | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| <i>Trebles only.</i> | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| (14) And children's voices echo,
answer | - | - | - | - | - ma | - | king, | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |
| (15) With Alleluia | - | - | - | - | - ev | - | er - more | The Son and Spirit | we | adore. | | | |
| (16) Alleluia ! Alle | - | - | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! | Alle | - | - | - lu | - | ia ! |

Part 1. Sequences. THE ASCENSION DAY.

125 (First Tune.)
CÖLN.

Triumphe! plaudant maria.
Eight 8's and 4. Irregular.

Sirenes Symphoniacæ.
Cologne, 1678, No. 59.

1. Sing vic - t'ry, O ye seas and lands! Ye floods and riv - ers,
And, Saints, ful - fil your Lord's de - mands! Crown ye the King that

clap your hands! Break forth in joy, An - gel - ic bands! } Bow be -
midst you stands, To Whom the Heav'nly Gate ex - pands! }

- fore His Name E - ter - nal, bow be - fore His Name E - ter - nal, Things Ce -

- les - tial, thingster - res - tial, And in - fer - nal. A - men.

125 (Second Tune.)

Eight 8's and 4. Irregular.

TRIUMPHE! PLAUDANT MARIA.
Unison. In moderate time.

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

1. Sing vic - t'ry, O ye seas and lands! Ye floods and riv - ers, clap your hands!
In moderate time.

The Ascension Day.

No pause
vv. 1 & 3.

No pause
vv. 2 & 4.

Break forth in joy, An - gel - ic bands ! And, Saints, ful - fil your Lord's de - mands !

Crown ye the King that midst you stands, To Whom the Heav'nly Gate ex - pands !

Bow before His Name E - ter - nal, Things Ce - les - tial, things ter - res - tial, And in - fer - nal.

2.
Sing vict'ry, Angel Guards that wait !
Lift up, lift up th' Eternal Gate,
And let the King come in with state ;
And, as ye meet Him on the way,
The mighty triumph greet, and say,
"Hail Jesu ! glorious Prince, to-day !"
Bow before His Name Eternal,
Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
And infernal.

3.
Who is the King of glory blest,
Effulgent in His purple vest ?
With garments dyed in Bozrah, He
Ascends in pomp and jubilee ;
It is the King, renown'd in fight,
Whose Hands have shatter'd Satan's might !
Bow before His Name Eternal,
Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
And infernal.

4.
Right gloriously strife endeth now !
Henceforth all things to Thee shall bow,
And at the Father's Side sit Thou !
O Jesu, all our wishes' goal,
Be Thou our joy when troubles roll,
And the Reward of ev'ry soul !
Bow before His Name Eternal,
Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
And infernal.

A - men.

Part 1. Sequences.

125 (Third Tune.)

ASCENSION.

Eight 8's and 4. Irregular. A. L. PEACE, Mus. Doc.

1. Sing vic'try, Ó ye seas and lands ! Ye floods and rívers, clap your hands !

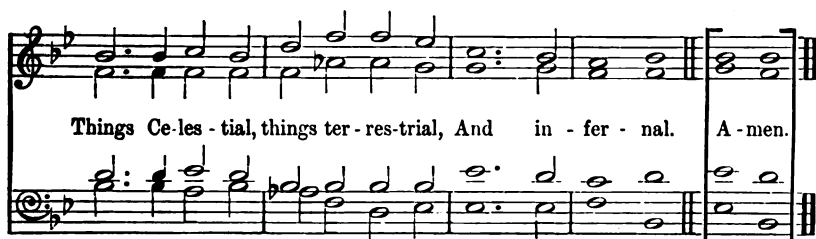
Break forth in jóy, An - gel - ic bands ! And, Saints, fulfil your Lord's de-mands !

Crown ye the Kíng that midst you stands ! To Whom the Héav'nly

Gate ex - pands ! Bow be - fore His Name E - ter - nal,

(40*)

The Ascension Day.



- 2 Sing vict'ry, Ángel | Guards that wait !
 Lift up, lift up th' E- | -ternal Gate,
 And let the Kíng come | in with state ;
 And, as ye méet Him | on the way,
 The mighty tríumph | greet, and say,
 "Hail Jesu ! glórious | Prince, to-day !"
 Bow before His Name Eternal,
 Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
 And infernal.
- 3 Who is the Kíng of | glory blest,
 Effulgent in His | purple vest ?
 With garments dyed in | Bozrah, He
 Ascends in pómp and | jubilee ;
 It is the Kíng, re- | -nown'd in fight,
 Whose Hands have sháttér'd | Satan's might !
 Bow before His Name Eternal,
 Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
 And infernal.
- 3 Right gloriously strífe | endeth now !
 Henceforth all things to | Thee shall bow,
 And at the Fáther's | Side sit Thou !
 O Jesu, áll our | wishes' goal,
 Be Thou our jóy when | troubles roll,
 And the Rewárd of | ev'ry soul !
 Bow before His Name Eternal,
 Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
 And infernal. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

WHITSUNDAY.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

126 (First Tune.)

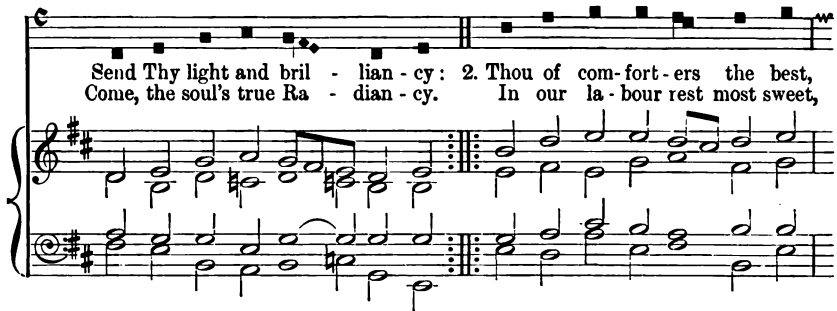
THE GOLDEN SEQUENCE.
Mode i.

Solesmes Form.
xijth Century Melody.

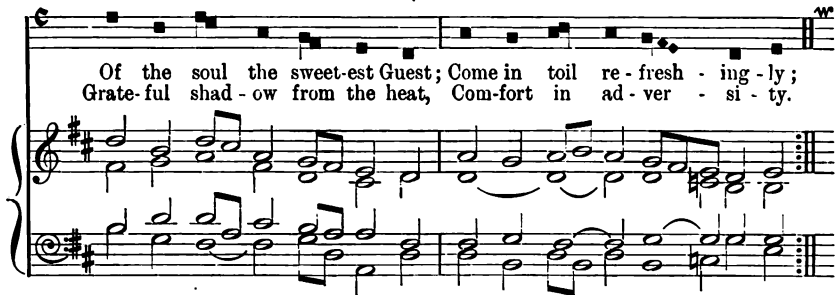
1. Come, Thou Ho - ly Par - a - clete, And from Thy Ce - les - tial Seat
Fa - ther of the poor, draw near; Giv - er of all gifts, be here;



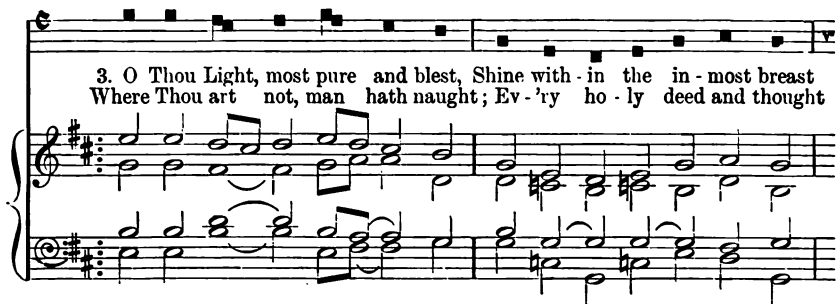
Send Thy light and bril - lian - cy: 2. Thou of com - fort - ers the best,
Come, the soul's true Ra - dian - cy. In our la - bour rest most sweet,



Of the soul the sweet - est Guest; Come in toil re - fresh - ing - ly;
Grate - ful shad - ow from the heat, Com - fort in ad - ver - si - ty.



3. O Thou Light, most pure and blest, Shine with - in the in - most breast
Where Thou art not, man hath naught; Ev - 'ry ho - ly deed and thought



Whitsunday.

Of Thy faith-ful com - pa - ny: 4. What is soil - ed, make Thou pure;
Come from Thy Di - vin - i - ty. What is rig - id, gen - tly bend;

What is wound - ed, work its cure; What is parch - ed, fruc - ti - fy;
What is fro - zen, warm - ly tend; Strengthen what goes err - ing - ly.

5. Fill Thy Faith-ful, who con - fide In Thy power to guard and guide,
Here Thy grace and vir - tue send; Grant Sal - va - tion in the end,

With Thy Sev'n - fold Mys - te - ry;
And in Heav'n fe - li - ci - ty. A - men.

The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

Part 1. Sequences.

126 (*Second Tune.*)

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

7.7.7. D.

S. WEBBE, 1740—1816.



The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

1 COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy Celestial Seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy :
Father of the poor, draw near ;
Giver of all gifts, be here ;
Come, the soul's true Radiancy.

2 Thou of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest Guest ;
Come in toil refreshingly ;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

3 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company :
Where Thou art not, man hath naught ;
Ev'ry holy deed and thought
Come from Thy Divinity.

4 What is soiled, make Thou pure ;
What is wounded, work its cure ;
What is parched, fructify ;
What is rigid, gently bend ;
What is frozen, warmly tend ;
Strengthen what goes erringly.

5 Fill Thy Faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy Sevenfold Mystery ;
Here Thy grace and virtue send ;
Grant Salvation in the end,
And in Heav'n felicity. [Amen.]

Trinity Sunday.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Also on the Transfiguration.

Trinitas, Unitas, Deitas.

127 (First Tune.)

Irregular.

Adapted from *La Feillée*.
Har. by Rev. S. S. GREATHEED.

1. Tri - ni - ty, U - ni - ty, De - i - ty, E - ter - nal :

The first system of the hymn features a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff with square notes. Below the treble staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature (C). The harmony is written on two staves with square notes. The lyrics are: "1. Tri - ni - ty, U - ni - ty, De - i - ty, E - ter - nal :".

Ma - jes - ty, Po - ten - cy, Bril - lian - cy, Su - per - nal :

The second system of the hymn continues the melody and harmony. The treble staff has a common time signature (C). The grand staff has a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "Ma - jes - ty, Po - ten - cy, Bril - lian - cy, Su - per - nal :".

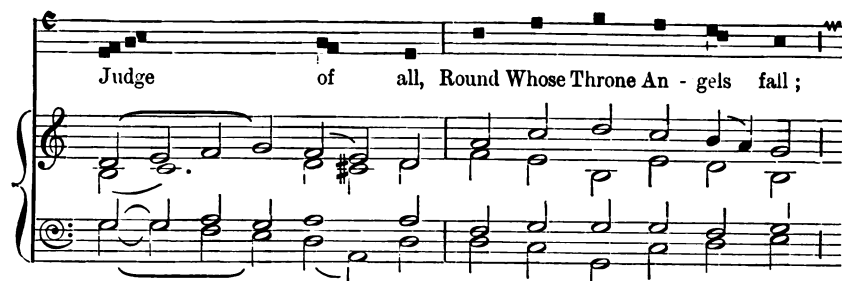
2. First and Last, End and Cause, King of kings, Law of laws,

The third system of the hymn continues the melody and harmony. The treble staff has a common time signature (C). The grand staff has a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "2. First and Last, End and Cause, King of kings, Law of laws,".

(45*)

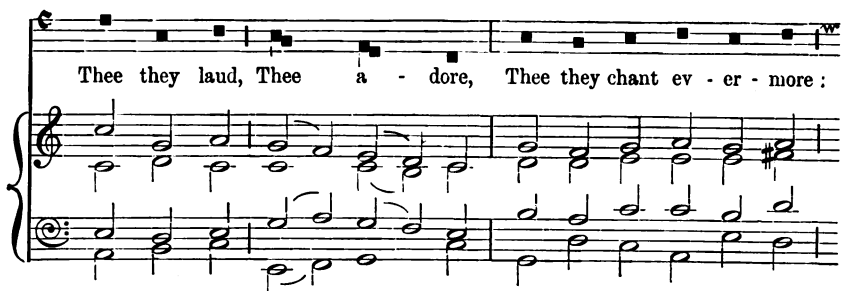
Part 1. Sequences.

Judge of all, Round Whose Throne An - gels fall ;




The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are 'Judge of all, Round Whose Throne An - gels fall ;'. The piano accompaniment features a right hand with a treble clef and a left hand with a bass clef, both playing chords and moving lines.

Thee they laud, Thee a - dore, Thee they chant ev - er - more :



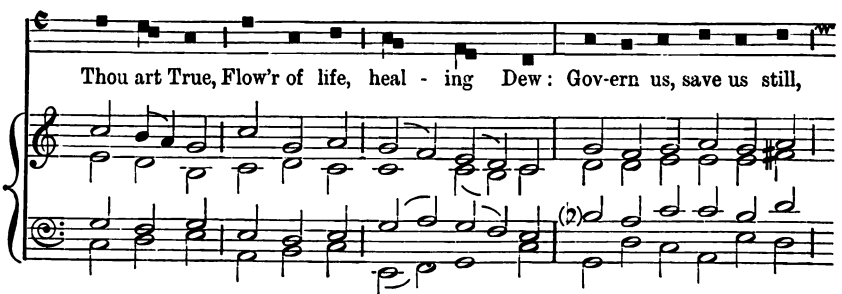
The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Thee they laud, Thee a - dore, Thee they chant ev - er - more :'. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

With ac - claim Heav'n - ly Hosts greet Thy Name. 3. Thou art One,



The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'With ac - claim Heav'n - ly Hosts greet Thy Name. 3. Thou art One,'. The musical notation follows the same format as the previous systems.

Thou art True, Flow'r of life, heal - ing Dew : Gov-ern us, save us still,



The fourth system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Thou art True, Flow'r of life, heal - ing Dew : Gov-ern us, save us still,'. The musical notation follows the same format as the previous systems.

Trinity Sunday.

Guide us on t'wards the hill of Thy rest, T'wards the joys of the Blest.

4. Thou art God, Thou art Just, Thee we love, Thee we trust:

King a - dor'd, Ho - liest Lord, Glo - ry be, Both to - day


and al - way, Un - to Thee! A - men.

Part 1. Sequences.

127 (*Second Tune.*)


Irregular.

PHILIP ARMES, Mus. Doc.



1. Tri - ni - ty, U - ni - ty, De - i - ty, E - ter - nal : Ma - jes - ty,

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style with eighth and quarter notes.



Po - ten - cy, Bril - lian - cy, Su - per - nal : Bril - lian - cy, Su - per - nal :

The second system continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/2 time signature. The musical notation is consistent with the first system.



2. First and Last, End and Cause, King of kings, Law of laws, Judge of all,

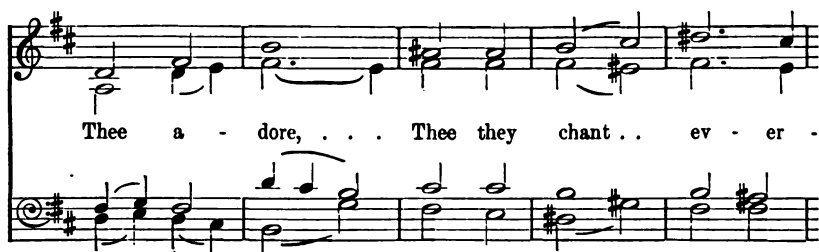
The third system begins with a new line of text. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/2 time signature. The melody continues with the same homophonic style.



Round Whose Throne An - gels fall ; . . Thee they laud,

The fourth system concludes the sequence. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/2 time signature. The melody ends with a final cadence.

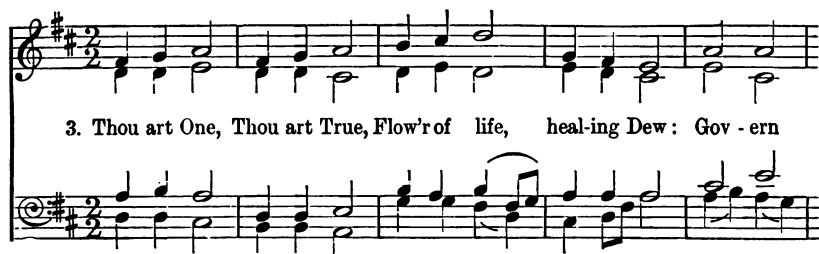
Trinity Sunday.



Thee a - dore, . . . Thee they chant . . ev - er -



- more: With ac - claim Heav'n - ly Hosts greet Thy Name.



3. Thou art One, Thou art True, Flow'r of life, heal-ing Dew: Gov - ern

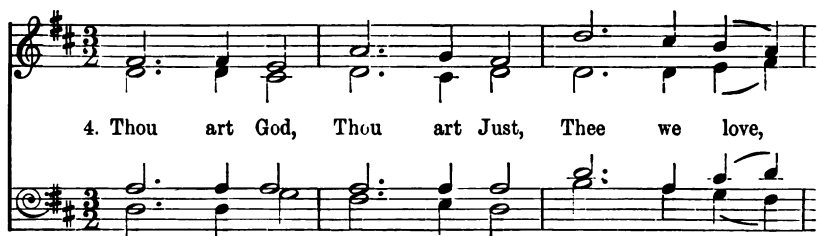


us, save us still, . . Guide us on . . t'wards the

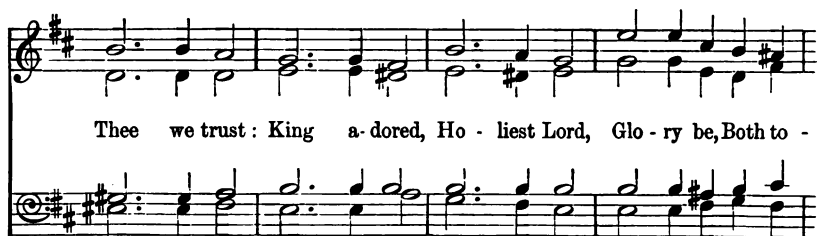
Part 1. Sequences.



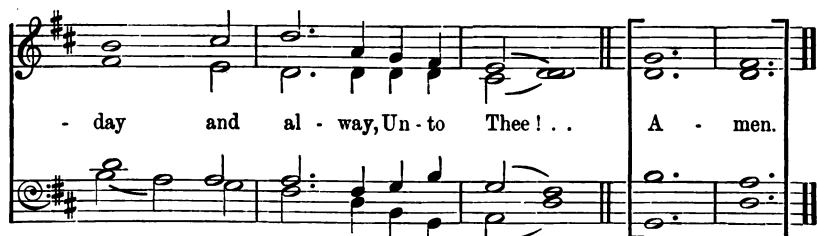
hill of Thy rest, T'wards the joys . . of the Blest.



4. Thou art God, Thou art Just, Thee we love,



Thee we trust : King a-dored, Ho - liest Lord, Glo - ry be, Both to -



- day and al - way, Un - to Thee ! . . A - men.

By permission of the late Professor Armes.

(50*)

The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

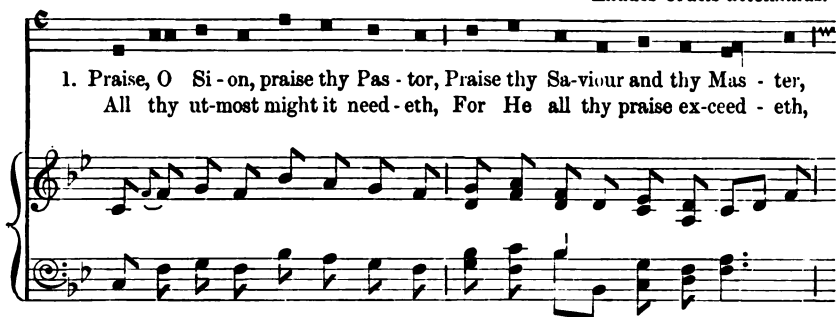
THE FESTIVAL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

128 (First Tune.)

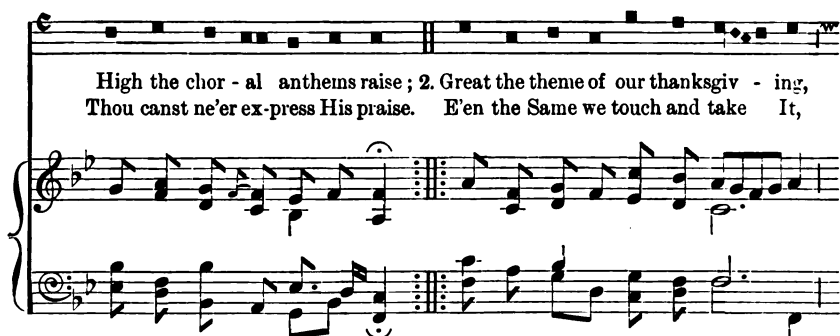
Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

Sarum Form
of xijth Century Melody,
"Laudes Crucis attollamus."

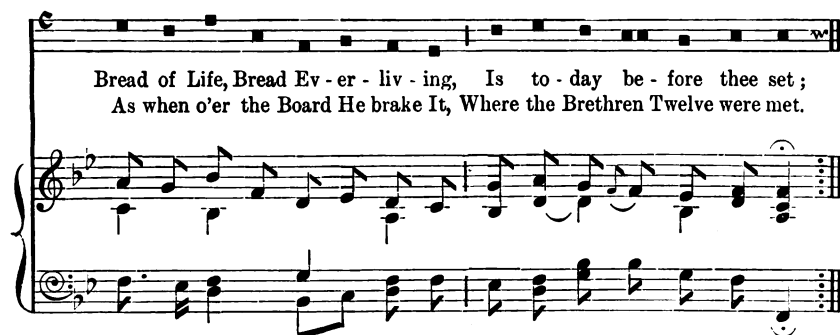
Modes vij. & viij.



1. Praise, O Si - on, praise thy Pas - tor, Praise thy Sa - viour and thy Mas - ter,
All thy ut - most might it need - eth, For He all thy praise ex - ceed - eth,



High the chor - al anthems raise ; 2. Great the theme of our thanksgiv - ing,
Thou canst ne'er ex - press His praise. E'en the Same we touch and take It,



Bread of Life, Bread Ev - er - liv - ing, Is to - day be - fore thee set ;
As when o'er the Board He brake It, Where the Brethren Twelve were met.

Part 1. Sequences.

3. Full and clear ring out our chant-ing, Joy nor sweet-est grace be want-ing
 4. Here the New Law's new Ob-la-tion, By the New King's re-ve-la-tion,

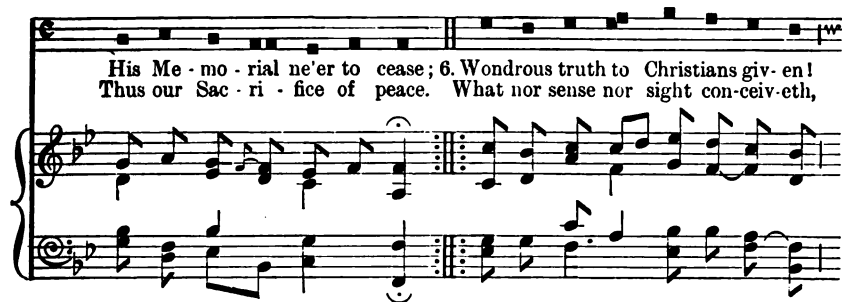
In the glad-ness of the breast; Let a sol-lemn chant be rais-ed,
 Brings to end the an-cient rite; Now the New the old ef-fa-ces,

While the Mys-te-ry is prais-ed Of the Ho-ly Eu-char-ist.
 Truth a-way the shad-ow cha-ses, Light dis-pels the gloom of night.

5. What He did, at sup-per seat-ed, Christ or-dain'd to be re-peat-ed,
 And, His rule for guid-ance ta-king, Bread and Wine we hal-low, ma-king

The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

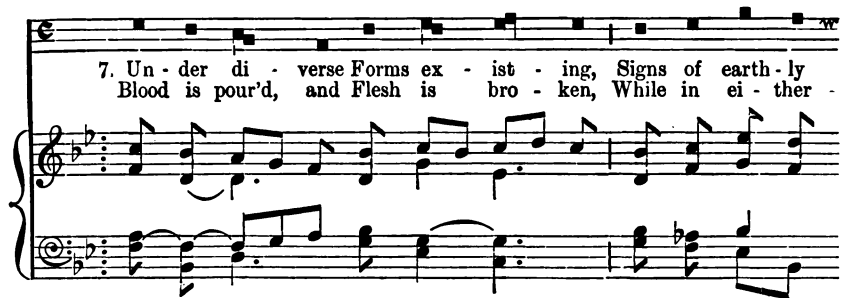
His Me - mo - rial ne'er to cease ; 6. Wondrous truth to Christians giv - en !
Thus our Sac - ri - fice of peace. What nor sense nor sight con-ceive-eth,



Bread be-comes His Flesh from Hea-ven ; To His Blood is turn'd the Wine ;
Yet a daunt-less faith be - liev - eth, Rest-ing on a power Di-vine.



7. Un - der di - verse Forms ex - ist - ing, Signs of earth - ly
Blood is pour'd, and Flesh is bro - ken, While in ei - ther -



things con - sist - ing, Things of price - less worth are veil'd ;
won - drous To - ken Whol - ly pres - ent Christ is hail'd.



Part 1. Sequences.

8. Who - so of this Food par - ta - keth Rend-eth not the
Thou - sands are, as one, re - ceiv - ers, One, as thou-sands

Lord, nor break - eth ; Christ is whole to all that taste :
of be - liev - ers, Eats of Him Who can - not waste.

9. Good and bad the Feast are shar - ing, Yet a
Sin - ners death, the right - eous ma - king Life their

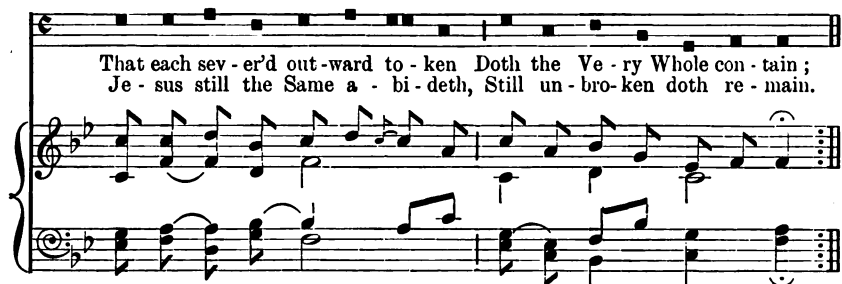
doom un - like pre - par - ing—End - less life, or end - less woe ;
own ; from that same ta - king Ah ! what dif - ferent ends shall flow.

The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

10. When the Sa - cra - ment is bro - ken, Doubt not, but be - lieve 'tis spo - ken,
Nought the pre - cious Gift di - vi - deth, Break - ing but the sign be - ti - deth,



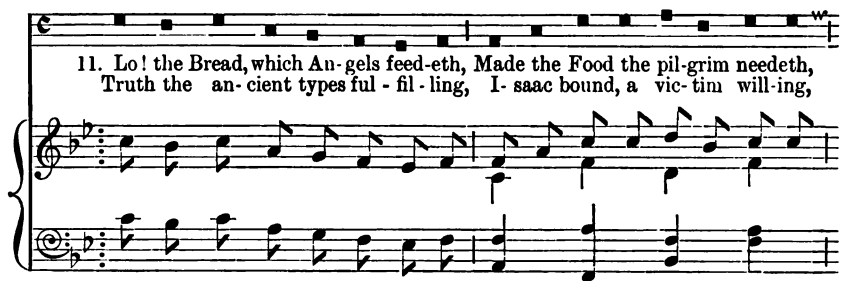
That each sev - er'd out - ward to - ken Doth the Ve - ry Whole con - tain ;
Je - sus still the Same a - bi - deth, Still un - bro - ken doth re - main.



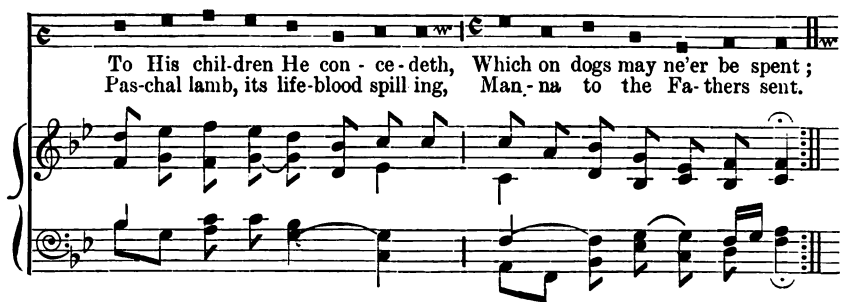
PART II.

Ecce Panis Angelorum.

11. Lo! the Bread, which An - gels feed - eth, Made the Food the pil - grim needeth,
Truth the an - cient types ful - fil - ling, I - saac bound, a vic - tim will - ing,



To His chil - dren He con - ce - deth, Which on dogs may ne'er be spent ;
Pas - chal lamb, its life - blood spill ing, Man - na to the Fa - thers sent.

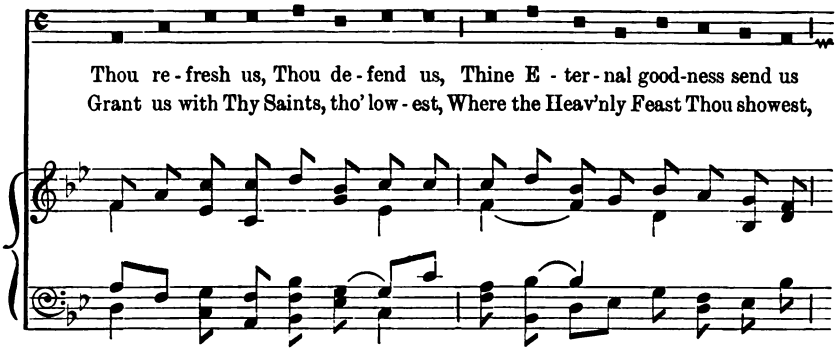


Part 1. Sequences.

12. Shepherd Good, True Bread, at - tend us, Je - su, pi - ty and befriend us ;
Thou Who all things canst and know - est, Who on earth such Food be - stowest,

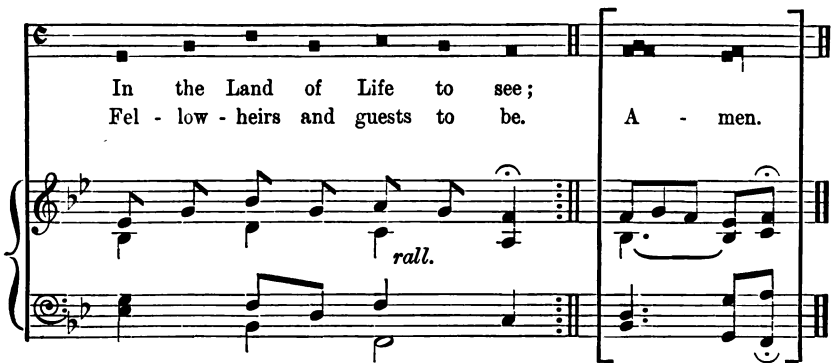


Thou re - fresh us, Thou de - fend us, Thine E - ter - nal good - ness send us
Grant us with Thy Saints, tho' low - est, Where the Heav'nly Feast Thou showest,



In the Land of Life to see ;
Fel - low - heirs and guests to be.

A - men.



The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

128 (Second Tune.)

LAUDA, SION.

8.8.7. D.

G. F. COBB.

NOTE—It is intended that this Sequence should be sung in Unison throughout, as will be perceived from the nature of the Organ Part here given. As the Sequence is long, it will be found advisable to relieve the strain upon the voice by singing verses 2 to 9 (inclusive) antiphonally. The Organ accompaniment should be varied: specimens of different Harmonies are given in the music to the last verses.

$\text{♩} = 104.$

1. Praise, O Si - on, praise thy Pas - tor, Praise thy Sa - viour and thy Mas - ter,


High the chor - al an - thems raise ; All thy ut - most might it need - eth,

For He all thy praise ex - ceed - eth, Thou canst ne'er ex - press His praise.


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Great the theme of our thanksgiving,
Bread of Life, Bread Ever-living,
Is to-day before thee set ;
E'en the Same we touch and take It,
As when o'er the Board He brake It,
Where the Brethren Twelve were met.</p> <p>3 Full and clear ring out our chanting,
Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting
In the gladness of the breast ;
Let a solemn chant be raised,
While the Mystery is praised
Of the Holy Eucharist.</p> <p>4 Here the New Law's new Oblation,
By the New King's revelation,
Brings to end the ancient rite ;
Now the New the old effaces,
Truth away the shadow chases,
Light dispels the gloom of night.</p> <p>5 What He did, at supper seated,
Christ ordain'd to be repeated,
His Memorial ne'er to cease ;
And, His rule for guidance taking,
Bread and Wine we hallow, making
Thus our Sacrifice of peace.</p> | <p>6 Wondrous truth to Christians given !
Bread becomes His Flesh from Heaven ;
To His Blood is turn'd the Wine ;
What nor sense nor sight conceiveth,
Yet a dauntless faith believeth,
Resting on a power Divine.</p> <p>7 Under diverse Forms existing,
Signs of earthly things consisting,
Things of priceless worth are veil'd ;
Blood is pour'd, and Flesh is broken,
While in either wondrous Token
Wholly present Christ is hail'd.</p> <p>8 Whoso of this Food partaketh
Rendeth not the Lord, nor breaketh ;
Christ is whole to all that taste :
Thousands are, as one, receivers ;
One, as thousands of believers,
Eats of Him Who cannot waste.</p> <p>9 Good and bad the Feast are sharing,
Yet a doom unlike preparing—
Endless life, or endless woe ;
Sinners death, the righteous making
Life their own ; from that same taking
Ah ! what different ends shall flow.</p> |
|---|---|

Part 1. Sequences.


8.8.8.7. D.




10. When the Sa - cra - ment is bro - ken, Doubt not, but be - lieve 'tis spo - ken,



That each sev - er'd out - ward to - ken Doth the Ve - ry Whole con - tain ;



Nought the precious Gift di - vi - deth, Breaking but the sign be - ti - deth,



Je - sus still the Same a - bi - deth, Still un - bro - ken doth re - main.

- 11 Lo ! the Bread, which Angels feedeth,
Made the Food the pilgrim needeth,
To His children He concedeth,
Which on dogs may ne'er be spent ;
Truth the ancient types fulfilling,
Isaac bound, a victim willing,
Paschal lamb, its life-blood spilling,
Manna to the Fathers sent.

The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

8.8.8.8.7. D.

Slower. *p* *pp*

12. Shepherd Good, True Bread, at-tend us, Je - su, pi - ty and be-friend us ;

a tempo e cres.

Thou re-fresh us, Thou de-fend us, Thine E-ter-nal good-ness send us

f *mf*

In the Land of Life to see ; Thou Who all things canst and know-est,

cres.

Who on earth such Food be-stow-est, Grant us with Thy Saints, tho' low-est,

Where the Heav'nly Feast Thou showest, Fel-low-heirs and guests to be. Amen.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Part 1. Sequences.

128 (Third Tune.)

LAUDA, SION.

8.8.7. D.

THOMAS ADAMS, F.R.C.O.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

1. Praise, O Si-on, praise thy Pas-tor, Praise thy Sa-viour and thy Mas-ter,

High the chor-al an-thems raise; All thy ut-most might it need-eth,

For He all thy praise ex-ceed-eth, Thou canst ne'er ex-press His praise.

2 Great the theme of our thanksgiving,
Bread of Life, Bread Ever-living,
Is to-day before thee set;
E'en the Same we touch and take It,
As when o'er the Board He brake It,
Where the Brethren Twelve were met.

3 Full and clear ring out our chanting,
Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting
In the gladness of the breast;
Let a solemn chant be raised,
While the Mystery is praised
Of the Holy Eucharist.

4 Here the New Law's new Oblation,
By the New King's revelation,
Brings to end the ancient rite;
Now the New the old effaces,
Truth away the shadow chases,
Light dispels the gloom of night.

5 What He did, at supper seated,
Christ ordain'd to be repeated,
His Memorial ne'er to cease;
And, His rule for guidance taking,
Bread and Wine we hallow, making
Thus our Sacrifice of peace.

6 Wondrous truth to Christians given!
Bread becomes His Flesh from Heaven;
To His Blood is turn'd the Wine;
What nor sense nor sight conceiveth,
Yet a dauntless faith believeth,
Resting on a power Divine.

7 Under diverse Forms existing,
Signs of earthly things consisting,
Things of priceless worth are veil'd;
Blood is pour'd, and Flesh is broken,
While in either wondrous Token
Wholly present Christ is hail'd.

8 Whoso of this Food partaketh
Rendereth not the Lord, nor breaketh;
Christ is whole to all that taste:
Thousands are, as one, receivers;
One, as thousands of believers,
Eats of Him Who cannot waste.

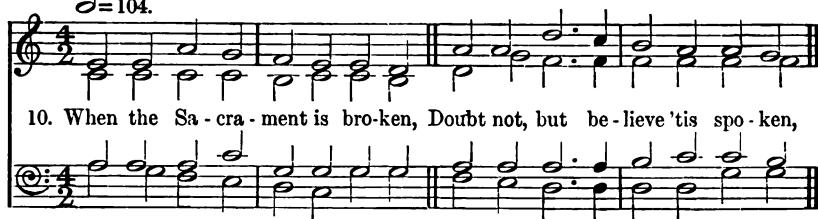
9 Good and bad the Feast are sharing,
Yet a doom unlike preparing—
Endless life, or endless woe;
Sinners death, the righteous making
Life their own; from that same taking
Ah! what different ends shall flow.

(60*)

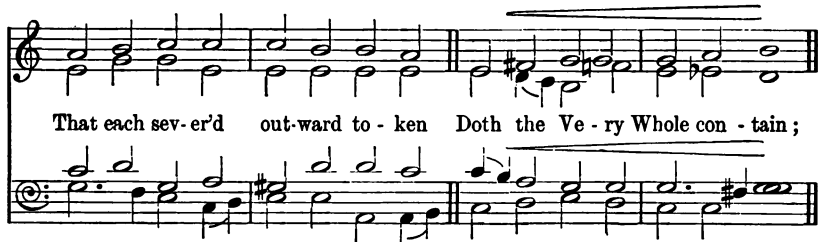
The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

8.8.8.7. D.

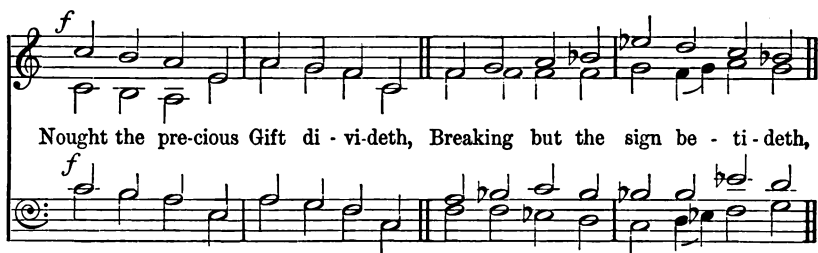
$\text{♩} = 104.$



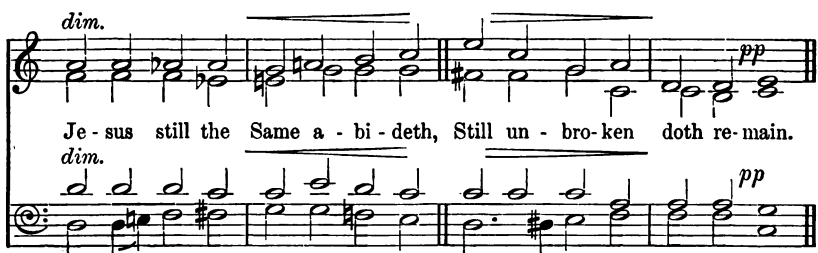
10. When the Sa - cra - ment is bro - ken, Doubt not, but be - lieve 'tis spo - ken,



That each sev - er'd out - ward to - ken Doth the Ve - ry Whole con - tain ;



Nought the pre - cious Gift di - vi - deth, Breaking but the sign be - ti - deth,



Je - sus still the Same a - bi - deth, Still un - broken doth re - main.

PART II.

Ecce Panis Angelorum.

- 11 Lo! the Bread, which Angels feedeth
 Made the Food the pilgrim needeth,
 To His children He concedeth,
 Which on dogs may ne'er be spent ;
 Truth the ancient types fulfilling,
 Isaac bound, a victim willing,
 Paschal lamb, its life-blood spilling,
 Manna to the Fathers sent.

Part 1. Sequences.

12. Shep - herd Good, True Bread, at - tend us,

This system contains measures 12 and 13. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). Measure 12 ends with a double bar line.

Je - su, pi - ty and be - friend us; Thou re - fresh us,

This system contains measures 14 and 15. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). Measure 14 ends with a double bar line.

Thou de - fend us, Thine E - ter - nal good - ness send us

This system contains measures 16 and 17. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). Measure 16 ends with a double bar line.

In the . . Land of Life to see; . .

This system contains measures 18 and 19. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The word *rit.* is written above the staff in measure 18. Measure 18 ends with a double bar line.

The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

Unison.
f a tempo. *dim.* *rall.*

Thou Who all things canst and knowest, Who on earth such Food bestow-est,

f a tempo. *dim.* *rall.*

mf a tempo. *cres.* *ff*

Grant us with Thy Saints, though lowest, Where the Heav'nly Feast Thou showest,

mf a tempo. *cres.* *ff*

rit. *f a tempo.*

Fel - low-heirs and guests to be. A - men.

rit. *f a tempo.*

By permission of T. Adams, F.R.C.O.

Part 1. Sequences.

THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Omnēs una celebremus.

Irregular.

129 (First Tune.)

Melody of "Jesus Christus nostra Salus."
Adapted from the *Pie Cantiones* of Nyland.

1. In our com - mon ce - le - bra - tion, Thanks and ho - ly
2. This the day that God hath blest, . . . This the day that

ven - er - a - tion To Christ's Fes - ti - val be paid.
calls to .. rest, .. This the day the Lord hath made.

The above Harmonies are from LEISENTRIT, 1567.

3. Where-in the world its first cre - a - tion knew, Whence bet - ter life its
4. Where-in Christ burst the bars of Hell in twain, And raised His hand - i -

ear - liest be - ing .. drew, This .. is the day:
- work to Heav'n a - gain, This .. is the day:

NOTE.—The other verses as the first.

5 When the peace that is from Heaven
Was bestow'd upon the Eleven,
As the doors were closed at night:

6 When the Holy Spirit's Flame
On the Church's Teachers came,
Filling them with grace and light:

7 When the Priests their trumpets take,
And the Gospel-message wake,
And the people hear aright.

8 In this Festal Celebration
Make we earnest supplication
That our ransom'd spirits may,

9 Through Christ's mercy, with the Blest,
Enter on Eternal Rest,
At the fearful Judgement Day!

(64*)

The Sundays after Trinity.

129 (Second Tune.)
Slowly.

Irregular.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, M.V.O., M.A., MUS. D.

1. In our com - mon ce - le - bra - tion, Thanks and ho - ly
2. This the day that God hath blest, . . This the day that

ven - er - a - tion To Christ's Fes - ti - val be paid.
calls to rest, . . This the day the Lord hath made.

3. Where - in the world its first cre - a - tion knew, Whence bet - ter life its
ear - liest be - ing drew, This is the day, this is the day:

4. Where - in . . Christ burst the bars of Hell in twain, And rais'd His hand - i -
work to Heav'n - a - gain, This is the day, this is the day:

By permission of Sir Frederick Bridge.

NOTE.—The other verses as the first.

- 5 When the peace that is from Heaven
Was bestow'd upon the Eleven,
As the doors were closed at night:
- 6 When the Holy Spirit's Flame
On the Church's Teachers came,
Filling them with grace and light:
- 7 When the Priests their trumpets take,
And the Gospel-message wake,
And the people hear aright.
- 8 In this Festal Celebration
Make we earnest supplication
That our ransom'd spirits may,
- 9 Through Christ's mercy, with the Blest,
Enter on Eternal Rest,
At the fearful Judgement Day!

(65*)

Part 1. Sequences.

THE CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

130 (First Tune.)

Paule, Doctor egregie.

VOM HIMMEL HOCH.

L.M.

SETH CALVISIUS 1595.

Amen.

By permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

130 (Second Tune.)

GOODWILL.

L.M.

R. T. POWELL.

A - men.

By permission of the Editor of "Goodwill Music."

(66*)

The Conversion of S. Paul.

130 (Third Tune.)

PONTESBURY.

L.M.



By permission of Mr. Bowden, Publisher, Oxford.

- 1 FROM thee, illustrious Teacher, Paul,
Sounds forth the Church's trumpet-call
Throughout the world, from pole to pole,
Like tempest's blast, like thunder's roll.
- 2 Hearts with thy stirring peal awake,
With truth bedew, and fertile make :
So shall the rain from Heav'n distil,
Our parchèd souls with grace to fill.
- 3 O bliss of Paul, beyond all thought !
To Paradise, yet living, caught ;
He hears the Heav'nly myst'ries there,
Which mortal tongue may not declare.
- 4 The Word's blest seed around he flings :
And straight a mighty harvest springs :
And fruits of holy deeds supply
God's Everlasting Granary.
- 5 The lamp his holy lore displays
Hath filled the world with glorious rays ;
And doubt and error are o'erthrown,
That Truth may reign, and reign alone.
- 6 Long as unending ages run,
To God the Father laud be done ;
To God the Son our equal praise,
And God, the Holy Ghost, we raise. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

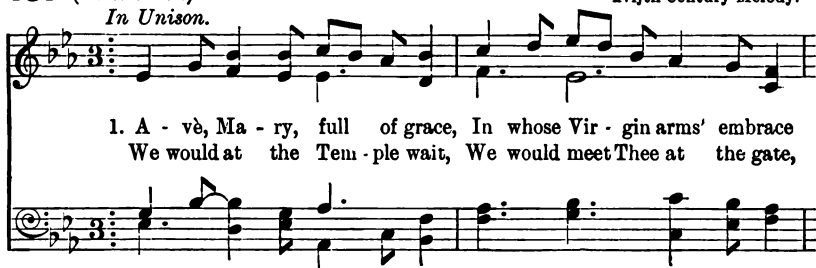
THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

Ave, plena gratia.

7.7.7. D.

Paris,
xvith Century Melody.

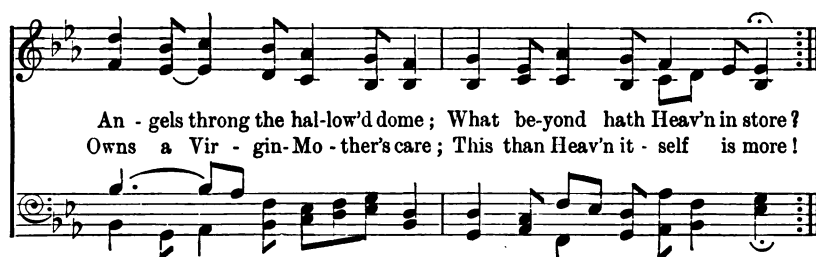
131 (First Tune.)
In Unison.



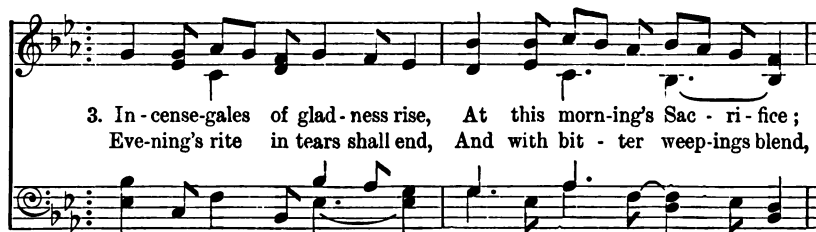
1. A - vè, Ma - ry, full of grace, In whose Vir - gin arms' embrace
We would at the Tem - ple wait, We would meet Thee at the gate,



God to God Him-self doth vow! 2. God is to His Tem - ple come;
Je - su, for our all art Thou. God Himself our flesh doth wear;

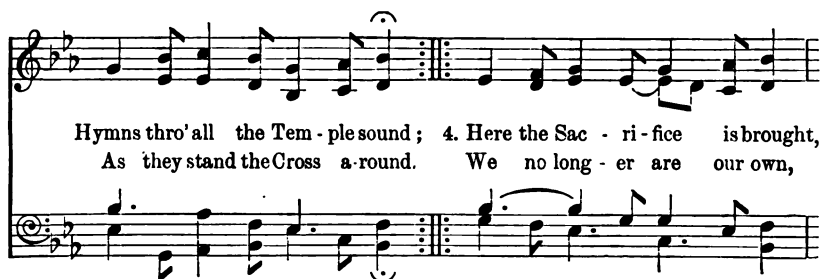


An - gels thron'g the hal-low'd dome; What be-yond hath Heav'n in store?
Owns a Vir - gin-Mo - ther's care; This than Heav'n it - self is more!

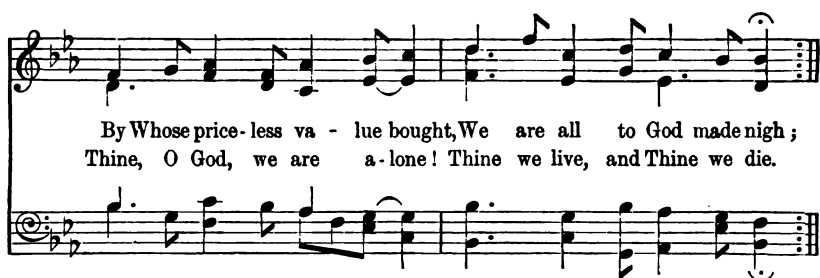


3. In - cense-gales of glad-ness rise, At this morn-ing's Sac - ri - fice;
Eve-ning's rite in tears shall end, And with bit - ter weep-ings blend,

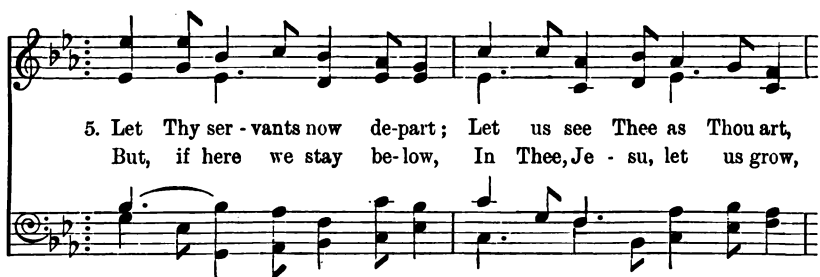
The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.



Hymns thro' all the Tem - plesound ; 4. Here the Sac - ri - fice isbrought,
As they stand theCross a-round. We no long - er are our own,



By Whose price-less va - lue bought, We are all to God madenigh ;
Thine, O God, we are a-lone ! Thine we live, and Thine we die.



5. Let Thy ser - vants now de-part ; Let us see Thee as Thou art,
But, if here we stay be-low, In Thee, Je - su, let us grow,



Naught of earth ar - rest our eyes :
So in Thee we shall a - rise. A - - men.

LACRYMAE.

7.7.7. D.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

- 1 Avè, Mary, full of grace,
In whose Virgin arms' embrace
God to God Himself doth vow!
We would at the Temple wait,
We would meet Thee at the gate,
Jesu, for our all art Thou.
- 2 God is to His Temple come;
Angels throng the hallowed dome;
What beyond hath Heav'n in store?
God Himself our flesh doth wear;
Owns a Virgin-Mother's care;
This than Heav'n itself is more!
- 3 Incense-gales of gladness rise,
At this morning's Sacrifice;
Hymns through all the Temple sound;
Evening's rite in tears shall end,
And with bitter weepings blend,
As they stand the Cross around.
- 4 Here the Sacrifice is brought,
By Whose priceless value bought,
We are all to God made nigh;
We no longer are our own,
Thine, O God, we are alone!
Thine we live, and Thine we die.
- 5 Let Thy servants now depart;
Let us see Thee as Thou art,
Naught of earth arrest our eyes:
But, if here we stay below,
In Thee, Jesu, let us grow,
So in Thee we shall arise. [Amen.]

The Annunciation of Our Lady.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY.

Humani generis.

132 (First Tune.)

Mode vj. tr.

Irregular.

Melody of "Mittit ad Virginem."
xijth Century.

1. The sighs and the sor-rows Of this world may cease ; This hap - py day
2. Thro' one man's transgression We all of us fell, From Hea - ven - ly

In quick time.

bring - eth Glad ti - dings of peace For suf - fer - ing mor - tals.
Man - sions, To save us from Hell, He came, the Most High - est.

rit.

3. To that cho - sen Vir - gin, Who God was to bear, The An - gel descendeth
4. The Word of the Fa - ther, E - ter - nal - ly born, As - sumeth man's bo - dy,

The tale to de - clare, Sal - va - tion's high Her - ald.
On this bless - ed Morn, That He may re - deem us.

rit.

F*

(71*)

Part 1. Sequences.

5. He shall of - fer this Bo - dy Our Ran - som to be ; His Blood He shall
6. From our Country, poor ex - iles, We wan - der'd in vain, And knew not the



pour forth, His ser - vants to free, And pour ev - 'ry life - drop.
path - way By which to re - gain True Joy ev - er - last - ing.



7. To the place of our ex - ile God deigns to de - scend ; Our Way He be - com - eth



Him - self, and our End ; We walk here in safe - ty. A - men.



The Annunciation of Our Lady.

132 (Second Tune.)

ANNUNCIATION.

Irregular.

J. BADEN POWELL.



By permission of Rev J. Baden Powell.

1.

THE sighs and the sorrows
Of this world may cease ;
This happy day bringeth
Glad tidings of peace
For suffering mortals.

2.

Through one man's transgression
We all of us fell,
From Heavenly Mansions,
To save us from Hell,
He came, the Most Highest.

3.

To that chosen Virgin,
Who God was to bear,
The Angel descendeth
The tale to declare,
Salvation's high Herald.

4.

The Word of the Father,
Eternally born,
Assumeth man's body,
On this blessed Morn,
That He may redeem us.

5.

He shall offer this Body
Our Ransom to be ;
His Blood He shall pour forth,
His servants to free,
And pour ev'ry life-drop.

6.

From our Country, poor exiles,
We wander'd in vain,
And knew not the pathway
By which to regain
True Joy Everlasting.

7.

To the place of our exile
God deigns to descend ;
Our Way He becometh
Himself, and our End ;
We walk here in safety. [Amen.]

(73*)

Part 1. Sequences.

THE FESTIVALS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Laudes Crucis attollamus.

133 (First Tune.)

Modes vij. & viij.

8.8.7. D.

Sarum Form
of xijth Century Melody.

1. Be the Cross our theme and sto-ry, We who in the Cross's glo-ry
By the Cross the war-rior ri-ses, By the Cross the foe des-pi-ses,

Shall ex-ult for ev-er-more; 2. Sweetest prais-es earth up-rai-ses;
Till he gains the Heav'nly shore. Life and voice keep well in cho-rus,

Ac-cents sweetest are the meet-est For the Tree of sweet-est cheer:
Then the mel-o-dy so-nor-ous Shall make con-cord true and clear.

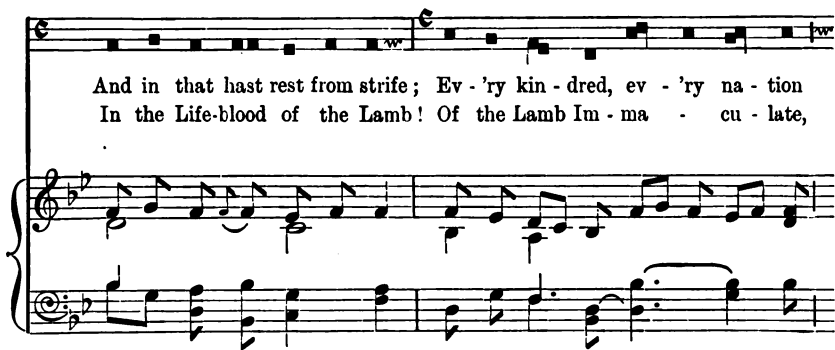
(74*)

The Festivals of the Holy Cross.

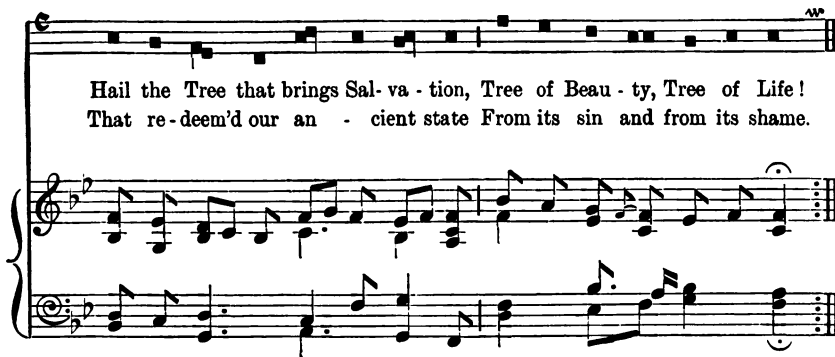
3. Love be warm, and praise be fer-vent, Thou that art the Cross's ser-vant,
4. O how glo-rious, how transcendent Was this Al-tar! how re-splen-dent



And in that hast rest from strife; Ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry na-tion
In the Life-blood of the Lamb! Of the Lamb Im-ma-cu-late,



Hail the Tree that brings Sal-va-tion, Tree of Beau-ty, Tree of Life!
That re-deem'd our an-cient state From its sin and from its shame.



Part 1. Sequences.

5. Types of old, in Scrip - ture hid - den, Set - ting forth the
Kings are fly - ing, foes are dy - ing; On the Cross of

Cross, are bid - den In these days to full - er light;
Christ re - ly - ing, One a thou - sand puts to flight.

6. Tree, tri-umph-al might pos-sess-ing, Earth's sal-va-tion, crown, and blessing,
Med'cine of the Chris-tian spi-rit, Save the just, give sin - ners mer - it,

Ev - 'ry o - ther prae - ter - gress - ing Both in bloom, and bud, and flower !
Who dost might for deeds in - her - it, O - ver - pass - ing hu - man power.

The Festivals of the Holy Cross.

133 (Second Tune.)

LAUDA SION.

8.8.7. D.

S. WEBB, 1740—1816.



Last verse.

8.8.8.7. D.



Harmonies by permission of Boosey and Co.

- 1 Be the Cross our theme and story,
We who in the Cross's glory
Shall exult for evermore ;
By the Cross the warrior rises
By the Cross the foe despises,
Till he gains the Heav'nly shore.
- 2 Sweetest praises earth upraises ;
Accents sweetest are the meetest
For the Tree of sweetest cheer :
Life and voice keep well in chorus,
Then the melody sonorous
Shall make concord true and clear.
- 3 Love be warm, and praise be fervent,
Thou that art the Cross's servant,
And in that hast rest from strife ;
Ev'ry kindred, ev'ry nation
Hail the Tree that brings Salvation,
Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life !

- 4 O how glorious, how transcendent
Was this Altar ! how resplendent
In the Life-blood of the Lamb !
Of the Lamb Immaculate,
That redeem'd our ancient state
From its sin and from its shame.
- 5 Types of old, in Scripture hidden,
Setting forth the Cross, are bidden
In these days to fuller light ;
Kings are flying, foes are dying ;
On the Cross of Christ relying,
One a thousand puts to flight.
- 6 Tree, triumphal might possessing,
Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing,
Ev'ry other prætergressing
Both in bloom, and bud, and flower !
Med'cine of the Christian spirit,
Save the just, give sinners merit,
Who dost might for deeds inherit,
Overpassing human power.

(77*)

Part 1. Sequences.

133 (*Third Tune.*)

LAUDA SION.

8.8.7. D.

S. WEBBE.
WEBBE'S original form.



8.8.8.7. D.



Harmonies by permission of Boosey and Co.

(78*)

The Festivals of the Holy Cross.

- 1 Be the Cross our theme and story,
We who in the Cross's glory
Shall exult for evermore ;
By the Cross the warrior rises,
By the Cross the foe despises,
Till he gains the Heav'nly shore.
- 2 Sweetest praises earth upraises ;
Accents sweetest are the meetest
For the Tree of sweetest cheer :
Life and voice keep well in chorus,
Then the melody sonorous
Shall make concord true and clear.
- 3 Love be warm, and praise be fervent,
Thou that art the Cross's servant,
And in that hast rest from strife ;
Ev'ry kindred, ev'ry nation
Hail the Tree that brings Salvation,
Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life !
- 4 O how glorious, how transcendent
Was this Altar ! how resplendent
In the Life-blood of the Lamb !
Of the Lamb Immaculate,
That redeem'd our ancient state
From its sin and from its shame.
- 5 Types of old, in Scripture hidden,
Setting forth the Cross, are bidden
In these days to fuller light ;
Kings are flying, foes are dying ;
On the Cross of Christ relying,
One a thousand puts to flight.
- 6 Tree, triumphal night possessing,
Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing,
Ev'ry other prætergressing
Both in bloom, and bud, and flower !
Med'cine of the Christian spirit,
Save the just, give sinners merit,
Who dost might for deeds inherit,
Overpassing human power.

Part 1. Sequences.

Cruz benedicta nitet.

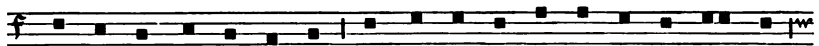
Elegiacs.

134 (*First Tune.*)

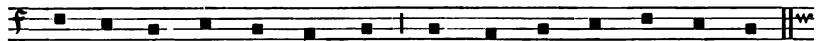
Melody of "Virgo Dei genitrix," *Bayeux Form.*
(xlijth Century ?)



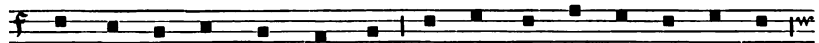
Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."



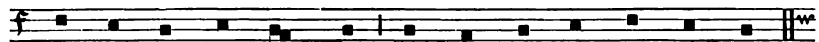
1. Lo, the blest Cross is dis-play'd, where the Lord in the flesh was sus-pend-ed,



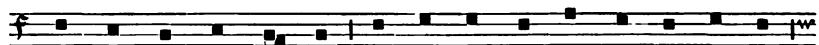
And, by His Blood, from their wounds cleans'd and re-deem'd His e-lect :



2. Where, for us men, through His love, be-come the Vic-tim of Mer-cy,

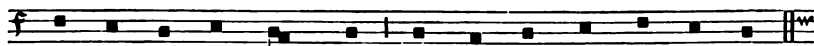


He, the Blest Lamb, His sheep saved from the fangs of the wolf :

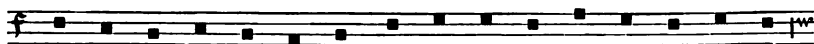


3. Where by His Palms transpierced He re-deem'd the world from its ru-in,

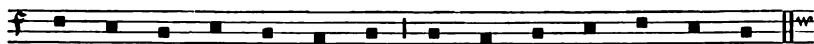
The Festivals of the Holy Cross.



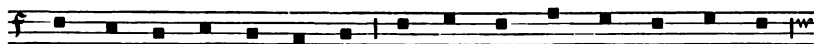
And by His own dear Death closed up the path of the grave.



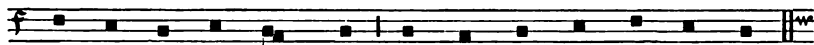
4. Here was the Hand that, transfix'd by the nails, and bleed-ing of old time,



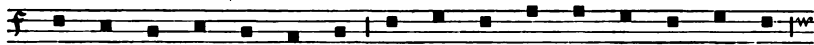
Paul from the depth of his crime ran-son'd, and Pe-ter from death.



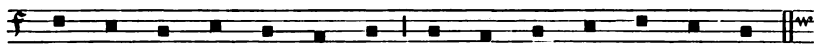
5. Strong in thy fer-tile ar-ray, O Tree of sweet-ness and glo-ry,



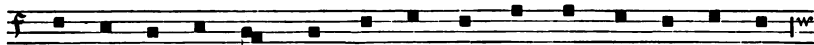
Bear-ing such new-found fruit 'midst the green wreaths of thy boughs :



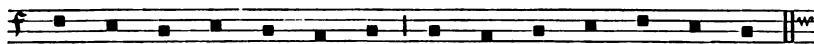
6. Thou by the sa-vour of life the dead from their slum-bers re-stor-est,



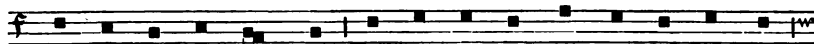
Ren-der-ing sight to the eyes closed to the light of the Day.



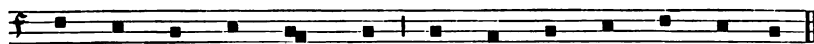
7. Plant-ed art thou be-side the streams of the riv-ers of wa-ters,



Glo-ry of blos-som and leaf scat-ter-ing wide-ly a-broad.



8. Twi-ning a-bout thine arms is the Vine, from Whom in its ful-ness



Flow-eth the blood-red juice, Wine That gives life to the soul.

Part 1. Sequences.

134 (*Second Tune.*)

SALVE! FESTA DIES.

Elegiacs.

B. LUARD-SELBY.

1. Lo, the blest Cross is dis - play'd, where the

Lord in the flesh was sus - pend - ed,

And, by His Blood, from their wounds

The Festivals of the Holy Cross.



By permission of B. Luard-Selby.

2.

Where, for us men, through His love, become the Victim of Mercy,
He, the Blest Lamb, His sheep saved from the fangs of the wolf :

3.

Where by His Palms transpierced He redeem'd the world from its ruin,
And by His own dear Death closed up the path of the grave.

4.

Here was the Hand that, transfix'd by the nails, and bleeding of old time,
Paul from the depth of his crime ransom'd, and Peter from death.

5.

Strong in thy fertile array, O Tree of sweetness and glory,
Bearing such new-found fruit 'midst the green wreaths of thy boughs :

6.

Thou by the savour of life the dead from their slumbers restorest,
Rendering sight to the eyes closed to the light of the Day.

7.

Planted art thou beside the streams of the rivers of waters,
Glory of blossom and leaf scattering widely abroad.

8.

Twining about thine arms is the Vine, from Whom in its fulness
Floweth the blood-red juice, Wine That gives life to the soul.

(83*)

Part 1. Sequences.

S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

Also on The Beheading of S. John Baptist.

135

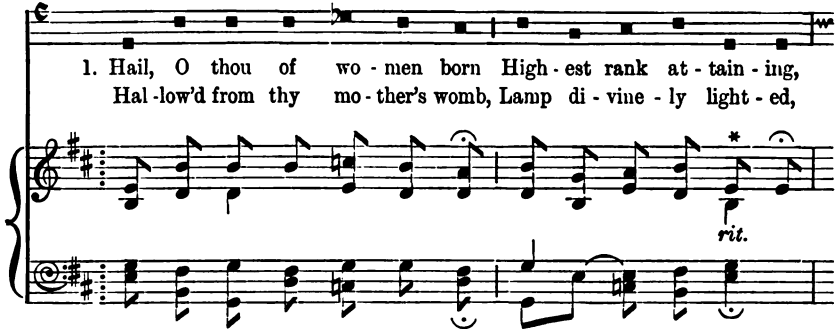
Salve, O sanctissime.

7.6.7.6. D. Trochaic.

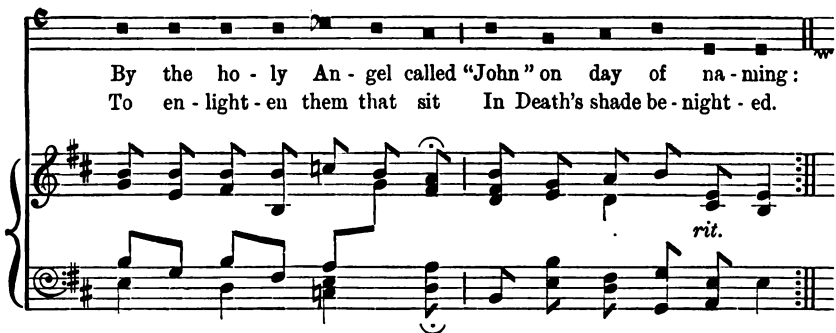
Melody "Regina clementiæ,"
from a xlijth Century Manuscript.

Mode i.

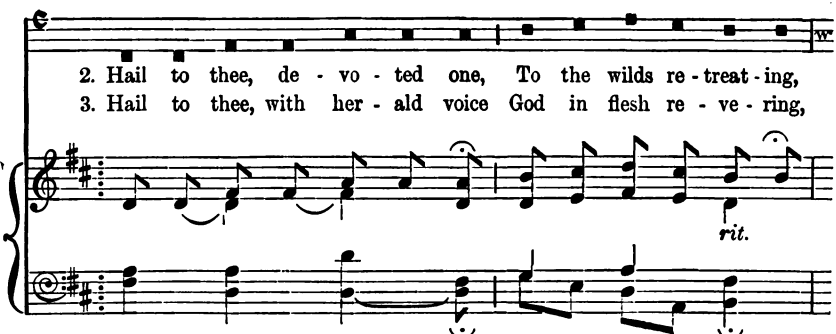
1. Hail, O thou of wo - men born High - est rank at - tain - ing,
Hal - low'd from thy mo - ther's womb, Lamp di - vine - ly light - ed,



By the ho - ly An - gel called "John" on day of na - ming:
To en - light - en them that sit In Death's shade be - night - ed.



2. Hail to thee, de - vo - ted one, To the wilds re - treat - ing,
3. Hail to thee, with her - ald voice God in flesh re - ve - ring,

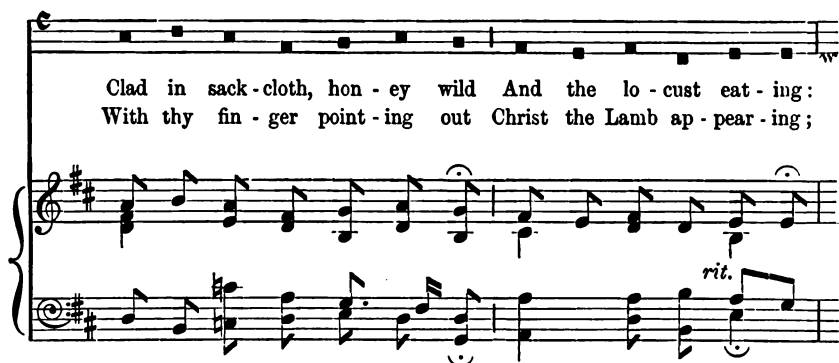


* *quæ crotchet.*

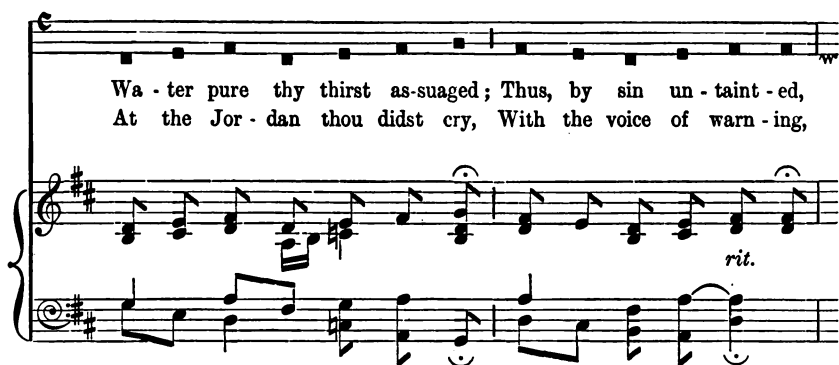
(84*)

S. John Baptist's Day.

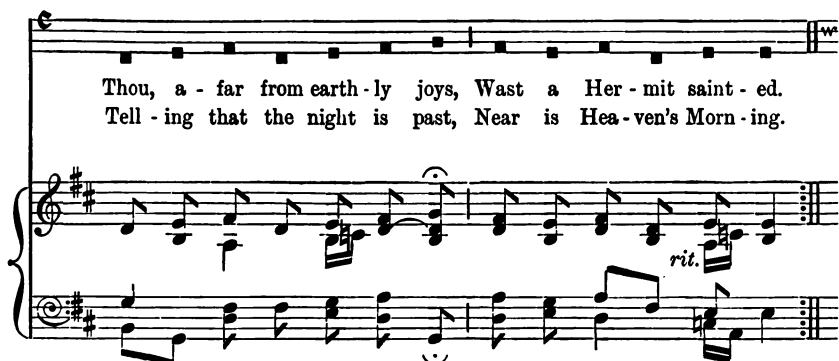
Clad in sack-cloth, hon - ey wild And the lo - cust eat - ing :
With thy fin - ger point - ing out Christ the Lamb ap - pear - ing ;



Wa - ter pure thy thirst as-suaged ; Thus, by sin un - taint - ed,
At the Jor - dan thou didst cry, With the voice of warn - ing,

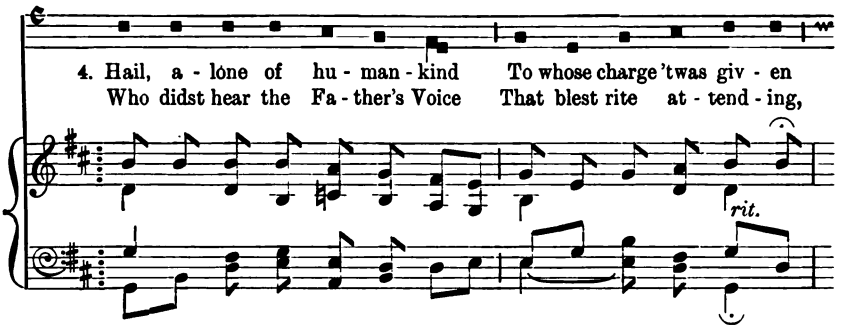


Thou, a - far from earth - ly joys, Wast a Her - mit saint - ed.
Tell - ing that the night is past, Near is Hea - ven's Morn - ing.

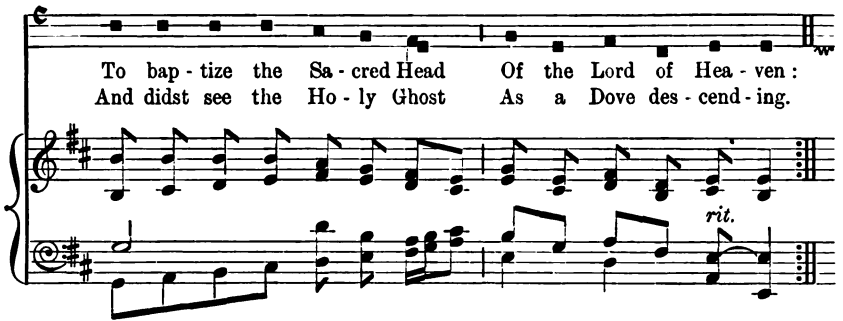


Part 1. Sequences.

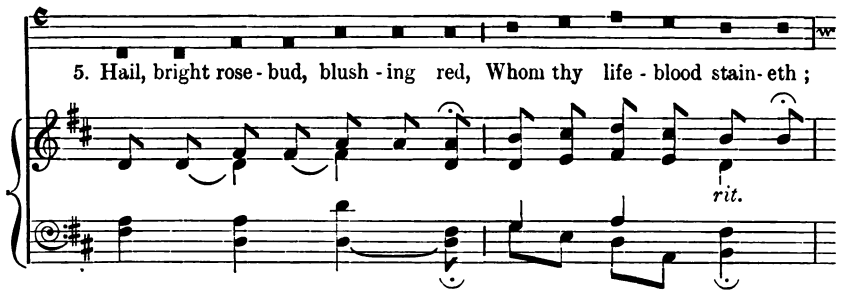
4. Hail, a - lone of hu - man - kind To whose charge 'twas giv - en
Who didst hear the Fa - ther's Voice That blest rite at - tend - ing,



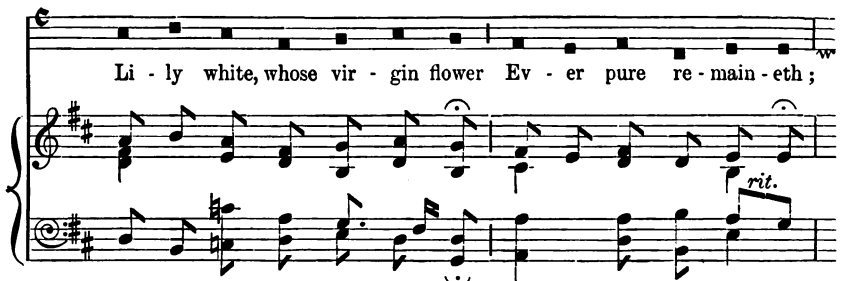
To bap - tize the Sa - cred Head Of the Lord of Hea - ven :
And didst see the Ho - ly Ghost As a Dove des - cend - ing.



5. Hail, bright rose - bud, blush - ing red, Whom thy life - blood stain - eth ;



Li - ly white, whose vir - gin flower Ev - er pure re - main - eth ;



S. John Baptist's Day.

May thy voice yet cry a - loud With its warn - ing sen - tence, That God's

King - dom is at hand, Call - ing to re - pent - ance. A - men.

rit.

rall.

1 HAIL, O thou of women born
Highest rank attaining,
By the holy Angel call'd
"John" on day of naming :
Hallow'd from thy mother's womb,
Lamp divinely lighted,
To enlighten them that sit
In Death's shade benighted.

2 Hail to thee, devoted one,
To the wilds retreating,
Clad in sackcloth, honey wild
And the locust eating :
Water pure thy thirst assuaged ;
Thus, by sin untainted,
Thou, afar from earthly joys,
Wast a Hermit sainted.

3 Hail to thee, with herald voice
God in flesh revering,
With thy finger pointing out
Christ the Lamb appearing ;
At the Jordan thou didst cry,
With the voice of warning,
Telling that the night is past,
Near is Heaven's Morning.

4 Hail, alone of humankind
To whose charge 'twas given
To baptize the Sacred Head
Of the Lord of Heaven :
Who didst hear the Father's Voice
That blest rite attending,
And didst see the Holy Ghost
As a Dove descending.

5 Hail, bright rose-bud, blushing red,
Whom thy life-blood staineth ;
Lily white, whose virgin flower
Ever pure remaineth ;
May thy voice yet cry aloud
With its warning sentence,
That God's Kingdom is at hand,
Calling to repentance.

These words may also be sung to the Tune of 147.

Part 1. Sequences.

S. MARY MAGDALEN.

136 (First Tune.)

Gaude pia Magdalena.

S. Gall, MS. 546.

Mode v.

8.8.7. D.

"Plausu chorus laetabundo."

1. Joy to thee! to souls des - pair - ing Hope of health and
Joy to thee, sweet in - ter - ces - sor! For in thee each

life de - clar - ing, Kind and gen - tle Mag - da - len :
frail trans - gres - sor How to rise from sin hath seen.

2. Joy to thee! Christ's Feet be - dew - ing, He the while thy
Joy to thee! while first dis - cern - ing, Glo - rious from the

S. Mary Magdalen.

soul re - new - ing With His spe - cial gifts of grace :
grave re - turn - ing, Thy Re - deem - er's gra - cious Face.

3. Joy to thee! on High as - cend - ing, There with Christ, in
So may we, by true re - pent - ance, Lord, es - cape the

bliss un - end - ing, In the Heav'n-ly court to reign :
dread - ful sen - tence, And E - ter - nal Glo - ry gain. A - men.

Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

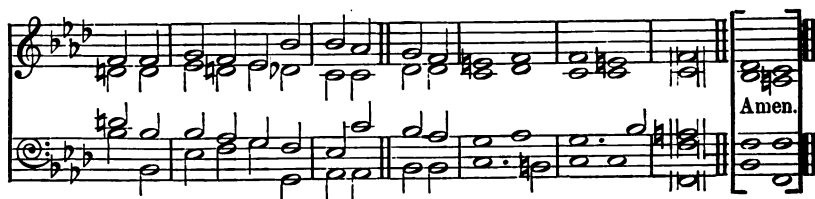
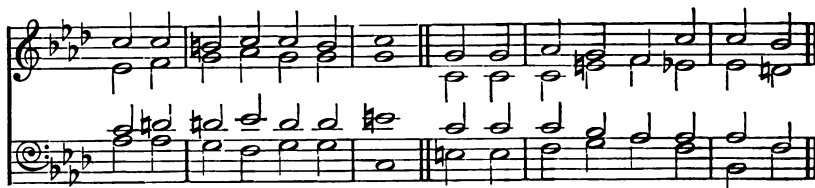
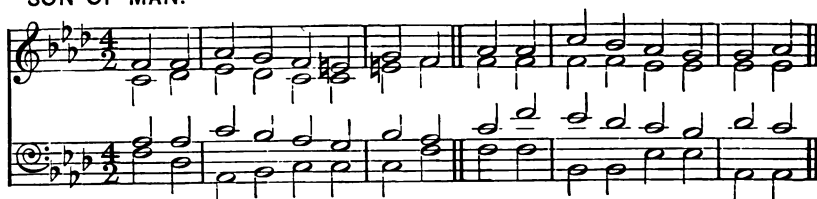
Part 1. Sequences.

136 (Second Tune.)

SON OF MAN.

8.8.7. D.

Sir J. BARNBY.



By permission of Novello and Company. Limited.

- 1 Joy to thee ! to souls despairing
Hope of health and life declaring,
Kind and gentle Magdalen :
Joy to thee, sweet intercessor !
For in thee each frail transgressor
How to rise from sin hath seen.
- 2 Joy to thee ! Christ's Feet bedewing,
He the while thy soul renewing
With His special gifts of grace :
Joy to thee ! while first discerning,
Glorious from the grave returning,
Thy Redeemer's gracious Face.
- 3 Joy to thee ! on High ascending,
There with Christ, in bliss unending,
In the Heav'nly Court to reign :
So may we, by true repentance,
Lord, escape the dreadful sentence,
And Eternal Glory gain. [Amen.]

(90*)

The Sweet Name of Jesus.

THE SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

137 (First Tune.)

Dulcis Jesus Nazarenus.

Modes vij & viij.

8.8.7. D.

From the *Sarum Gradual*.
Melody probably of the xivth Century.

1. Je - sus, Naz - a - rene they name Thee, King of all the Jews proclaim Thee,
Tortured sore for our sal - va - tion, Dy - ing for Thy faith-less na - tion,

Kind and beau-teous, Thee we hail ! 2. Sweet is ev - 'ry name Thou bear-est,
Shorn of beau - ty, cold, and pale. Sin it heals, the fierce re-strain-eth,

But still Je - sus is the fair - est, Ev - 'ry name that Name transcends :
Saves from foes, the good sus - tain-eth, And from Hell's as - saults de - fends.

Part 1. Sequences.

8.8.8.7. D.

3. Je - sus, Name in good com - ple - test, Sound - ing ev - er -
Here the Fa - ther's splen - dour glow - eth, Here the Vir - gin's

- more the sweet - est, For the Mon - arch's Throne the meet - est,
beau - ty show - eth, And here - by each bro - ther know - eth

How its sound makes glad the heart! 4. Je - sus, King, no
That his Bro - ther true Thou art. Je - sus, Strong, of

lim - it bounds Thee! Je - sus, love - li - ness sur - rounds Thee!
pow'r Su - per - nal! Je - sus quells the foe in - fer - nal;

The Sweet Name of Jesus.

Je - sus, glad the tongue that sounds Thee, Won - drous deeds by
Je - sus gifts, that are e - ter - nal, Gives, with joy that

The first system of music features a vocal line with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a single bass line in the left hand.

Thee are wrought: 5. Hail, Thou Name! each soul that cheer - est,
pass - eth thought. Guilt from Thee its par - don gain - eth,

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. It includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a single bass line in the left hand.

Je - sus is the best and dear - est: Ev - 'ry heart, that holds Thee
Joy from Thee our song ob - tain - eth; Where with Saints Thy glo - ry

The third system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a single bass line in the left hand.

near - est, Nev - er - more will part with Thee:
reign - eth, Grant us ev - er - more to be. A - men.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a single bass line in the left hand.

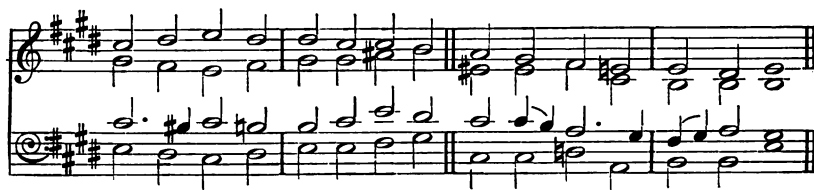
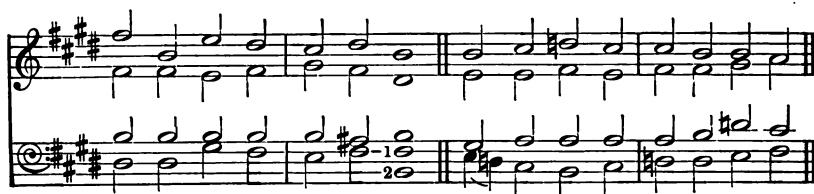
Part 1. Sequences.

137 (Second Tune.)

LAUDA SION.

8.8.7. D.

THOMAS ADAMS, F.R.C.O.



1 Jesus, Nazarene they name Thee,
King of all the Jews proclaim Thee,
Kind and beauteous, Thee we hail!
Tortured sore for our salvation,
Dying for Thy faithless nation,
Shorn of beauty, cold, and pale.

2 Sweet is ev'ry name Thou bearest,
But still Jesus is the fairest,
Ev'ry name that Name transcends:
Sin it heals, the fierce restraineth,
Saves from foes, the good sustaineth,
And from Hell's assaults defends.

8.8.8.7. D.



(94*)

The Sweet Name of Jesus.



By permission of T. Adams, F.R.C.O.

3 Jesus, Name in good completest,
Sounding evermore the sweetest,
For the Monarch's Throne the meetest,
How its sound makes glad the heart !
Here the Father's splendour gloweth,
Here the Virgin's beauty showeth,
And hereby each brother knoweth
That his Brother true Thou art.

4 Jesus, King, no limit bounds Thee .
Jesus, loveliness surrounds Thee !
Jesus, glad the tongue that sounds Thee,
Wondrous deeds by Thee are wrought :
Jesus, Strong, of power Supernal !
Jesus quells the foe infernal ;
Jesus gifts, that are eternal,
Gives, with joy that passeth thought.

5 Hail, Thou Name ! each soul that checrest,
Jesus is the best and dearest :
Ev'ry heart, that holds Thee nearest,
Nevermore will part with Thee :
Guilt from Thee its pardon gaineth,
Joy from Thee our song obtaineth :
Where with Saints Thy glory reigneth,
Grant us evermore to be. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

138 (First Tune.)

Modes vij. & viij.

In hac valle lacrymarum.

8.8.7. D.

Sarum Form of
"Laudes Crucis attollamus."
(15th Century Melody.)

1. Who the pil - grim soul de - fend - eth, Through the vale of
Who, in Heaven's high court pre - si - ding, Guards the soul at

tears be - friend - eth, Him we sing with thank - ful lays ;
peace re - si - ding, Him with joy - ful heart we praise.

2. He, the proud one o - ver - power - ing, Thrust him down, in
Who in pride of thought pre - vail - ing, Strove in ha - tred

dark - ness cow - 'ring, Ban - ish'd from th' E - ter - nal Light,
un - a - vail - ing, Match'd with Un - cre - a - ted Might.

S. Michael and All Angels.

3. O how bright are they and glo - rious, All that An - gel
4. Chil - dren of the Ho - ly Na - tion, Seek we now the

Host vic - to - rious, Mar - shall'd for their high em - ploy ;
con - ver - sa - tion Of our glo - rious Home to share,

In God's Face His pur - pose read - ing, Then, from that full
Where the King in beau - ty reign - eth, Where His boun - teous

Foun - tain speed - ing, Bring they draughts of Heav'n - ly joy.
grace or - dain - eth Roy - al crowns that Saints may wear.

Part 1. Sequences.

5. Send Thine ar - mies forth to speed us, Through their nine - fold

ranks to lead us On - ward, up - ward, un - to Thee ;

Grant us, by the Font of Bless - ing, Life and pu - ri -

- ty pos - sess - ing, Lord of Hosts, Thy Face to see. A - men.

S. Michael and All Angels.

138 (Second Tune.)

8.8.7. D.

REV. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



By permission of the late Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick.

1 Who the pilgrim soul defendeth,
Through the vale of tears befriendeth,
Him we sing with thankful lays ;
Who, in Heav'n's high court presiding,
Guards the soul at peace residing,
Him with joyful heart we praise.

2 He, the proud one overpowering,
Thrust him down, in darkness cowering,
Banish'd from th' Eternal Light,
Who in pride of thought prevailing,
Strove in hatred unavailing,
Match'd with Uncreated Might. *

3 O how bright are they and glorious,
All that Angel Host victorious,
Marshall'd for their high employ ;
In God's Face His purpose reading,
Then, from that full Fountain speeding,
Bring they draughts of Heav'nly joy.

4 Children of the Holy Nation,
Seek we now the conversation
Of our glorious Home to share,
Where the King in beauty reigneth,
Where His bounteous grace ordaineth
Royal crowns that Saints may wear.

5 Send Thine armies forth to speed us,
Through their ninefold ranks to lead us
Onward, upward, unto Thee ;
Grant us, by the Font of Blessing,
Life and purity possessing,
Lord of Hosts, Thy Face to see. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

139 (First Tune.)

Sponsa Christi.

The Grenoble Form.
(xvijth Century Meledy.)

Mode I.

8.7.8.7.

1. Bride of Christ, in war-fare glo-rious, Stri-ving brave-ly for thy Lord;
2.* [Joy-ous hearts and joy-ous voi-ces Greet the Feast of ev-'ry Saint;

How thy Saints have fought vic-to-rious, Tell in hymns of sweet ac-cord.
When con-sent-ing Heav'n re-joi-ces, Should the praise of earth be faint?

3. Ma-ry leads the sa-cred sto-ry, Ma-ry, with her Heav'n-ly Child,
4. An-gels next, in due gra-da-tion Of their nine-fold min-is-try,

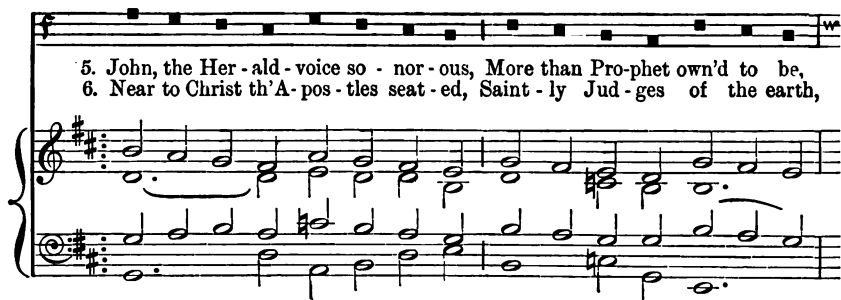
Shar-er with Him now in glo-ry, Maid and Mo-ther un-de-filed.
Hymn the Fa-ther of Cre-a-tion, Ma-ker of the stars on high.

* To be omitted except on All Saints' Day and Octave.

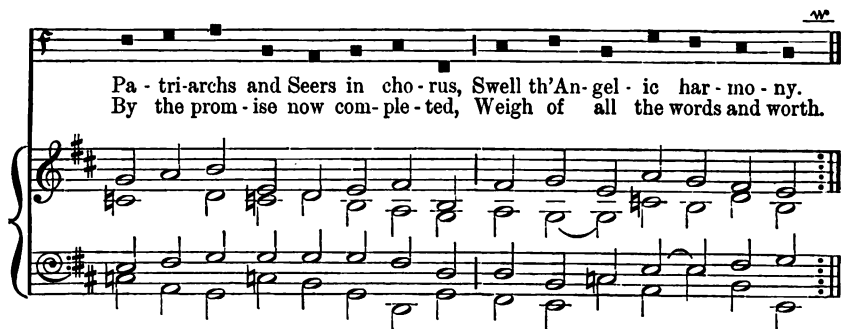
(100*)

All Saints' Day.

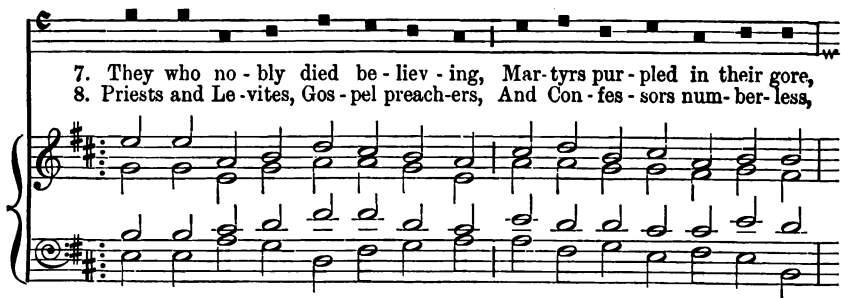
5. John, the Her - ald - voice so - nor - ous, More than Pro-phet own'd to be,
6. Near to Christ th'A - pos - tles seat - ed, Saint - ly Jud - ges of the earth,



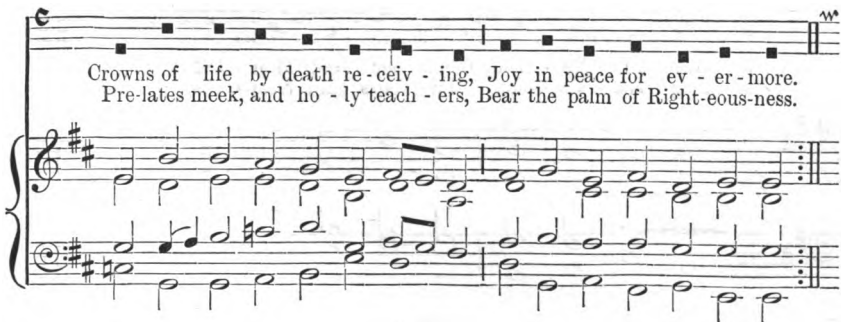
Pa - tri - archs and Seers in cho - rus, Swell th'An - gel - ic har - mo - ny.
By the prom - ise now com - ple - ted, Weigh of all the words and worth.



7. They who no - bly died be - liev - ing, Mar - tyrs pur - pled in their gore,
8. Priests and Le - vites, Gos - pel preach - ers, And Con - fes - sors num - ber - less,



Crowns of life by death re - ceiv - ing, Joy in peace for ev - er - more.
Pre - lates meek, and ho - ly teach - ers, Bear the palm of Right - eous - ness.



Part 1. Sequences.

9. Vir - gin souls, by high pro - fes - sion To the Lamb
10. One in wor - ship, blest and bless - ing, All a - dore

de - vo - ted here, Strew - ing flow'rs in gay pro - ces - sion,
and praise their King, And, His might - y love con - fess - ing,

At the Mar - riage - feast ap - pear. 11. Saints of Heav'n!
"Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly" sing. 12. So may we

a Roy - al Na - tion, Whom our God Him - self doth bless,
in long suc - ces - sion Fa - vours gain from Christ our King:

All Saints' Day.

Join'd with you in sup - pli - ca - tion, Share we in your
Your a - vail - ing in - ter - ces - sion Peace in this our

bless - ed - ness. 13. Thus on earth with hearts de - vo - ted,
time shall bring.

Serve we God in ho - li - ness; And at last, by God pro - mo - ted,

Share that Heav'n which ye pos - sess. A - men.

The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

139 *(Second Tune.)*

Part 1. Sequences.

S. ASAPH.

8.7.8.7. D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



By permission of W. S. Bambridge.

All Saints' Day.

139 (Third Tune.)

8.7.8.7. From *The S. Alban's Tune Book*.



1.
BRIDE of Christ, in warfare glorious,
Striving bravely for thy Lord ;
How thy Saints have fought victorious,
Tell in hymns of sweet accord.

2.
* [Joyous hearts and joyous voices
Greet the Feast of ev'ry Saint ;
When consenting Heav'n rejoices,
Should the praise of earth be faint ?]

3.
Mary leads the sacred story,
Mary, with her Heav'nly Child,
Sharer with Him now in glory,
Maid and Mother undefiled.

4.
Angels next, in due gradation
Of their ninefold ministry,
Hymn the Father of Creation,
Maker of the stars on high.

5.
John, the Herald-voice sonorous,
More than Prophet own'd to be,
Patriarchs and Seers in chorus,
Swell th' Angelic harmony.

6.
Near to Christ th' Apostles seated,
Sainly Judges of the earth,
By the promise now completed,
Weigh of all the words and worth.

7.
They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Joy in peace for evermore.

8.
Priests and Levites, Gospel preachers,
And Confessors numberless,
Prelates meek, and holy teachers,
Bear the palm of Righteousness.

9.
Virgin souls, by high profession
To the Lamb devoted here,
Strewing flowers in gay procession,
At the Marriage-feast appear.

10.
One in worship, blest and blessing,
All adore and praise their King,
And, His mighty love confessing,
"Holy, Holy, Holy" sing.

11.
Saints of Heav'n ! a Royal Nation,
Whom our God Himself doth bless,
Join'd with you in supplication,
Share we in your blessedness.

12.
So may we in long succession
Favours gain from Christ our King :
Your availing intercession
Peace in this our time shall bring.

13.
Thus on earth with hearts devoted,
Serve we God in holiness ;
And at last, by God promoted,
Share that Heav'n which ye possess. [Amen.]

These words may also be sung to Tune 117.

* To be omitted except on All Saints' Day and Octave.

Part 1. Sequences.

COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

140 (First Tune.)

Dies iræ ! Dies illa !

Mode i.

8.8.8.

Italian Franciscan.
(xvjth Century Melody.)

1. Day of wrath ! O day of mourn-ing ! See ! once more the
2. Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend - eth, When from Heav'n the

Cross re - turn - ing—Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn - ing.
Judge de - scend - eth, On Whose sen - tence all de - pend - eth !

3. Wondrous sound the trum - pet fling - eth, Through earth's sep - ul -
4. Death is struck, and Na - ture qua - king— All Cre - a - tion

Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

- chres it ring-eth, All be - fore the Throne it bring-eth !
is a - wa - king, To its Judge an an - swer ma - king !

5. Lo! the Book, ex - act - ly word - ed, Where-in all hath
6. When the Judge His seat at - tain - eth, And each hid - den

been re - cord - ed ;— Thence shall Judgement be a - ward - ed.
deed ar - rain-eth, No - thing un - a - venged re - main-eth.

Part 1. Sequences.

7. What shall I, frail man, be plead-ing? Who for me be
 8. King of Ma-jes-ty tre-men-dous! Who dost free sal-

in-ter-ce-ding, When the just are mer-cy need-ing?
 -va-tion send us, Fount of Pi-ty! then be-friend us.

9. Think, kind Je-su, my sal-va-tion, Caused Thy won-drous
 10. Faint and wea-ry Thou hast sought me, On the Cross of

Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

In - car - na - tion, Leave me not to re - pro - ba - tion !
suff'ring bought me ; Shall such Grace be vain - ly brought me ?

11. Right - eous Judge of re - tri - bu - tion, Grant Thy gift of
12. Guilt - y, now, I pour my moan - ing, All my shame with

ab - so - lu - tion, Ere that reck'ning-day's con - clu - sion !
an - guish own - ing ! Spare, O God, Thy sup - pliant groan - ing !

Part 1. Sequences.

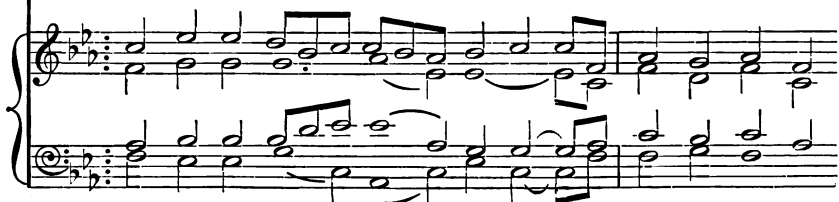
13. Thou the Mag - da - len for - gav - est ; Thou the dy - ing
14. Worthless are my prayers and sigh - ing, Yet, Good Lord, in



rob - ber sa - vedst ; And to me a hope vouch - sa - fest.
grace com - ply - ing, Res - cue me from fires un - dy - ing !



15. With Thy fa - vour'd sheep O place me ! Nor a - mong the
16. While the wick - ed are con - found - ed, Doom'd to flames of



Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.



goats a - base me ; But to Thy Right Hand up - raise me.
woe un - bound - ed, Call me, with Thy Saints sur - round - ed.



17. Low I kneel, with heart sub - mis - sion— See, like ash - es,



my con - tri - tion— Help me in my last con - di - tion !

Part 1. Sequences.

18. Ah, that day of tears and mourn-ing! From the dust of

earth re-turning, 19. Man for Judgement must pre-pare him—

Spare, O God, in mer - - cy spare him. 20. Lord, all - pity - ing, *Slower.*

Je - su Blest, Grant them Thine E - ter - nal Rest. A - - men.

The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

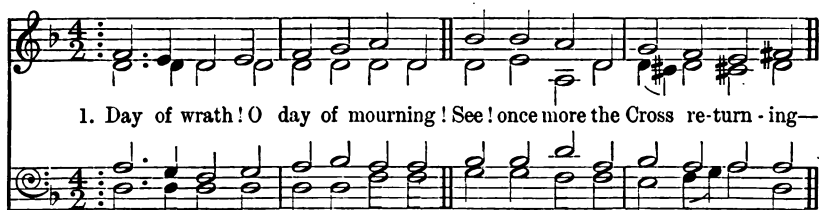
Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

140 (Second Tune.)

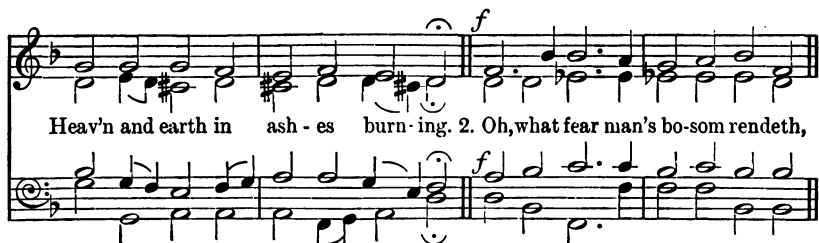
DIES IRÆ.

8.8.8.

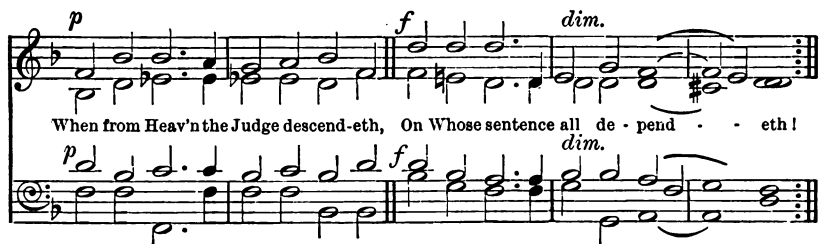
Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



1. Day of wrath! O day of mourning! See! once more the Cross re-turn-ing—



Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing. 2. Oh, what fear man's bo-som rendeth,



When from Heav'n the Judge descend-eth, On Whose sentence all de-pend-eth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth!

4 Death is struck, and Nature quaking—
All Creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

5 Lo! the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;—
Thence shall Judgement be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

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

8 King of Majesty tremendous!
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of Pity! then befriend us.

9 Think, kind Jesu,—my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation,
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffer'ing bought me;
Shall such Grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck'ning-day's conclusion!

12 Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning!
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the Magdalen forgavest;
Thou the dying robber savedst;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, Good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

Part 1. Sequences.

15. With Thy fa-voured sheep O place me! Nor a-mong the

p *cres.*

goats a-base me; But to Thy Right Hand up-raise me.

ten. rall. *ten. rall.*

16. While the wick-ed are con-found-ed, Doom'd to flames of

f *ff*

woe un-bounded, Call me, with Thy Saints sur-round-ed.

pp rit. *pp rit.*

17. Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion—See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion—

p

Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

Help me in my last con - di - tion! 18. Ah, that day of

tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, 19. Man for

Judge - ment must pre - pare him— Spare, O God, in

mer - cy spare . . him. 20. Lord, all - pity - ing, Je - su Blest,

Grant them Thine E - ter - - nal Rest. A - men.

Part 1. Sequences.

COMMON OF APOSTLES.

141 (First Tune.)

Stola regni laureatus.

8.8.7. D.

From the *Sarum Gradual*.

Modes ij. & j.

Melody of "Hodiernæ lux diel" (xijth Century).

1. Robes of roy - al hon - our wear - ing, In the great King's
In their glo - ry earth re - joi - ces; Chas - ten'd hearts and

coun - sels shar - ing, Twelve A - pos - tles sit in state;
tune - ful voi - ces An - gel an - thems em - u - late.

2. These were once this world a - dorn - ing; These, up - on its
These are rock - like stones e - lect - ed, By the Ar - chi -

last dread Morn - ing, Shall as Judg - es all men try;
- tect se - lect - ed At His Church - 's base to lie.

Common of Apostles.

3. Naz - a - rites of an - cient sto - ry, They the Cross - 's
Thus the Word of God forth - go - eth, Day to day the

wars and glo - ry To the list - 'ning earth re - cite:
Know - ledge show - eth, Night re - counts the tale to night.

4. May their doc - trine ban - ish er - ror, And our faith con -
So, set free from all trans - gres - sion, We may join the

- firm, lest ter - ror Should o'er - take us at the end;
Saints' pro - ces - sion, And with Christ to joy as - cend. A - men.

Part 1. Sequences.

141 (*Second Tune.*)

S. LUCIAN.

S.8.7. D.

T. MORLEY.



Common of Apostles.

1.

ROBES of royal honour wearing,
In the great King's counsels sharing,
Twelve Apostles sit in state ;
In their glory earth rejoices ;
Chast'ned hearts and tuneful voices
Angel anthems emulate.

2.

These were once this world adorning ;
These, upon its last dread Morning,
Shall as Judges all men try ;
These are rock-like stones elected,
By the Architect selected
At His Church's base to lie.

3.

Nazarites of ancient story,
They the Cross's wars and glory
To the list'ning earth recite :
Thus the Word of God forth-goeth,
Day to day the Knowledge showeth,
Night recounts the tale to night.

4.

May their doctrine banish error,
And our faith confirm, lest terror
Should o'ertake us at the end ;
So, set free from all transgression,
We may join the Saints' procession,
And with Christ to joy ascend. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

COMMON OF EVANGELISTS.

142 (First Tune.)

Iocundare, plebs fidelis.

S. Gall, MS. 546.

Mode v.

8.8.7. D.

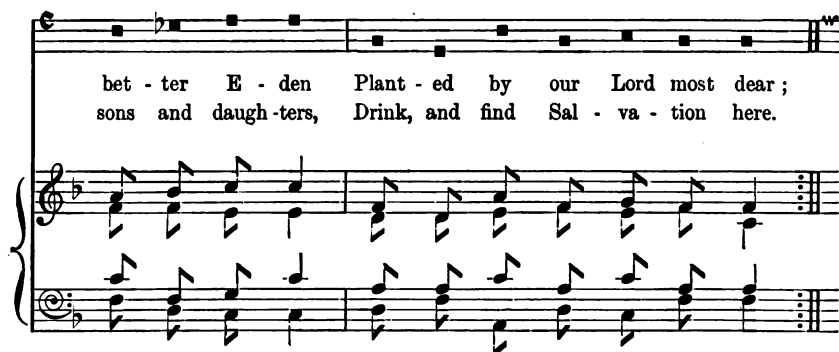
Part of Melody
"Plausu chorus lætabundo."

1. Come, pure hearts, in sweet - est mea - sures Sing of those who
Bless - ed ti - dings of Sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their

spread the trea - sures In the ho - ly Gos - pels shrined;
pro - cla - ma - tion; Love from God to lost man - kind.

2. See the Riv - ers Four that glad - den With their streams the
Christ the Foun - tain, these the wa - ters; Drink, O Si - on's

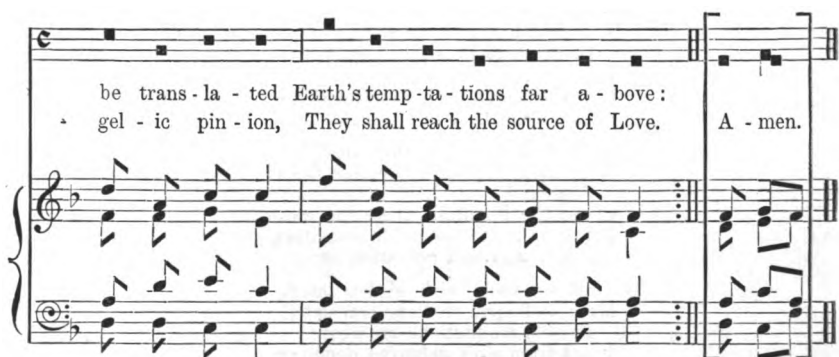
Common of Evangelists.



bet - ter E - den Plant - ed by our Lord most dear ;
sons and daugh - ters, Drink, and find Sal - va - tion here.



3. Thus our souls, with wis - dom sa - ted, More and more shall
Freed from sin's ab - horred do - min - ion, Soar - ing on An -



be trans - la - ted Earth's temp - ta - tions far a - bove :
gel - ic pin - ion, They shall reach the source of Love. A - men.

Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

142 (Second Tune.)
EVANGELISTS.

Part 1. Sequences.

8.8.7. D.

German (J. B. Köhler?).

Slow.

- 1 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blessed tidings of Salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation;
Love from God to lost mankind.
- 2 See the Rivers Four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the Fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find Salvation here.
- 3 Thus our souls, with wisdom sated,
More and more shall be translated
Earth's temptations far above:
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,
Soaring on Angelic pinion,
They shall reach the source of Love. [Amen.]

(122*)

Common of Martyrs.

COMMON OF MARTYRS.

143 (First Tune.)

Lætabundi jubilemus.

S. Gall, MS. 546.

Mode v.

8.8.7. D.

Part of Melody
"Plausu chorus lætabundo."

1. Sing we all with ju - bi - la - tion ! To the Mar - tyr's' ce - le - bra - tion
Death in cru - el earth ob - tain - ing, They in Christ new birth are gain - ing,

Gladsome hon - our let us pay ; 2. While they scorn'd the things ter - res - trial,
By Whose Grace they live for aye. Un - to death their Mon - arch lov - ing,

While they sought for joy Ce - les - tial, To their Lord they wit - ness bare ;
And their will to fol - low prov - ing, In His Death they seek their share.

Part 1. Sequences.

3. They for Christ the Cross are ta - king, In the Cross their
 "He, to fol - low Me who choos - eth, Nor to bear his

glo - ry ma - king, Hear - ing what the Mas - ter said;
 Cross re - fu - seth, Shall to Heav'n - ly joys be led."

4. So, through ma - ny tri - bu - la - tions To E - ter - nal
 Bonds and pris - ons nev - er heed - ing, Mock - ings can - not

Ha - bi - ta - tions, Glo - rious lead - ers! on ye go;
 stay your speed - ing On your way through earth be - low.

Common of Martyrs.

5. Stoned, and with the scourge tor - ment - ed, Di - vers tor - tures
Sore on you the wine - fat press - eth, Down to earth the

are in - vent - ed, So with pain your souls to try ;
dregs re - press - eth, While pure juice flows forth on high.

6. There for ev - er - more a - bi - deth That which here a - while
There ye reign on Thrones vic - to - rious, Robed in rai - ment bright

re - si - deth, Hid by cov - 'ring weak and frail :
and glo - rious, Sure of joys that can - not fail. A - men.

Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

Part 1. Sequences.

143 (Second Tune.)

WILBERTON.

8.8.7. D.

Rev. ALEX. B. ORR.

By permission of Rev. Alex. B. Orr.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Sing we all with jubilation !
 To the Martyrs' celebration
 Gladsome honour let us pay ;
 Death in cruel earth obtaining,
 They in Christ new birth are gaining,
 By Whose Grace they live for aye.</p> <p>2 While they scorn'd the things terrestrial,
 While they sought for joy Celestial,
 To their Lord they witness bare ;
 Unto death their Monarch loving,
 And their will to follow proving,
 In His Death they seek their share.</p> <p>3 They for Christ the Cross are taking,
 In the Cross their glory making,
 Hearing what the Master said :
 " He, to follow Me who chooseth,
 Nor to bear his Cross refuseth,
 Shall to Heav'nly joys be led."</p> | <p>4 So, through many tribulations
 To Eternal Habitations,
 Glorious leaders ! on ye go ;
 Bonds and prisons never heeding,
 Mockings cannot stay your speeding
 On your way through earth below.</p> <p>5 Stoned, and with the scourge tormented,
 Divers tortures are invented,
 So with pain your souls to try ;
 Sore on you the wine-fat presseth,
 Down to earth the dregs represseth,
 While pure juice flows forth on high.</p> <p>6 There for evermore abideth
 That which here awhile resideth,
 Hid by covering weak and frail :
 There ye reign on Thrones victorious,
 Robed in raiment bright and glorious,
 Sure of joys that cannot fail. [Amen.]</p> |
|--|--|

Common of Martyrs.

144 (First Tune.)

O beata beatorum.

Modes iij. & iv.

8.7.8.7.

MS. 546, at S. Gall.

1. Bless - ed Feasts of bless-ed Mar-tyrs, Saint-ly Days of Saint - ly men,
With af - fec - tion's re - col - lec - tions Greet we your re - turn a - gain.



2. Worthy deeds they wrought and won-ders, While a frame of flesh they bore ;
We with meet-est praise and sweetest Hon - our them for ev - er - more.



3. Faith pre - vail-ing, hope un - fail - ing, Je - sus loved with sin - gle heart—
Thus they glo-rious and vic - tor - ious Bore the Mar - tyr's hap - py part.



(127*)

Part 1. Sequences.

4. Rack'd with tor - ture, haled to slaugh - ter, Fire and axe,
Chains and pris - on, foes' de - ri - sion, They en - dured

and mur - d'rous sword, 5. So they pass'd through pain and sor - row,
for Christ the Lord. 6. By con - tempt of world - ly plea - sures,

Till they sank in death to rest; Earth's re - ject - ed
And by deeds of val - our done, They have reach'd the

were e - lect - ed To have por - tion with the Blest.
Land of An - gels, And with them are knit in one.

Common of Martyrs.

7. Where-fore, made co - heirs of glo - ry, Ye that sit with
Join to ours your sup - pli - ca - tions, As for grace and

Christ on High, 8. That, this wea - ry life com - plet - ed,
peace we cry; We may me - rit to be seat - ed

And its fleet - ing tri - als past,
In our Fa - ther's Home at last. A - men.

Part 1. Sequences.

144 (*Second Tune.*)

LANGDALE (No. 143).

8.7.8.7.

R. REDHEAD.



144 (*Third Tune.*)

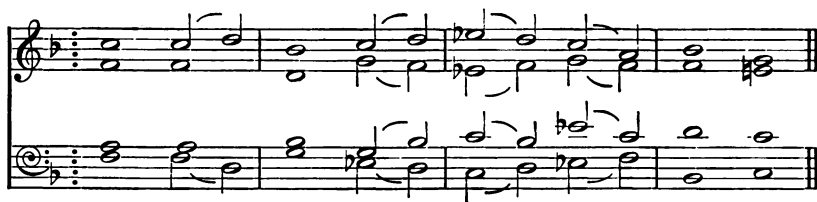
ALTA TRINITA BEATA.

8.7.8.7. D.

Adapted from an old Italian Melody.



Common of Martyrs.



1 BLESS'D Feasts of bless'd Martyrs,
Sainly Days of Sainly men,
With affection's recollections
Greet we your return again.

2 Worthy deeds they wrought and wonders,
While a frame of flesh they bore ;
We with meetest praise and sweetest
Honour them for evermore.

3 Faith prevailing, hope unfailing,
Jesus loved with single heart—
Thus they glorious and victorious
Bore the Martyr's happy part.

4 Rack'd with torture, haled to slaughter,
Fire, and axe, and murd'rous sword,
Chains and prison, foes' derision,
They endured for Christ the Lord.

5 So they pass'd through pain and sorrow,
Till they sank in death to rest ;
Earth's rejected were elected
To have portion with the Blest.

6 By contempt of worldly pleasures,
And by deeds of valour done,
They have reach'd the Land of Angels,
And with them are knit in one.

7 Wherefore, made co-heirs of glory,
Ye that sit with Christ on High,
Join to ours your supplications,
As for grace and peace we cry ;

8 That, this weary life completed,
And its fleeting trials past,
We may merit to be seated
In our Father's Home at last. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

COMMON OF CONFESSORS.

145 (*First Tune.*)

Gratulare Sponsa Christi.

S. Gall, MS. 546.

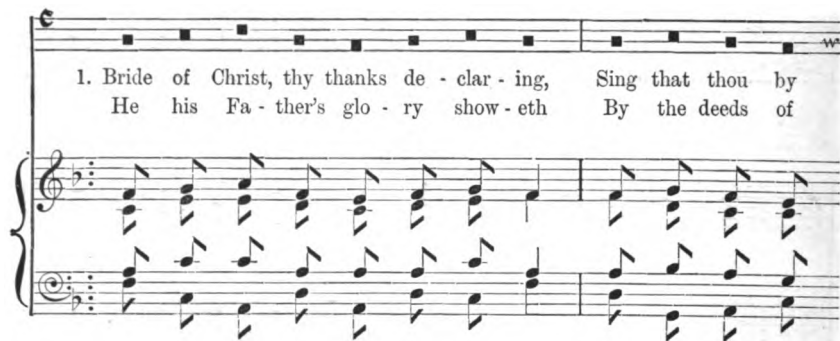
Mode v.

8.8.7. D.

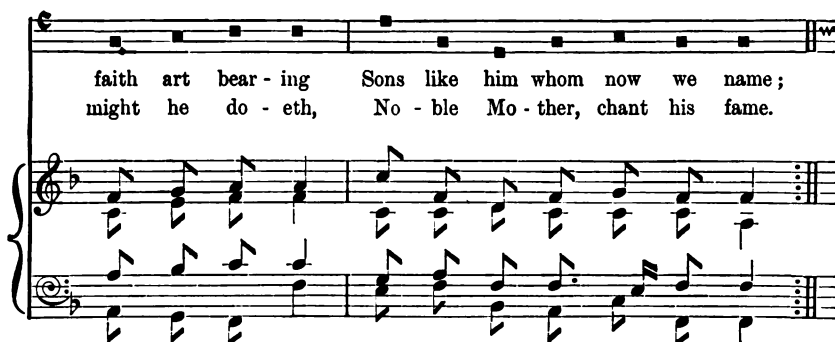
Part of Melody

"Plausu chorus lætabundo."


1. Bride of Christ, thy thanks de - clar - ing, Sing that thou by
He his Fa - ther's glo - ry show - eth By the deeds of



faith art bear - ing Sons like him whom now we name;
might he do - eth, No - ble Mo - ther, chant his fame.



2. Spread a - broad the won - drous sto - ry Of his life, his
Here he grew in Heav'n - ly gra - ces, Now the Lord His



Common of Confessors.

fame and glo - ry ; Let his wide re - nown in - crease ;
 ser - vant pla - ces In Ce - les - tial light and peace.

3. Lord, to Thee our voi - ces rais - ing, Heark - en to Thy
 While his prayer on high as - cend - eth, May the peace that

ser-vants prais-ing This Thy Saint il - lus - tri - ous !
 nev - er end-eth Be be-stow'd on all of us. A - men.

Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

Part 1. Sequences.

145 (*Second Tune.*)

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM. 8.8.7. D.

JOHN FARMER.

Unison.

The musical score is written for a vocal part and piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 2/4. The piece is in unison. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text "A - men." written above the final chord.

By permission of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.

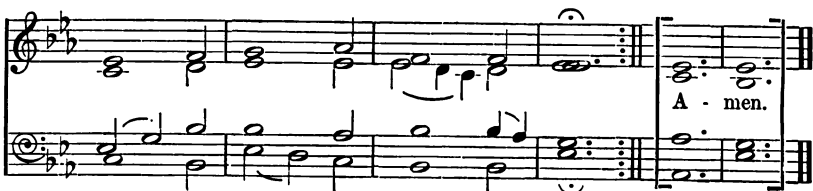
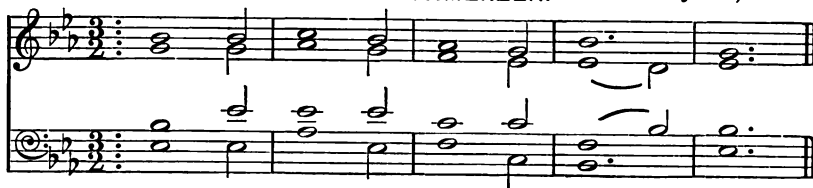
Common of Confessors.

145 (Third Tune.)

8.8.7. D.

G. CORNER'S
Gesangbuch, 1625.

CHRISTI MUTTER STUND VOR SCHMERZEN.



Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

- 1 BRIDE of Christ, thy thanks declaring,
Sing that thou by faith art bearing
Sons like him whom now we name;
He his Father's glory showeth
By the deeds of might he doeth,
Noble Mother, chant his fame.
- 2 Spread abroad the wondrous story
Of his life, his fame and glory;
Let his wide renown increase;
Here he grew in Heav'nly graces,
Now the Lord His servant places
In Celestial light and peace.
- 3 Lord, to Thee our voices raising,
Hearken to Thy servants praising
This Thy Saint illustrious!
While his prayer on high ascendeth,
May the peace that never endeth
Be bestowed on all of us. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

Supernæ Matris gaudia.

L.M.

146 (*First Tune.*)

Modes vij. & viij.

Melody probably of the xijth Century.

From a *Dominican Gradual* of the xivth Century.

1. The Church on earth, with ans'ring love, Echoes her Mo - ther's joys a - bove ;

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line at the top with a treble clef and a common time signature. Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves, a treble and a bass clef, in a key with two flats. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

These year-ly Feast-Days she may keep, And yet for end - less Fes-tals weep.

The second system of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes the same vocal and piano parts with the corresponding lyrics.

2. That dis - tant Ci - ty, O how blest, Whose Feast-Days know
How glad - some is that Pal - ace Gate, Round which nor fear

The third system of the musical score. It begins with a new vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Common of Confessors.

no pause nor rest! 3. Nor lan - guor here, nor wea - ry age,
nor sor - row wait: But one the joy, and one the song,

Nor fraud, nor dread of hos-tile rage; 4. To God their won -
And one the heart of all the throng. Fru - i - tion theirs

- d'ring eyes they raise, And nev - er wea - ry as they gaze;
which nev - er tires; En - joy - ment quickens new de - sires.

Part 1. Sequences.

5. The {Saint,} whose praise to - day we sing, {Is} stand - ing
And face to face {be - holds} the King, {Are} all His

now be - fore the Throne,
Ma - jes - ty made known. 6. In that se - rene and glo - rious place,

When this life's ma - ny toils are past, Christ, of His Ev - er - last - ing Grace,

Grant us to join the Blest at last. A - men.

rall.

Common of Confessors.

146 (Second Tune.)

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



By permission of J. W. Elliott.

1 THE Church on earth, with answ'ring
love,
Echoes her Mother's joys above ;
These yearly Feast-Days she may keep,
And yet for endless Festals weep.

2 That distant City, O how blest,
Whose Feast-Days know no pause nor
rest !
How gladsome is that Palace Gate,
Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait :

3 Nor languor here, nor weary age,
Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage ;
But one the joy, and one the song,
And one the heart of all the throng.

4 To God their wond'ring eyes they
raise,
And never weary as they gaze ;
Fruition theirs which never tires ;
Enjoyment quickens new desires.

* 5 The Saint, whose praise to-day we
sing,
Is standing now before the Throne,
And face to face beholds the King,
In all His Majesty made known.

6 In that serene and glorious place,
When this life's many toils are past,
Christ, of His Everlasting Grace,
Grant us to join the Blest at last.

[Amen.]

* Or, The Saints, whose praise to-day we sing,
Are standing now before the Throne,
And face to face behold the King,
In all His Majesty made known.

Part 1. Sequences.

COMMON OF VIRGINS.

147

Virgines egregiæ.

VANITATUM VANITAS.

7.6.7.6. Trochaic.

Piæ Cantiones.

By permission of A. B. Mowbray and Co., Ltd., from "The Cowley Carol Book," harmonized by Rev. G. B. Woodward.

- 1 VIRGIN Saints of high renown,
Virgins consecrated,
Ye before your Spouse appear
Crown'd and decorated :
With the everlasting rest
Ye on high are gifted ;
Let a new-made song of praise
To your Lord be lifted.
- 2 Chastity's own lily sweet
Ye were well preserving,
For the love of God's dear Son,
Which ye were deserving ;

Ye, to be the Spirit's shrine,
As your lot were choosing,
Earthly love and wedlock's bonds
Stedfastly refusing.

- 3 Flowers of holy modesty
Were your chiefest treasure ;
So ye trod beneath your feet
Ev'ry fleshly pleasure :
Thus the prize of purity
Hath to you been meted :
With the Virgin's Stainless Son
Ye for aye are seated. [Amen.]

These words may also be sung to " Regina Clementiæ," No. 135.

Common of the B.V. Mary.

COMMON OF THE B.V. MARY.

Except on the Purification and the Annunciation.

148 (First Tune.)

Hodiernæ lux diei.

Modes ij. & j.

8.8.7. D

From the *Sarum Gradual*.
xijth Century Melody.

1. Let to - day a - bove all o - ther Bright - ly shine ; of
For, the Vir - gin Ma - ry prais - ing, We to - day our

Christ's own Mo - ther We must ce - le - brate the fame ;
chant are rais - ing, Bring - ing hon - our to her name.

2. Now let all men hum - bly greet her, None of Maids or
Sing while heart and mind re - joi - ces, Call her "Bless - ed"

Ma - trons sweet - er, Pat - tern for our sin - ful race ;
with pure voi - ces, Hail her "La - dy, full of grace."

(141*)

Part 1. Sequences.

3. Gar - den through the South Wind grow - ing ; Way where man may
Fleece of Gid - e - on be - liev - ing, All the God - head's

ne'er be go - ing ; Por - tal closed for ev - er - more ;
rain re - ceiv - ing, And the dews from Heav'n which pour.

4. All earth's daugh - ters thou ex - cel - lest ; In the Heav'n, where
Vir - gin, yet thy Ma - ker bear - ing, In a mys - t'ry

now thou dwell - est, Christ thy low - li - ness doth own ;
past com - par - ing, Maid and stain - less Mo - ther shown. A - men.

Common of the B.V. Mary.

148 (Second Tune.)

PENDEEN.

8.8.7. D.

HENRY SMART.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

- 1 Let to-day above all other
Brightly shine; of Christ's own Mother
We must celebrate the fame;
For, the Virgin Mary praising,
We to-day our chant are raising,
Bringing honour to her name.
- 2 Now let all men humbly greet her,
None of Maids or Matrons sweeter,
Pattern for our sinful race;
Sing while heart and mind rejoices,
Call her "Blessèd" with pure voices,
Hail her "Lady, full of grace."
- 3 Garden through the South Wind growing;
Way where man may ne'er be going;
Portal closed for evermore;
Fleece of Gideon believing,
All the Godhead's rain receiving,
And the dews from Heav'n which pour
- 4 All earth's daughters thou excellest;
In the Heav'n, where now thou dwellest,
Christ thy lowliness doth own;
Virgin, yet thy Maker bearing,
In a myst'ry past comparing,
Maid and stainless Mother shown. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

149 (First Tune.)

Lætambundus.

Modes vi. & v. transposed.

Irregular.

Sarum Gradual.
(Melody of ixth or xth Century.)

1. Raise your voi - ces, Faith - ful Choirs, with joy ex - ceed - ing
Lo, re - joi - ces Queen - ly Bride, her nup - tials speed - ing,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It features a vocal line at the top with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). Below it is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

In the courts on High; 2. Now the li - ly from a - far
For her King is nigh. 'Tis a won - drous mar - riage - bond,

The second system of musical notation, continuing the song. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Weds the bri - er; sun to star Troth is plight - ing.
To its God in u - nion fond Soul u - ni - ting.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the song. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The Dedication of a Church.

3. See, the Church to - day in - vites Christ, es-poused with fes - tal rites,
So the low - ly hu - man soul, Sub-ject, bows to God's con - trol,



To this sa - cred place: 4. Flesh of man, by mys - tic tie,
'Neath the yoke of grace. For the Son, in Heav'n Who reign'd,



Wed - ded to God's Son on High, Rose to high de - gree:
Chief in might and glo - ry, deign'd Worth-less flesh to be.



Part 1. Sequences.

5. Prince-ly state He laid a - side, Chose on earth a hum-ble bride,
Thus did Christ His word ful - fil, For that, by a might-y skill,

Whom His love had glo - ri - fied, Fair and ho - ly;
From de - file - ment's stain His will Cleansed the low - ly.

6. Maid - en, then hast - en thee, Sit with thy Bride-groom free,
See how thy Spouse and Lord, Veil'd by the writ - ten word,

Crown'd with ma - jes - ty, Scep-tred and throned;
In full light a - dored, True faith hath own'd. A - men.

By permission of Rev. G. H. Palmer, from "The Hymner."

The Dedication of a Church.

149 (Second Tune.)

LÆTABUNDUS.

Irregular.

NICHOLAS GATTY, B. Mus.

1. Raise your voi - ces, Faithful Choirs, with joy ex - ceed - ing In . . the

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

courts on High; Lo, re - joi - ces Queen - ly Bride, her nup - tials speeding,

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

For . . her King is nigh. 2. Now the li - ly from a - far

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Weds the bri - er; sun to star . . Troth is plight - ing :

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

(147*)

Part 1. Sequences.

'Tis a wondrous marriage-bond, To its God in u-nion fond

Soul . . u - ni - ting. 3. See, the Church to - day in - vites

Christ, es-poused with fes-tal rites, To this sa-cred place:

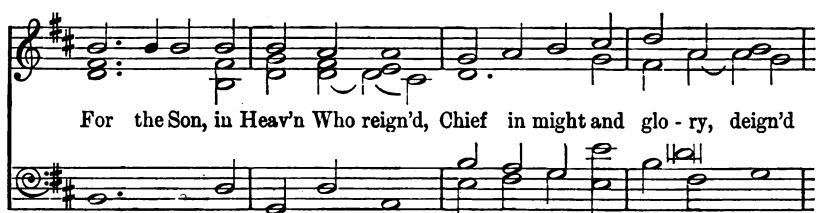
So the low-ly hu-man soul, Sub-ject, bows to God's con-trol,

'Neath the yoke of grace. 4. Flesh of man, by mys-tic tie,

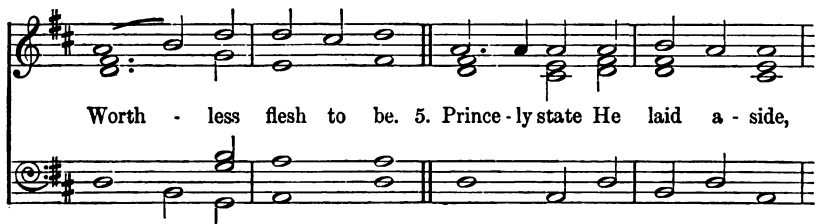
The Dedication of a Church.



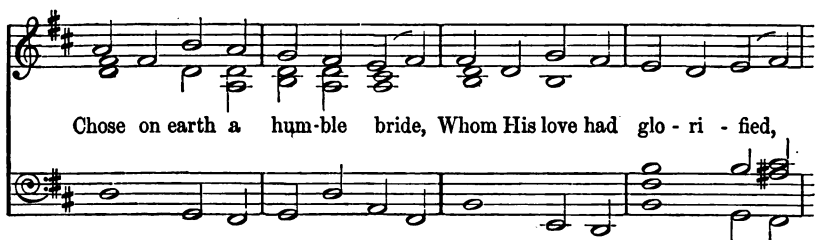
Wed - ded to God's Son on High, Rose . to high de - gree :



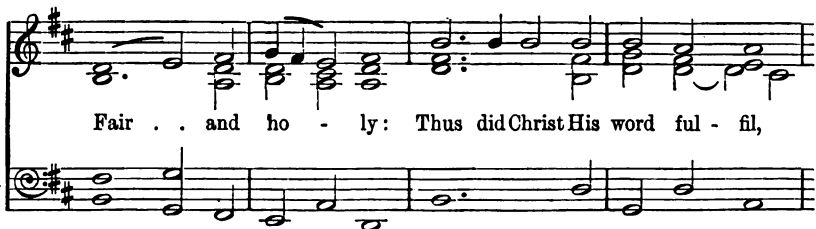
For the Son, in Heav'n Who reign'd, Chief in might and glo - ry, deign'd



Worth - less flesh to be. 5. Prince - ly state He laid a - side,



Chose on earth a hum - ble bride, Whom His love had glo - ri - fied,



Fair . . and ho - ly: Thus did Christ His word ful - fil,

Part 1. Sequences.

For that, by a might - y skill, From de - file - ment's stain His will

Cleansed the low - ly. 6. Maid - en then hast - en thee, Sit with thy

Bride - groom free, Crown'd with ma - jes - ty, . . Scep - tred and throned ;

See how thy Spouse and Lord, Veil'd by the writ - ten word, In full

light a - dored, True faith hath own'd. A - men.

Harmony.

By permission of Nicholas Gatty, B. Mus.

(150*)

The Dedication of a Church.

Hierusalem et Syon filiae.

150 (First Tune.)

Modes viij. & vij.

10.10.10.4.

Paris,
xvijth Century Melody.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem and Si - on's daugh - ters fair! As - sem - bled
2. O Sol - emn Fes - ti - val of high de - light! Christ doth Him -

band, who in the Faith have share, With joy - ful voice
- self to Ho - ly Church u - nite, Where - in our own

un - ceas - ing - ly de - clare Al - le - lu - ia.
Sal - va - tion's mar - riage rite We ce - le - brate.

rit.

Part 1. Sequences.

3. He brought her forth new made from out His Side, Where Blood and
4. That in such wise should be the Church's birth, The wo - man



Wa - ter flow'd, a min - gled tide, When on the
show'd in fig - ure up - on earth, When she from



Sa - cred Rood at eve He died— Our God made man.
Ad - am's side first is - sued forth— Our mo - ther Eve.



The Dedication of a Church.

5. Eve was step - mo - ther to her sons in - deed ; This is the
6. Fair, won - der - ful in off - spring, great in might, As moon, as



Mo - ther of the Cho - sen Seed, The Port of Life,
sun, she shines in beau - ty bright, More ter - ri - ble



and un - to those in need A Ref - uge sure.
than ar - my for the fight Set in ar - ray.



Part 1. Sequences.

7. By di - vers types pre - fig - ured this is she, In bri - dal
8. There - fore, when Christ His Mar - riage Feast shall make, May we with

ves - ture clad re - splen - dent - ly, A - bove the Heav'n - ly
joy of true de - lights par - take, And nev - er the blest

Hosts up - raised to be With Christ con-join'd.
com - pa - ny for - sake Of His e - lect. A - men.

NOTE.—This Sequence has been set low on account of the last two verses. It might with advantage, however, be transposed into its seat—i.e., a tone higher.

The Dedication of a Church.

150 (Second Tune.)

COLOSSE.

10.10.10.4.

As arranged by J. Goss,
for *MERCER'S Hymn Book*, 1864.



1.
JERUSALEM and Sion's daughters fair !
Assembled band, who in the Faith haveshare,
With joyful voice unceasingly declare
Alleluia.

2.
O Solemn Festival of high delight !
Christ doth Himself to Holy Church unite,
Wherein our own Salvation's marriage rite
We celebrate.

3.
He brought her forth new made from out
His Side,
Where Blood and Water flow'd, a mingled tide,
When on the Sacred Rood at eve He died—
Our God made man.

4.
That in such wise should be the Church's birth,
The woman show'd in figure upon earth,
When she from Adam's side first issued forth—
Our mother Eve.

5.
Eve was step-mother to her sons indeed ;
This is the Mother of the Chosen Seed,
The Port of Life, and unto those in need
A Refuge sure.

6.
Fair, wonderful in offspring, great in might,
As moon, as sun, she shines in beauty bright,
More terrible than army for the fight
Set in array.

7.
By divers types prefigured this is she,
In bridal vesture clad resplendently,
Above the Heav'nly Hosts upraised to be
With Christ conjoin'd.

8.
Therefore, when Christ His Marriage Feast
shall make,
May we with joy of true delights partake,
And never the blest company forsake
Of His elect. [Amen.]

Part 1. Sequences.

150 (Third Tune.) JEDBURY ABBEY.

10.10.10.4.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

By permission of Arthur H. Brown.

1.

JERUSALEM and Sion's daughters fair !
Assembled band, who in the Faith have share,
With joyful voice unceasingly declare
Alleluia.

2.

O Solemn Festival of high delight !
Christ doth Himself to Holy Church unite,
Wherein our own Salvation's marriage rite
We celebrate.

3.

He brought her forth new made from out
His Side,
Where Blood and Water flow'd, a mingled tide,
When on the Sacred Rood at eve He died—
Our God made man

4.

That in such wise should be the Church's birth,
The woman show'd in figure upon earth,
When she from Adam's side first issued forth—
Our mother Eve.

5.

Eve was step-mother to her sons indeed ;
This is the Mother of the Chosen Seed,
The Port of Life, and unto those in need
A Refuge sure.

6.

Fair, wonderful in offspring, great in might,
As moon, as sun, she shines in beauty bright,
More terrible than army for the fight
Set in array.

7.

By divers types prefigured this is she,
In bridal vesture clad resplendently,
Above the Heav'nly Hosts upraised to be
With Christ conjoin'd.

8.

Therefore, when Christ His Marriage Feast
shall make,
May we with joy of true delights partake,
And never the blest company forsake
Of His elect. [Amen.]

The Sorrows of the B.V. Mary.

THE SORROWS OF THE B.V. MARY.

436 (Third Tune.)

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

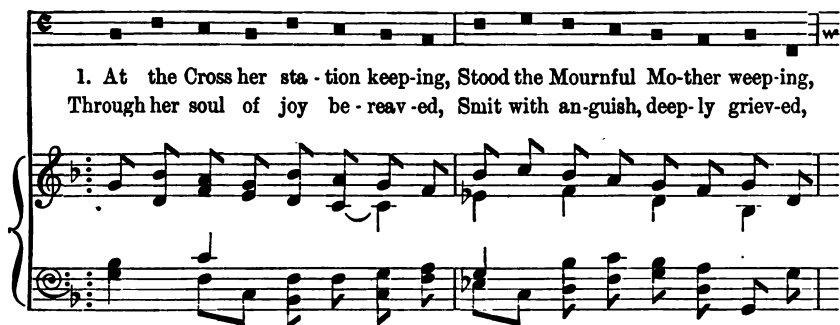
French.

Mode ij.

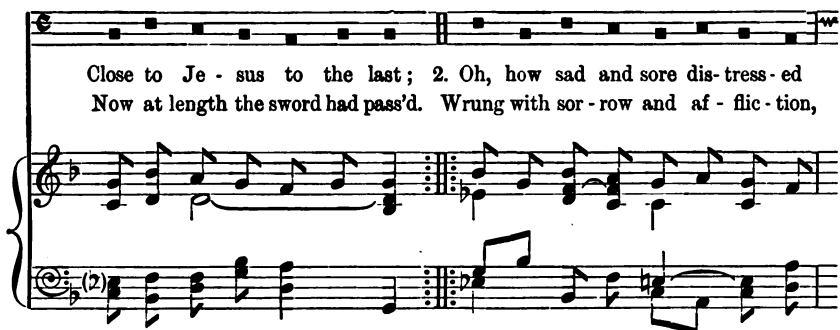
8.8.7. D.

xvijth—xviiijth Century.


1. At the Cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the Mournful Mo - ther weep - ing,
Through her soul of joy be - reav - ed, Smit with an - guish, deep - ly griev - ed,



Close to Je - sus to the last; 2. Oh, how sad and sore dis - tress - ed
Now at length the sword had pass'd. Wrung with sor - row and af - flic - tion,

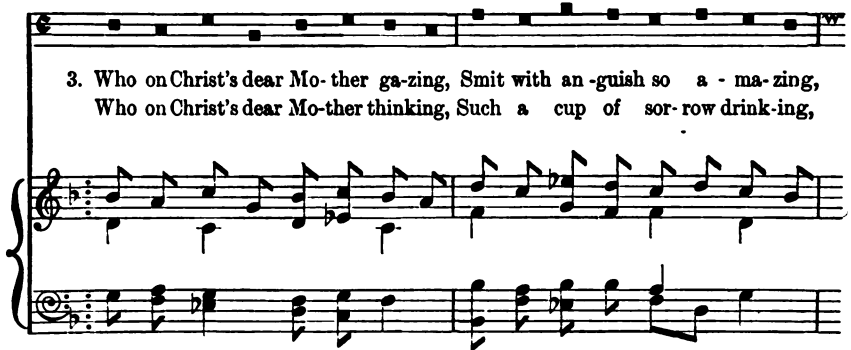


Was she then, that Mo - ther Bless - ed Of the Sole - Be - got - ten One;
When she saw the Cru - ci - fix - ion Of her Ev - er - glo - rious Son.

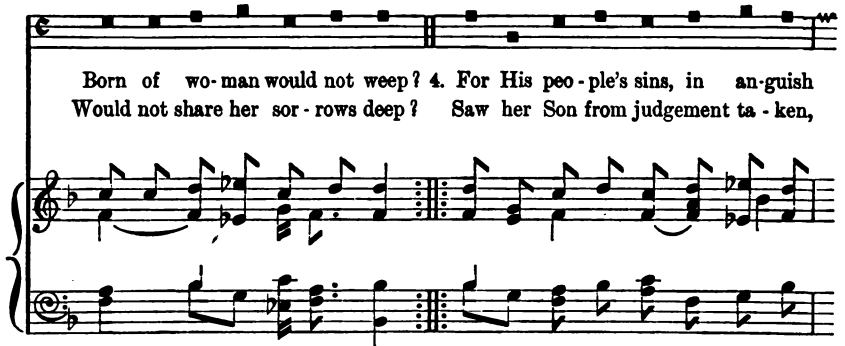


Part 1. Sequences.

3. Who on Christ's dear Mo-ther ga-zing, Smit with an-guish so a-ma-zing,
Who on Christ's dear Mo-ther thinking, Such a cup of sor-row drink-ing,



Born of wo-man would not weep? 4. For His peo-ple's sins, in an-guish
Would not share her sor-rows deep? Saw her Son from judg-ment ta-ken,



She be-held her Je-sus lan-guish, Saw Him by the scour-ges rent;
And in death by all for-sa-ken, Till His Spi-rit forth He sent.



The Sorrows of the B.V. Mary.

5. Mo-ther, who with love o'er-flow - est, I would know the grief thou know-est,
6. Ho - ly Mo-ther, be there writ-ten All the Wounds of Je - sus smit - ten



I would learn to mourn with thee ; I would raise my heart's de - vo - tion
Deep with - in my in - most heart ; In the pains which He en - dur - ed,



Un - to Christ, with pure e - mo - tion, So ac - cept - ed might I be.
Which for me have life pro - cur - ed, let me share with thee the smart.



Part 1. Sequences.

7. In the Pas-sion of my Ma-ker Be my sin-ful soul par-ta-ker,
Mine with thee be that sad sta-tion, There to watch the great Sal-va-tion

Weep till death, and weep with thee; 8. Vir-gin, thou of vir-gins fair-est,
Wrought up-on th' A-to-ning Tree. 9. May His Wounds transfix me whol-ly,

May the bit-ter woe thou bear-est Make on me im-pres-sion deep;
May His Cross and Life-Blood sole-ly Sat-is-fy my spi-rit here;

Thus Christ's dy-ing would I car-ry, With Him in His Pas-sion tar-ry,
Thus, in-flamed with pure af-fec-tion, Find-ing ref-uge and pro-tec-tion,

The Sorrows of the B.V. Mary.

And His stripes in mem'-ry keep. 10. Christ, when ends this earth-ly sto-ry,
When the Judgement Day is near. When the pains of death be-fall me,

With Thy Mother in Thy glo-ry, Grant that I may see Thy Face ;
Then receive my soul, and call me To a peaceful rest-ing-place. A - men.

436 (*Fourth Tune.*)

STABAT MATER.

8.8.7. D.

French. xvijth Century.

From the *Solesmes Gradual and Antiphoner.*

PART II.
OFFICE HYMNS.

▲**

Special Doxologies

for the Lesser Hours, and also for those Hymns at Mattins and Evensong which require an occasional change in the Doxology—the expression “ Ordinary Doxology ” indicating a possible change.

Doxology from Christmas to Epiphany, on Feasts of the B.V. Mary and their Octaves, and, according to English Use, from the Octave of the Epiphany until the Purification.

- 151 ETERNAL praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Doxology for the Epiphany and Octave.

- 152 ALL glory, Lord, to Thee we pay
For Thine Epiphany to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology for Eastertide.

- 153 To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Doxology for Ascensiontide.

- 154 ALL glory, Lord, to Thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen

Doxology for Whitsuntide.

- 155 To God the Father, God the Son
And God the Spirit, praise be done ;
And Christ, the Lord, upon us pour
The Spirit's gifts for evermore. Amen.

According to Roman Use the Easter Doxology serves also for Whitsuntide.

PART II.

OFFICE HYMNS

AT MATTINS AND EVENSONG DAILY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE HYMNS FOR THE LESSER HOURS.

HYMNS FOR THE WEEK

Sunday.

From the Octave of the Epiphany until the 1st Sunday in Lent, and from the Sunday nearest October 1st until Advent.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 1, on page [34] at end of vol.

156 *Primo die, quo Trinitas. Morn.*

HAIL day! whereon the One in Three
First form'd the earth by sure decree;
The day its Maker rose again,
And vanquish'd death, and burst our chain.

2 Away with sloth and careless ease!
We raise our hearts and bend our knees,
And early seek the Lord of all,
Obedient to the Prophet's call.

3 So may He hearken to our prayer,
Stretch forth His strong Right Arm to spare,
And, ev'ry past offence forgiven,
Restore us to our home in Heav'n.

4 Assembled here this holy day,
This holiest hour we raise the lay;
And O! that He, to Whom we sing,
May now respect our offering.

5 O Father of unclouded Light,
Keep us this day as in Thy sight,
In word and deed, that we may be
From ev'ry touch of evil free:

6 That this our body's mortal frame
May know no sin, and fear no shame,
Nor fire hereafter be the end
Of passions which our bosoms rend.

7 Redeemer of the world, we pray
That Thou would'st wash our sins away,
And give us, of Thy boundless grace,
The blessings of the Heav'nly place.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If 7. and 13. are required, see Hymn 157.

Plainsong Melodies 3, 4: Barred Tune 306, N.O.B.B., Pt. iii.

157 *Æterne rerum Conditor. Morn.*

MAKER of all, Eternal King,
Who day and night about dost bring;

By Thy decree the seasons roll,
And soothe with change the weary soul.

2 Now dawn, to cheer the traveller's sight,
Spreads blushes o'er the brow of night,
And the shrill harbinger of day
Salutes the sun's awak'ning ray.

3 Roused at the note, the morning star
Heav'n's dusky veil uplifts afar;
And evil, wont the light to shun,
Retreats before the rising sun.

4 Sailors, when sounds that morn'g note,
Refresh'd, on calmer waters float:
Peter's repentance once it wrought,
With tears of self-abasement fraught.

5 Then let us all with courage rise;
The call rebukes our slumb'ring eyes!
It chides the slothful as they lie,
And shames who would their Lord deny.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

6 New hope that clarion note awakes ;
Sickness the feeble frame forsakes ;
The robber sheathes his murd'rous sword ;
Faith to the fallen is restored.

7 Jesu, look on us when we fall,
And with a glance our souls recall ;
If Thou but look, our sins are gone,
And with due tears our pardon won.

8 Shed through our hearts Thy piercing ray,
Our souls' dull slumber drive away ;
Be Thou with op'ning day our song,
To Whom our earliest vows belong.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

℟. The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel.

℞. The Lord hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength.

*From Trinity Sunday until the Sunday
nearest October 1st.*

Plainsong Melodies 5, 6: Barred Tune 6 on page [38] at end of vol.

158 *Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes. Morn.*

L O! with the morning here we take
our station,
Sharing the Psalmist's holy meditation,
And, with new fervour, raise with
exultation

Hymns of devotion.

2 Thus, the great glory of our King
declaring,
We for the Heav'nly places are
preparing ;
These may we merit, with the Angels
sharing

Joys never ending.

Doxology.

O may the Godhead, endless bliss
possessing,
Father, Son, Spirit, grant to us this
blessing ;
Whose whole creation joins His praise
confessing

Now and for ever. Amen.

If ℟. and ℞. are required, see Hymn 159.

Plainsong Melodies 6, 7: Barred Tune 7, on page [38] at end of vol.

159 *Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra. Morn.*

D ARKNESS to daylight doth its place
surrender ;

Shineth the morning, bathed in brilliant
splendour ;

Fervid in spirit, to our Great Defender
Raise we our voices ;

2 That He, in pity blessings on us pouring,
Strengthen our weakness, kindly health
restoring ;

So may our Father grant each child
adoring

Peace everlasting.

Doxology.

O may the Godhead, endless bliss
possessing,

Father, Son, Spirit, grant to us this
blessing ;

Whose whole creation joins His praise
confessing

Now and for ever. Amen.

℟. The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel.

℞. The Lord hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength.

*From the Octave of the Epiphany until
the First Sunday in Lent; and for the
Sundays after Trinity.*

Plainsong Melodies 12, 13, 15: Barred Tune 2, on page [34] at end of vol.

160 *Lucis Creator optime. Even.*

O THOU, of light Creator Blest,
Who didst the day with light invest !
By Thy decree the dawn had birth
To shine upon the face of earth.

2 Thou, by the morn and evening ray,
Hast measured time, and made the day ;
As now the dark'ning shadows fall,
O hearken to our humble call.

3 Let not Thy flock, with guilt oppress'd,
Lose Thy reward of endless rest,
Nor, while this passing world beguiles,
Become a prey to Satan's wiles.

4 O may our cry to Heav'n ascend ;
From peril, Lord, our steps defend ;
Teach us the prize of life to win,
And purify our hearts within.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Hymns for the Week.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,

Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

℣. Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.
℟. In Thy sight as the incense.

Monday.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 3, on
page [35] at end of vol.

161 *Somno refectis artubus. Morn.*

THE limbs, which slumber hath set free
From chains of sloth, we bow to
Thee;

O Father, as we hymn Thy praise,
Look down, and bless our words and
ways.

2 To Thee our earliest morning song,
To Thee our hearts' full powers belong;
Grant that our actions all may be
Begun and ended, Lord, in Thee.

3 As shades at morning flee away,
And fade before the star of day,
So be the errors of the night
Dispell'd by Thee, Celestial Light.

4 Cut off, we pray Thee, each offence,
And ev'ry lust of thought and sense;
So shall the lips, which Thee adore,
Be meet to praise Thee evermore.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,

Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If ℣. and ℟. are required, see Hymn 162.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4: Barred Tune 540,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

162 *Splendor Paternæ gloriæ. Morn.*

O JESU, Lord of Heav'nly grace,
Thou Brightness of the Father's
Face,

Light's Fountain and Eternal Spring,
True Morn, the morn illumining;

2 Come, Holy Sun of Heav'nly love,
Pour down Thy Radiance from above,
And shed abroad o'er ev'ry sense
The Spirit's Light and Influence.

3 So we the Father's help will claim,
And praise the Father's glorious Name
And His Almighty grace implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 Our actions, Lord, with courage fill,
And blunt the tempter's tooth of ill;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us to a prosp'rous end.

5 May Faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our thoughts control;
And guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be love and peace.

6 May Christ, our Food, with us abide,
And Faith our daily cup provide,
And the Life-giving Spirit still
Our hearts with His abundance fill.

7 So joyfully speeds on the day,
The dawn our meekness shall display,
Our faith like noontide splendour glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.

8 The radiant morn is beaming bright,
Shine, Dayspring, with Thine own true
Light,
That we, Thy flock, may ever see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

℣. O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon.
℟. So shall we rejoice and be glad.

Plainsong Melodies 14, 16, 17: Barred Tune 554,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

163 *Immense cœli Conditor. Even.*

O GREAT Creator of the sky,
Who wouldst not the floods on
high

With earthly waters to confound,
But mad'st the firmament their bound.

2 In upper air the clouds were placed;
With flowing streams the land was
graced;

Fresh showers the burning heat assuage,
And water earth, from age to age.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 3 In mercy now to ev'ry heart
The streams of Heav'nly grace impart,
Lest tyranny of former sin
Regain its deadly power within.
- 4 Let Faith, which ever grows more
bright,
Diffuse abroad celestial light;
From out our souls each error chase,
And never give to falsehood place.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

℣. Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.
℟. In Thy sight as the incense.

Tuesday.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 3, on
page [35] at end of vol.

- 164 *Consors Paterni luminis. Morn.*

PURE Light of Light! Thou Day-
spring fair,
Who dost the Father's brightness share,
Thee with our morning hymn we greet;
Now hear us from Thy Mercy-seat.

- 2 All darkness from our minds dispel,
And turn to flight the hosts of Hell;
Lighten our eyes, lest death within
O'ertake the soul asleep in sin.

- 3 Jesu! Thy pardon, kind and free,
Bestow on all who trust in Thee;
And, as Thy praises we declare,
Hear and accept our lowly prayer.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If ℣. and ℟. are required, see Hymn 165.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4: Barred Tune 540,
N.O.H.B., Pt. III.

- 165

Ales dici nuntius.

Morn.

THE herald bird in accents clear
Proclaims that morn at length is
here;
So Christ's own voice with startling
strain
Awakes the soul to life again.

- 2 "Take up thy bed," the Saviour cries
To each who wrapt in slumber lies;
"In sober chastity and fear
Keep watch, for I, the Lord, am near."
- 3 With earnest cry, with tearful care,
Call we the Lord to hear our prayer;
While supplication pure and deep
Forbids each chaste'ned heart to sleep.
- 4 Do Thou, O Christ, our souls awake,
And all the chains of darkness break;
Thy freedom to our hearts restore;
New light on ev'ry sense outpour.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore.

Amen.

℣. O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon.
℟. So shall we rejoice and be glad.

Plainsong Melodies 14, 16, 17: Barred Tune 554,
N.O.H.B., Pt. III.

- 166

Telluris alme Conditor.

Even.

EARTH'S bounteous Maker! Whose
command
Raised from the deep the solid land,
And backward forced the surging tide,
And bade the earth unmoved abide;

- 2 That so the soil might herbage yield,
And flow'rets fair to deck the field,
And golden fruit and harvest give,
And pleasant food that man might live;
- 3 With Thy refreshing grace make whole
The wounds of sin that parch the soul;
From guilt and shame our hearts
release,
And calm our passions with Thy peace.

Hymns for the Week.

- 4 Let ev'ry soul Thy law obey,
And keep from ev'ry evil way,
Rejoice each promised good to win,
And flee from ev'ry mortal sin.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

- ¶ Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.
℣. In Thy sight as the incense.

Wednesday.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 3, on page
[35] at end of vol.

- 167 *Rerum Creator optime. Morn.*

MAKER of all things, God of love,
Our Ruler, hear us from above!
And from dull sloth and slumber free
Thy servants, who repose in Thee.

- 2 To Thee, O Holy Christ, we pray,
Our sins, though great, to purge away;
While chains of night, that held our
eyes,
We break, and to confess Thee rise.
- 3 To Thee we raise our hearts and hands,
Obedient to Thine old commands;
For thus the Psalmist bade us plead,
And holy Paul, in hour of need.

- 4 To Thee our secret sins we own,
Whose eye our evil acts have known;
To Thee we pour our earnest prayer,
That Thou would'st yet forgive and
spare.

*Doxology for Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

¶¶ and ℣. are required, see Hymn 166.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4: Barred Tune 540,
N.O.H.B. Pt. iii.

- 168 *Nox et tenebræ et nubila. Morn.*

HENCE, gloomy shades which night-
time brings,
Confused and dark and troubled things!
The dawn is here: the sky grows bright;
Christ is at hand; depart from sight!

- 2 Earth's dusky veil is torn away,
Pierc'd by the sparkling beams of day,
The world resumes its hues apace,
Soon as the morning shows its face.
- 3 O Christ, to Thee our Heav'nward gaze,
With pure and earnest hearts, we raise;
To these our prayers and hymns give ear,
And with Thyself our spirits cheer.
- 4 For many a shade obscures each sense,
Which needs Thy rays to drive it thence:
Make all things, Lord, serene and bright,
With beams of Thy true Heav'nly Light.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

- ¶. O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon.
℣. So shall we rejoice and be glad.

Plainsong Melodies 14, 16, 17: Barred Tune 554,
N.O.H.B. Pt. iii.

- 169 *Cæli Deus sanctissime. Even.*

O GOD, Whose hand hath spread the
sky,
And all its shining hosts on high,
And, painting it with fiery light,
Made it so beauteous and so bright.

- 2 Thou, when the fourth day was begun,
Didst frame the circle of the sun,
And set the moon for order'd change,
And planets with their wider range.
- 3 To night and day by power Divine
Their varying bounds Thou didst assign;
And gav'st a signal, known and meet,
For months begun and months complete.
- 4 Drive from our hearts the night of sin,
And chase away the gloom within;
From error's chain our souls release,
And give the burden'd conscience peace.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

℣. Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.
℟. In Thy sight as the incense.

Thursday.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2 : Barred Tune 3, on
page [35] at end of vol.

170 *Nox atra rerum contegit.* *Morn.*

THE veil of night but lately laid
The varied hues of earth in shade ;
Before Thee, Righteous Judge of all,
We contrite in confession fall !

2 Let sin no more within us reign ;
Purge us from ev'ry inward stain ;
Thy sov'reign grace, O Christ, impart,
From all offence to guard our heart.

3 For lo ! our mind is dull and cold,
And fetter'd fast in error's hold ;
But fain would we the darkness flee,
And seek, Redeemer, unto Thee.

4 Do Thou dispel our inward gloom,
And with Thy Light our souls illumine ;
Till, with unending Daylight blest,
We share Thine Everlasting Rest.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If ℣. and ℟. are required, see Hymn 171.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4 : Barred Tune, 540,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

171 *Lux ecce surgit aurea.* *Morn.*

BEHOLD the golden dawn arise !
The paling night forsakes the
skies ;

The misty shadows melt away,
Which led our erring sense astray.

- 2 O may the morn, so pure and clear,
Impart its peace to hearts sincere :
Ne'er may we utter words of guile,
Nor sinful thoughts our souls defile.
- 3 So may the day speed on ; the tongue
No falsehood know, the hands no wrong ;
The eyes from wanton gaze refrain ;
No guilt the guarded body stain.
- 4 For God, our Maker, ever night,
Surveys us with a watchful eye ;
Our ev'ry thought and act He knows,
From early dawn to daylight's close.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

℣. O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon.
℟. So shall we rejoice and be glad.

Plainsong Melodies 14, 16, 17 : Barred Tune 554,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

172 *Magnæ Deus potentie.* *Even.*

ALMIGHTY God, Who, from the
flood,
Didst bring to light a two-fold brood,
Part in the firmament to fly,
And part in ocean's depths to lie ;

- 2 Appointing fishes in the sea,
And fowl in open air to be ;
That each, by origin the same,
Its sep'rate dwelling-place might claim.
- 3 We, born of Thy baptismal flood,
And wash'd in Thine Atoning Blood,
Intreat that we no fall may know,
Nor death eternal undergo.
- 4 Let none despair through sin's distress ;
Be none puff'd up with boastfulness ;
That contrite hearts be not dismay'd,
Nor haughty souls in ruin laid.

Hymns for the Week.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

℣. Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.

℞. In Thy sight as the incense.

Friday.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2 : Barred Tune 3, on
page [35] at end of vol.

173 *Tu Trinitatis Unitas.* Morn.

OTHREE in One, and One in Three,
Who rulest all things mightily,
Accept the canticle of praise
Which, freed from bonds of sleep, we
raise.

- 2 While lingers yet the peace of night,
We rouse us from our slumbers light ;
That force of instant pray'r may win
Thy healing balm for wounds of sin.
- 3 If, by the wiles of Satan caught,
This night-time we have sinn'd in aught,
Regard from Heav'n, Thy dwelling-
place,
And cleanse us by Thy special grace.
- 4 Let naught impure our bodies stain ;
No laggard sloth our hearts detain ;
Our spirits know no taint of ill,
The fervour of their love to chill.
- 5 Thou Great Redeemer, grant that we
Fulfill'd with Thine own Light may be ;
That, in our course, from day to day,
From Thee we never more may stray.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If ℣. and ℞. are required, see Hymn 174.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4 : Barred Tune, 540,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

174 *Æterna cœli gloria.* Morn.

ETERNAL Glory of the sky,
Blest Hope of frail humanity,
The Father's Sole-begotten One,
Yet born a spotless Virgin's Son !

- 2 Uplift us with Thine arm of might,
And let our hearts rise pure and bright,
And, ardent in God's praises, pay
The thanks we owe Him ev'ry day.
- 3 The morning star forsakes the sky ;
The sun succeeds ; the shadows fly ;
So may the dawn of inward light
Chase from our souls the shades of
night.
- 4 O may Thy Light within us dwell,
And worldly darkness thence expel ;
And, while the days of life endure,
Preserve our souls devout and pure.
- 5 The Faith, of old by Saints possess'd,
Plant deep within our inmost breast ;
Cheer us with Hope's triumphant glow,
And perfect Charity bestow.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

℣. O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon.
℞. So shall we rejoice and be glad.

Plainsong Melodies 14, 16, 17 : Barred Tune 554,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

175 *Hominiis superne Conditor.* Even.

CREATOR, Who from Heav'n Thy
Throne
Ordainest all things, God alone !
By Whose decree the teeming earth
To reptile and to beast gave birth ;

- 2 The mighty forms that fill the land,
Instinct with life at Thy command,
Thou gav'st, subdued to humankind,
For service in their turns assign'd.
- 3 Drive far away wild passions, Lord,
And aught that hurts in deed or word,
Before it moves our hearts' intent,
Or with our actions hath been blent.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 4 In Heav'n Thine endless joys bestow,
But grant Thy gifts of grace below;
From chains of strife our souls release,
And closer draw the bands of peace.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

℟. Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.
℣. In Thy sight as the incense.

Saturday.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 3, on
page [35], at end of vol.

- 176 *Summe Parens clementiæ. Morn.*

MOST Merciful! by Whom is sway'd
This order'd world, which Thou
hast made,
In Substance One, in Persons Three,
Dread Trinity in Unity!

- 2 Do Thou, in love accept our lays
Of mingled penitence and praise;
And set our hearts from error free,
More fully to rejoice in Thee!
- 3 Our reins and hearts in pity heal,
And with Thy chast'ning fires anneal;
Gird Thou our loins, each passion quell,
And ev'ry harmful lust expel.
- 4 Now, as our anthems, upward borne,
Awake the silence of the morn,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace,
From Heav'n Thy blissful Dwelling-
place.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If ℟. and ℣. are required, see Hymn 177.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4: Barred Tune 540,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

- 177 *Aurora jam spargit polum. Morn.*

DAWN sprinkles all the East with
light;
Day o'er the earth is gliding bright;
Morn's glitt'ring rays their course
begin;

Farewell to darkness and to sin

- 2 Each phantom of the night depart!
Each thought of guilt forsake the heart!
Let ev'ry ill, that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught.
- 3 So that Last Morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessed light for us shall glow,
Who chant the songs we lov'd below.

*Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany
until the Purification.*

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

℟. O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon.
℣. So shall we rejoice and be glad.

*On Saturdays from the Octave of the
Epiphany until Lent.*

Plainsong Melody 94: Barred Tune 4, on page
[35] at end of vol.

- 178 *Deus Creator omnium. Even. (Sarum.)*

O BLEST Creator, God most High,
Great Ruler of the starry sky!
Who, robing day in beauteous light,
Hast cloth'd in sweet repose the night;

- 2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
And fit for toil and use once more;
May gently soothe the care-worn breast,
And lull our anxious griefs to rest.
- 3 We thank Thee for the day now gone;
We pray Thee, as the night comes on,
Help us, poor sinners, as we raise
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.
- 4 To Thee our hearts their music bring,
To Thee our lips in concord sing,
To Thee our rapt affections soar,
Thee may our chaste'n'd souls adore.
- 5 So, when the parting beams of day
In night's deep shadow fade away,
Let faith no 'wild'ring darkness know,
But night with faith's effulgence glow.

Proper of the Season.

6 O sleepless ever keep the mind,
But guilt in lasting slumber bind;
Let faith make pure the resting soul,
And sleep's unruly thoughts control.

7 So we, from earthly passion free,
Shall dedicate our dreams to Thee,
Nor by the envious foe be press'd,
With subtle fears to break our rest.

Doxology.

Christ, with the Father ever One,
Spirit, of Father and of Son,
God over all, of mighty sway,
Shield us, Great Trinity, we pray.

Amen.

This Doxology never alters.

For ¶. and Ɀ. see Hymn 179.

On Saturdays after Trinity.

Plainsong Melodies 20, 21 : Barred Tune 541,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

179 *Jam sol recedit igneus. Even.*

THE fiery sun now fades from sight;
Shine, Unity, Unfading Light!
Blest Trinity, Thy Beams impart,
And shed Thy Light o'er ev'ry heart.

2 Thee with our morning hymn we
praise;
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
O grant us, with Thy Saints on High,
For ever Thee to glorify.

Doxology.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be while the ages last.

Amen.

¶. May our evening prayer, O Lord, come up
before Thee.

Ɀ. And may Thy mercy descend upon us.

PROPER OF THE SEASON.

Advent.

Plainsong Melodies 22, 23 : Barred Tune 518,
N.O.H.B. Pt. iii.

180 *Creator alme siderum. Even.*

CREATOR of the starry height,
Thy people's Everlasting Light!
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear Thy servants when they call:

2 Who, grieving that the ancient curse
Should doom to death a universe,
Didst, by an act of gen'rous love,
The fainting world's Physician prove.

3 Thou, that Thou might'st our ransom
pay,
And wash the stains of sin away,
Didst from a Virgin's womb proceed,
A Victim on the Cross to bleed.

4 Thy glorious power, Thy saving Name,
No sooner any voice can frame,
Than things above, and things below,
At once in awe and rev'rence bow.

5 Most Holy Lord, to Thee we pray,
Dread Judge of all in that dread Day,
To shield us now with pitying care,
And guard us from temptation's snare.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Might, honour, praise, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

¶. Drop down ye Heavens from above, and let
the skies pour down righteousness.

Ɀ. Let the earth be opened, and let it bring
forth Salvation.

Plainsong Melody 24 : Barred Tune 301,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

181 *Verbum supernum prodiens. Morn.*

HEAV'NLY Word, Eternal Light,
Begotten of the Father's might,
Who cam'st a Child, the world to aid,
As years their downward course
display'd:

2 Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with Thine own true love;
That, dead to earthly things, we may
Be fill'd with Heav'nly joys to-day.

3 So when the Judge's sentence dire
Condemns the lost to endless fire,
And sweetest accents call the blest
To enter on their Heav'nly Rest;

4 O may we not, for wilful sin,
The due rewards of evil win,
But grant us, Lord, Thy Face to see,
And Heav'n enjoy eternally.

Doxology.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, with Them One,
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be while the ages last. Amen.

If ¶. and Ɀ. are required, see Hymn 182.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

Plainsong Melody 24 : Barred Tune 301,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

182 *En clara vox redarguit.* *Morn.*

HARK to the voice whose thrilling
tone
Doth bid the shades of night begone;
Vain dreams of earth, and shadows, fly!
Christ in His Might shines forth on
high.

2 Arise, O sluggard soul, nor lie
Enchain'd on earth; for in the sky
Gleams forth anew the Morning Star,
All ill and harm dispelling far.

3 From Heav'n the Lamb is sent below,
Himself to pay the debt we owe;
For this forgiveness, brought so near,
Our thanks we pay by prayer and tear.

4 So, when again His Light shines clear,
And trembling earth is girt with fear,
He may to scourge our sins forbear,
And shield us with His loving care.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.
Might, honour, praise, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

℣. The voice of one crying in the wilderness:
Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

℟. Make His paths straight.

Christmas and Circumcision

and on vacant days until the Epiphany.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 28 : Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end
of vol.

Veni Redemptor gentium.

183 *1st Evensong of Christmas only. (Sarum.)*

COME, Blest Redeemer of the earth,
Come, testify Thy Virgin-birth!
And let the wond'ring ages know
What Birth beseems our God below.

2 Sprung from no seed of human race,
But by the Spirit's mystic grace,
The promised Fruit of Mary's womb,
The Word of God, doth Flesh assume.

3 The holy Maid that Burden gain'd,
With virgin honour all unstain'd;
The banners there of virtue shine,
Where God vouchsafes to makes His
shrine.

4 Proceeding from His Chamber free,
The royal hall of chastity,
Of Substance Twain, the Mighty One
Prepares His destined course to run.

5 From God the Father He proceeds,
To God the Father back He speeds;
Proceeds—as far as very Hell;
Speeds back—to Light ineffable.

6 O Equal to the Father, Thou!
Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now;
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate.

7 Jesu, Thy cradle glitters bright,
And darkness breathes unwonted light,
Where endless faith shall shine serene,
And twilight never intervene.

Doxology.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

℣. To-morrow the iniquity of the earth shall
be washed away.

℟. And the Saviour of the world shall reign
over us.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27 : Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end
of vol.

Jesu Redemptor omnium. Morn. & Even. (Rom.)

184 *Morn. (Sarum.)*

JESU, Redeemer of the world!
Before the earliest dawn of light,
From Everlasting ages born,
Immense in glory as in might!

2 Unfailing Hope of all mankind!
In Whom the Father's Face we see,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pour,
This day, throughout the world, to Thee.

3 Remember, O Creator Lord!
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou was conceiv'd, and of her flesh
Didst our humanity assume.

4 From year to year this Blessed Day
Its witness bears, that, all alone,
From Thine own Father's Bosom forth,
To save the world Thou camest down.

5 O Day! to which the sea, and sky,
And earth, and Heav'n glad welcome
sing;
O Day! which heal'd our misery,
And brought to earth Salvation's King.

6 We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
In Thine own Fount of Blood Divine,
Present the tribute of sweet song,
On this dear Natal Day of Thine.

Proper of the Season.

Doxology.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee!
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

On Christmas Day, and on the 2nd
Evensong of the Circumcision.

℣. The Lord hath made known. Alleluia.
℟. His Salvation. Alleluia.

At other times.

℣. The Word was made flesh. Alleluia.
℟. And dwelt among us. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melody 26: Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end
of vol.

A solis ortus cardine. Morn. (Rom.)

185

Morn. & Even. (Sarum.)

FROM lands that see the Sun arise
To earth's remotest boundaries,
Let ev'ry heart awake, and sing
The Son of Mary, Christ the King.

2 Blest Author of this earthly frame,
To take a servant's form He came;
By Flesh our sin-bound flesh to aid,
And save the souls that He had made.

3 In Mary's womb He takes His place,
Pure shrine prepared by Heav'nly grace;
And she, as earthly bride unknown,
Yet calls that Offspring Blest her own.

4 The mansion of that modest breast
Becomes a shrine where God shall rest:
The pure and undefiled one
Conceives within her womb the Son.

5 That Son—that Royal Son she bore,
Whom Gabriël announced before;
Whom, in His Mother's womb conceal'd,
The unborn Baptist had reveal'd.

Doxology.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee!
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

On Christmas Day, and on the 2nd
Evensong of the Circumcision.

℣. The Lord hath made known. Alleluia.
℟. His Salvation. Alleluia.

At other times.

℣. The Word was made flesh. Alleluia.
℟. And dwelt among us. Alleluia.

S. Stephen's Day

and on the Octave.

Plainsong Melodies 91, 92: Barred Tune 515,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

186

*Sancte Dei precioso. Morn & Even.
(Sarum.)*

SAINT of God, elect and precious,
Stephen, Protomartyr, bright
With Thy love of amplest measure,
Shining round thee like a light,
Who to God commendest, dying,
Them that did thee all despise;

2 Glitters now the Crown above thee,
Figured in thy sacred name;
O that we, who truly love thee,
May have portion in the same;
In the dreadful Day of Judgement
Fearing neither sin nor shame.

Doxology.

Laud to God, and might and honour
Who with flow'rs of rosy dye
Crown'd Thy forehead, and hath placed
Thee
In the starry Throne on high;
He direct us, He protect us
From death's sting eternally. Amen.

At Mattins.

℣. Devout men carried Stephen to his burial.
℟. And made great lamentation over him.

At Evensong.

℣. Stephen saw the Heavens opened.
℟. He saw and entered in: Blessed is he to
whom the Heavens were opened.

See also Hymns for Common of Martyrs.

S. John the Evangelist's Day

and on the Octave.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27: Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 3 on page [35] at
end of vol.

187

Quæ dixit, egit, pertulit. (Chmnic.)

THE Life of God's Incarnate Word
Four Blest Evangelists record,
Inspired to tell us what He wrought,
And how He suffer'd, lived, and taught.

2 But John to Heav'n, on wings of love,
Soars high his fellow-scribes above;
He Christ as God-the-Word discerns,
And earth from him the myst'ry learns.

3 On Jesus' Breast he seeks repose,
Whence truth, from Truth's deep
Fountain, flows;
And, tasting of that Heav'nly Wine,
He gives the world the Stream Divine.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

4 The Love, in that pure Heart which glow'd,
Its sacred fire on him bestow'd ;
And of that Love he quaff'd his fill,
And love breathes through his pages still.

5 O dear to Christ ! 'mid dying pains,
Thee, as His heir, thy Lord ordains :
The Virgin Son a virgin's care,
For His pure Mother, doth prepare.

Doxology.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

At Mattins.

℣. This is the Disciple which testifieth of these things.
℞. And we know that his testimony is true.

At Evensong.

℣. Greatly is blessed John to be honoured.
℞. Who leaned on the Lord's Breast at supper.

See also Hymns for Common of Apostles.

The Innocents' Day

and on the Octave.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27 : Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i. ; or Tune 3, on page [35] at
end of vol.

188 *Audit tyrannus anxius. Morn. (Rom.)*

IT reach'd the brooding tyrant's ear,
"A King of kings is hard at hand,
Who shall as Israel's Lord appear,
And high in David's Palace stand."

2 Forthwith he cries with frantic rage,
"A rebel Prince the traitors hail !
Go take your swords, my guards, and wage
Fierce war against each cradle frail !"

3 But what is guilty Herod's gain ?
Can mortal man God's purpose stay ?
Alone, while all around are slain,
The Christ is safely borne away.

Doxology.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee !
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

If ℣. and ℞. are required, see Hymn 189.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27 : Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i. ; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end
of vol.

189 *Salvete flores martyrum. Morn. & Even. (Rom.)*

ALL hail ! ye infant Martyr flowers,
Cut off in life's first dawning hours ;
As rosebuds snapt in tempest strife,
When Herod sought your Saviour's life.

2 You, tender flock of Lambs, we sing,
First victims slain for Christ your King :
Beneath the Heav'nly Altar's ray,
With Martyr palms and crowns ye play.

Doxology.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

At Mattins.

℣. Herod was exceeding wroth, and slew many children.
℞. In Bethlehem of Judæa, in the City of David.

At Evensong.

℣. Under the Throne of God all the Saints cry aloud.
℞. Avenge our blood, O our God.

See also Hymns for Common of Martyrs.

The Epiphany

and daily during the Octave.

Plainsong Melodies 29, 30, 93 : Barred Tune 566,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

190 *Crudelis Herodes Deum. Even. & Morn.*

WHY, ruthless Herod, vainly fear,
When told a King Divine is near ?
He takes not earthly realms away,
Who gives the Crown that lasts for aye.

2 The Wise Men sought Him from afar,
Led by the bright and guiding star :
With light for guide tow'rd Light they
press'd,
And by their gifts their God confess'd.

3 In holy Jordan's purest wave
The Heav'nly Lamb vouchsaf'd to lave ;
That He, to Whom was sin unknown,
Might cleanse His people from their
own.

4 And O, what Miracle Divine !
The water reddens into wine,
And changes at His Mighty Word
Its nature to obey its Lord.

Proper of the Season.

Doxology.

All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay
For Thine Epiphany to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

- ℣. The Kings of Tharsis and of the Isles shall give presents.
℟. The Kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts.

Plainsong Melodies 29, 30: Barred Tune 566,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

191 *Osola magnarum urbium. Morn. (Rom.)*

FAIR Queen of cities, joy of earth,
Thrice-honour'd Beth'hem, it was
thine

To give our Royal Saviour birth,
And nurse th' Incarnate Babe Divine;

- 2 Behold! yon bright and beauteous star
Outshines the noonday sun, to tell
That God hath left His Home afar,
On earth, in Flesh, with man to dwell.
- 3 Their Eastern treasures, rich and rare,
The Wise Men, in His sight, unfold,
In meek prostration off'ring there
Their incense, myrrh, and royal gold.
- 4 The gold proclaims a King is there;
The incense owns Him God to save;
The fragrant spices witness bear
That He must rest within the grave.

Doxology.

All glory, Jesu, Lord to Thee,
To all the world made manifest;
All glory to the Father be,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, is blest.
Amen.

- ℣. Worship God, Alleluia.
℟. All ye His hosts, Alleluia.

Plainsong Melody 93: Barred Tune 566,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

192 *A Patre Unigenitus. Morn. (Sarum.)*

THE Father's Sole begotten Son
Was born, the Virgin's Child on
earth;

His Cross for us adoption won,
The life and grace of second birth.

- 2 Forth from the Height of Heav'n He
came,
In form of man, with man abode;
Redeem'd His world by death of shame,
The joys of endless life bestow'd.
- 3 Redeemer, come with power benign,
Dwell in the souls that look for Thee;
O let Thy Light within us shine,
That we may Thy Salvation see.

- 4 Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,
Dispel the gloom of doubt and woe;
Wash ev'ry stain of guilt away,
Thy tender healing grace bestow.
- 5 Lord, Thou hast come, and well we
know
That Thou wilt likewise come again;
Thy Kingdom shield from ev'ry foe;
Thine honour, and Thy rule, maintain.

Doxology.

Eternal glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom, now reveal'd, our hearts adore;
To God the Father glory be,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

- ℣. It is the Voice of the Lord that commandeth
the waters.
℟. It is the glorious God that maketh the
thunder.

*From the Octave of the Epiphany until the
First Sunday in Lent, use "HYMNS FOR
THE WEEK."*

The First Sunday in Lent

until the Third Sunday.

Plainsong Melodies 82, 84, 85, Barred Tune, 617 (4),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

193 *Ex more docti mystico.*

*Morn. (Rom. until Passion Sunday)
Even. (Sarum.)*

THE Fast, as taught by holy lore,
We keep, in solemn course, once
more,

Which, year by year, in order meet
Of forty days, is made complete.

- 2 The Law and Seers, that were of old,
In divers ways this Lent foretold,
Which Christ, all seasons' King and
Guide,
In after ages sanctified.
- 3 More sparing, therefore, let us make
The words we speak, the food we take;
Deny ourselves in mirth and sleep;
In stricter watch our senses keep;
- 4 And let us shun the wand'ring thought,
That lights upon a mind distraught;
And safely guard our careless hearts
Against the wily tempter's darts.
- 5 Bow'd down beneath the threat'ning rod,
We would disarm the wrath of God,
And cry for mercy, one and all,
As low before the Judge we fall.
- 6 Thy grace have we offended sore
By sins, O Lord, which we deplore:
But pour upon us from on High,
O pard'ning One, Thy clemency.

(15**)

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 8 Forgive the sin that we have wrought ;
Increase the good that we have sought ;
That we at length, our wand'rings o'er,
May please Thee now and evermore.

Doxology.

Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That this, our Fast of forty days,
May work our profit and Thy praise.

Amen.

- ¶. God shall give His Angels charge over thee.
℟. To keep thee in all thy ways.

Plainsong Melody 95 : Barred Tune 332 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

194 *Summi largitor prœnii. Morn. (Sarum.)*

THOU only Hope of all below,
Who dost the full reward bestow,
Jesu, to Thee we now draw near ;
Our earnest supplications hear.

With self-accusing voice within
Our conscience tells of many a sin ;
We pray Thee, cleanse it with Thy grace,
And ev'ry stain of sin efface.

- 3 If Thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live ?
O grant us, gracious Lord, this day
To Thee with cleansed hearts to pray.
- 4 'Tis Thou hast blessed this solemn Fast ;
So may its days by us be pass'd,
That meetly we the mystic fare
Of Easter Sacraments may share.

Doxology.

O Blessed Trinity, bestow
Thy pard'ning grace on us below ;
Who dost for evermore abide,
One God, unchanged, and glorified.

Amen.

If ¶. and ℟. are required, see Hymn 195.

Plainsong Melodies 31, 34 : Barred Tune 332 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

195 *Audi benigne Conditor. Morn. (Sarum.) Even. (Rom. until Passion Sunday.)*

MERCIFUL Creator, hear !
Accept the pray'r and own the tear,
Toward Thy Seat of Mercy sent
In this most holy Fast of Lent.

- 2 Each heart is manifest to Thee ;
Thou knowest each infirmity ;
Repentant now we seek Thy face ;
O grant to us Thy pard'ning grace.

- 3 Our sins are manifold and great,
But pity Thou our helpless state ;
And, for Thy Name's sake, Lord, make
whole
The fainting and the weary soul.

- 4 So mortify we ev'ry sense
By means of outward abstinence,
That, while our bodies we control,
Our Fast may purify the soul.

Doxology.

Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That this, our Fast of forty days,
May work our profit and Thy praise.

Amen.

- ¶. His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield
and buckler.
℟. Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by
night.

Plainsong Melodies, 33, 34 : Barred Tune 617 (4),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

196 *O Sol salutis, intinis. Morn. (Rom. until Passion Sunday.)*

JESU, Salvation's Sun Divine,
Do Thou within our bosoms shine !
Thy Beams drive shades of night away,
And give the world a better day.

- 2 While days of grace with mercy flow,
O Lord, the gift of tears bestow,
That, cleans'd thereby, our hearts may
be
Love's own pure sacrifice to Thee.
- 3 Grant that for ev'ry deep offence
Our tears may flow in penitence,
Nor cease till harden'd hearts relent,
And, soften'd by those streams, repent.
- 4 Soon will that Day—Thy Day—appear,
And all things with its brightness cheer :
May we, with hearts by Thee made new,
When Homeward led, be joyous too.

Doxology.

Thee, let the world from shore to shore,
All gracious Trinity, adore,
The while, renew'd by grace, we raise
Our new-made canticle of praise. Amen.

- ¶. God shall give His Angels charge over thee.
℟. To keep thee in all thy ways.

The Third Sunday in Lent

until Passion Sunday.

Plainsong Melody 96 : Barred Tune 636,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

197 *Ecce tempus idoneum. Even. (Sarum.)*

O! now is our accepted day,
The time for purging sins away,
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,
That we have done against the Lord.

Proper of the Season.

- 2 For He, the Merciful and True,
Hath spared His people hitherto ;
Not willing that the soul should die,
Though great its past iniquity.
- 3 Then let us all, with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from above ;
- 4 That He may all our sins efface,
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
And join us to the Angel Band
For ever in the Heav'nly Land.

Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Blest Three in One, for evermore.

Amen.

- ℣. God shall give His Angels charge over thee.
℟. To keep thee in all thy ways

Plainsong Melody 95 : Barred Tune 636, N.O.H.B.,
Pt. iii.

198 *Clarum decus jejunii. Morn. (Sarum.)*

WHAT beauty hath this solemn tide,
By Heav'n itself to earth convey'd !
Which Christ, of times the Lord and
Guide,
By His own Fast hath sacred made.

- 2 Thus Moses, dear to God, became
The giver of His holy Law ;
Thus did wing'd steeds and car of flame
Through the bright Heav'n Elias draw.
- 3 Thus Daniel, lion-queller, knew
The myst'ries of the coming years ;
Thus John, the Bridegroom's friend
most true,
Renown'd in holy lore appears.

- 4 O help us, Lord of love, we pray,
Their path of abstinence to choose ;
With fortitude our souls array,
And joy through ev'ry heart diffuse.

Doxology.

This, Father, through Thine Only Son,
And loving Spirit, we implore,
Whom, Threefold Majesty yet One,
We laud and worship evermore. Amen.

If ℣. and ℟. are required, see Hynn 199.

Plainsong Melody 97 : Barred Tune 332 (?),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

199 *Jesu, quadragenarix. Morn. (Sarum.)*

JESU, the Law and Pattern, whence
Our Forty Days of abstinence,
Who, souls to save, that else had died,
This sacred Fast hast ratified ;

- 2 That so to Paradise once more
Might holy discipline restore
Thy creatures, who had lost its light,
Through crafty wiles of appetite.
- 3 Be present now, be present here,
And mark Thy Church's falling tear ;
And own the grief that fills her eyes
In mourning her iniquities.
- 4 O by Thy grace be pardon won
For sins that former years have done ;
And let Thy mercy guard us still
From crimes that threaten future ill.
- 5 That by the Fast we offer here,
Our annual sacrifice sincere,
Set free from guilt, we may prepare
Thy Paschal joys at last to share.

Doxology.

May this, O Father, through Thy Son,
For Thy sweet Spirit's sake be done,
Who art with These, in Persons Three,
One God through all Eternity. Amen.

- ℣. His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield
and buckler.
℟. Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by
night.

Passion Sunday

until Maundy Thursday.

Plainsong Melodies 36, 37 : Barred Tune 643,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

200 *Vexilla Regis prodeunt. Even.*

THE Royal Banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic
glow ;
Where Life Himself our death endured,
And by His Death our life procured :

- 2 While, from His deeply wounded Side,
Pierc'd with the cruel lance, a Tide
Of mingled Blood and Water ran,
To cleanse the stains of guilty man.
- 3 Fulfill'd is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be,
For God is reigning from the Tree.
- 4 O Tree of beauty ! Tree of light !
O Tree with royal purple dight !
What glory may with thine compare,
Ordain'd Those Sacred Limbs to bear !
- 5 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The Weight of this world's Ransom
hung ;
The Price of human-kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 6 O Cross, our sole Reliance, hail !
This Holy Passion-tide, avail
To win the just increase of grace,
And ev'ry sinner's crimes efface.

Doxology.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done ;
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

- ¶. Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man.
℣. And preserve me from the wicked man.

Plainsong Melodies 33, 39, 40, 107 : Barred
Tune 858, N.O.H.B., Pt. iv.

201 *Pange lingua gloriosi.* Morn.

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle
With completed vict'ry rife ;
And above the Cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife,
How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
By surrend'ring of His Life.

- 2 God, his Maker, sorely grieving
That the first man Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
Whose reward was death and Hell,
Noted then this Tree, the ruin
Of the former tree to quell.

- 3 Thus the scheme of our Salvation
Was, of old, in order laid ;
Thus the wily arts were baffled
Of the foe, who man betray'd,
And the weapon of the foeman
Was the rod of healing made.

- 4 Therefore, when the sacred fulness
Of th' appointed time drew nigh,
God the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's Throne on high,
And came forth, a Virgin's Offspring,
Clothed in our humanity.

Doxology.

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet ;
Equal glory to the Father,
To the Son, and Paraclete ;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation
Their eternal praise repeat. Amen.

If X. and Y. are required, see Hymn 202.

Plainsong Melodies 33, 39, 40, 107 : Barred Tune
858, N.O.H.B., Pt. iv.

202 *Lustra sex qui jam peregit.* Morn.

NOW the thirty years accomplish'd,
Which on earth He will'd to see,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
Gives Himself, an Off'ring free ;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.

- 2 He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed ;
From that Sacred Body broken
Blood and water forth proceed ;
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
By that flood from stain are freed.

- 3 Faithful Cross ! above all other
One and only noble Tree !
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be ;
Sweetest Wood and sweetest Iron ;
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

- 4 Bend thy branches, Tree of glory,
Thy relaxing sinews bend ;
For awhile the wonted hardness,
That thy birth bestow'd, suspend,
And the King of Heav'nly beauty
Gently on thy bosom tend.

- 5 Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwreck'd race for ever
Might an Ark of Refuge gain,
With the Sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Doxology.

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet ;
Equal glory to the Father,
To the Son, and Paraclete ;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation
Their eternal praise repeat. Amen.

- ¶. Deliver me, O my God, from mine enemies.
℣. Defend me from them that rise up against me.

On Maundy Thursday, Good Friday,
and Easter Eve, no Hymns are sung in the
Choir Offices of the Church, according to
universal Western custom.

Easter Day.

Instead of an Office Hymn, the following
Antiphon is sung from Mattins of Easter
Day until Low Sunday :

203 *Hæc dies.* Morn. & Even.

THIS is the day which the Lord hath
made : we will be joyful and glad
(or, we will rejoice and be glad) in it.

For Plainsong Settings of the above, see
Hymn Melodies Nos. 41 42, 43, 44.

According to some Uses, the Sequence
"Victime Paschali" (No. 122) takes the
place of "Hæc dies" at Evensong on
Easter Day, and until First Evensong of
Low Sunday.

Proper of the Season.

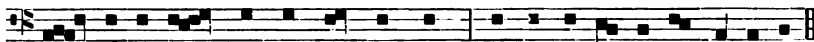
According to English Use the Gradual and Alleluia for the day are sung at Evensong during Easter Week, as follows:

204

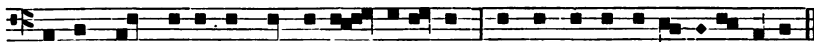
EASTER DAY.

Second Evensong.

ii. 4. S.F.

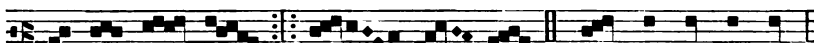


This is the day which the Lord hath made : we will be joy-ful and glad in it.

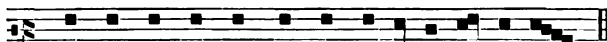


Ÿ. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious : and His mercy endureth for ever.

Mode I. i. Mon. Med. 3 Endg.



Al - le - lu - ia. A Ÿ. Let us keep the Feast :

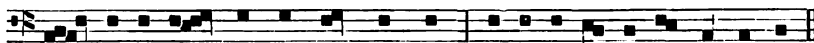


with the un-leav-ened bread of sin-ce-ri-ty and truth. *Repeat Alleluia.*

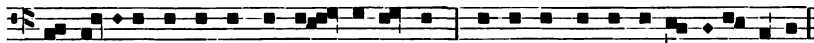
205

MONDAY.

ii. 4. S.F.

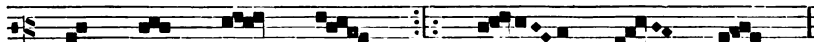


This is the day which the Lord hath made : we will be joy-ful and glad in it.



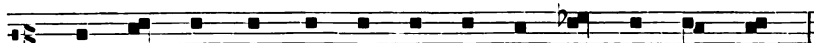
Ÿ. Let Is-ra-el now confess that He is gracious : and that His mercy endureth for ever.

Mode I.

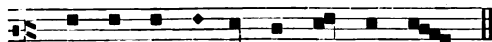


Al - le - lu - ia. A

i. 3.



Ÿ. Did not our heart burn with - in us con - cern - ing Je - sus :



while He talk-ed with us by the way? *Repeat Alleluia.*

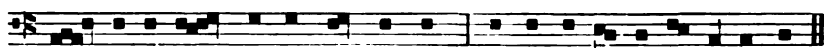
(19**)

Part 2. Office Hymns.

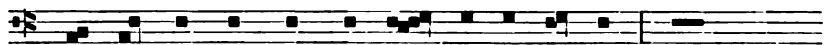
206

TUESDAY.

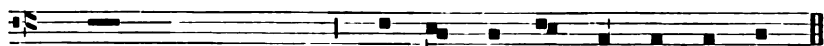
ii. 4. S.F.



This is the day which the Lord hath made : we will be joy-ful and glad in it.



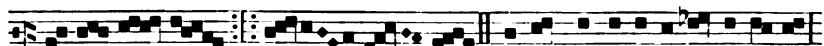
¶. Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath re-deem-ed : and delivered



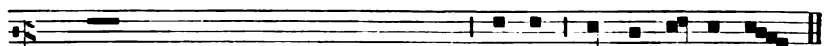
from the hand of the enemy, and ga-thered them out of the lands.

Mode I.

i. 3.



Al - le - lu - ia. A . . . ¶. Our Lord Jesus, after He was ri-sen :



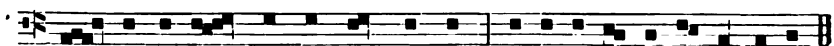
came and stood in the midst of His Disciples, say-ing, Peace be un - to you.

Repeat Alleluia.

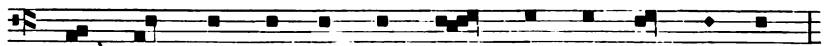
207

WEDNESDAY.

ii. 4. S.F.



This is the day which the Lord hath made : we will be joy-ful and glad in it.

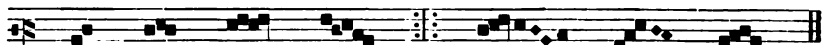


¶. The right hand of the Lord hath the pre - em - i - nence :



the right hand of the Lord bring - eth migh - ty things to pass.

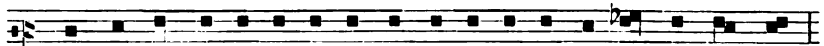
Mode I.



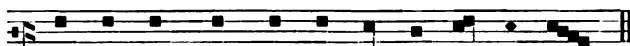
Al - le - lu - ia.

A . . .

i. 3.



¶. When the Lord was ris-en, He ap - pear - ed to the wo-men, say-ing, All hail :



then came they straight-way and held Him by the Feet. *Repeat Alleluia.*

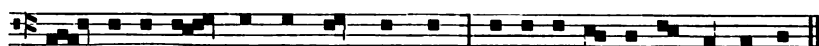
(20**)

Proper of the Season.

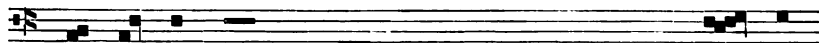
208

THURSDAY.

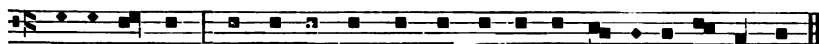
ii. 4. S.F.



This is the day which the Lord hath made : we will be joy-ful and glad in it.

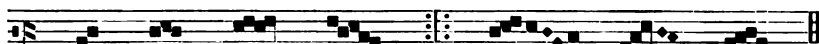


¶. The same stone which the builders rejected, hath been made the head-stone



of the cor-ner : this is the Lord's do-ing, and it is mar-vel-lous in our eyes.

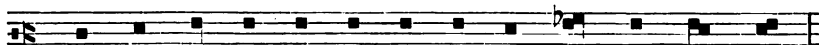
Mode I.



Al - le - lu - ia.

A

i. 3.



¶. In the day of My Re - sur - rec - tion, saith the Mas - ter :

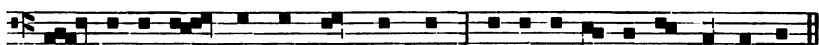


I will go be - fore you in - to Ga - li - lee. Repeat Alleluia.

209

FRIDAY.

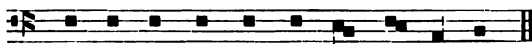
ii. 4 S.F.



This is the day which the Lord hath made : we will be joy-ful and glad in it.



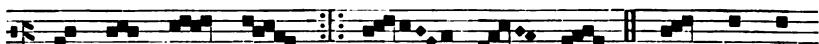
¶. Bless - ed be He that com - eth in the Name of the Lord :



God is the Lord Who hath shew - ed us light.

Mode I.

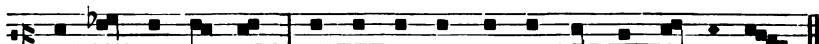
i. 3.



Al - le - lu - ia.

A

¶. Tell it out



a - mong the hea - then : that the Lord Himself hath reign-ed from the Tree.

Repeat Alleluia.

(21**)

Part 2. Office Hymns.

Low Sunday

until Ascension Day.

Plainsong Melody 98 : Barred Tune 146 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. 1. ; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end
of vol.

Chorus novæ Hierusalem.

210 1st Evensong of Low Sunday. (Sarum.)

YE Choirs of New Jerusalem !
Begin a new and sweeter theme !
The while we keep, from care released,
With chast'ned joy our Paschal Feast.

2 Now Christ, th' Unconquer'd Lion,
doth rise,
And 'neath His Feet the Dragon lies ;
While far around His Voice is spread,
And to new life awakes the dead.

3 The jaws of Hell resign their prey,
Restored at God's command to-day ;
While many a captive soul, set free,
With Jesus leaves captivity.

4 Forward, in triumph o'er His foes,
August in majesty He goes ;
And earth beneath, and Heav'n above,
Binds in one league of Peace and Love.

5 And we, as these His deeds we sing,
His suppliant soldiers, pray our King,
That in His Palace, bright and vast,
We may keep watch and ward at last.

Doxology.

To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

℣. Lord, abide with us. Alleluia.
℟. For it is toward evening. Alleluia.

*This Hymn is sung at Evensong on all
vacant Saturdays until Ascension Day.*

Plainsong Melodies 46, 48 : Barred Tunes 146 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. 1. ; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end
of vol.

211 *Rez Sempiternæ cœlitum. Morn. (Rom.)*

O THOU, the Heav'ns' Eternal King,
Creator, unto Thee we sing,
Who art with God the Father One,
Co-equal, Co-eternal Son.

2 Thy Hand, when first the world began,
Made in Thine own pure Image man ;
And link'd to Adam, sprung from earth,
A living soul of Heav'nly birth.

3 And when by craft the envious foe
Had marr'd Thy noblest work below,
Clothed in our flesh, Thou didst restore
The image Thou hadst made before.

4 Once wast Thou born of Mary's womb ;
And now, New-born from out the tomb,
O Christ, Thou bidst us rise with Thee
From death to immortality.

5 Eternal Shepherd, Thou dost lave
Thy flock in pure baptismal wave,
From whence, as from the grave of sin,
Our risen souls new life begin.

6 Redeemer, Thou for us didst deign
To hang upon the Cross of pain,
And freely pay the precious price
Of all Thy Blood in sacrifice.

7 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind
Unceasing Paschal joy to find ;
And from the death of sin set free
Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Doxology.

To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

If ℣ and ℟ are required, see Hymn 212.

Plainsong Melodies 46, 48, 99 : Barred Tune 146 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. 1. ; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end
of vol.

212 *Aurora cœlum purpurat. Morn.*

THE dawn is purpling all the sky ;
Heav'n thunders forth its triumph
high ;
Exulting earth makes glad reply ;
Hell wails with wild and bitter cry :

2 While Christ, Omnipotent to save,
Brings back, victorious from the grave,
The Fathers long imprison'd there,
That they the light of life may share.

3 Whose tomb was watch'd by many a
guard,
And by the seal'd stone was barr'd,
In triumph see the Victor rise !
While in His grave Death buried lies.

4 Enough of death, enough of tears !
Enough of sorrows, and of fears !
O hear yon bright-wing'd Angel cry—
" Death's Conqueror lives, no more to die ! "

5 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind
Unceasing Paschal joy to find ;
And from the death of sin set free
Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Proper of the Season.

Dorology.

To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

℣. Let the Heavens and the earth rejoice.
Alleluia.

℟. For Thou art risen again, O Christ. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 46, 48 : Barred Tune 146 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i. ; or Tune 3, on page [35] at
end of vol.

213 *Ad regias Agni dapes. Even. (Rom.)*

THE Lamb's high banquet call'd to
share,
Array'd in garments white and fair,
The Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To Jesus our Triumphant King.

2 So great His love, that, for our good,
He bids us drink His Sacred Blood,
And gives us, in the mystic Feast,
Himself—the Victim and the Priest.

3 That eve, th'avenging Angel fled
Where blood was on the lintel spread ;
The waters of the deep divide ;
The foe is whelm'd beneath the tide.

4 Now Christ our Passover is slain,
The Paschal Victim—free from stain ;
His Flesh—the true Unleaven'd Bread—
Is freely offer'd in our stead.

5 Thou mighty Victim from the sky,
Th' infernal Powers beneath Thee lie ;
From death Thou dost Thy people
free,
Who crowns of life receive from Thee.

6 O'er shades of Hell, now Christ displays
His trophies, bright with glory's rays,
And, op'ning Heav'n, He binds His
chain
Around the tyrant's dark domain.

7 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind
Unceasing Paschal joy to find ;
And from the death of sin set free
Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Dorology.

To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

℣. Lord, abide with us. Alleluia.

℟. For it is toward evening. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 47, 100 : Barred Tune 146 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i. ; or Tune 3, on page [35] at
end of vol.

214 *Ad cœnam Agni providi. Even. (arum.)*

THE Lamb's high banquet we await,
In snow-white robes of royal state ;
And now, the Red Sea's channel past,
To Christ, our Prince, we sing at last.

2 Upon the Altar of the Cross
His Body hath redeem'd our loss ;
And, tasting of His roseate Blood,
Our life is hid with Him in God.

3 That Paschal Eve God's arm was bared ;
The devastating Angel spared :
By strength of hand our hosts went free
From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.

4 Now Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
The Lamb of God That knows no stain,
The true Oblation offer'd here,
Our own Unleaven'd Bread sincere.

5 O Thou, from Whom Hell's monarch
flies,
O Great, O Very Sacrifice,
Thy captive people are set free,
And endless life restored in Thee.

6 For Christ, arising from the dead,
From conquer'd Hell victorious sped :
He thrusts the tyrant down to chains,
And Paradise for man regains.

7 We pray Thee, Lord, with us abide,
In this our joyful Easter-tide ;
From ev'ry weapon death can wield
Thine own redeem'd for ever shield.

Dorology.

To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

℣. Lord, abide with us. Alleluia.

℟. For it is toward evening. Alleluia.

The Ascension Day

until Whitsunday.

Plainsong Melodies 49, 50 : Barred Tune 645 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

215 *Salutis humane Sator. Even. & Morn. (Rom.)*

SAVIOUR of men, Who dost impart
Pure joys to ev'ry faithful heart ;
Creator of a world redeem'd,
Whose Light on loving souls hath
beam'd :

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 2 What wondrous pity Thee o'ercame,
To make Thee bear our load of shame;
And, guiltless, to resign Thy breath,
To win our guilty souls from death!
- 3 The realms of death are forced by Thee,
The captives from their chains set free;
And Thou, amidst Thy ransom'd train,
At God's Right Hand, again dost reign.
- 4 May pity still with Thee prevail
To cure the ills we now bewail,
And raise us to the Blessed Place
Where Saints in glory see Thy Face.

Doxology.

Be Thou our Heav'nly Guide and Way,
The Leader, Whom our hearts obey;
Be Thou the Solace of our tears,
Our Crown of life beyond the spheres.
Amen.

At 1st Evensong.

- ℟. God is gone up with a merry noise.
Alleluia.
℣. And the Lord with the sound of the
trump. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

- ℟. The Lord hath prepared. Alleluia.
℣. His seat in Heaven. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune
645 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

216

Eternæ Rex altissime.

Even. & Morn. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)

ETERNAL Monarch, King most High,
Whose Blood hath brought re-
demption nigh,
Thy warfare with the grave is done,
Thy last and greatest glory won.

- 2 Ascending by the starry road,
This day Thou wentest home to God,
By Heav'n to power unending call'd,
And by no human hand install'd.
- 3 The triple frame of earth, and Heav'n,
And things beneath, to Thee is given;
That all may own Thy sov'reign sway,
And, Lord, to Thee their homage pay.
- 4 In awe and wonder Angels see
How changed is our humanity;
How Flesh doth purge, as flesh did stain,
Since Thou, True God, in Flesh dost reign.
- 5 Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Guard,
As Thou shalt be our great Reward;
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be.

Doxology.

All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

If ℟. and ℣. are required, see Hymn 215.

Plainsong Melody 101: Barred Tune 645 (2)
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

217

Tu Christe nostrum gaudium.

Morn. (Sarum.)

OCHRIST, Thou art our Joy alone,
Exalted on Thy glorious Throne;
Who rulest o'er the worlds below,
In bliss beyond what earth can know.

- 2 We, therefore, pray Thee, Gracious
Lord,
Forgiveness to our sins afford,
And lift our hearts to Thee above
On wings of faithfulness and love.
- 3 So, when the Judgement Day shall come,
And all must rise to meet their doom,
Thou wilt remit the debts we owe,
And our lost crowns again bestow.
- 4 Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Guard,
As Thou shalt be our great Reward;
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be.

Doxology.

All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

For ℟. and ℣. see Hymn 215.

Whitsunday

and daily until Trinity Sunday.

Plainsong Melodies 51, 52, 53: Barred Tune 303,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

218

Veni Creator Spiritus. Even. (Rom.)

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with Thy grace and Heav'nly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

- 2 Thou, Whom the Paraclete we call,
The Gift of God, supreme o'er all,
The Fount of life, and Fire of love,
And Blessed Unction from above.
- 3 The mystic Sev'nfold Gifts are Thine,
Dread Finger of the Head Divine;
Sure Promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost with power our lips endow.

Proper of the Season.

4 Vouchsafe with light each sense to fire,
And ev'ry heart with love inspire;
And be our mortal weakness stay'd
Upon Thy never-failing aid.

5 Far hence our ghostly foe repel,
And grant the peace which none may tell;
With Thee for our preventing Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

6 May we through Thee the Father own;
Through Thee to us the Son be known;
Thyself, of Both the Spirit Blest,
Be Thou for evermore confest.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be done;
And Christ, the Lord, upon us pour
The Spirit's gifts for evermore. Amen.

At 1st Evensong and Mattins.

℣. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.
Alleluia.

℟. And began to speak. Alleluia.

At 2nd Evensong.

℣. The Apostles began to tell in other tongues.
Alleluia.

℟. The wonderful works of God. Alleluia.

Or the following version of the same :

Plainsong Melodies 51, 52, 53 : Barred Tune 5
on page [36] at end of vol.

219 *Veni Creator Spiritus. Even. (Rom.)*

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with Celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy Sev'nfold Gifts impart.

2 Thy Blessèd Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;

Doxology.

Praise to Thy Eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

For ℣. and ℟. see Hymn 218.

Plainsong Melody 54: Barred Tune 303,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

220 *Jam Christus astra ascenderat.*

*1st Even. & Morn. (Sarum.)
Morn. (Rom.)*

NOW Christ, returning to His own,
Had climb'd the starry Height above,
That He might send the Spirit down,
The Father's promised Gift of Love.

2 Onward the solemn season roll'd,
On mystic sev'nfold circle borne,
The week of weeks, whose ending told
The coming of that hallow'd Morn.

3 Three hours of light have pass'd away,
When sudden thunder peals abroad,
And to th' Apostles, as they pray,
Proclaims the coming of their God.

4 Then from the Father, Fount of Light,
The Kindly Flame is sent below,
To fill each faithful heart aright
With Christ-the-Word's all-kindling glow.

5 Breathed on by God the Holy Ghost,
With joy their hearts to Heav'n they raise;
Of God's Almighty Power they boast;
His Name in varying tongues they praise.

6 And men of ev'ry nation known,
Of ev'ry kindred, tribe, and race,
Can hear their mother-tongue, and own
The marvels of Redeeming Grace.

7 Yet Judah, heedless of the sign,
And by malicious hate enticed,
Scorns them as full of new-made wine,
And mocks the Messengers of Christ.

8 But while such miracles are wrought,
Lo! Peter's mighty words proclaim
The holy truths by Joel taught,
And put the slanderers to shame.

9 To breasts which Thou hast holy made,
Thou gavest grace with full increase;
O grant us pardon, Lord, and aid,
And in our time vouchsafe Thy peace.

Doxology.

Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, be glory given,
And to the Spirit, with Them One,
Henceforth by all in earth and Heav'n. Amen.

If ℣. and ℟. are required, see Hymn 218.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

Plainsong Melodies 28, 54 : Barred Tune 303,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

221

*Beata nobis gaudia. Morn. (Rom.)
2nd Even. (Sarum.)*

HAIL! joyful Day, with blessing
fraught,
Again by yearly cycle brought,
What time the Holy Spirit's Flame
Upon the Lord's Apostles came.

2 The glowing flames, in quiv'ring ray,
The shape of tongue-like forms display,
That eloquent their speech may be,
And fervid all their charity.

3 In varying tongues their God they
praise;
The people listen in amaze,
And mock, as if new wine had fired
The breasts God's Spirit had inspired.

4 'Tis here the mystic figures meet;
The fifty days are now complete,
The sacred number, which set free
The captive at the Jubilee.

5 O God of love, before Thee now
Thy flock in supplication bow;
On us from Heav'n, in plenteous store,
The blessings of Thy Spirit pour.

6 And as their breasts, this Festal-tide,
By those sweet Gifts were sanctified,
Do Thou, O Lord, our sins release,
And grant us in our time Thy peace.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be done;
And Christ, the Lord, upon us pour
The Spirit's gifts for evermore. Amen.

For ♯. and ♮. see Hymn 218.

Trinity Sunday.

Plainsong Melody 20 : Barred Tune 541,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

222

Jam sol recedit igneus. Even. (Rom.)

THE fiery sun now fades from sight;
Shine, Unity, Unfading Light!
Blest Trinity, Thy love impart,
And shed a glow o'er ev'ry heart.

2 Thee with our morning hymn we praise;
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
O grant us, with Thy Saints on High,
For ever Thee to glorify.

Doxology.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be, while the ages last. Amen.

At 1st Evensong and at Mattins.

♯. Let us bless the Father, and the Son, and
the Holy Ghost.

♮. Let us praise Him and magnify Him for
ever.

At 2nd Evensong.

♯. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, in the firmament
of Heaven.

♮. Worthily to be praised and magnified for
ever.

Plainsong Melody 102 : Barred Tune 541,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

223

Adesto, Sancta Trinitas.

Even. & Morn. (Sarum.)

BE present, Holy Trinity,
Like Splendour, and One Deity:
Of things above, and things below,
Beginning, That no end shall know.

2 Thee all the armies of the sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify:
And nature, in her triple frame,
For ever sanctifies Thy Name.

3 And we, too, thanks and homage pay,
Thine own adoring flock to-day:
O join to that Celestial Song
The praises of our suppliant throng!

4 Light, Sole and One, we Thee confess,
With triple praise we rightly bless;
And Alpha and Omega own,
With ev'ry spirit round Thy Throne.

Doxology.

To Thee, O Unbegotten One,
And Thee, O Sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, O Holy Ghost, we raise
Our equal and eternal praise. Amen.

For ♯. and ♮. see Hymn 222.

Plainsong Melody 20 : Barred Tune 541,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

224

Tu Trinitatis Unitas. Morn. (Rom.)

O THREE in One, and One in Three,
Who rulest all things mightily,
Accept this canticle of praise,
Which on this Glorious Feast we raise.

2 The morning star forsakes the sky;
The sun succeeds; the shadows fly;
So may the dawn of inward light
Chase from our souls the shades of night

Proper of the Season.

Dorology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
All praise, for ever as is meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

For *℟.* and *℣.* see Hymn 222.

Plainsong Melody 55 : Barred Tune S on page
[39] at end of vol.

225 *O Pater Sancte, mitis atque pie.*
Morn. (Sarum.)

HOLIEST Father, Merciful and
Loving,
Worshipful Jesu Christ the Son Supernal,
Tenderest Spirit, o'er us sweetly moving,
One God Eternal !

2 Trinity Holy, Unity unshaken,
Deity mighty, Good, all goodness giving,
Light of the Angels, Friend of the
forsaken,

Hope of all living !

3 Duly Thy creatures pay Thee service
holy ;
All Thy creation, Lord, in Thee rejoices ;
We too our praises lift from bosoms
lowly ;

O hear our voices.

Dorology.

Glory to Thee, Whose Might all might
excelleth,
God in Three Persons, Thou Whom
naught can sever ;
Thee song besee meth, Thee, with Whom
praise dwelleth,
Now and for ever. Amen.

For *℟.* and *℣.* see Hymn 222.

According to Sarum Use the Hymns for
Trinity Sunday are sung on the vacant days
during the rest of the week.

The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

Plainsong Melodies 38, 39, 40 :
Barred Tune 598 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. III.

226 *Pange lingua gloriosi.* Even. (Rom.)
Morn. (Sarum.)

OF the glorious Body telling,
Now, my tongue, Its myst'ries sing.
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the world's Eternal King,
In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

2 Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He, with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed, in wondrous ending,
His appointed life of woe.

3 That last night, at supper lying,
With the Apostolic band,
Jesus, with the Law complying,
Keeps the Feast its rites command ;
Then to them, as Food undying,
Gives Himself, with His own Hand.

4 Word-made-Flesh—true Bread He
maketh
By His Word His Flesh to be ;
Man in wine Christ's Blood partaketh,
Though our sense no change can see ;
While the carnal mind forsaketh,
Faith accepts the Mystery.

PART II.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum.

5 Bow we then in veneration
Of this Sacrament of might ;
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel Rite ;
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

Dorology.

Glory let us give, and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While Eternal ages run ;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done. Amen.

At Evensong.

℟. Thou didst send them Bread from Heaven. Alleluia.
℣. Containing within Itself all sweetness. Alleluia.

At Mattins.

℟. He maketh peace in thy borders. Alleluia.
℣. And filleth thee with the flour of wheat. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 56, 57, 80 : Barred Tune (for
Pt. I.), No. 11, on page [41] ; and (for Pt. II.),
No. 12, on page [42], at end of vol.

227 *Sacris solemnis.* Morn. (Rom.)
Even. (Sarum.)

AT this, our Solemn Feast,
Let holy joys abound ;
And, from each loving breast,
The voice of gladness sound ;
Let ancient rites depart ;
And all be new around,
In ev'ry act, and voice, and heart.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 2 Tell of that solemn eve,
When, that Last Supper spread,
Christ parted to the Twelve
The Lamb, with Paschal bread :
He, with His brethren, shared
The Feast, and, as they fed,
Fulfill'd the Law of old declared.
- 3 The mystic Lamb consumed,
The legal Feast complete,
Then to the Twelve the Lord
His Body gave to eat ;
The Whole to all—no less—
The Whole to each did mete
With His Own Hands, as we confess.
- 4 Thus to the weak He gave
His Body's strength'ning Food,
And to the sorrowful
The Chalice of His Blood,
Saying, " Partake of This,
My Cup with Life imbued ;
O drink ye all this Draught of bliss."
- 5 So He this Sacrifice
To institute did will,
And charged His Priests alone
That office to fulfil :
In them He did confide ;
Whom it behoveth still
To take, and to the rest divide.

PART II.

Panis Angelicus.

- 6 Lo ! Angels' Bread is made
The Bread for man to-day ;
The Living Bread from God
With figures doth away ;
O wondrous Gift indeed !
The poor and lowly may
Upon their Lord and Master feed.

Doxology.

- O Triune Deity,
To Thee we meekly pray,
So may'st Thou visit us,
As we our homage pay ;
And, in Thy footsteps bright,
Conduct us on our way,
To where Thou dwell'st in cloudless
Light. Amen.

For ♯. and ♮. see Hymn 226.

Plainsong Melodies 58, 59 : Barred Tune 615 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

228 *Verbum Supernum prodiens.* Morn.

THE Heav'nly Word, proceeding forth,
Yet leaving not the Father's side,
Went forth upon His work on earth,
And reach'd, at length, life's eventide.

- 2 By false Disciple to be given
To foemen, for His Blood athirst,
Himself, the Living Bread from Heav'n,
He gave to His Disciples first.
- 3 He gave Himself in either kind,
His Very Flesh, His Very Blood ;
Of flesh and blood is man combined,
And He of man would be the Food.
- 4 By Birth our Fellow-man was He,
Our Meat, while sitting at the board,
He died our Ransomer to be ;
He ever reigns, our great Reward.

PART II.

O Salutaris Hostia.

- 5 O Saving Victim, op'ning wide
The Gate of Heav'n to man below,
Our foes press on from ev'ry side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

Doxology.

All thanks and praise to Thee ascend,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three !
O grant us life, that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.

For ♯. and ♮. see Hymn 226.

Plainsong Melody 109 : Barred Tune 422, or
620 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii., omitting the slur
at the beginning of each line.

229 *Adoro Te, supplex, latens Deitas.*

HUMBLY I adore Thee, Hidden Deity,
Which beneath these figures art
conceal'd from me ;
Both the flesh and spirit at Thy coming
fail,
Yet here Thy True Presence we devoutly
hail.

- 2 Taste, and touch, and vision, in Thee
are deceiv'd ;
But the hearing only may be well
believ'd ;
I believe whatever God's Own Son
averr'd ;
Nothing can be truer than Truth's very
word.
- 3 On the Cross lay hidden but Thy Deity ;
Here is also hidden Thy Humanity ;
But in both believing, and confessing,
Lord,
Ask I what the dying thief of Thee
implored.

Proper of Saints.

4 Thy dread Wounds, with Thomas,
though I may not see,
His be my confession, Lord and God, of
Thee :
Lord, my faith unfeign'd evermore
increase,
Give me hope unfading, love that cannot
cease.

5 O beloved Memorial of Thy Death and
woe,
Living Bread, That givest life to man
below,
Let my spirit ever eat of Thee and live,
And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness
give.

PART II.

Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine.

6 Pelican of Mercy, Jesu, Lord and God,
Wash me, wretched sinner, in Thy
cleansing Blood ;
Blood, whereof One Drop, for human-
kind outpour'd,
Might from all transgression have the
world restored.

7 Jesu, Whom thus veiled I by faith
descrie,
What my soul doth thirst for, do not,
Lord, deny ;
That at last beholding Thy uncover'd
Face,
Thou would'st satisfy me with Thy
fullest grace. Amen.

PROPER OF SAINTS.

The Conception of the B.V. Mary.

See Hymns for Common of the B.V. Mary.

S. Vincent, D.M.

S. Vincent, the Deacon, suffered at Saragossa in Spain, 45 years after S. Laurence's Martyrdom at Rome. Both were Spaniards, and there is much in S. Vincent's history which recalls that of the earlier Martyr. See Hymn 534.

Plainsong Melodies 91, 92 : Barred Tune 498,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

230 *Christi miles gloriosus.*
Morn. & Even. (Sarum.)

FOR his Lord a soldier glorious,
Vincent, Deacon blest, behold !
Pyre of death is his tribunal,
Which he mounteth fain and bold ;
While the crackling flames his body,
Sprinkled o'er with salt, enfold.

2 While the furnace flamed around him,
Quicken'd by his blood outpour'd,
Yet he still endured intrepid,
Faithful ever to his Lord ;
And, with eyes to Heav'n uplifted,
Christ upon His Throne adored.

Doxology.

Glory be to God, and honour
In the Highest, as is meet ;
To the Son, as to the Father,
And th' Eternal Paraclete ;
Whose is boundless praise and power,
Throughout ages infinite. Amen.

Y. The righteous shall flourish like a palmtree.
R. And shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus.

See also Hymns for Common of Martyrs.

The Conversion of S. Paul.

Plainsong Melodies 60, 62, 63, 64 : Barred Tune
769, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

231 *Egredie Doctor Paule.*
Even. & Morn. (Rom.)

O GREAT Apostle Paul, may thy
deep wisdom teach
Our earth-bound souls to strive, with
thee, the skies to reach ;
Till that which perfect is shall shine
with fuller glow,
And that be done away which here in
part we know.

Doxology.

All honour, might, and power, and
hymns of joy we bring,
While to the Trinity Eternal Praise we
sing ;
He rules the Universe in wondrous
Unity,
And shall, throughout the days of all
Eternity. Amen.

Y. Thou art a chosen vessel, O holy Apostle
Paul.

R. A preacher of the truth to the whole world.

*See also Hymns for Common of Apostles
and Evangelists.*

The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 81, 82, 83, 84 : Barred
Tune 6, on page [38] at end of vol.

232 *Quod chorus vatum venerandus olim.*
1st Even. (Sarum.)

THAT which, of old time, all the holy
Prophets,
Fill'd with the Spirit, in their hymns
repeated,
Now is in Mary, God's own spotless
Mother,
Fully completed.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

2 Ruler Almighty, Lord of earth and Heaven,
Virgin conceived Him, Virgin bare Him purely;
And, after bearing, still her maiden glory
Keepeth securely.

3 Him, in God's Temple, Symeon the aged,
Fondly embracing, in his arms enfoldeth,
Christ the Salvation, longed for and expected,
Gladly beholdeth.

4 Mary, we greet thee, chanting willing anthems,
Virginal Mother of the King Eternal;
Ever thou glowest, on the Holy Mountain,
With light supernal.

Doxology.

Glory and worship be to God Almighty,
Endless salvation, praise all praise excelling,
Who, in Three Persons, in the Highest Heaven,
Maketh His dwelling.

Amen.

℣. It was revealed unto Symeon by the Holy Ghost.
℟. That he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

At 2nd Evensong, Hymn 118; but in Septuagesima, 232.

See also Hymns for Common of the B. V. Mary.

S. Joseph, Husband of the B.V. Mary.

Plainsong Melodies 78, 79, 80 :
Barred Tune 14 on page [44] at end of vol.

233 *Te Joseph celebrent. Even. (Rom.)*

IET Angels chant thy praise, pure spouse of purest Maid,
While Christendom's sweet Choirs the glad some strains repeat,
To tell thy wondrous fame, to raise the pealing hymn,
Wherewith we all thy glory greet.

2 When doubts and bitter fears thy heavy heart oppress'd,
And fill'd thy righteous soul with sorrow and dismay,
An Angel swiftly sped, the wondrous secret told,
And drove thy anxious griefs away.

3 Thy arms thy New-born Lord with tender joy embrace;
Him then to Egypt's Land thy watchful care doth bring;
Him in the Temple's courts once lost thou dost regain,
And 'mid thy tears dost greet thy King.

4 Not till death's pangs are o'er do others gain their crown,
But, Joseph, unto thee the blessed lot was given,
While life did yet endure, thy God to see and know,
As do the Saints above in Heav'n.

Doxology.

Grant us, Great Trinity, who sing Thy praise below,
In highest bliss and love, above the stars to reign;
That we in joy with him may praise our loving God,
And raise our glad Eternal strain.

Amen.

At 1st Evensong.

℣. He made him lord over His house.
℟. And ruler of all His substance.

At Mattins.

℣. The mouth of the righteous is exercised in wisdom.
℟. And his tongue will be talking of judgement.

At 2nd Evensong.

℣. Riches and plenteousness shall be in his house.
℟. And his righteousness remaineth for ever.

See also Hymns for Common of Confessors.

The Annunciation of our Lady.

See Hymns for Common of the B.V. Mary.

The Invention of the Holy Cross.

Plainsong Melodies 36, 37; during Eastertide 46, 48: Barred Tune 643, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

234 *Impleta sunt quæ concinit. Even.*

FULFILL'D is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be,
For God is reigning from the Tree.

2 O Tree of beauty! Tree of light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
What glory may with thine compare,
Ordain'd Those Sacred Limbs to bear!

Proper of Saints.

3 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The Weight of this world's Ransom
hung;
The Price of humankind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

4 O Cross, our sole Reliance, hail!
*AMID OUR EASTER JOYS, AVAIL
To win the just increase of grace,
And ev'ry sinner's crimes efface.

Doxology.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

℣. The Sign of the Cross shall be in Heaven.
(Alleluia.)

℟. When the Lord cometh to Judgement.
(Alleluia.)

* On *Holy Cross Day* substitute "ON THIS
TRIUMPHAL FEAST, AVAIL."

Plainsong Melodies 38, 39, 40: Barred Tune 858,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iv.

235 *Cruz fidelis, inter omnes. Morn.*

FAITHFUL Cross! above all other
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweetest Wood and sweetest Iron;
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

2 Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's Ransom to sustain,
That a shipwreck'd race for ever
Might an Ark of Refuge gain,
With the Sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Doxology.

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal glory to the Father,
To the Son, and Paraclete;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation
Their eternal praise repeat. Amen.

℣. We worship Thee, O Christ, and we bless
Thee. (Alleluia.)

℟. Because that, through Thy Cross, Thou
hast redeemed the world. (Alleluia.)

Hymn 201 may also be used.

S. John at the Latin Gate.

See Hymns for Common of Apostles in
Eastertide.

S. John Baptist's Day.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 66: Barred Tune 9, on
page [40] at end of vol.

236 *Ut queant laxis resonare fibris. Even.*

0 THAT to sinners once again descending,
Thou from polluted lips their chains
wert rending;
So, holy John, might worthy hymns
ascending

Tell of thy wonders.

2 Lo, from the Mountain of Eternal Glory,
Comes a bright Herald to thy father
hoary,
Ord'ring thy name, thy birth and
wondrous story

Truly foretelling.

3 But when such promise high he scarce
believeth,
God's righteous sentence him of speech
bereaveth,
Till, having named thee, he again
receiveth

Full restoration.

4 Thou, whilst thy mother's womb was
thee containing,
Knewest thy Monarch, hidden still
remaining;
Thus was each parent, through her
infant, gaining
Knowledge of myst'ries.

Doxology.

Now to the Father, praise from all
Creation;
Only-Begotten, unto Thee salvation;
Spirit, we yield Thee equal adoration
Now and for ever. Amen.

At 1st Evensong.

℣. There was a man sent from God.

℟. Whose name was John.

At Mattins and at 2nd Evensong.

℣. This child shall be great in the sight of the
Lord.

℟. For His Hand is with him.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 66: Barred Tune 9, on
page [40] at end of vol.

237 *Antra deserti teneris sub annis. Morn.*

THOU in the desert, young in years,
wert hiding;
There from life's turmoil refuge safe
providing,
Far from the strife of evil tongues
abiding,

Pure and unspotted.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

2 Thou from the camel's hair a garment
gainest,
And from the sheep thy girdle rude
obtainest;
Water thy drink, with scanty food and
plainest,
Honey and locusts.

3 Seers spake of old, in shadows dim
concealing
Fulness of promise, which, thy voice
revealing,
Shew'd to a lost and mourning world
the healing
Dawn of the Day-Star.

4 Of all the great ones, born in ev'ry nation,
No man than John hath gain'd a holier
station,
Washing in Jordan Him Who laves
Creation
With His Own Life-drops.

Doxology.

Now to the Father praise from all
Creation;
Only-Begotten, unto Thee salvation;
Spirit, we yield Thee equal adoration
Now and for ever. Amen.

If ♪. and ♫. are required, see Hymn 236.

Plainsong Melodies 55, 66: Barred Tune 10, on
page [40] at end of vol.

238 *O nuntis felix, meritique celsi. Morn.*

() SAINT most blessed, merit high
attaining,
Whose snowy pureness no foul spot is
staining,
 Mightiest Martyr, home in deserts
gaining,
Greatest of Prophets.

2 Thirty-fold produce crowneth some with
praises;
Sixty-fold increase some with joy
amazes;
Hundred-fold fruit, thrice counted, thee
upraises

Highest in honour.

3 Still may thy voice, thou Saint of
many graces,
While the hard spirit from our hearts
it chases,
Straighten the crooked, smooth the
rugged places

Here in the desert.

4 So may earth's gracious Author and
Salvation,
In each pure spirit, free from degra-
dation,
Find, for His Sacred Feet, a fitting
station,
Earthwards returning.

Doxology.

Angels, above, their anthems glad are
pouring,
God, in Three Persons, evermore
adoring;
Lord, Thy redeem'd ones pardon are
imploing,
Bending before Thee.
Amen.

For ♪. and ♫. see Hymn 236.

S. Peter's Day.

Plainsong Melodies 60, 61, 62, 63, 64: Barred
Tune 719, N.O.H.B., Pt. III.

239 *Decora lux aternitatis. Even.*

HAIL, bright and glowing Day! Hail,
Day of purest light!
Bathed in the golden gleam of ages
shining bright;
Thou crownest faith's dread Chiefs, and
to thy bliss dost call
The wand'ers of the night, whom sin
and death enthrall.

2 Earth's Teacher, and the Guard of
Heav'n's Eternal Gate,
True lights of all the world, earth's
Judges dread and great,
The sword-stroke and the cross to them
the victory give,*
And now, with laurel crown'd, in
Heav'n's High Courts they live.

3 O City doubly Blest! The precious life-
drops, shed
By these two noble Chiefs, thy walls
have hallow'd;
Empurpled with their blood, the
Martyrs' part they bore
Adds lustre to thy name henceforth for
evermore.

Doxology.

All honour, might, and power, and
hymns of joy we bring,
While to the Trinity Eternal Praise we
sing;
He rules the Universe in wondrous
Unity,
And shall, throughout the days of all
Eternity. Amen.

♪. Thou art Peter.

♫. And upon this rock I will build my Church.

* It is the tradition that S. Peter and S. Paul
suffered at Rome on the same day; the former by
crucifixion, and the latter by beheading.

Proper of Saints.

Plainsong Melodies 60, 61, 63, 64 : Barred Tune
769, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

240 *Beate Pastor Petre clemens accipe.* Morn.

PETER, shepherd good, our voices
sing of thee;
Thy very word had might from chains
of sin to free;
To thee, by power Divine, the mystic
keys were given,
Which ope the skies to men, or close
the gates of Heav'n.

Doxology.

All honour, might, and power, and
hymns of joy we bring,
While to the Trinity Eternal Praise we
sing;
He rules the Universe in wondrous
Unity,
And shall, throughout the days of all
Eternity. Amen.

℣. They declar'd God's work.
℟. And perceiv'd that it was His doing.

See also Hymns for Common of Apostles.

*If S. Paul, according to ancient custom,
is commemorated on the morrow of S. Peter's
Day, the Office Hymn on June 30 may be
231.*

The Visitation of the B.V. Mary.

Plainsong Melody 67 : Barred Tune 498, N.O.H.B.,
Pt. iii.

241 *Festum Matris glorioſæ. Even. (Sarum.)*

KEEP the glorious Mother's Feast
Day,
Christians all, in glad array;
And, with glowing hearts, entreating
For the grace devoutly pray,
Which Elizabeth, in meeting
With her cousin, found to-day.

2 To the wife of Zacharias
See the blessed Maid repair;
She, who in her secret bosom
Doth th' Eternal Godhead bear,
Now accosts her aged cousin,
Who her saving grace doth share.

3 Lo, that Voice, yet mute, exulteth,
As the Mighty Word draws nigh,
And Elizabeth confesseth
Mary's greater dignity,
Whom she passing blest declareth
In her Fruit eternally.

c**

4 "What may this congratulation,"
Meek she asks, "forebode to me?
What this gracious salutation
Of the Great King's Mother be?
And this wondrous exultation
Of mine unborn progeny?"

5 Then, in answer, sang the Maiden
Of God's love to man below;
How the lowly and meek-hearted
May alone His Presence know;
How on her the name of "Blessed"
All the ages shall bestow.

Doxology.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Con-substantial, Co-eternal;
While unending ages run. Amen.

℣. Blessed art thou among women.
℟. And Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.

Plainsong Melodies 91, 92 : Barred Tune 498,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

242 *Mundi salus affutura. Morn. (Sarum.)*

LO! the Fount of earth's Salvation,
Mary, Mother high in fame,
Maiden, meek of mien and gesture,
Fair in form, and void of blame,
O'er the mountain-ways of Judah
With her Heav'nly Burden came.

2 She, whose Seed should bruise the
serpent,
Burning bush which ne'er consumes,
Gideon's fleece which Heav'n bedeweth,
Aaron's wondrous rod which blooms;
Spotless Bride the Bridegroom chooseth,
Blissful Garden of perfumes.

3 She the Branch of Jesse blooming,
Mother of Emmanuel,
Portal closed to man for ever,
As Ezekiel did foretell;
Mount, before whose Stone the image,
Crush'd, in Daniel's vision, fell.

4 So to men the Lord of nature
Came, as none e'er came before,
And a Mother her Creator
In her bosom chastely bore;
Earth brings forth the Promised
Saviour;
Skies exhaustless blessings pour.

5 Soon that home the Virgin reacheth,
Fill'd with longings fond and sure;
Loving ministry receiveth
From her cousin chaste and pure;
In that mystic Birth foretasting
Joys, which ever shall endure.

(33**)

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 6 Blessed was that priestly dwelling,
Honour'd by so great a Guest ;
Blessed she whose love abounding
Bade her cousin share her rest ;
Blessed infant, who his Saviour
In that Unborn Babe confess'd.

Doxology.

Glory be to God the Father,
Ruler of the world's array ;
Glory unto Thee, Redeemer,
Fount of grace, Thy servants pay ;
And to Thee, Creator Spirit,
Equal laud be done for aye. Amen.

If ♀. and ♂. are required—

♀. God hath chosen her and predestined her.
♂. He hath made her to dwell in His
Tabernacle.

*See also Hymns for Communion of the
B.V. Mary.*

S. Mary Magdalen.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71 :
Barred Tune 331, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

- 243 *Pater superni luminis. Even. (Rom.)*

FATHER of lights ! one glance of
Thine,
Whose Eyes the Universe control,
Fills Magdalen with holy love,
And melts the ice within her soul.

- 2 Her precious ointment forth she brings,
Upon those Sacred Feet to pour ;
She washes them with burning tears ;
And with her hair she wipes them o'er.
- 3 Impassion'd, to the Cross she clings ;
Nor fears beside the tomb to stay ;
Nor dreads the soldiers' savage mien ;
For love has cast all fear away.
- 4 O Christ, Thou Very Love Itself,
Blest Hope of man, through Thee
forgiven,
So touch our spirits from above,
So purify our souls for Heav'n.

Doxology.

To God the Father, glory be,
And to His Sole-begotten Son,
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

At 1st Evensong.

- ♀. Full of grace are thy lips.
♂. Because God hath blessed thee for ever.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

- ♀. God hath chosen her and predestined her.
♂. He hath made her to dwell in His
Tabernacle.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71 :
Barred Tunes 331 or 641, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

- 244 *Maria castis oculis. Morn. (Rom.)*

WITH chaste'n'd look, and rev'rence
meet,
See Mary kiss the Saviour's Feet ;
Wash with her tears, wipe with her
hair,
And freely pour the ointment rare.

Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

If ♀. and ♂. are required, see Hymn 243.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71 : Barred Tune 331,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii. ; or Tune 4, on page [35] at
end of vol.

- 245 *Summi Parentis Unice. Morn. (Rom.)*

REGARD us with a pitying eye,
Thou Only Son of God Most High,
Who calledst Magdalen away
To glorious halls of bliss to-day.

- 2 Safe, in the coffers of the King,
Is stored the long lost silverling ;
The gem, once dim and out of sight,
Doth now outshine the stars of night.
- 3 O Jesu, Refuge ever near,
Sole Hope of contrite sinners here,
Remember Magdalen, we pray,
And wash our guilty stains away.
- 4 And may Thy Mother kind and meek,
Knowing our nature frail and weak,
Uplift her prayer, that we may gain
A passage safe o'er life's rough main.

Doxology.

To God alone be honour paid,
For grace so bounteously display'd,
Who takes the stain of guilt away,
And gives the prize that lasts for aye.
Amen.

For ♀. and ♂. see Hymn 243.

S. Anne, Mother of the B. V. Mary.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71 : Barred Tune 331,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

- 246 *Fecunda radix Isai.*

(Brev. Baiocense.)

THE fruitful stem of Jesse blooms :
Behold the modest blossoms rare !
Anne to the world a Virgin gives,
Who God's Eternal Son shall bear.

Proper of Saints.

2 Long wrapt in darkness, man may lift
His eyes, and see the dawn of Day,
And in the arms of Anne perceive
The Promised Morning's earliest ray.

3 Such fervent prayers her spirit breath'd,
Such holy yearnings fill'd her breast,
She merited to bear the Maid
That bare Salvation's Author Biest.

Doxology.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee!
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensonng.

℣. Full of grace are thy lips.

℟. Because God hath blessed thee for ever.

Plainsong Melodies 86, 87, 88 : Barred Tune
415 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

247 *Ave, mater Anna. Even. (Sarum.)*

ANNA, Mother fairest!
Stem that honey barest!
Matron Saint, excelling
All in wedlock dwelling.

2 Hail! whose daughter lowly
Bare the Child Most Holy,
Who the Heav'n o'erswayeth,
Whom the earth obeyeth.

3 Whoso gladly blesseth
And thy worth confesseth,
Christ's Almighty Power
Him with bliss shall dower.

4 Be thy prayer prevailing,
Made with power unfailing,
That we find Eternal
Rest in Realms Supernal.

5 Thou with Mary praisest
Christ, and prayer upraisest;
He that pleading prizeth,
Which from both ariseth.

Doxology.

Three in One, we bless Thee;
One in Three, confess Thee;
Laud to Father raising,
Son and Spirit praising. Amen.

For ℣. and ℟. see Hymn 246.

See also Hymns for Common of
Holy Matrons.

Lammas Day and S. Peter's Chains.

Plainsong Melodies 68, 69 : Barred Tune 821,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii., repeating fifth and sixth lines
of the music.

248 *Miris modis repente liber ferrea. Even.*

RIGHT wondrously released, see Peter
freedom gains,
And, at the Lord's command, casts off
his iron chains;
As shepherd, and as guide, the sheepfold
owns his sway;
He shows to fields of life and sacred
springs the way;
And, from His Master's flock, drives
guileful wolves away.

Doxology.

Now to the Father be Eternal Glory
done;
Our songs we raise to Thee, O Ever-
lasting Son;
O Spirit from on High, Thy Throne we
bow before;
To Thee be honour, praise, and glory
evermore;
The Holy Trinity we worship and
adore. Amen.

℣. Thou art Peter.

℟. And upon this rock will I build My Church.

Plainsong Melodies 68, 69 : Barred Tune 821,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii., repeating fifth and sixth
lines of the music.

249 *Quodcumque in orbe nexibus revinzeris. Morn.*

WHATE'ER on earth below, thy word,
O Peter, chain'd,
Beyond the stars, in Heav'n above, fast
bound remain'd;
And whatsoe'er on earth was rightly loosed
by thee,
Was in the Heav'nly Courts by power
Divine set free;
Thou, at the Day of Doom, a judge of
men shalt be.

For Doxology with ℣. and ℟. see Hymn 248.

Plainsong Melodies 60, 61, 62, 64 : Barred Tune
769, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

250 *Beate Pastor Petre, clemens accipe. Morn.*

OPETER, shepherd good, our voices
sing of thee;
Thy very word had might from chains of
sin to free;
To thee, by power Divine, the mystic keys
were given,
Which ope the skies to men, or close the
gates of Heav'n.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

Doxology.

All honour, might, and power, and hymns
of joy we bring,
While to the Trinity Eternal Praise we
sing ;
He rules the Universe in wondrous Unity,
And shall, throughout the days of all
Eternity. Amen.

For V. and R. see Hymn 248.

See also Hymns for Common of Apostles.

The Transfiguration.

Plainsong Melodies 27, 101 : Barred Tune 645 (?),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

251 *Cœlestis formam gloriæ.*
1st Even. (Sarum.)

- A** WONDROUS type, a vision fair
Of Glory, that the Church shall
share,
Christ on the holy mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows.
- 2 From age to age the tale declare,
How, with the three Disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 The Law and Prophets there have
place,
The chosen witnesses of grace ;
And from the Cloud the Holy One
Bears record to His Only Son.
- 4 With Face more bright than noontide
ray,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 5 And faithful hearts are lifted high
By this great vision's Mystery ;
For which, in yearly course, we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

Doxology.

Thou, Father, Thou, Eternal Son,
Thou, Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Vouchsafe to bring us, by Thy grace,
To see Thy Glory face to face. Amen.

- V. Let us worship the Father, the Son, and
the Holy Ghost.
R. Reigning in Majesty.

Plainsong Melodies 49, 50 :
Barred Tune 645 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

252 *Quicumque Christum queritis.*
Even. & Morn. (Rom.)

A LL ye who seek, in hope and love,
For your dear Lord, look up above !
There may your faith descry the rays
Of glory bright, which Christ displays.

- 2 Behold His Form all brightly glow,
Who end of days can never know ;
Immortal, Infinite, Sublime ;
Older than earth, and space, and time.

- 3 This is the Gentiles' Mighty Lord ;
The Prince of Judah's race ador'd ;
To Father Abraham of old,
And his posterity, foretold.

- 4 To Whom the Prophets witness bear,
And His Divinity declare ;
And this the Father's own decree,
" Hear my Beloved Son," saith He.

Doxology.

To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Evensong.

- V. Glorious in the sight of the Lord didst
Thou appear.
R. Because the Lord hath clothed Thee with
majesty.

Mattins.

- V. A crown of gold is upon His Head.
R. Engraved with holiness, glory, and honour.

Plainsong Melodies 55, 65, 81, 82, 83, 84 :
Barred Tune 7, on page [38] at end of vol.

253 *O Sator rerum.* Morn. (Sarum.)

- A** UTHOR of all things, Christ, the
world's Redeemer,
Monarch of monarchs, Judgement's
dread Awarder !
Now to our praises, as to our petitions,
Graciously hearken.
- 2 Lo! with the morning, we our votive
anthems
Frame to Thine honour ; grant that
they may please Thee ;
And, as we hymn Thee, Source of
Light Eternal,
Ever refresh us.
- 3 Sunlike Thy Visage shone with rays of
splendour,
Brightly Thy raiment gleam'd with
snowy whiteness,
When, 'mid the Prophets, Moses and
Elias,
Thou wast transfigured.
- 4 Then did the Father own Thee Sole-
begotten ;
Thou art the Glory of the holy Angels ;
Thee, the Way, Virtue, Life, the world's
Salvation,
Ever confess we.

Proper of Saints.

Doxology.

Glory and worship be to Thee, Creator,
Who alone all things rulest and con-
trollest,
Throned in Thy Kingdom, Monarch
Everlasting,
God in Three Persons. Amen.

If X. and R. are required, see Hymn 252.

Plainsong Melodies 49, 50: Barred Tune 645 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

254

Luz alma Jesu mentium.
Morn. (Rom.)

LIGHT of the soul, Thou Saviour Blest,
Soon as Thy Spirit fills each breast,
Away earth's clouds and darkness roll,
And sweetness overflows the soul.

- 2 How happy he who feels Thee nigh,
Son of the Father, Lord most High;
Thy Light in Heav'n doth sweetly glow,
Denied to fleshly sight below.
- 3 Thou Brightness of the Father's Throne,
Thou Love that never can be known,
Possess our souls, and bid them be
Fulfill'd with love for Heav'n and Thee.

Doxology.

To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory, with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

X. A crown of gold is upon His Head.
R. Engraved with holiness, glory, and honour.

The Sweet Name of Jesus.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27: Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i.

255

Jesu dulcis memoria. Even. (Rom.)
Morn. (Sarum.)

JESU! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys
meet;
But O! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His Presence are.

- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most High.
- 3 Jesu! the Hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

- 4 No tongue of mortals can express,
No pen can write its blessedness;
Alone, who hath Thee in his heart,
Knows, Love of Jesus! what Thou art.

Doxology.

Jesu, our only Joy to-day,
As Thou shalt be our prize for aye,
In Thee may all our glory be,
Both now, and through Eternity.
Amen.

X. Blessed be the Name of the Lord. Alleluia.
R. From this time forth for evermore. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 28, 101: Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 1, on page [34] at
end of vol.

256 *Exulset cor præcordiis. Even. (Sarum.)*

LET ev'ry heart exulting beat
With joy at Jesu's Name of bliss;
With ev'ry pure delight replete,
And passing sweet its music is.

- 2 "Jesus" the comfortless consoles,
"Jesus" each sinful fever quells,
"Jesus" the Hosts of Heli controls,
"Jesus" each deadly foe repels.
- 3 "Jesus," how sweetly doth it sound
In ev'ry measure, prose, or psalm;
It makes each quick'ning bosom bound,
And soothes us with Divinest calm.
- 4 Far let that Name exalted ring!
"Jesus" let ev'ry tongue confess!
Let heart and voice their praises bring,
The Healer of our souls to bless.
- 5 Jesu, the sinner's Friend, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer;
The frail and erring wand'rer guide,
The penitent transgressor spare.
- 6 Be Thy dear Name our sure defence,
In ev'ry peril be our Stay;
And, purging us from sin's offence,
Perfect us in the better way.
- 7 O Christ, all glory be to Thee,
Refulgent with this Name Divine;
All honour, worship, majesty,
Jesu, for evermore be Thine.

Doxology.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

X. All the earth, O God, shall worship Thee,
and sing of Thee.
R. And shall praise Thy Name.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27 : Barred Tune 130 (1),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i.

257 *Jesu, Decus Angelicum. Morn. (Rom.)*

JESU, Delight of Angel Host !

Thou Song, the ear that charмест
most !

Pure Honey to the mouth Thou art,
And Heav'nly Nectar to the heart.

2 For they who taste Thee hunger sore,
And they who drink Thee thirst the
more,
Desiring naught, below, above,
Save Jesus, Whom their spirits love.

3 O Jesu, most desired and dear,
Sweet Hope of longing spirits here !
To Thee with earnest tears we turn,
For Thee our hearts impatient yearn.

4 Remain with us, dear Lord, to-day,
In ev'ry soul Thy Light display ;
Disperse the gloomy shades of ill,
And all things with Thy sweetness fill.

Doxology.

Jesu, the Virgin Mother's Flower,
Thou Love alone of sweetest power,
All honour to Thy Name shall be,
Both now, and through Eternity.

Amen.

Y. In the Name of the Lord is our help.
R. Who hath made Heaven and earth.

The Beheading of S. John Baptist.

See Hymns for Common of Martyrs.

The Nativity of the B.V. Mary.

See Hymns for Common of the B. V. Mary.

At 2nd Evensong, Hymn 118.

Holy Cross Day,

*Otherwise called "THE EXALTATION OF
THE HOLY CROSS."*

See Hymns 234, 235.

S. Michael and All Angels.

Plainsong Melody 67 : Barred Tune 707,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

258 *Tibi Christe Splendor Patris.* *1st Even. & Morn. (Sarum.)*

THEE, O Christ, the Father's
Splendour,

Life and Virtue of the heart,
In the presence of the Angels

Sing we now with tuneful art ;

Meetly, in alternate chorus,
Bearing our responsive part.

2 Thus we praise with veneration
All the soldiery of Heav'n ;
But chief honour, to the leader
Of the Heav'nly Host, be given,
Michael, who, with royal valour,
Hath the fiend to darkness driven.

3 By whose watchful care, repelling
All things evil, all things base,
So protect us, and direct us,
King of Everlasting grace,
That hereafter, of Thy goodness,
We may find in Heav'n a place.

Doxology.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One ;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

At 1st Evensong and Mattins.

Y. There stood an Angel at the Altar of the
Temple.

R. Having in his hand a golden censer.

At 2nd Evensong.

Y. Before the Angels I will sing praise unto
Thee.

R. I will worship toward Thy Holy Temple.

Plainsong Melody 72 : Barred Tune 554, N.O.H.B.,
Pt. iii.

259 *Te Splendor et Virtus Patris.* *Even. & Morn. (Rom.)*

O JESU, Life-spring of the soul !
The Father's Power, and Glory
bright !

Thee, with the Angels, we extol ;
From Thee they draw their life and
light.

2 Thy thousand thousand Hosts are
spread
Embattled o'er the azure sky ;
But Michael bears Thy standard dread,
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

3 He, in that Sign, the rebel Powers
Did, with their Dragon Prince, expel ;
And hurl'd them from the Heav'n's
high Towers,
Down, like a thunderbolt, to Hell.

4 Grant us, with Michael, still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight ;
So may a crown be our reward,
Before the Lamb's pure Throne of
Light.

Proper of Saints.

Doxology.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His Sole-begotten Son ;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While Everlasting Ages run. Amen.

For *℣.* and *℟.* see Hymn 258.

Plainsong Melodies 66, 83 : or Barred Tune 8 on page [39] at end of vol.

260 *Christe sanctorum Decus Angelorum.* *Morn. (Rom.) Even. (Sarum.)*

CHRIST, of the Angels praise and
adoration,
Father and Saviour Thou of ev'ry nation,
Graciously grant us all to gain a station,
Where Thou art reigning.

2 Michael, from Heaven coming to
befriend us,
Angel all peaceful, to our dwellings
send us,
Breathing serenest peace may he
attend us,
Grim war dispelling.

3 Gabriel send us, ancient foes expelling,
Angel of strength, who triumph'd
tumults quelling ;
Oft in these Temples may he make
his dwelling,
Dear unto Heaven.

4 Raphael send us from the skies all
glowing,
Angel Physician, health on man
bestowing,
All sickness curing, wisest counsel
showing
In doubt and danger.

5 Mary, the Mother of the Lord, be o'er
us,
Virgin of peace, with all the Angel
chorus ;
And may the Heav'nly army go before
us,
Guiding and guarding.

Doxology.

O may the Godhead, endless bliss
possessing,
Father, Son, Spirit, grant to us this
blessing ;
All His creation joins His praise
confessing,
Now and for ever. Amen.

For *℣.* and *℟.* see Hymn 258.

The Holy Guardian Angels.

Plainsong Melody 72 : Barred Tune 554,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

261 *Eterne Rector Siderum.* (Rom.)

ETERNAL Ruler of the sky,
Whose Might hath made and
governs all,
Beneath Thy care and loving eye
All things, Thou hast created, fall.

2 Send Thou the Angel Thou didst set
To be our Guardian and our friend ;
May he from taint of sin and death
Our soul, and all its powers, defend.

3 The wily serpent's envious craft
May his Angelic might destroy ;
Lest Satan's net, and snares unseen,
Our heedless souls with guilt annoy.

4 From this our land may he repel
Alarm of war and bloody fray ;
Bring tranquil peace to Christian homes ;
Drive plague and famine far away.

Doxology.

To God the Father glory be ;
May He by Angel Hosts defend
The souls the Saviour died to save,
On whom He did the Spirit send.
Amen.

For *℣.* and *℟.* see Hymn 258.

All Saints' Day.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27 : Barred Tune 645 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

262 *Salutis Eterne Dator.* *1st Evensong and Morn. Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)*

O JESU, Saviour of the earth,
Help Thy redeem'd ones in their
need ;
And may the Maid, who gave Thee
birth,
For hapless sinners ever plead.

2 Let Angel armies bow to Thee,
And Patriarchs of saintly worth ;
And Seers, a goodly company,
Ask pardon for the sons of earth.

3 The Baptist, Herald of Thy Face,
And he the mystic keys who bears,
With all Apostles, ask Thy grace,
And aid us with their ceaseless prayers.

4 And may the sacred Martyr-band,
With Virgin-saints, a spotless train,
And Priestly ranks adoring stand,
That we may full remission gain.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 5 Let all, who dwell above the sky,
And now in Heav'nly glory reign,
Uplift to Thee, O Christ, their cry,
That we may to their joys attain.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost to Thee,
All honour, praise, and might be done,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

At 1st Evensong.

- ℟. Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord.
℣. Be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

- ℟. The Saints shall be joyful with glory.
℣. They shall rejoice in their beds.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27; Barred Tune 645 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

263 *Placare Christe servulis. Morn. & Even.*

THE Father's pardon from above,
O Christ, bestow; Thy servants spare;
And, bending from Thy Throne of Love,
Regard the Blessed Virgin's prayer.

- 2 Bright Angels, happy evermore,
Who in your circles nine ascend,
As ye have guarded us before,
So may ye still our steps defend.
- 3 While Prophets, and Apostles high,
Forgiveness for our sins entreat,
Lord, hear Thy servants as they cry,
And spare us at Thy Judgement-seat.
- 4 In purple clad, the Martyr-band,
Confessors too, a shining train,
All call us to our Native Land,
From this our exile, back again.
- 5 Ye Choirs of Virgins, wise and chaste,
O may we share your seats on High,
With Hermits, who from deserts waste
Were call'd to Mansions in the sky.
- 6 So may the realms of faith be blest,
So unbelief be chased away,
Till all within One Fold find rest,
Secure beneath One Shepherd's sway.

Doxology.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His Sole-begotten Son,
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While Everlasting ages run. Amen.

For 7. and 8. see Hymn 262.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27; Barred Tune 130 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 4, on page [35] at
end of vol.

264 *Cælo quos eadem gloria consecrat. (Cluniac & Paris.)*

ALL Saints, who share one glory bright,
You, on one Feast, our hymns unite;
The while we praise, in joyous strains,
The outcome of your griefs and pains.

- 2 On love and truth without alloy
Ye feed; and drink deep draughts of joy
At streams from which the sated mind
Can ever new refreshment find.
- 3 To you, from His high Dwelling-place,
God shows the Brightness of His Face;
And e'en with graciousness Divine
He makes each sep'rate soul His Shrine.
- 4 Upon the Heav'nly Altar lies
The True and Only Sacrifice,
The Lamb once slain, Who lives for aye,
To be of all the Strength and Stay.
- 5 The Elders bow with awe profound,
While lightnings gleam the Throne
around:
Crown'd at the King's high Mercy Seat,
They cast their crowns before His Feet.
- 6 A countless Host from ev'ry shore,
In garments white for evermore,
Wave palms of victory, and sing
The praise of their Thrice-holy King.

Doxology.

Praise God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit Three in One;
Who, to His faithful servants' hearts,
Himself, their great Reward, imparts.
Amen.

For 7. and 8. see Hymn 262.

COMMON OF SAINTS.

Common of Apostles and Evangelists

throughout the year, except in Eastertide.

Plainsong Melodies 62, 63, 64; Barred Tune 370,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

265 *Annue Christe. 1st Even. & Morn. (Sarum.)*

O CHRIST, Thou Lord of worlds!
Thine ear to hear us bow,
On this the Festival
*OF THINE APOSTLE NOW;
That all the weary load
Of many a foul offence
May, as we sing his praise,†
Be lost in penitence.

For * † see at end of Hymn.

Common of Saints.

2 Redeemer ! save Thy work,
Thy noble work of grace,
Seal'd with the Holy Light
That beameth from Thy Face ;
Nor suffer them to fall
To Satan's wiles a prey,
For whom Thou didst on earth
Death's costly ransom pay.

3 Pity Thy flock, enthrall'd
By sin's captivity ;
Forgive each guilty soul,
And set the bondmen free ;
And those Thou hast redeem'd
With Thine own Precious Blood,
Grant to rejoice with Thee,
Thou Monarch kind and good.

Doxology.

O Jesu, Saviour blest,
And gracious Lord, to Thee,
All glory, virtue, power,
And laud, and empire be ;
The Father with like praise,
And Spirit we adore ;
With Whom Thou reignest God,
For ages evermore. Amen.

℣. Their sound is gone out into all lands.
℟. And their words into the ends of the world.

* For SS. Simon and Jude substitute "OF
THINE APOSTLES NOW." For S. Luke substitute
"OF THIS THY SERVANT NOW."
† Or their praise.

Or the following version of the same :

Plainsong Melodies 60, 61.

266

Annee Christe.

MONARCH of ages, hear us of Thy
clemency,
For *his dear merits, whom we now
commemorate,
That we, who oft-times grievously have
trespass'd,
At *his petition may obtain deliverance.

2 Save, O Redeemer, this Thy noble
handiwork,
Seal'd with the holy radiance of Thy
Countenance ;
Let no foul spirit rend, by fraud or
subtily,
Them, for whose ransom Thou hast
paid death's penalty.

3 Pity Thy servants pining in captivity,
Pardon the guilty, raise the fetter'd
prisoners ;
And Thy redeem'd ones, whom Thy
Blood hath purchas'd,
Grant, King of goodness, joy with Thee
in Paradise.

* Or their.

Doxology.

To Thee. O Jesu, Blessèd Lord, for
evermore
Be glory, virtue, honour, and supremacy ;
One with the Father, and the Holy
Paraclete,
With Whom Thou reignest, God from
all Eternity. Amen.

℣. Their sound is gone out into all lands.
℟. And their words into the ends of the world.

Plainsong Melody 73 ; during Christmastide
25, 27 : Barred Tune 615 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

267 *Exullet orbis gaudiis. Even. & Morn.*

NOW let the earth with joy resound,
And Heav'n the chant re-echo
round ;
Nor Heav'n, nor earth, too high can raise
Strains in the great Apostles' praise.

2 Ye Judges, throned in glory dread,
True lights upon a dark world shed,
We laud you all with hearts sincere,
While we devoutly worship here.

3 To your prevailing word 'twas given
To ope and close the doors of Heav'n,
And, from their guilt, by your decree,
To set repentant sinners free.

4 To your instructions were assign'd
The weal and woe of lost mankind ;
May God, while you entreat, restore
Our lives to holiness once more ;

5 That so, when Christ, the Judge of
Doom,
At time's last end, to earth shall come,
We may be call'd those joys to see,
Prepared from all Eternity.

Ordinary Doxology.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, with Them One,
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be, while the ages last. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season,
see 151 to 155.

At 1st Evensong.

℣. Their sound is gone out into all lands.
℟. And their words into the ends of the world.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

℣. They declared the work of God.
℟. And perceived that it was His doing.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

Plainsong Melodies 71, 74; during Christmas-tide 25: Barred Tune 641, N.O.H.B., Pt. III.

268 *Æterna Christi munera. Morn.*

TH' Eternal Gifts of Christ the King,
Th' Apostles' wondrous deeds we sing,

And, while due hymns of praise we pay,
Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

2 For they the Church's Princes are,
Triumphant Leaders in the war;
The Soldiers of the Heav'nly Hall,
The Lights that rose on earth for all.

3 Theirs was the steadfast faith of Saints,
And theirs the hope that never faints;
And theirs Christ's love in perfect glow,
That lays the Prince of this world low.

4 In them the Father's glory shone,
In them the love of God the Son;
In them exults the Holy Ghost,
Through them rejoice the Heav'nly Host.

Doxology.

Redeemer, hear us of Thy Love,
That, with the glorious Band above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place.

Amen.

This Doxology never alters.

If ¶. and §. are required, see Hymn 267.

Common of Apostles and Evangelists in Eastertide.

Plainsong Melodies 46, 47, 48; during Ascension-tide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 146(2), N.O.H.B., Pt. I.; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

269 *Tristes erant Apostoli. Even. & Morn.*

TH' Apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear Lord so lately slain,
By rebel servants doom'd to die
A death of bitter agony.

2 With glad surprise the women heard
The Angel's sure and welcome word:
"Lo! soon the Lord with His own Voice
Shall bid His faithful flock rejoice."

3 When hast'ning on their eager way
Th' Apostles' sorrows to allay,
Lo, Jesus' shining Form they meet,
And run to clasp His Sacred Feet.

4 Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee's lone hills proceed,
And, in the Presence of their Lord,
To peace and gladness are restor'd.

5 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind

Unceasing Paschal joy to find;
And from the death of sin set free
Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Doxology during Eastertide.

To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology within Ascensiontide, see 154.

At 1st Evensong.

¶. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous. Alleluia.

§. God hath chosen you to be His inheritance. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

¶. Right dear in the sight of the Lord. Alleluia.

§. Is the death of His Saints. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 46, 47, 48, 99; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 146(2), N.O.H.B., Pt. I.; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

270 *Paschale mundo gaudium. Morn.*

THAT Eastertide with joy is bright,
The sun shines out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
Th' Apostles see their Risen Lord.

2 They gaze upon His Form Divine;
His Wounds, like stars, all brightly shine;
And, what their eyes have witness'd there,
They to a wond'ring world declare.

3 O Christ our King, our hearts possess,
And with Thy fost'ring Presence bless;
So may our tongues, in ceaseless praise,
To Thy great Name due anthems raise.

4 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind
Unceasing Paschal joy to find;
And from the death of sin set free
Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Doxology during Eastertide.

To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology within Ascensiontide, see 154.

For ¶. and §. see Hymn 269.

Common of Saints.

Common of Martyrs.

Plainsong Melodies 77; during Christmastide 25, 27; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

271 *Invicta Martyr unicum.*

1st Evensong and Morn. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)

THOU Martyr of unconquer'd might,
Who follow'd Jesus to the fight!
Thine ev'ry foe now prostrate lies,
And Heav'n accords the victor's prize.

- 2 Lord, may his prayer for us obtain
The cleansing of each guilty stain;
Shield us from sin's polluting blight,
And put life's weariness to flight.
- 3 Now riven are the bonds in twain,
Which did his saintly limbs enchain;
So, Saviour, by Thy power release
Our souls, that languish for Thy peace.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore.

Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

For ♯. and ♮. see Hynn 272.

Plainsong Melodies 75, 76; during Christmastide 25, 27; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

272 *Deus Tuorum militum.*

Even. & Morn.

OF all Thy warrior Saints, O Lord,
The Portion, Crown, and great
Reward,
From sin's hard bondage set us free,
Who sing Thy Martyr's victory.

- 2 Most truly wise, he learned to know
The vanity of things below,
The fleeting joys of earth disdain'd,
And Everlasting Glory gain'd.
- 3 For Thee, through many a woe he ran,
In many a fight he play'd the man;
For Thee his blood was fain to pour,
And now he lives for evermore.
- 4 We therefore pray Thee, Lord of love,
Regard us from Thy Throne above,
On this Thy Martyr's Triumph-day,
Wash ev'ry stain of sin away.

Ordinary Doxology.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory, Holy Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

At 1st Evensong out of Eastertide.

- ♯. Thou hast crown'd him with glory and
worship, O Lord.
♮. And hast made him to have dominion of
the works of Thy hands.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong out of Eastertide.

- ♯. The righteous shall flourish like a palm
tree.
♮. And shall spread abroad like a cedar in
Libanus.

At 1st Evensong during Eastertide.

- ♯. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous.
Alleluia.
♮. God hath chosen you to be His inheritance.
Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong during Eastertide.

- ♯. Right dear in the sight of the Lord.
Alleluia.
♮. Is the death of His Saints. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

273 *Rex gloriose Martyrum. Morn. (Rom.)*

Morn. & Even. (Sarum.) Even. Eastertide only. (Rom.)

O THOU, the Martyrs' glorious King,
Confessors' Crown that lasts for
aye,
Who dost to Joys Eternal bring
Those, who have cast earth's joys away.

- 2 Thine ear in mercy, Saviour, lend,
And, while Thy Saints' brave deeds we
sing,
Unto our humble prayers attend,
And to our souls deliv'rance bring.
- 3 Martyrs by Thee their conquests win;
Confessors grace and mercy gain;
O'ercome in us the might of sin;
Thy pardon may our souls obtain.

Ordinary Doxology.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His Sole-begotten Son,
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While Everlasting Ages run. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

At 1st Evensong out of Eastertide.

- ♯. Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the
Lord.
♮. And be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong out of Eastertide.

- ¶ The Saints shall be joyful in glory.
 ¶ They shall rejoice in their beds.

At 1st Evensong during Eastertide.

- ¶ Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous. Alleluia.
 ¶ God hath chosen you to be His inheritance. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong during Eastertide.

- ¶ Right dear in the sight of the Lord. Alleluia.
 ¶ Is the death of His Saints. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 78, 79, 80 : Barred Tune 13, on page [43] at end of vol.

274

Sanctorum meritis.

*1st Even. & Morn. (Sarum.)
 Even. out of Eastertide. (Rom.)*

THE merits of the Saints,
 Blessed for evermore,
 Their love that never faints,
 The toils they bravely bore,
 For these the Church to-day
 Pours forth her joyous lay;
 These victors wear the noblest bay.

- 2 By better hope sustain'd,
 In that false world of yore,
 They, for their Lord, disdain'd
 Its fruitless, flowerless shore;
 Earth's joys forsaking all,
 They follow'd, at Thy call,
 Lord Jesu, to Thy Heav'nly Hall.
- 3 For Thee all pangs they bare,
 Fury, and mortal hate,
 The cruel scourge to tear,
 The hook to lacerate;
 But vain their foes' intent;
 For, ev'ry torment spent,
 Their valiant spirits stood unbent.
- 4 Like sheep their blood they pour'd;
 And, without groan or tear,
 They bent before the sword,
 All for their King most dear;
 Their souls, serenely blest,
 In patience they possess,
 And look'd, in hope, towards their rest.
- 5 What tongue may here declare,
 Fancy or thought descrie,
 The joys Thou dost prepare
 For these Thy Saints on High?
 Empurpled in the flood
 Of their triumphant blood,
 They won the laurel from their God.

Doxology.

To Thee, O Lord Most High,
 One in There Persons still,
 To pardon us we cry,
 And keep us from all ill;
 Here give Thy servants peace;
 Hereafter glad release,
 And pleasures that shall never cease.

Amen.

For ¶. and ¶. see Hymn 273.

Plainsong Melodies 71, 74 : during Eastertide 46, 47, 48 : during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101 :
 Barred Tune 427 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

275

Christo profusum sanguinem. Morn.

THE Martyrs' wondrous deeds we sing,
 Their blood pour'd forth for Christ
 the King,
 And, while due hymns of praise we pay,
 Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

- 2 They vanquish'd ev'ry worldly fear,
 Nor shrank from pain and anguish
 here;
 And, death's brief struggle o'er, possess
 The perfect life of blessedness.
- 3 To flames behold the Martyrs haled;
 By teeth of savage beasts assail'd;
 Before them, arm'd with ruthless brand,
 And iron fangs, their torturers stand.
- 4 They bare their bosoms to the sword;
 On earth their sacred blood is pour'd;
 Yet firm and steadfast they remain,
 The prize of Endless Life to gain.

Doxology.

Redeemer, hear us of Thy love,
 That, with the Martyr-Host above,
 Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
 Thy servants also may have place.

Amen.

This Doxology never alters.

If ¶. and ¶. are required, see Hymn 273.

Common of a Confessor, Bishop or not Bishop.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 81, 82, 83, 84, 108 : Barred
 Tune 9, on page [40] at end of vol.

276

Iste Confessor Domini coles.

Even. & Morn.

HE the Confessor of the Lord, whose
 story
 All faithful people tell with veneration,
 *THIS DAY IN TRIUMPH MERITED TO ENTER
 HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

For * see at end of Hymn.

Common of Saints.

2 Saintly and prudent, crown'd with gentle meekness,
Modest and sober, chaste was he and lowly,
Whiles that life's vigour, coursing through his members,
Quickened his being.

3 Surely, in answer to his supplications,
Will the Redeemer, dwelling in the Highest,
Pity our weakness, blessings on His servants
Freely bestowing.

4 Wherefore we gladly celebrate his praises,
And, on his Feast Day, do him fitting honour,
That in his glory we may have a portion
With him hereafter.

Doxology.

His be the glory, honour and salvation,
Who over all things reigneth in the Highest,
Ordering meetly earth, and sky, and ocean,

God in Three Persons.

Amen.

** If it be the Translation, and not the Anniversary of the Saint's death, the following is said instead :*

ON THIS HIS FEAST DAY, YEAR BY YEAR,
RECEIVETH

MERITED HONOURS.

At 1st Evensong.

℟. The Lord loved him, and beautified him. Alleluia.

℞. He clothed him with a robe of glory. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

℟. The Lord guided the just one in right paths. Alleluia.

℞. And showed him the Kingdom of God. Alleluia.

Plain-song Melodies 70, 71 ; during Christmastide 25, 27 ; during Eastertide, 46, 47, 48 ; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101 : Barred Tune 130 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. I.

277

Interni festi gaudia.

OUR festal strains to-day reveal
The joys that faithful spirits feel,
As often as the inmost heart
In these true Sabbaths hears a part.

2 The pure of soul alone have grace
The future joys of Heav'n to trace,
And learn, in foretaste sweet and rare,
What glories deck the Blessed there.

3 Blest is that Country, ever blest,
Which knoweth naught save joy and rest ;
Whose citizens for ever raise
The long unbroken chant of praise :

4 Whom sweetness, more than earthly, fills,
Who know no grief, and mourn no ills ;
Whom never more can foe alarm,
Nor storm approach, to work them harm.

5 Let this our meditation be
Along the vale of misery ;
This occupy each sleeping hour,
And exercise each waking power.

6 Thus shall we gain, this exile past,
Our Country's blessed Crown at last ;
Thus in His Glory shall adore
The King of Ages evermore.

Ordinary Doxology.

Praise God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
Who, to His faithful servants' hearts,
Himself, their Great Reward, imparts.
Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season,
see 151 to 155.

For ℟. and ℞. see Hymn 276.

Plain-song Melodies 70, 71 ; during Christmastide 25, 27 ; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48 ; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101 : Barred Tune 4 on page [35], at end of vol.

278

Harum laudum præconia.

THE praises, that the Blessed know,
The Church shall imitate below,
Whene'er she greets in yearly strain
The Birthdays of her Saints again.

2 What bliss, in that Celestial land,
Is theirs, the bright Confessor Band ;
Who see the King, That crowns the fight,
In all His Majesty of Light.

3 This cannot human fancy know,
Nor tongue of men nor Angels show,
Till endless life the vict'ry brings,
That gives, for earthly, Heav'nly things.

4 That we the Saints' blest lives may reach,
That we their blessed Faith may teach,
May join above, and love below,
The Spirit of all grace bestow.

Ordinary Doxology.

Praise God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
Who, to His faithful servants' hearts,
Himself, their Great Reward, imparts.
Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season,
see 151 to 155.

For ℟. and ℞. see Hymn 276.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

Common of a Confessor and Bishop.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Christmastide 25, 27; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 130(2), N.O.H.B., Pt. I.

279 *Jesu Redemptor omnium.*
Morn. (Rom.) Morn. & Even. (Sarum.)

○ THOU, Whose all-redeeming might
Crowns Prelates brave in faith's
true fight,
On this Commemoration Day,
Hear us, good Jesu, while we pray.

2 This meek Confessor of Thy Name
To-day attain'd the saintly fame,
Whom pious hearts with praise revere,
In constant mem'ry year by year.

3 The world's delusive joys he spurn'd,
And from its false allurements turn'd;
And now, with Angels round Thy Throne,
Unfading treasures are his own.

4 O grant to us, Most Gracious God,
To follow in the steps he trod;
Help'd by his prayers, and freed from sin,
As he hath won, so may we win.

Ordinary Doxology.

To Thee, O Christ, our loving King,
All glory, praise, and thanks we bring;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father, and to Paraclete. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season,
see 151 to 155.

For V. and R. see Hymn 276.

Common of a Confessor, not a Bishop.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 4, on page [35] at end of vol.

280 *Jesu, Corona celsior.* *Morn.*

○ JESU, Crown above the sky,
Thou Everlasting Truth most
High,

Who dost to Thy Confessor give
Rewards with those that ever live.

2 Thy supplicating people spare;
O may we, holpen by his prayer,
Remission of our sins obtain,
And freedom from each binding chain.

3 Again the circling year hath brought
The blessed day, with gladness fraught,
Whereon Thy Saint, from flesh set free,
With joy ascended up to Thee.

4 All earthly objects of desire
To him were but as filthy mire;
He deem'd them with defilement soil'd,
And so for things eternal toil'd.

5 Thee, Christ, his King, most kind and
blest,
With constant heart he aye confest;
And thus the crafty foe he beat,
And trampled Hell beneath his feet.

6 How firm his faith and power of love! .
Constant did his confession prove;
He oft was found in fast and prayer,
And now the Heav'nly Feast doth
share.

7 Lord Jesu, full of love and grace,
We humbly fall before Thy Face,
And, for Thy servant's sake, we pray,
Hearken, and wash our sins away.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see
151 to 155.

For V. and R. see Hymn 276.

Common of Virgins.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 641, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

281 *Jesu Corona Virginum.* *Even. & Morn.*

JESU, the Virgins' Crown, do Thou,
Accept us, as in prayer we bow;
Born of that Virgin, whom alone
A Mother, yet a Maid, we own.

2 Amongst the lilies Thou art found,
While Virgin Choirs Thy steps surround;
And Thou, the Bridegroom, dost provide
With comely gifts each spotless bride.

3 And whither, Lord, Thy Footsteps
bend,
The Virgins still with praise attend;
In joyful troops they follow Thee,
With dance, and sweetest melody.

4 O Gracious Lord, we Thee implore
Thy grace into our hearts to pour;
From all corruption set us free,
And purify our souls for Thee.

Common of Saints.

Ordinary Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Might, honour, praise, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

*For Doxology according to the Season, see
151 to 155.*

At 1st Evensong.

℣. In thy comeliness and thy beauty. Alleluia.
℟. Go forward, fare prosperously, and reign.
Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

℣. Full of grace are thy lips. Alleluia.
℟. Because God hath blessed thee for ever.
Alleluia.

Common of a Virgin and Martyr.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 83, 85, 108 :
Barred Tune 10, on page [40] at end of vol.

282 *Virginis Proles Opifexque matrix.*

1st Even. & Morn. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)

OFFSPRING, yet Maker, of Thy
Mother lowly,
Virgin conceiv'd Thee, Virgin bare Thee
solely ;

Hear, as the triumph of a virgin holy
We sing before Thee.

2 Lo, this Thy Virgin double glory
gaineth ;
O'er ev'ry weakness of her sex she
reigneth,
And o'er the torments of the world
obtaineth
Glorious conquest.

3 Death and its ghastly terrors she
despiseth,
Tortures most ruthless she as nothing
prizeth ;
Thus she her life-blood poureth, and
then riseth
Joyous to Heaven.

4 O God of mercy, hear her interceding :
Hasten the pardon we for sin are
needing ;
So, from pure hearts, shall holy hymns
proceeding
Tell of Thy praises.

Doxology.

Now to the Father, praise from all
creation ;
Only-begotten, unto Thee salvation ;
Spirit, we yield Thee equal adoration,
Godhead Eternal. Amen.

If ℣. and ℟. are required, see Hymn 281.

For a Virgin, not a Martyr.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 83, 85, 108 : Barred Tune
10, on page [40] at end of vol.

283 *Virginis Proles Opifexque matrix.*

1st Even & Morn. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)

OFFSPRING, yet Maker, of Thy
Mother lowly,
Virgin conceiv'd Thee, Virgin bare Thee
solely ;
Now, on the Feast Day of a virgin holy,
We sing before Thee.

2 O God of mercy, hear her interceding ;
Hasten the pardon we for sin are
needing ;
So, from pure hearts, shall holy hymns
proceeding
Tell of Thy praises.

Doxology.

Now to the Father, praise from all
creation ;
Only-begotten, unto Thee salvation ;
Spirit, we yield Thee equal adoration,
Godhead Eternal. Amen.

If ℣. and ℟. are required, see Hymn 281.

Common of Holy Matrons.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71 : Barred Tune 641,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

284 *Fortem virili pectore. Even. & Morn.*

PRAISE we the woman, who, endued
With more than woman's fortitude,
Hath won, through grace, an honour'd
name,
Due tribute of her saintly fame.

2 Fill'd with a pure Celestial glow,
She spurn'd the love of things below,
As, by the steep and narrow way,
She climb'd to Realms of Endless
Day.

3 With fasts her body she subdued,
But fill'd her soul with prayer's sweet
food ;
In other worlds she tastes the bliss,
For which she left the joys of this.

4 O Christ, from Whom all virtue
springs.
Who only doest wondrous things,
For her dear sake, we humbly pray,
In mercy hear our cry to-day.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore.

Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see
151 to 155.

For *℣.* and *℟.* see Hymn 281.

The last verse of Hymn 283, with the
Doxology, may also be used.

Common of the B. V. Mary.

Plainsong Melodies 86, 87, 88: Barred Tune
415 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

285 *Ave maris stella.* Even.

HAIL, Bright Star of ocean!
Our Salvation's portal!
Ever Virgin-Mother
Of the Lord Immortal.

- 2 When the wondrous message
Was by Gabriel spoken,
Eva changed to "*Avé*"
Was of peace the token;
- 3 Light illumed our darkness,
Chains of sin were riven,
Ills in mercy banish'd,
Blessings freely given.
- 4 Christ of thee hath deign'd
To be born our Brother;
And, through endless ages,
Thou art still the Mother.
- 5 Virgin, all-excelling,
Passing meek and lowly,
Thou shalt be our pattern,
Blameless, chaste, and holy.
- 6 So we onward journey,
All in safety faring,
Till we gaze on Jesus,
In thy gladness sharing.

Doxology.

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One confessing,
Give we equal glory,
Equal praise, and blessing. Amen

The Conception.

- ℣.* To-day is the Conception of the Holy Virgin Mary.
℟. Whose glorious life sheddeth a lustre over all the Churches.

The Purification.

- ℣.* It was revealed unto Symeon by the Holy Ghost.
℟. That he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

The Annunciation.

- ℣.* Hail, thou that art highly favoured. Alleluia.
℟. The Lord is with thee. Alleluia.

The Visitation.

- ℣.* Blessed art thou among women.
℟. And Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.

The Nativity.

- ℣.* To-day is the Nativity of the Holy Virgin Mary.
℟. Whose glorious life sheddeth a lustre over all the Churches.

Plainsong Melody 90: Barred Tune 615 (?),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

286 *Quem terra, pontus, sidera.* Morn.

THE God, Whom earth, and sea, and
sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify,
Who o'er this threefold system reigns,
The Virgin's spotless womb contains.

- 2 The King, Whom sun and moon obey,
Submissive to His sov'reign sway,
Is borne upon a Maiden's breast,
By fullest Heav'nly grace possess'd.
- 3 How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The World's Creator, Lord Divine,
Whose Hand contains the earth and sky,
Vouchsafed, as in His Ark, to lie.
- 4 Blest in the message Gabriel brought;
Blest by the work the Spirit wrought;
From whom the Great Desire of earth
Took human flesh, and human birth.

Doxology.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

If *℣.* and *℟.* are required, see Hymn 235 or 287.

Plainsong Melody 90: Barred Tune 615 (?),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.; or Tune 4 on page [35]
at end of vol.

287 *O gloriosa Virginum.* Morn.

O GLORIOUS Virgin, ever Blest,
Sublime above the starry sky,
Who nurture from thy spotless breast
To thy Creator didst supply.

The Dedication of a Church.

2 What man had lost in hapless Eve,
Thy Gracious Seed to man restores;
And, granting bliss to souls that grieve,
Unbars the Everlasting Doors.

3 The Portal thou of Heav'n's High King,
The Hall whence Light shone through
the gloom;
The ransom'd tribes rejoice, and sing
The Offspring of thy virgin womb.

Doxology.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee!
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

The Purification.

℣. Full of grace are thy lips.
℟. Because God hath blessed thee for ever.

For ℣. and ℟. on other Feasts of B.V.M., see
Hymn 235.

Plainsong Melody 89: Barred Tune 15, on page
[45] at end of vol.

288 *O quam glorifica. Even. (Sarum.)*

WITH what glorious lustre thou
shinest,
Daughter of David, with Offspring
Divinest,
Mary the Virgin, who loftily dwellest,
And all the Blessed ones greatly
exceller.

2 Mother, thy virginal honour still
bearing,
Shrine for the Lord of the Angels
preparing,
God to thy bosom His Son was
confiding;
Thus in Humanity Christ was abiding.

3 Him the whole Universe lowly adareth,
Duly on bended knee ever imploreth;
Now, on thy Festival, may He be
sending
Light to our darkness, and joy without
ending.

Doxology.

This, of Thy clemency, Father Eternal,
Grant through the Son with the Spirit
Supernal;
In the bright firmament ever abiding,
And all the ages through ruling and
guiding. Amen.

℣. Mary the Mother of God is exalted.
℟. Above the Choirs of Angels in the Heavenly
Kingdom.

D**

The Dedication of a Church.

Plainsong Melodies 91, 92: Barred Tune 497,
N.O.H.B., Part iii.

289 *Urbs Beata Hierusalem.
1st Even. & Morn.*

BLESSED City, Heav'nly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilded,
Art the joy of Heav'n above,
And, with Angel-Hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move.

2 From Celestial Realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him, Whose love espous'd
thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks,
Of pure gold are fashioned.

3 Radiant gleam thy pearly portals;
Open night and day the same;
And, through Christ's sufficing merits,
Entrance ev'ry soul may claim,
Who, for His dear sake, hath suffer'd
In this world reproach and shame.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the Heav'nly Architect,
Who therewith hath will'd for ever
That His Palace should be deck'd.

Doxology.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

℣. This is the House of the Lord, firmly
builded. Alleluia.

℟. It is well founded upon a sure Rock.
Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 91, 92: Barred Tune 497,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

290 *Angulare Fundamentum.
Morn. & 2nd Even.*

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious Corner-stone,
Who, the two walls underlying,
Binds them closely into one;
Holy Sion's Help for ever,
And her Confidence alone.

(49**)

Part 2. Office Hymns.

- 2 All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved by God on High,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One, and God the Trinal,
Praising everlastingly.
- 3 To this Temple, where we call Thee.
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
That they ask of Thee to gain;
Here to have and hold for ever
Those good things their prayers
obtain;
And, hereafter in Thy glory,
With Thy Blessed ones to reign.

Doxology.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

At Mattins.

- ℣. This is the House of the Lord, firmly
built. Alleluia.
- ℟. It is well founded upon a sure Rock.
Alleluia.

At 2nd Evensong.

- ℣. Holiness becometh Thine House, O Lord.
Alleluia.
- ℟. For ever. Alleluia.

Hymns for the Lesser Hours.

AT THE FIRST HOUR.

Plainsong Melodies, Sunday 8, 11, Ferial 11, 16:
Barred Tune 1, on page [34] at end of vol.

291

Jam lucis orto sidere.

- NOW that the daylight fills the sky.
1 We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do and say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.
- 2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And guard from anger's din our life;
From all ill sights defend our eyes,
And close our ears from vanities.
- 3 O may our hearts within be pure;
Our thoughts from folly kept secure;
And may we check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.
- 4 So we, when this new day is done,
And shades of night are drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstain'd,
Shall praise His Name for vict'ry gain'd.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore.

Amen.

*N.B.—In the Lesser Hours, the Hymn Melody
is always changed according to the Season.*

AT THE THIRD HOUR.

Plainsong Melodies 9, 10, 11: Barred Tune 615 (2),
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

292

Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.

- COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One
Art with the Father and the Son;
Shed forth Thy Grace within each breast,
And dwell with us a ready Guest.
- 2 By ev'ry power, by heart and tongue,
By act and deed, Thy praise be sung;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

*In the Sarum Breviary, Hymn 218 is appointed
for Tierce on Whitsun Day and the three succeed-
ing days.*

AT THE SIXTH HOUR.

Plainsong Melodies 9, 10, 11: Barred Tune
617 (4), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

293

Rector potens, verax Deus.

- GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who ord'rest time and change
aright,
Bright'ning the morn with golden
gleams,
Kindling the noonday's fiery beams;
- 2 Extinguish, Lord, each baneful fire
Of sinful strife and vain desire;
Our bodies keep from perils free,
And grant our souls true peace in Thee.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT THE NINTH HOUR.

Plainsong Melodies 9, 10, 11: Barred Tune 518,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

294

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

- GOD, Creation's Force and Stay,
Thyself unmoved, abiding aye,
Supreme Thou rulest over all,
And day and night obey Thy call.

Hymns for the Lesser Hours.

- 2 Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious Evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attain'd,
Eternal Glory may be gain'd.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT COMPLINE.

Plainsong Melodies 18, 19, 103: Barred Tune 686,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.; or Tune 1, on page [34]
at end of vol.

- 295 *Te lucis ante terminum.*

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray,
That, of Thy mercy, Thou wouldst keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

- 2 Far may unholy visions fly;
No fiends of darkness venture nigh;
Tread under foot our ghostly foe;
And purity and peace bestow.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most
high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT COMPLINE

during Christmas and Epiphany; on Whitsun
Eve, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday in
Whitsun Week; on Double Feasts from Epiphany
to Lent, and during Trinity and Advent; on
Feasts of B.V. Mary, and Dedication of a
Church, with their Octaves.

Plainsong Melody 52:
Barred Tune 427 (1), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

- 296 *Salvator mundi, Domine.* (Sarum.)

O SAVIOUR of the world we pray,
Who hast preserved us through
the day,
Protect us through the coming night,
And save us always by Thy might.

- 2 Be with us, Lord, in mercy nigh,
And spare Thy servants when they cry;
Our sins blot out, our prayers receive,
Our darkness lighten, and forgive.
- 3 Let not dull sleep oppress the soul,
Nor Satan with his spirits foul;
Our flesh keep chaste, that it may be
An holy Temple meet for Thee.
- 4 To Thee, Who dost our souls renew,
With heartfelt vows we humbly sue,
That, pure in thought, and free from
stain,
We from our beds may rise again.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God, the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

AT COMPLINE

from the 1st Sunday in Lent until Passion
Sunday.

Plainsong Melody 104: Barred Tune 2, on page
[34] at end of vol.

- 297 *Christe, Qui Lux es et Dies.* (Sarum.)

O CHRIST, Who art the Light and Day,
Thy beams chase night's dark
shades away;
Thee Very Light of Light we own,
Who hast Thy glorious Light made
known.

- 2 To Thee, All-holy Lord, we bend,
Thy servants through this night defend;
And grant us calm repose in Thee,
A quiet night from perils free.
- 3 Let not dull sleep the soul oppress,
Nor crafty foe the heart possess;
Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure,
And make us in Thy sight impure.
- 4 Let but the eyes due slumber take;
The heart to Thee be still awake;
And Thy Right Hand protection be
To all who love, and trust in, Thee.
- 5 O Thou, Who art our Strong Defence,
Repress our foes' proud insolence;
Preserve and watch o'er us for good,
The purchase of Thy Precious Blood.
- 6 Remember us, dear Lord, we pray,
While hinder'd with the flesh we stay;
Thou only canst the soul defend;
Be with us, Saviour, to the end.

Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

AT COMPLINE

on Passion Sunday and until Thursday in
Holy Week.

Plainsong Melody 105: Barred Tune 16, on page
[45] at end of vol.; or 514, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

- 298 *Cultor Dei, memento.* (Sarum.)

O CHILD of God, remember
Thy soul's regeneration,
The Font's baptismal cleansing,
The Seal of Confirmation.

Part 2. Office Hymns.

2 Take heed, when, call'd by slumber,
All chastely thou reclinest,
That with the sacred symbol
Thy brow and breast thou signest.

3 From fear and power of darkness
The Holy Cross shall save thee;
For ghostly aid thy Master
This blessed Symbol gave thee.

4 Begone! ye wand'ring phantoms
Of wild unquiet dreaming;
Away! thou Arch-deceiver,
With thine unwearied scheming.

5 In vain, O subtil serpent,
Thou toils unnumber'd weavest,
And with thy guileful temptings
Our hearts of peace bereavest.

6 Away! for Christ is with us;
The Holy Name thou hearest;
Away! with all thy Legions,
Before the Sign thou fearest.

7 What though the weary body
Awhile its rest be taking,
The soul shall, e'en in slumber,
To thoughts of Christ be waking.

Doxology.

To God th' Eternal Father,
To Christ our sure Salvation,
To Paraclete most Holy,
Be endless adoration. Amen.

AT COMPLINE

on Low Sunday and until Ascension Day.

Plainsong Melody 103 : Barred Tune 301,
N.O.H.B., Pt. III.

299 *Jesu, Salvator seculi.* (Sarum.)

JESU, the world's Redeeming Lord,
The Father's Co-eternal Word,
Thou Light of Light, to men unknown,
And watchful Guardian of Thine own.

2 Our great Creator and our Guide,
Who times and seasons dost divide,
O give our weary bodies rest,
With this world's cares and toils oppress.

3 That, while in frames of sin and pain
A little longer we remain,
Our flesh may here in such wise sleep,
That watch with Christ our souls may keep.

4 We pray Thee, while we dwell below,
Preserve us from our ghostly foe;
That he may ne'er victorious be
O'er them that are redeem'd by Thee.

5 We pray Thee, Lord, with us abide
In this our joyful Eastertide;
From ev'ry weapon death can wield
Thine own redeem'd for ever shield.

Doxology.

To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

AT COMPLINE

*on Ascension Day and until Whitsun Eve,
according to Sarum Breviary Use, see
Hymn 215.*

AT COMPLINE

*on Whitsun-Day, on Monday, Tuesday,
and Wednesday in Whitsun Week, and on
the Feast of the Sweet Name of Jesus.*

Plainsong Melody 116 : Barred Tune 17, on page
[46] at end of vol.

300 *Alma chorus Domini.* (Sarum.)

NOW let our voices rehearse our Lord's
dear titles in order :

Saviour of men, Messias, Emmanuel;
Lord of Sabaoth,

Consubstantial, the Way and the Life,
the Hand, Only-begotten,

Wisdom and Might, Beginning, the
First-born of ev'ry creature;

Alpha is He and Omega, at once both
the Head and the Ending,

Fountain and Source of all good, our
Advocate and Mediator;

He is the Heifer, the Lamb, Sheep,
Ram, the Worm, Serpent, and Lion,

Mouth and Word of God, Light, Sun,
Glory, Splendour, and Image,

Blossom, Bread, Vine, Door, Rock,
Mountain, and Stone of the Corner,

Angel, and Spouse of the Church, the
Shepherd, the Priest, and the Prophet,

Mighty, Immortal, Supreme, Lord God
Omnipotent, Jesus;

* O may He save us, Whose be the Glory
for Ages of Ages. Amen.

* *On the Feast of the Name of Jesus, instead of
this verse, is said :*

These be Thy titles, Jesu; to Thee be
all honour and Glory. Amen.

END OF PART II.

(52**)

THE
NEW OFFICE HYMN BOOK.

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THE
NEW OFFICE HYMN BOOK
(PART II.)

CONTAINING
THE PROPER MELODIES
TO
THE OFFICE HYMNS
AT
MATTINS AND EVENSONG
DAILY
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
TOGETHER WITH THOSE FOR THE LESSER HOURS.

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present Union show ;
Their Joys are full ; our Expectation long ;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.

WALLER.

LONDON : NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED
AND
W. KNOTT, 26, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN.

Edition H.

1907.

INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. OF THE OFFICE HYMNS.

The Office Hymns are the Hymns in the Divine Office—*i.e.*, in that Daily Service of the Church of which the Psalter forms the centre, or backbone. These ancient Hymns, like the rest of the Office, are fixed in the Breviaries, and not left to individual taste or caprice. It must be remembered that our "Prayer Book Mattins" is a Service made up of the old Mattins and Lauds, compressed and greatly abbreviated; while our Evensong is the old Vespers and Compline, condensed in the same way; and there is little doubt that the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer, in the sixteenth century, would have translated and adapted from the Latin the Hymns as well as the Psalms, Collects, etc., if they could have found anyone competent to render them into English verse.

Besides the unvarying Hymns at the Lesser Hours (Prime, Terce, Sext, None, and Compline*), the Breviary contains three Hymns for daily use, viz., at Mattins, Lauds, and Vespers respectively. Thus we are provided with one constantly varying Hymn for Evensong daily, and with two for our Morning Office. So many of these Hymns are given in the "Office Hymn Book" as belong to Seasons and Festivals marked in the Prayer Book Kalendar. A few others are added as useful or interesting; among which are those for Corpus Christi (or Thursday after Trinity Sunday) (1) because, Corpus Christi having been observed for so many years as the Anniversary of the C.B.S., their use has been widely restored in the Church of England, and (2) because it is hardly befitting to introduce Harvest Thanksgivings for the bread which perisheth, and at the same time to disregard that Festival which has been for nearly 700 years the appointed Thanksgiving for the Bread which endureth unto Everlasting Life.

If Office Hymns are required on a day of Harvest Thanksgiving, those for Tuesday (in "Hymns for the Week") are suggested as suitable for the occasion.

§ 2. OF THEIR USE AT THE PRESENT DAY.

It may be objected that, as the Mattins Hymns were originally written for singing at Midnight, and the Lauds Hymns at Daybreak, they are not suited to Parochial Services and the requirements of the present day. There are, it is true, in them a few allusions to darkness, sunrise, etc., which it was not always possible to soften down in the translations. It may, however, be doubted whether these expressions present greater difficulties than some in the Prayer Book, in habitual use amongst us, *e.g.*, "the beginning of this day," so often repeated by us at 11.30 a.m., or "the perils and dangers of this night," often used at 8 p.m. Rev. E. Caswall, who translated into English the whole of the Breviary Hymns according to present Western use, (though for the most part not in their original metres) says, "The greater number of them appear to have been originally written, not with a view to private reading, but for the purpose of being sung to the beautiful ecclesiastical melodies by Monastic and other Religious Bodies at their Office in Choir. This circumstance will serve to explain a few scattered expressions

* The Sarum Compline Hymn is subject to occasional changes.

which otherwise might seem unreal; as, for instance, where allusions occur to the practice of rising at midnight to sing praises to God; and if, on the one hand, some few of the Hymns may so far appear less adapted to the use of persons living in the world, it is our gain surely, on the other hand, thus, by occasional glimpses, to be reminded of that more perfect life, which has never ceased to be a reality in the Catholic Church."

The same accomplished writer adds the following well considered words as to the superiority of the Breviary Hymns over modern compositions:—

"Another advantage, which we owe, doubtless, in a measure, to the same circumstance—an advantage not to be despised in a sentimental age—is the exceedingly plain and practical character of these Hymns. Written with a view to constant daily use, they aim at something more than merely exciting the feelings. They have a perpetual reference to action. Their character is eminently objective. Their tendency is to take the individual out of himself; to set before him, in turn, all the varied and sublime Objects of Faith; and to blend him with the universal family of the Faithful."

§ 3. OF THE SIGNATURES TO THE HYMNS.

The Hymns in Editions A, B, D of the New Office Hymn Book, distinguished by the signature "*Morn*," are from the Sarum and Roman Breviaries for Mattins or Lauds; and those marked "*Even*" from the same Breviaries for Vespers. When the word (*Rom.*) is added in brackets it implies that the Hymn is taken from the Roman Breviary only: when (*Sarum*) is added, it implies that the Hymn is peculiar to the Sarum Breviary.

The signatures of a few of the Hymns show that they are from other Breviaries.

Hymns 229, 277, 278, which are without signature, are ancient hymns which have never found a place in any Breviary. Of these, 229 is the well-known Hymn by S. Thomas Aquinas, of which Dr. Neale says: "Though it was never in public use, it was appended, as a private devotion, to most Missals"; while 277, 278 will be found useful as alternative Hymns for Confessors' Days, for which there is a paucity of choice.

To distinguish between the Mattins Hymns and the Lauds Hymns, reference must be had to the Latin Index of First Lines.

Hymn 291, "*At the First Hour*," is the unvarying Hymn for Prime.

Hymn 292, "*At the Third Hour*," is for Terce; except that, according to the Sarum Breviary, Hymn 218 is sung at Terce on the first four days of Whitsun Week.

Hymn 293, "*At the Sixth Hour*," for Sext.

Hymn 294, "*At the Ninth Hour*," for None.

Hymn 295, according to the Roman Breviary, is the unvarying Hymn for Compline; but, according to the Sarum Breviary, Hymns 296—300, and 215, are also sung at Compline.

§ 4. OF THEIR PLACE IN THE OFFICE.

If these Hymns are sung in their ancient places in the service, the Mattins Hymn will come between the Venite and the Psalms, and the Lauds Hymn before Benedictus. The Vesper Hymn would be sung at Evensong between the chapter (1st Lesson) and Magnificat; and if the Compline Hymn were added, its place would be between the 2nd Lesson and Nunc dimittis. There seems no valid reason why these positions, for which there is this precedent, should not be adopted, since Hymns are often introduced into our services in positions for which there is no precedent or authority whatsoever; but if this be considered too great an innovation, the Office Hymn must be sung after the 3rd Collect in the place of "the Anthem." This will give a choice of two constantly varying Hymns for our Morning Service (the Lauds Hymn being perhaps preferable), and one for Evensong.

§ 5. OF THEIR OCCASIONAL OMISSION.

The Hymn at Mattins (M. but not L.) is omitted on the Epiphany (January 6th only), no Hymns are sung during the three last days of Holy Week, and there is a special arrangement for an Antiphon or Gradual in place of an Office Hymn during Easter Week. These are the only exceptions to the regular use of the Hymns.

§ 6. OF THE VERSICLES AND RESPONSES.

The Versicles and Responses given, according to ancient use, at the end of the Hymns, can be used or omitted, as may be thought desirable. The Mattins (M.) Hymns have no V. and R. attached to them in the Breviary; but should a Mattins Hymn be used in the place of a Lauds Hymn, it is suggested that the V. and R. from the Lauds Hymn should be taken.

§ 7. OF THE ALLELUIAS.

The Alleluias within brackets (Alleluia) are only to be used during the Paschal Season, which, according to present Western use, extends from Easter Day to Trinity Sunday exclusive.

§ 8. OF FIRST EVENSONG.

The Evening Office immediately preceding a Festival is called its First Evensong; and at it the Evening Hymn for the Festival should be used, unless, as is sometimes the case in the Sarum Breviary, a separate Hymn be appointed for First Evensong. This holds good with regard also to Sundays in the Proper of the Season; e.g., "*Creator alme siderum*" is sung on the Saturday Evening before Advent Sunday.

§ 9. OF SECOND EVENSONG.

The Evening Office of a Feast, on the day itself, is called its Second Evensong. Certain Feasts of the lowest class have a First Evensong, but no Second. The following is a list of these Feasts, according to old English use:—S. Lucian, S. Hilary, S. Prisca, S. Blasius, S. Valentine, S. Perpetua, S. Alphege, Ven. Bede, S. Nicomede, S. Boniface, Translation of S. Edward, Octave Day of S. John Baptist, S. Evertius, S. Lambert, S. Cyprian, S. Faith, S. Britius, Octave Day of S. Martin (Nov. 18). None of these have any Second Evensong. Thus Evensong on Sept. 26 would not be of S. Cyprian, but "*of the feria*," while Evensong on Sept. 25 *would* be "*of S. Cyprian*."

§ 10. OF THE CONCURRENCE OF HOLY DAYS.

Two Feasts are said to concur when they happen on two following days, so that the Second Evensong of the first Feast falls on the same day as the First Evensong of the second.

The First Evensong is of more importance ritually than the Second: so that if two Feasts of equal dignity concur, the former of the two has to resign its Second Evensong.

There is, however, one noteworthy exception to this general rule. The three Festivals of S. Stephen, S. John and the Holy Innocents have no First Evensong, but only a commemoration the night before by the use of their Collect after the Collect for the day. This is because the Second Evensong of Christmas Day is of too great importance to allow of the First Evensong of S. Stephen taking the precedence of it; and so this rule is extended to the two Feasts following.

§ 11. OF THE OCCURRENCE OF HOLY DAYS.

By Occurrence (as opposed to Concurrence) is meant the Offices for two Holy Days falling on the same day. For rules as to whether one of them is to be transferred, commemorated, or omitted altogether, see what is said under § § 12, 13, 14.

§ 12. OF THE TRANSLATION OF FEASTS.

According to English Use, Double Feasts and Simples of the First Class are transferred to the first unoccupied day, when they fall on any Sunday in Advent; the Epiphany; any Sunday from Septuagesima to Easter; Ash Wednesday; between Maundy Thursday and Low Sunday; on Ascension Day; between Whitsun Eve and Trinity Sunday; (and on Corpus Christi). For fuller directions for each year, the Director of the Choir is referred to *NOTES ON CEREMONIAL*, Pickering & Chatto, 66, Haymarket, London. But should his Church follow the present Western Use, he will find all that he requires in the *ORDER OF DIVINE SERVICE*, published by Walker, 28, Paternoster Row, or in the *ORDO RECITANDI OFFICII DIVINI*, published for each year by Burns & Oates, Orchard Street, Portman Square.

§ 13. OF THE RANK OF HOLY DAYS.

According to English Use, Feasts were classified as follows:—Principal Doubles, Greater Doubles, Lesser Doubles, Inferior Doubles, and Simples of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class.

According to modern Western Use, the Office of every day is either Double, Semi-Double, or Simple.

For the respective value of each day, according to either Use, see the Kalendars, etc., referred to under § 12.

§ 14. OF OCTAVES.

The number eight represents perfection; and, as did the ancient Jewish Church, the Christian Church celebrates certain Feasts till the eighth or Octave Day, during which time, if nothing interferes, the Proper Office Hymns of the Feast are repeated daily.

According to English Use, the following Feasts are observed with an Octave:—
 * S. Andrew; Christmas Day; S. Stephen; S. John; Holy Innocents; Epiphany; Easter Day; Ascension Day; Whitsunday; Trinity Sunday; (Corpus Christi); Nativity S. John Baptist; S. Peter (and S. Paul); Visitation B.V.M.; Most Holy Name; Nativity B.V.M.; S. Laurence; S. Martin, Nov. 11; Anniversary of Dedication of a Church; Patronal or Titular Festival. N.B.—Octaves of these two last are not observed in Advent, or between Septuagesima and Passion Sundays; and either of the two is translated if it falls on Advent Sunday, Christmas Eve, Between the Fifth Sunday in Lent and Low Sunday inclusive, or Between Whitsun Eve and Trinity Sunday inclusive, or on another Principal Double. Within the Octaves of (Corpus Christi), Visitation B.V.M., Most Holy Name, Nativity B.V.M., Dedication Festival, and Patronal Festival, the Office Hymn for the Sunday is of the Octave.

* Only so much of the Octave of S. Andrew can be kept, as may come before Advent Sunday, except the Octave Day itself, which is always observed. If, however, Advent Sunday and S. Andrew's Day occur, S. Andrew's Day is kept on the Monday, and the Octave Day in that case is only commemorated.

According to the present Western Use for England, the following Feasts are observed with an Octave:—Christmas Day; S. Stephen; S. John; Holy Innocents; Epiphany; Easter; Ascension Day; Whitsunday; (Corpus Christi); S. George; S. Augustine, Archbp.; Nativity S. John Baptist; S. Peter (and S. Paul); Nativity B.V.M.; S. Laurence; All Saints; Conception B.V.M.; Dedication Festival; Patronal Festival. Within the Octaves of Christmas, Epiphany, Ascension (and Corpus Christi) the Office Hymn for the Sunday is of the Octave; but on Sundays within other Octaves the Office Hymn is of the Sunday. N.B.—No Octave is kept between Ash Wednesday and Easter; nor during the Octave of Whitsunday; nor between December 17th and Christmas; and if one of these days should occur after an Octave has commenced, the Octave is at once broken off.

§ 15. OF THE PLAINSONG MELODIES.

The Hymns at Mattins, Lauds and Vespers are always sung to their own proper tunes, except in Eastertide or during an Octave; for then the Easter Melody, or that of the Festival having an Octave, is used.

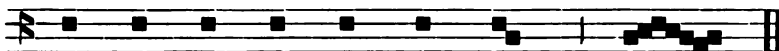
§ 16. OF THE MELODIES FOR THE LESSER HOURS.

The Hymns for the Lesser Hours, viz.: Prime, Terce, Sext, None and Compline are sung to their prescribed Tunes on all Sundays and Ferias with the following exceptions:—

- (1) Throughout Advent, the Tune of "*Verbum supernum*" is used, when the Service is of the Season.
- (2) On Christmas Day and daily till the Epiphany, and on the Feasts of the Holy Name and of All Saints', and during their Octaves, the Tune of "*Jesu Redemptor*" is used.
- (3) On the Epiphany, and during the Octave, that of "*Crudelis Herodes*."
- (4) During the first four weeks of Lent, that of "*O Sol salutis*."
- (5) During Passiontide, that of "*Vexilla Regis*."
- (6) Throughout Eastertide that of "*Ad regias Agni*" is used, whatever be the Service.
- (7) On Ascension Day and daily until Whitsunday, and on the Feast of the Transfiguration, that of "*Salutis humanæ*."
- (8) On Whitsunday and during the Octave, that of "*Jam Christus*," except when, at Terce, instead of the usual Hymn, "*Veni Creator*" is sung.
- (9) On Trinity Sunday, that of "*Jam sol recedit*."
- (10) On Corpus Christi and during the Octave, and on all Feasts of the B. V. Mary and during their Octaves, that of "*Quem terra, pontus*."
- (11) On Feasts of Apostles and Evangelists, and on all Double Feasts which have no Hymns of the same Metre, e.g., the Nativity of S. John Baptist and the Dedication of a Church, and during their Octaves, and on Feasts of Martyrs which are observed as Doubles, the Tune of "*Æterna Christi*" is used.
- (12) On Feasts of Martyrs which are Semi-doubles or Simples, and on all Feasts of Confessors and Virgins, the Tune of "*Pater superni*" is used.

§ 17. OF SINGING THE VERSICLES AND RESPONSES.

The *V. V.* and *R. R.* are sung as follows, the inflection always occurring on the last syllable:—



V. Lord, Thou hast been our re - fuge ..
R. From one gener - ation to ano - ther ..
V. The Lord hath de - clared. Allelu - ia ..
R. His salva - tion. Allelu - ia ..

According to English Use, the *V.* was sung by a single boy. Following Western Use, it is sung by one, two, or more Cantors, according to the dignity of the day.

The *R.* is made by the whole Choir.

§ 18. OF RECITING THE HYMNS.

If no Choir be present, and the whole Office is said without note, the Proper Hymn should not be omitted, but should be recited like the Psalms and Canticles.

GENERAL NOTE.—The Hymns at Mattins and Evensong always follow the colour of the day, with the exception only of Sundays within certain Octaves (see § 14) and the first four days of Lent. Thus, when two Feasts occur on one day, or the 1st Evensong of one Feast concurs with the 2nd Evensong of another, the Hymn will be that of the Feast whose colour is used at the Office.

N.B.—On S. John before the Latin Gate (May 6) the Hymns for the Common of Apostles and Evangelists in Eastertide are used; On the Beheading of S. John Baptist (August 29) the Hymns for the Common of One Martyr. For all other days, the headings to the Hymns themselves will be found sufficiently explicit.

In the Kalendar of the Book of Common Prayer, S. Etheldreda (October 17) is the only Virgin not Martyr, and S. Perpetua (March 7) and S. Anna (July 26) are the only Holy Matrons.

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Office Hymn Melodies.

No. 1. PRIMO DIE (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.



No. 2. An older form of the above (Sarum).

Mode IV.



No. 3. ÆTERNE RERUM (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.



No. 4. Another form of the above (Sarum).

Mode I.



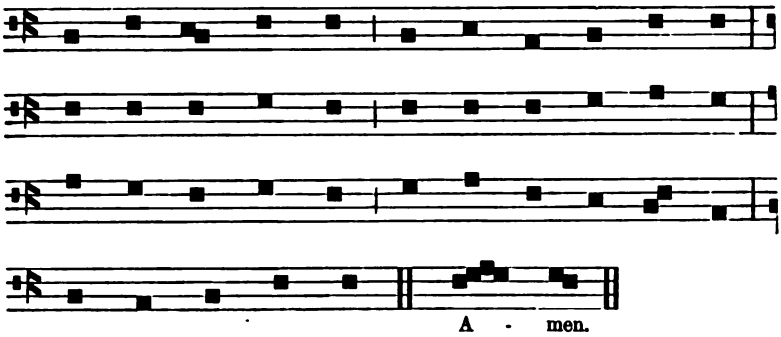
No. 5. NOCTE SURGENTES (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.



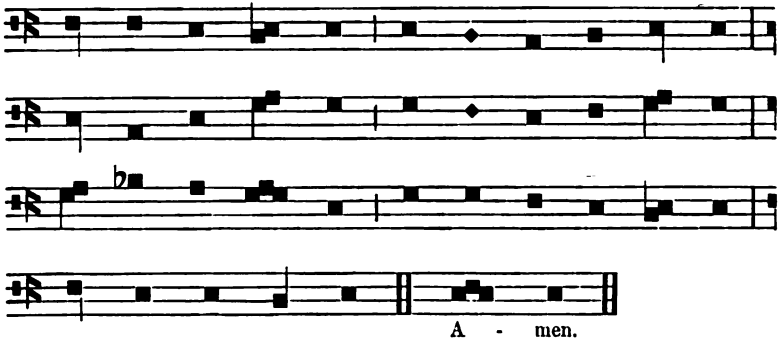
No. 6. Another melody (Sarum).

Mode VI.



No. 7. ECCE JAM NOCTIS (Ratisbon).

Mode VI.



No. 8. JAM LUCIS (Ratisbon).

Mode II.



No. 9. NUNG SANCTE, &c. (Ratisbon).

Mode II.



No. 10. Another melody (Solesmes).

Mode VIII.



No. 11. Another melody (Reims and Cambrai).

Mode VI.



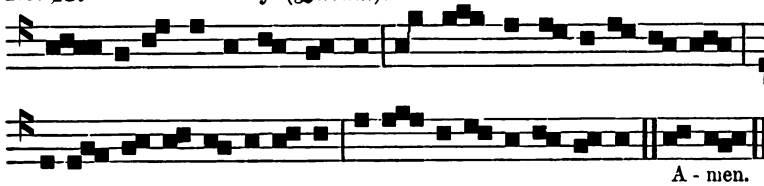
No. 12. LUCIS CREATOR (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.



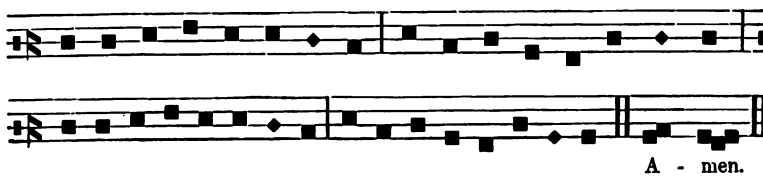
No. 13. Another melody (Sarum).

Mode VIII.



No. 14. IMMENSE CÆLI (Sarum).

Mode I.



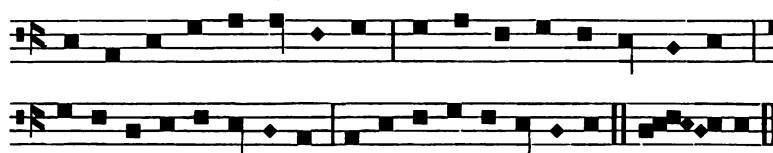
No. 15. Another form of No. 12 (*Mechlin*).*Mode VIII*No. 16. Another form of No. 14 (*Ratisbon*).*Mode I.*No. 17. Another form of the above (*Mechlin*).*Mode I.*No. 18. TE LUCIS (*Ratisbon*).*Mode VIII.*No. 19. Another form of the above (*Mechlin*).*Mode II.*

No. 20. JAM SOL RECEDIT (*Ratisbon*).*Mode VIII.*

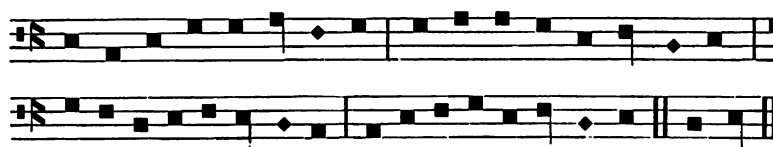
A - men.

No. 21. Another form of the above (*Sarum*).*Mode VIII.*

A - men.

No. 22. CREATOR ALME (*Ratisbon*).*Mode IV.*

A - men.

No. 23. Another form of the above (*Mechlin*).*Mode IV.*

A - men.

No. 24. VERBUM SUPERNUM (*Ratisbon*).*Mode VII.*

A - men.

No. 25. JESU, REDEMTOR (Ratisbon).

Mode I.



No. 26. A SOLIS ORTUS (Ratisbon).

Mode III.



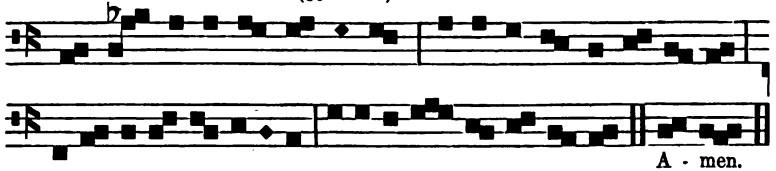
No. 27. Another form of No. 25 (Sarum).

Mode I.



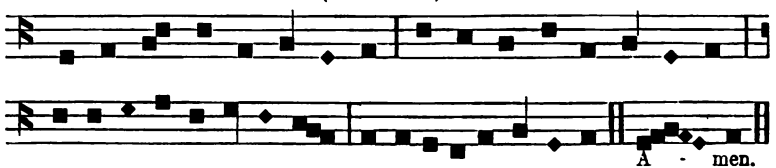
No. 28. VENI REDEMTOR (Sarum).

Mode I.



No. 29. CRUDELIS HERODES (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.



No. 30. Another form of the above (~~Ratisbon~~ *Mechlin*).

Mode VIII.



No. 31. AUDI BENIGNE (*Ratisbon*).

Mode II.



No. 32. EX MORE DOCTI (*Ratisbon*).

Mode I.



No. 33. O SOL SALUTIS (*Ratisbon*).

Mode VIII.



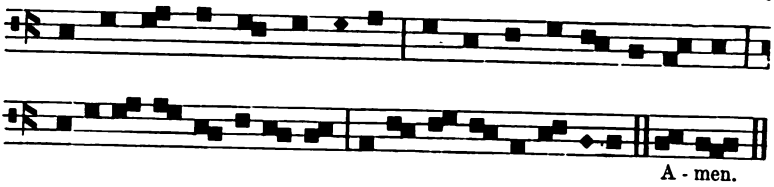
No. 34. Another form of No. 31 (~~Ratisbon~~ *Mechlin*).

Mode II.



No. 35. Another form of No. 82 (Sarum).

Mode II.



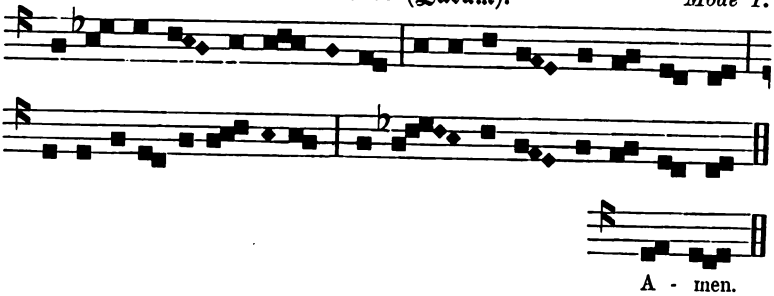
No. 36. VEXILLA REGIS (Ratisbon).

Mode I.



No. 37. An older form of the above (Sarum).

Mode I.



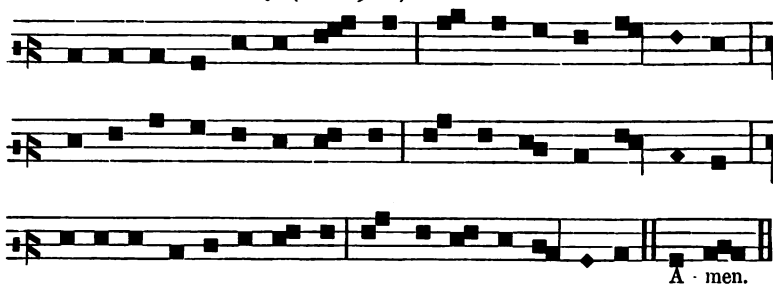
No. 38. PANGE LINGUA (Ratisbon).

Mode I.

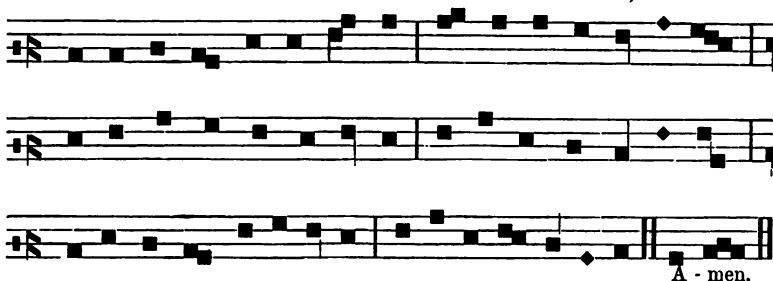


No. 39. Another melody (*Hechlin*).

Mode III.



No. 40. Another form of the above (*A cento arrangement by*
Rev. J. W. DORAN). Mode III.



No. 41. HÆC DIES (*Ratisbon*).

Arranged by Rev. G. H. PALMER.
Mode II. transposed.



No. 42. HÆC DIES (*Simplified setting of the above, arranged by*
Rev. J. W. DORAN.)

This . . is the day which the Lord hath made:
we will re - joice, and be glad in it.
or—
we will be joy - ful, and glad in it.

No. 43. HÆC DIES (*Alternative setting, arranged by A. H. BROWN.*
Mode VIII.)

This is the day which the Lord hath made:
we will be joy - ful and glad in it.

No. 44. HÆC DIES (*Alternative setting by A. H. BROWN.*
Mode VI. (XIV), Irregular.)

This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will be joy-ful and glad in it.

No. 45. VICTIMÆ PASCHALI (*Ratisthon*). *Modes I. and II.*

Chris-tians! to the Pas-chal Vic-tim Of-fer your thank-ful prais-es.
The Lamb the sheep hath ran-som'd; Christ, by sin un-de-fil-ed,
Sin-ners to His Fa-ther re-con-cil-ed. Death and life were con-tend-ing
In a fray sore and wondrous: the King of life Who died now deathless reigneth.



What saw-est thou, Ma - ry, On the way as thou cam-est?

I saw the grave's o - pen por - tal; His glo - ry, Who rose from death,

im-mor - tal; Bright An-gels at - test - ing, And shroud and napkin rest - ing :

The Lord, my Hope, hath a - ris - en : For Ga - li - lee, He leaves death's pri - son.

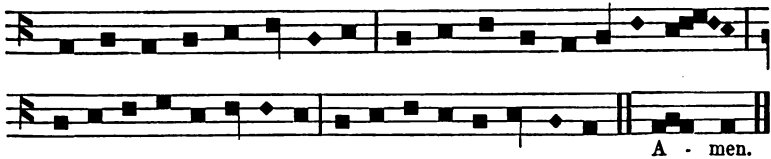
Christ, we know, is tru - ly ris - en, Hence - forth ev - er liv - ing :

Have mer - cy, Vic - tor King, par - don giv - ing. A - - men.

Al - le - lu - ia.

No. 46. AD REGIAS AGNI (*Ratisbon*).

Mode VIII.



A - men.

No. 47. Another melody (*Sarum*).

Mode IV.



A - men

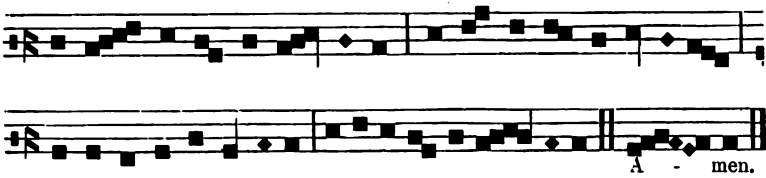
No. 48. Another form of No. 46 (~~Stechlin~~).

Mode VIII.



No. 49. SALUTIS HUMANE (~~Ratisbon~~).

Mode IV.



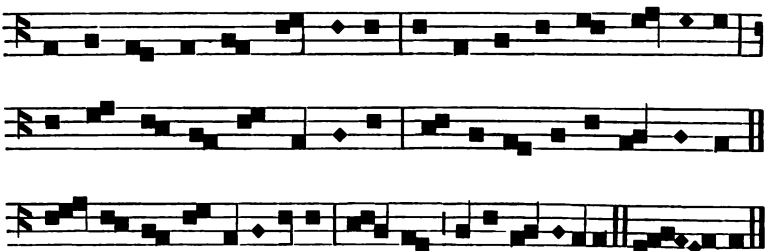
No. 50. Another form of the above (~~Stechlin~~).

Mode IV.



No. 51. VENI CREATOR (~~Ratisbon~~).

Mode VIII.



Praise to Thy e - ternal me-rit, Fa - ther, Son and Holy Spirit. A - men.

No. 52. An older form of the above (*Sarum*). *Mode VIII.*



Praise to Thy e - ternal me-rit, Fa - ther, Son and Holy Spirit. A - men.

No. 53. Another form of the above (*Merchlin*). *Mode VIII.*



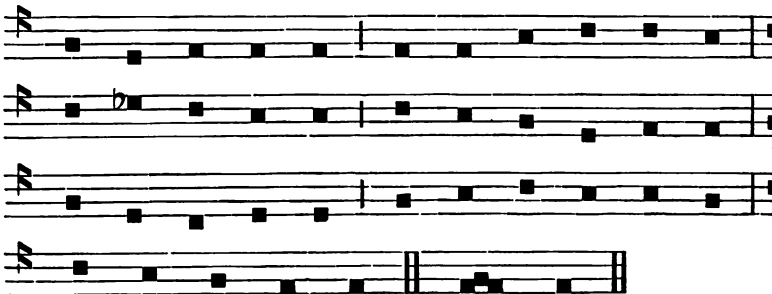
Praise to Thy e - ter-nal me rit, Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Spirit. A-men.

No. 54. JAM CHRISTUS (*Ratisbon*). *Mode I.*



A - men.

No. 55. O PATER SANCTE (*Sarum*). *Mode IV.*



A - men.

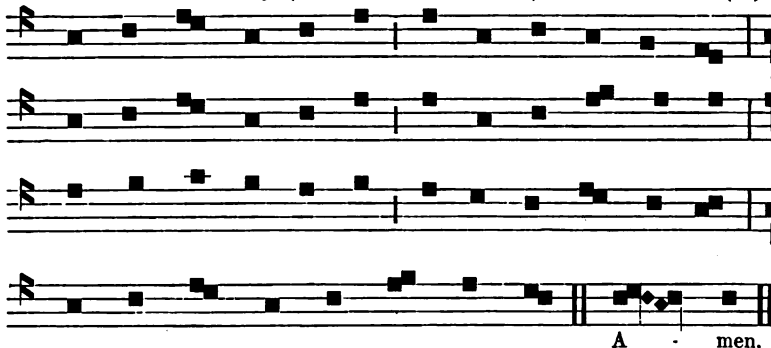
No. 56. SACRIS SOLEMNIIS (Ratisbon).

Mode I.



No. 57. Another melody (Reims and Cambrai).

Mode II. (X).



No. 58. VERBUM SUPERNUM (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.



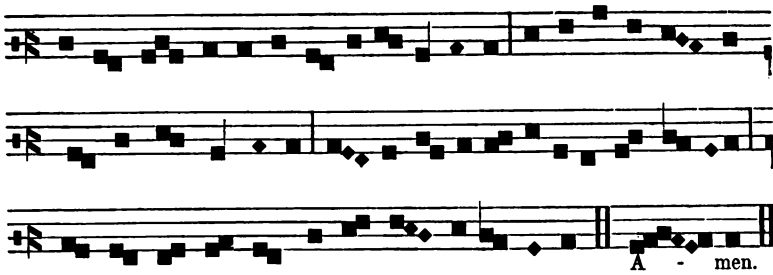
No. 59. Another melody (Mechlin).

Mode VIII.



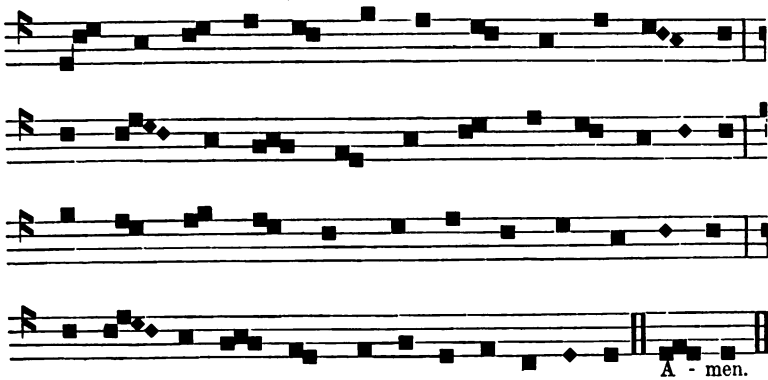
No. 60. DECORA LUX (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.



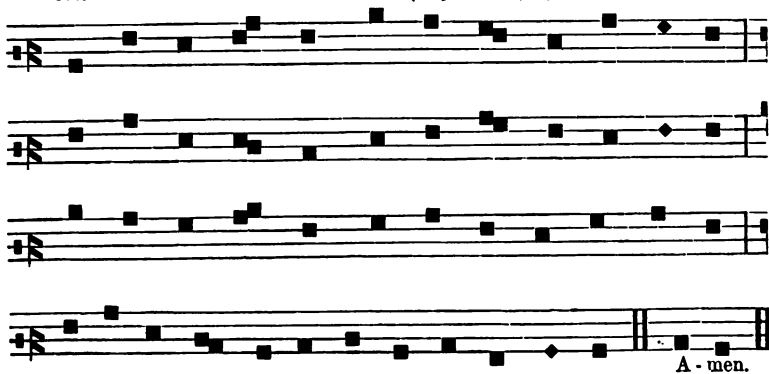
No. 61. Another melody (Sarum).

Mode I.



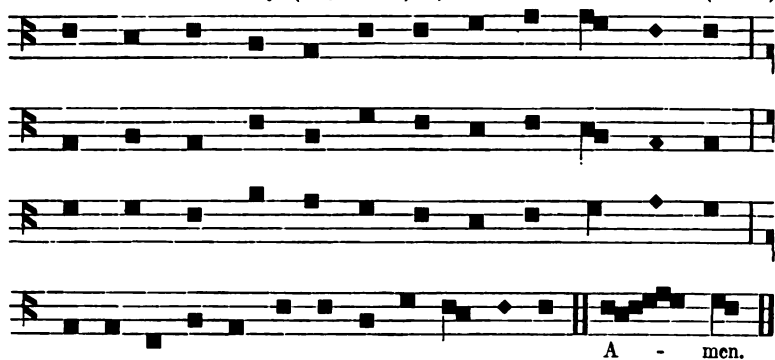
No. 62. Another form of the above (Chartres, 1).

Mode 1.



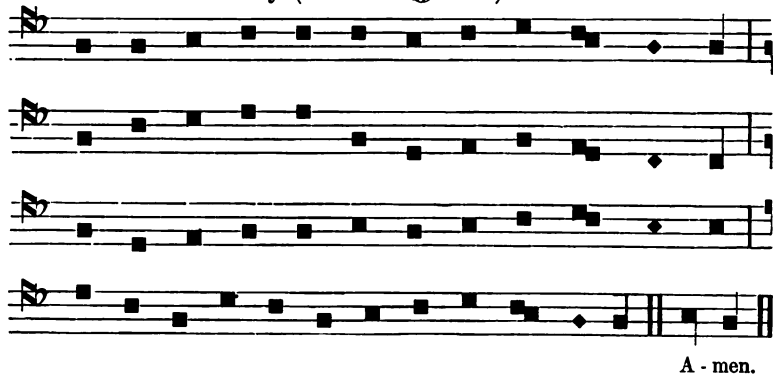
No. 63. Another melody (*Chartres, 2*).

Mode VI. (XIV.)



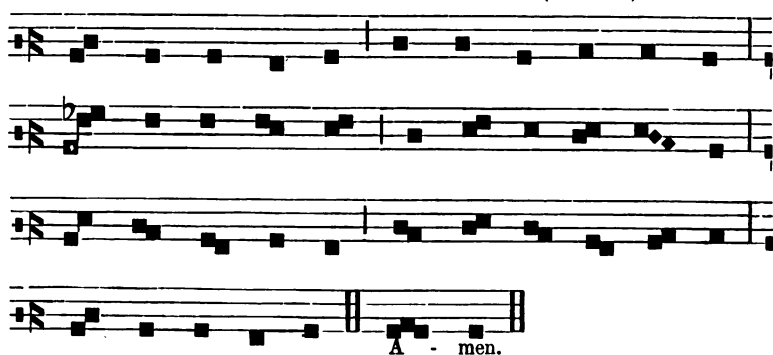
No. 64. Another melody (*From La Feillie*).

Mode VI.



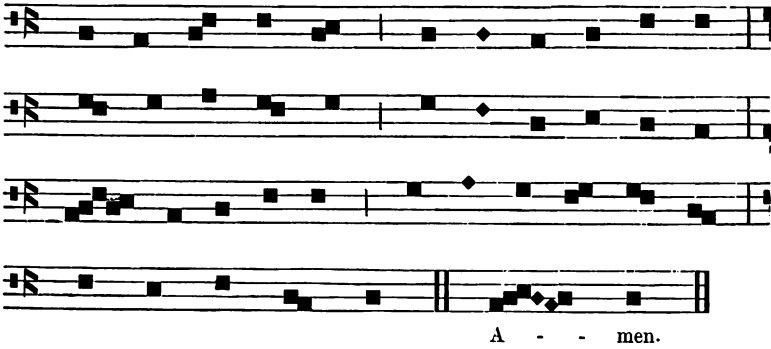
No. 65. QUOD CHORUS VATUM and ISTE CONFESSOR (*Sarum*).

Mode II.



No. 66. UT QUEANT LAXIS (Ratisbon).

Mode II.



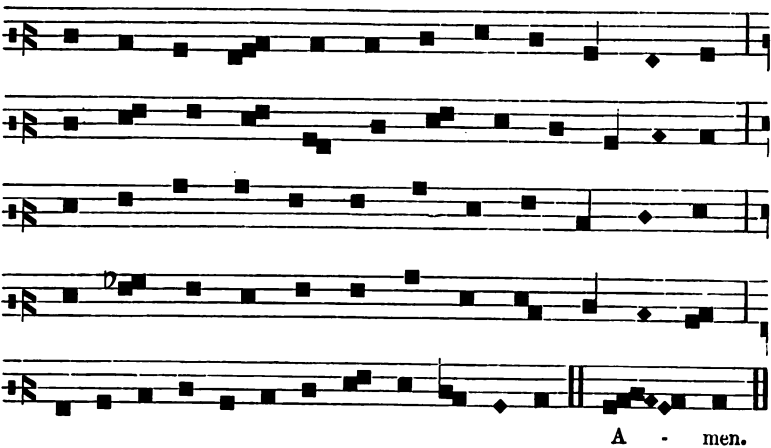
No. 67. TIBI CHRISTE SPLENDOR PATRIS (Ratisbon).

Mode II.



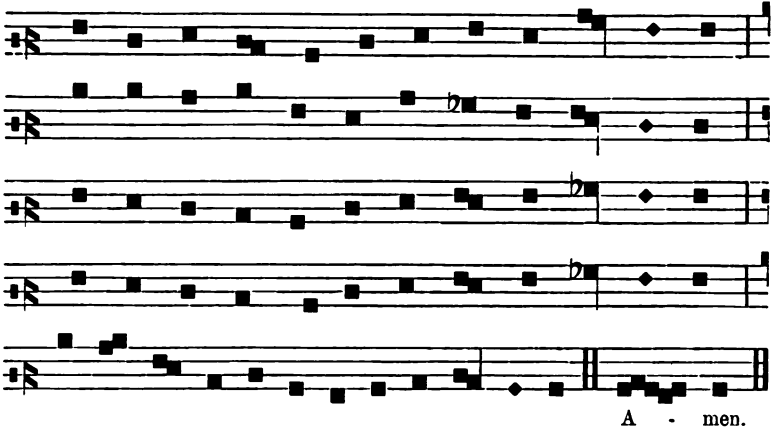
No. 68. MIRIS MODIS (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.



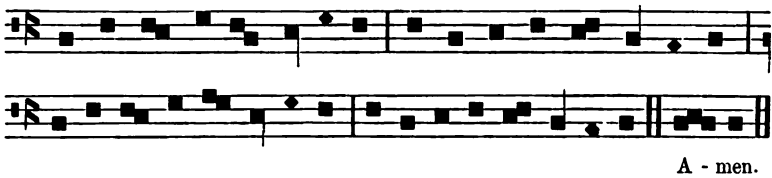
No. 69. Another melody (**Rouen**).

Mode I.



No. 70. PATER SUPERNI (**Ratisbon**).

Mode II.



No. 71. Another melody (**Merlin**).

Mode VIII.



No. 72. TE SPLENDOR ET VIRTUS PATRIS (**Ratisbon**).

Mode II.



No. 73. EXSULTET ORBIS (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.



No. 74. ÆTERNA CHRISTI (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.



No. 75. DEUS TUORUM (Ratisbon).

Mode III.



No. 76. Another form of the above (Meclyn).

Mode III.



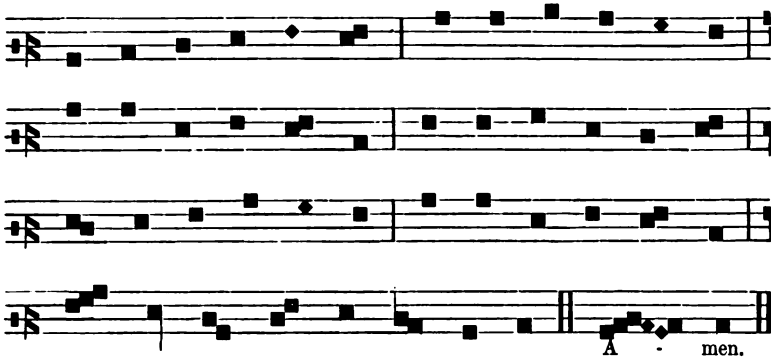
No. 77. INVICTE MARTYR (Ratisbon).

Mode VI.



No. 78. SANCTORUM MERITIS (Ratisbon).

Mode III.



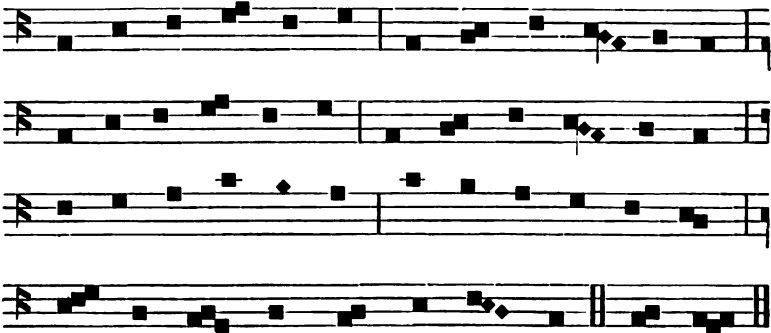
No. 79. Another melody (Solesmes).

Mode II. (X).



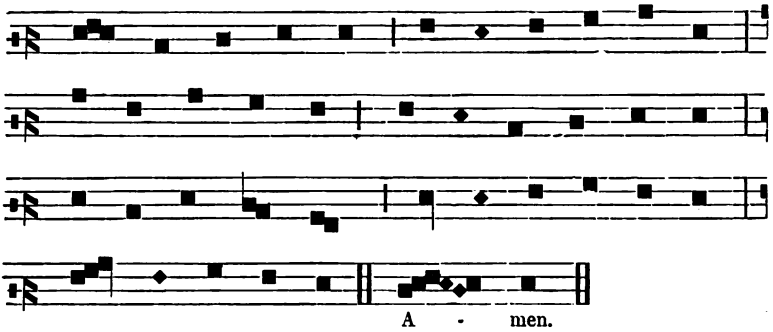
No. 80. Another melody (Sarum).

Mode VII.



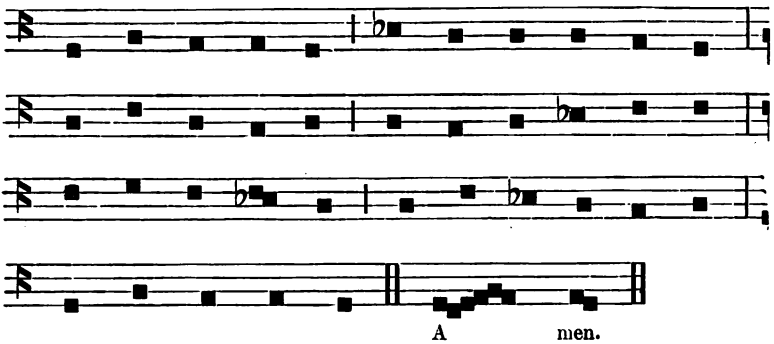
No. 81. ISTE CONFESSOR (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.



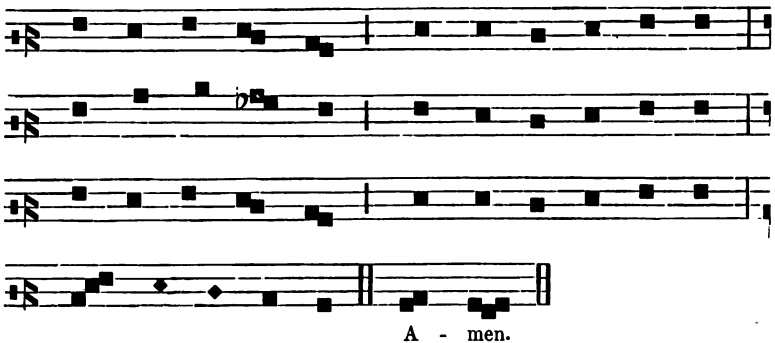
No. 82. Another melody (Chartres, 1).

Mode V.



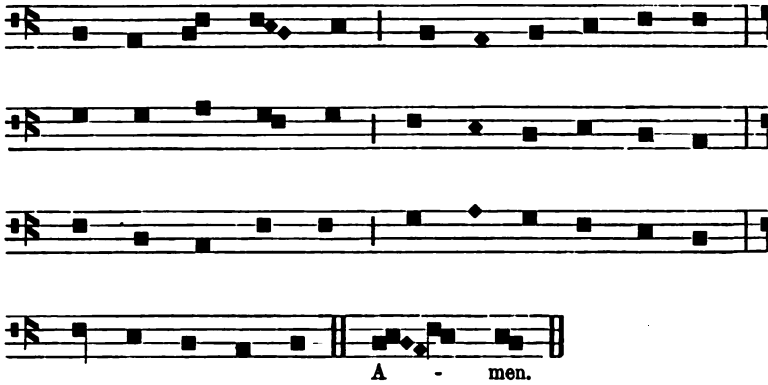
No. 83. Another melody (Chartres, 2).

Mode I.



No. 84. Another melody (Chartres, 3).

Mode II.



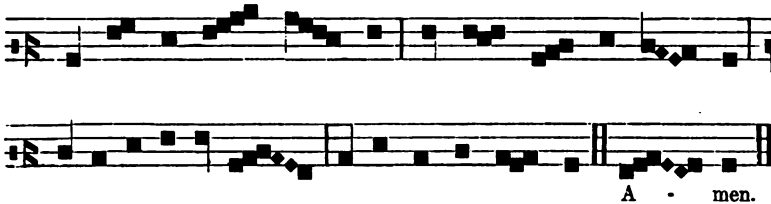
No. 85. VIRGINIS PROLES (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.



No. 86. AVE MARIS STELLA (Ratisbon).

Mode I.



No. 87. Another melody (*Chartres*).

Mode II



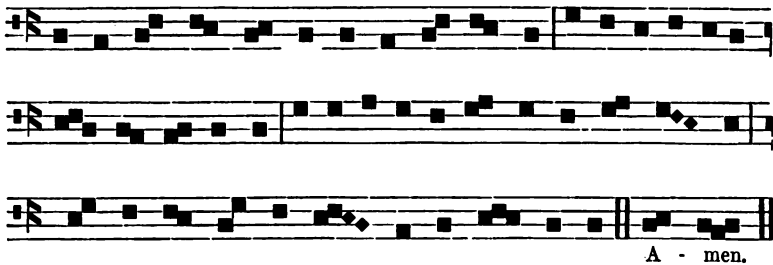
No. 88. Another melody (*Sarum*).

Mode IV.



No. 89. O QUAM GLORIFICA (*Sarum*).

Mode II.



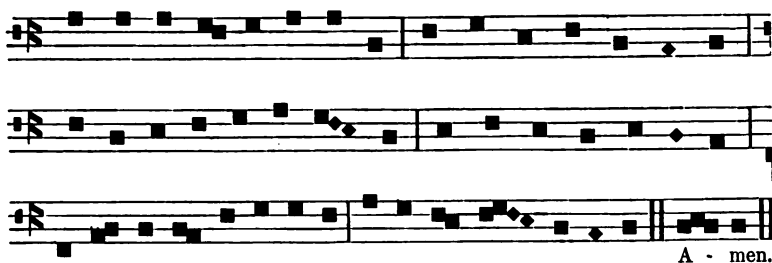
No. 90. QUEM TERRA, PONTUS (*Watisbon*).

Mode II. transposed.



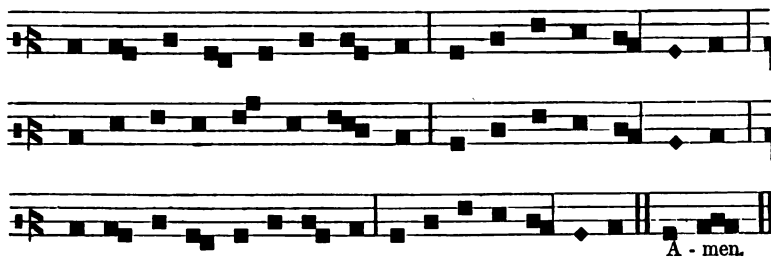
No. 91. URBS LEATA (Sarum).

Mode II.



No. 92. Another melody (Paris).

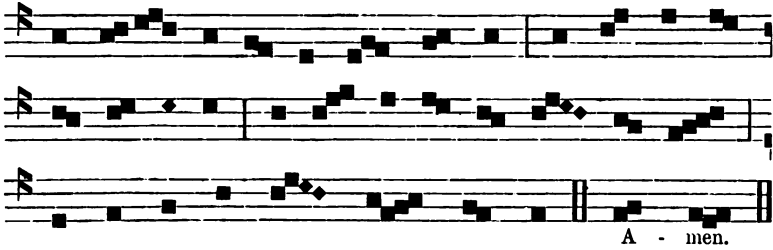
Mode IV.



Addenda

No. 93. A PATRE UNIGENITUS (Sarum).

Mode III.



No. 94. DEUS CREATOR OMNIUM (Sarum).

Mode IV.



No. 95. SUMMI LARGITOR & CLARUM DEUS (Sarum).

Mode II.



No. 96. ECCE TEMPUS IDONEUM (Sarum).

Mode III.



No. 97. JESU QUADRAGENARIE (Sarum).

Mode IV.



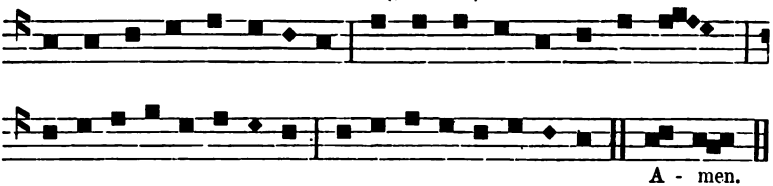
No. 98. CHORUS NOVÆ HIERUSALEM (Sarum).

Mode III.



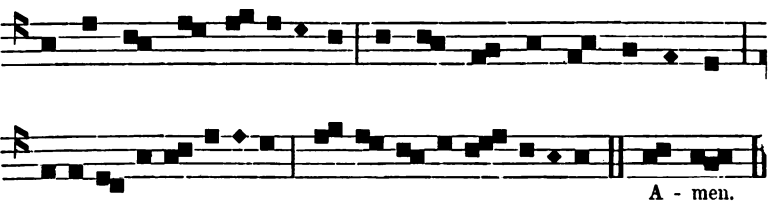
No. 99. SERMONE BLANDO ANGELUS (Sarum).

Mode VIII.



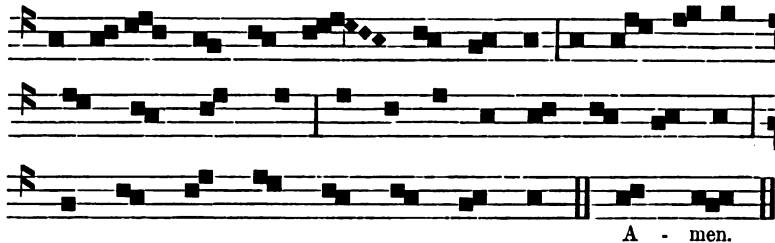
No. 100. AD CENAM AGNI PROVIDI (AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES) (Sarum).

Mode VIII.



No. 101. TU CHRISTE NOSTRUM GAUDIUM (Sarum).

Mode VIII.



No. 102. ADESTO SANCTA TRINITAS (Sarum).

Mode III.



No. 103. TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM (Sarum).

Mode VIII.



No. 104. CHRISTE QUI LUX ES ET DIES (Sarum).

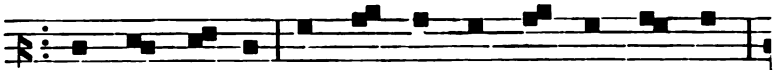
Mode II.



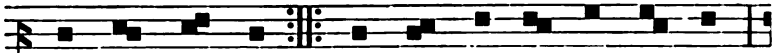
No. 105. CULTOR DEI MEMENTO (Sarum).

Mode VIII.

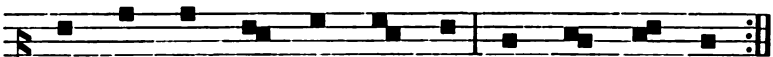


No. 106. LETABUNDUS (*Sarum*).*Modes V. and VI. transposed.*

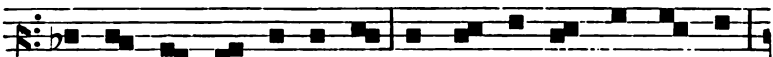
1. Raise your voi - ces, Faith - ful choirs, with rap - ture sing - ing,
 Mon - archs' Mon - arch, From a stain - less Maid - en spring - ing,



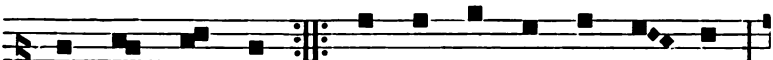
Al - le - lu - ia! 2. An - gel of great coun - sel, here
 Match - less won - der! He a Sun Who knows no night,



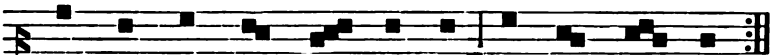
Sun from star He doth ap - pear, Born of Maid - en :
 She, a star whose pa - ler light Shin - eth ev - er.



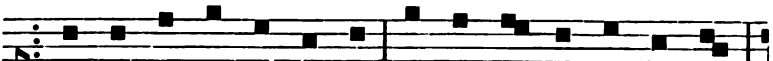
3. As a star its kin - dred ray, Ma - ry doth her Child dis - play,
 Still un - dimm'd the star shines on, And the Vir - gin bears a Son,



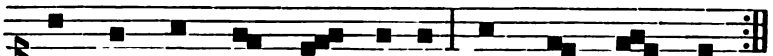
Like in na - ture ; 4. Le - ba - non's tall Ce - dar now
 Pure as ev - er. To our vale of sor - row came



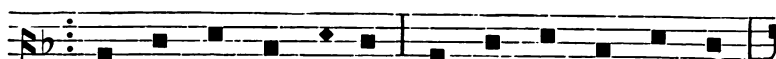
Hys - sop - like in vale to bow Con - des - cend - eth :
 Word of God in mor - tal frame, Born In - car - nate.



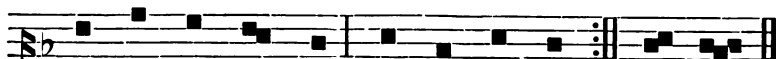
5. Though E - sai - as had foreshown, Tho' the sy - na - gogue had known,
 If her Pro - phets speak in vain, Let her heed a Gen - tile strain,



Yet the truth she will not own, Blind re - main - ing ;
 And from mys - tic Si - byl gain Light in dark - ness



6. No long - er then de - lay, Doubt not what le - gends say;
Turn and this Child be - hold, That ve - ry Son, of old



Why be cast a - way, A race for - lorn?
In God's Writ fore - told, A Maid hath borne. [A - men.]

THE PURIFICATION B.V.M.

V. We wait, O God, for Thy loving-kindness.

R. In the midst of Thy Temple.

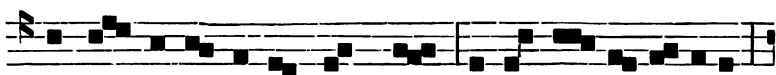
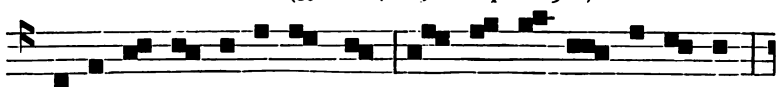
THE NATIVITY B.V.M.

V. God had chosen her and predestined her.

R. He hath made her to dwell in His Tabernacle.

No. 107. PANGE LINGUA (*Sarum, The Reproaches*).

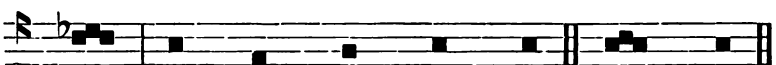
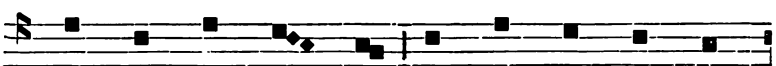
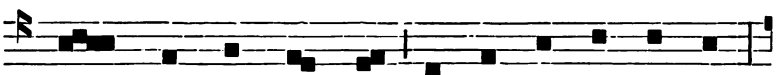
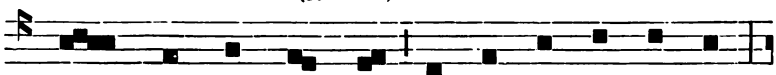
Mode I.



A - men.

No. 108. ISTE CONFESSOR (*Sarum*).

Mode VIII.



A - men.

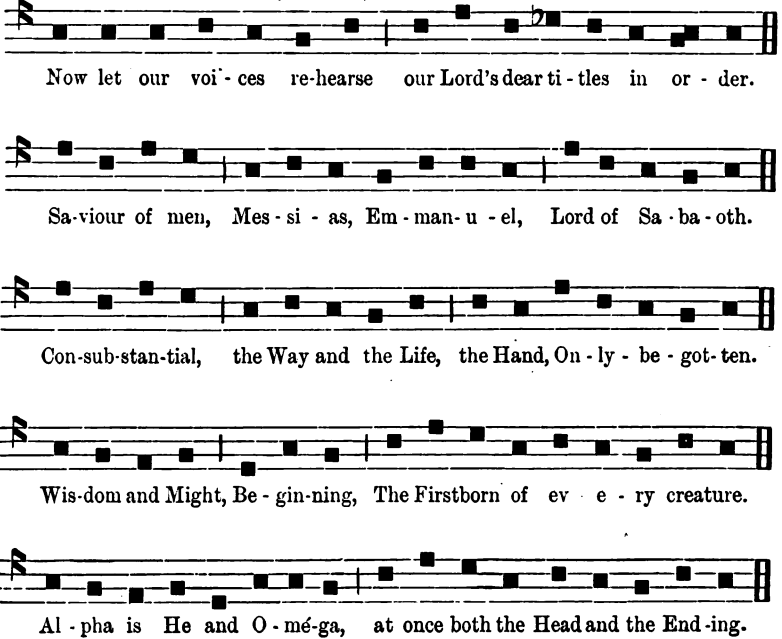
No. 109. ADORO TE, SUPPLEX (*French*).

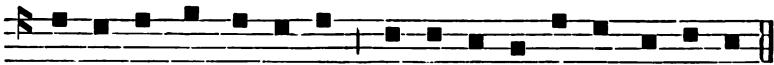
Mode V.



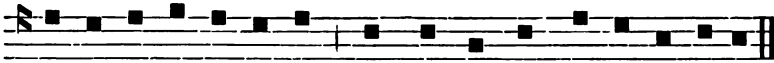
No. 110. ALMA CHORUS (*Sarum*).

Mode VIII.

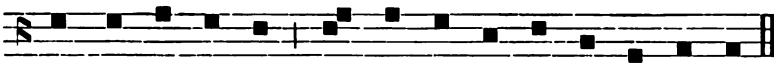




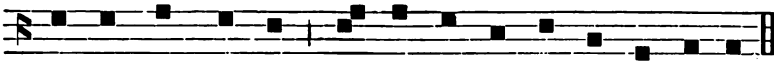
Fountain and Source of all good, our Ad - vo - cate and Me - di - a - tor:



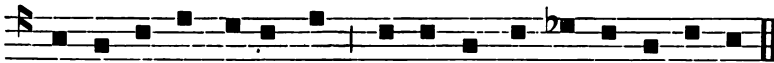
He is the Hei - fer, the Lamb, Sheep, Ram, the Worm, Serpent and Li - on :



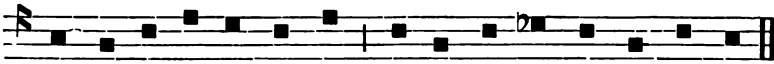
Mouth and Word of God, Light, Sun, Glo - ry, Splen - dour and Im - age:



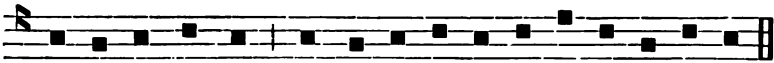
Blos - som, Bread, Vine, Door, Rock, Mountain, and Stone of the Cor - ner :



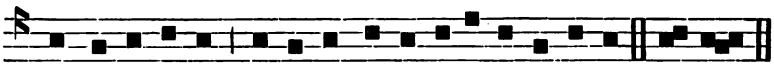
An - gel and Spouse of the Church, The Shepherd, the Priest and the Pro - phet :



Migh - ty, Im - mor - tal, Su - preme, Lord God Om - ni - po - tent, Je - sus.



O may He save us, Whose be the glo - ry for a - ges of a - ges.



* These be Thy ti - tles, Je - su, to Thee be all honour and glo - ry. A - men.

* This verse is substituted for the preceding one on the Festival of The Holy Name.

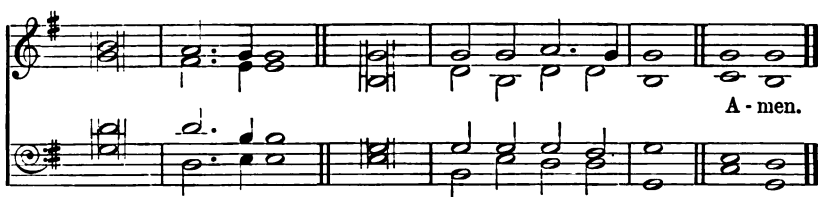
A FEW ALTERNATIVE BARRED TUNES
FOR THE OFFICE HYMNS.

1

JAM LUCIS.

L.M.

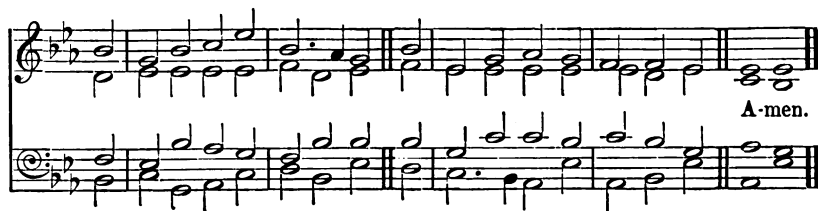
GUIDETTI.

To be sung in Unison.

2

S. GREGORY.

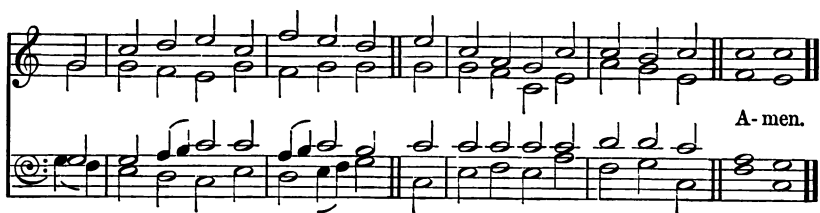
L.M.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.

3

WINCHESTER NEW.

L.M.

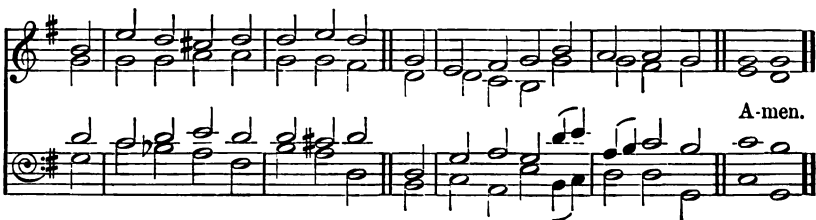
*Musikalisch Handbuch
Hamburg, 1690.*

4

S. BLASIUS.

L.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



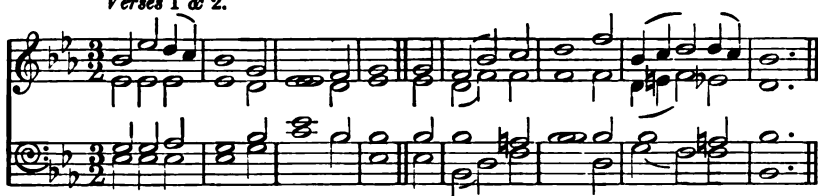
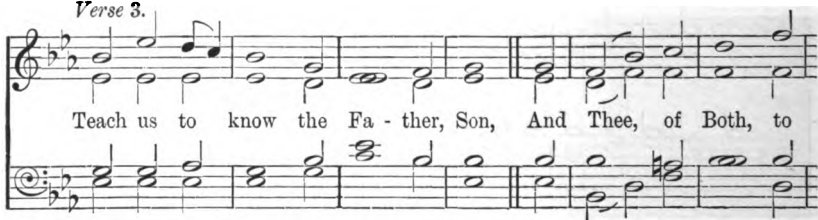
5

COME, HOLY GHOST.

Verses 1 & 2.

88.88.88.

T. ATTWOOD.

*Verse 3.*

be . . but One ; That, through the a - ges all . . a - long,

This . . may be . . our end - less song ; . . .

Praise to Thy E - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and

Ho - ly Spi - rit, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

When Hymn 219 is sung to this Tune, it must be divided into 3 verses of 6 lines each, and the last line of each verse must be repeated.

6

EVREUX.

11.11.11.5.

French Church Melody.

To be sung in Unison.

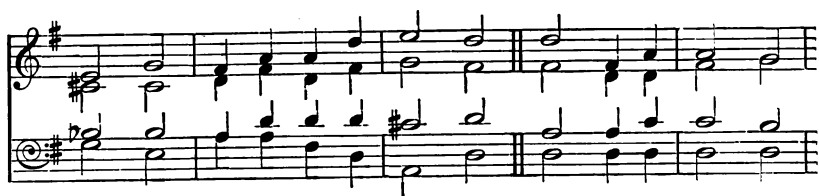
7

LORD OF OUR LIFE.

11.11.11.5.

G. M. GARRETT, Mus. D.





By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

8

ROUEN.

11.11.11.5.

French Church Melody.

To be sung in Unison.



The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

9

ANGERS.

11.11.11.5.

French Church Melody.

To be sung in Unison.



The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

10

SAPPHICA.

11.11.11.5.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



(40)



By permission of Arthur H. Brown.

11

LEITH.

66.66.663.

Anon.



12

PANIS ANGELICUS (PARIS FORM).

To be sung in Unison.

66.66.668.

French Church Melody.

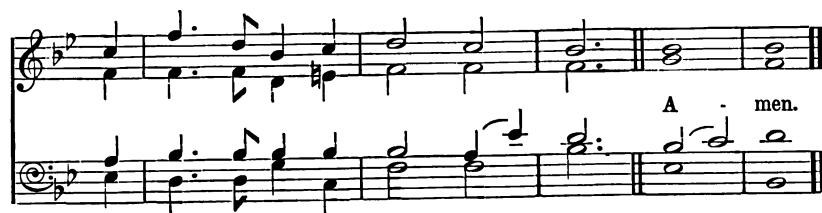


13

SANCTORUM MERITIS.

66.66.668.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

14

DUNEDIN.

66.66.668.

Anon.



A - men.

15

S. MARYCHURCH.

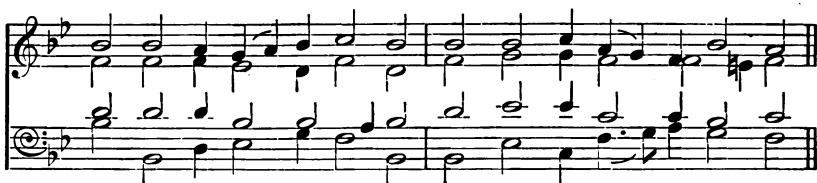
11.11.11.11.

From *S. Alban's Tune Book*.

16

77.77.

NUN LASST UNS GOTT DEM HERREN.

Praxis Pietatis, 1676.

By permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

(45)

ALMA CHORUS.

Hexameters.

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

VOICES IN UNISON.



1. Now let our voi - ces re - hearse our Lord's dear ti - tles in or - der:

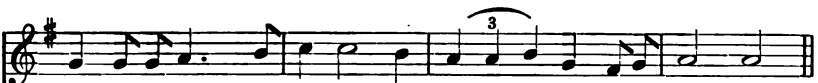


5. Al - pha is He and O - me - ga, at once both the Head and the End - ing,



9. Bos - som, Bread, Vine, Door, Rock, Mountain, and Stone of the Cor - ner,

ORGAN.



2. Sa - viour of men, Mes - si - as, Em - man - u - el, Lord of Sa - ba - oth,



6. Fountain and Source of all good, our Advocate and Me - di - a - tor;



10. An - gel and Spouse of the Church, the Shepherd, the Priest, and the Pro - phet,



3. Con - sub - stantial, the Way and the Life, the Hand, . . . On - ly - be - got - ten,

7. He is the Heif - er, the Lamb, Sheep, Ram, the Worm, Serpent and Li - on,

11. Migut - y, Im - mor - tal, Su - preme, Lord God Om - ni - po - tent, Je - sus :

4. Wis - dom and Might, Beginning, The First-born of ev - er - y crea - ture ;

8. Mouth and Word of God, Light, Sun, Glory, Splendour, and Im - age,

12 O may He save us, Whose be the glory for A - ges of A - ges.

HARMONY.
Amen.

Alternative Version of verse 12.

12. These be Thy ti - tles, Je - su, to Thee be all honour and glo - ry.

THE NEW OFFICE HYMN BOOK

PARTS III. AND IV.

CONSISTING OF

HYMNS NEW AND OLD, SACRED SONGS,
CAROLS AND LITANIES

THE WORDS SELECTED AND EDITED BY

REV. J. F. W. BULLOCK, M.A.

Rector of Radwinter ; Editor of " Daily Lessons."

THE MUSIC SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

REV. C. J. RIDSDALE, B.A.

Vicar of S. Peter's, Folkestone ;

Editor of the Music of " The Children's Service Book."

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present Union show ;
Their Joys are full ; our Expectation long ;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.

WALLER.

LONDON : NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

AND

W. KNOTT, 26, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN.

EDITION K.

1907.

PREFACE TO THE MUSIC OF PARTS III. AND IV.

THE music for so large and varied a collection as the New Office Hymn Book must needs be itself very varied. The view of its Musical Editor has been to put solid music to solid words, and lighter music to lighter words, so that as the collection of hymns itself will not entirely appeal to any one class of persons, so neither will the music. The great aim of this collection of tunes has been to provide something worthy of the sublime occasion of public worship.

As far as possible hints have been given for the true rendering of the music. The finest tunes are the most easily ruined through false interpretation by the leaders of the singing. Against many errors in rendering even so simple a thing as a hymn tune it is impossible to provide in a book. But to secure at least a reasonable *tempo* against the terrible quick-march style so much in vogue of late, metronome marks and pauses have been employed. Bach's chorales might give some notion of the grave pace suitable for hymn-singing; for the harmonies that he employs would be impossible at the modern English pace. Mendelssohn, again, metronomes his chorales at about fifty for the minim. The pace generally adopted in England (for grave tunes like "S. Ann") is nearer ninety! It is the bewilderment of foreigners coming to our churches, and speaks badly for the seriousness of our devotion. Another reason for the use of metronome marks is that, being asked to use mostly minims and semibreves, the Musical Editor has been prevented from indicating various *tempi* by the usual methods of notation. The simple tape metronome is recommended,* as it registers all numbers from 60 to 800.

The pause at the end of most lines will remind organists, who are not themselves singing, that humanity requires time to take breath between lines and, still more so, between verses; also, that to cut short a final note of a line with a catch of the breath is, on the part of the singers, an ugly fault. The "swing" of exact time-keeping is not to be compared in importance with the comfort of the singers and the general sense of peace. There are, of course, exceptions, where strict time without pauses is required. But it is the aiming at a cut and dried march effect, and the consequent breathlessness of choirs and people, that has brought in the necessity for rapid and, consequently, unthinking and unfeeling singing.

Were it not better to sing two hymns with the heart and understanding than four rendered as if people were singing against time? The old-fashioned interlude between verses would give a sense of repose and a pause or meditation. Moreover, from a musical point of view, the character of most tunes demands, *per se*, a most carefully considered *tempo*. It is as bad therefore to "play over" a tune at a wrong pace as to sing it at a wrong pace. It gives a false impression of the tune.

In this collection some of the tunes will perhaps be pronounced uncongregational. But on closer inspection even the magnificent Chorale of Bach, at No. 800, will, in the melody, be found simple enough for any congregation;

* As sold by Lamborn Cock of Holles Street.

and the same will apply to several tunes which at first sight may appear hard. The Editor trusts that the real elements of difficulty, hard intervals and chromatic passages, have been avoided. The pitch of tunes has been kept as low as is consistent with brightness.

As to the music itself, an apology is perhaps owing to critics like the Editors of the "Yattendon Hymn Book" and the "Songs of Syon," who have laid all under so great an obligation by recalling compilers to the norm of accurate fidelity to old forms in tunes. For the liberty has been taken that where a trochee at the end of a line is sung in the German to a repeated chord, rather as if the chord were *de trop*, the present Editor has ventured in a very few cases to cut off the latter chord where it has been convenient to do so. Such instances will be found at Nos. 807, 666, and (Salzburg) 884. The tunes have in this way been made available for hymns of slightly different metre from the German. On the other hand, "Auf, auf, mein Herz," No. 768, in the fifth and sixth lines, seems to invite a seventh syllable by the length of the final notes. This applies also to one or two other tunes. These, however, are exceptional cases. The rule has been to be scrupulous in preserving old forms. A few tunes, notwithstanding, have been given in the altered form as generally sung (*e.g.*, the Easter hymn, "Ringe recht," and No. 807) for the reason that, for better or for worse, the altered form has become too domesticated among us ever to be expelled.

A debt of gratitude is owing to those good friends who have allowed the use of their tunes: to Messrs. Novello and Co., to the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (always so generous with their property), Drs. Bullinger and Rowton, Messrs. Brown and Co. (Salisbury), Messrs. E. Oakeley, A. H. Brown, Clement Powell, J. Baden Powell, Allan Coates, Mrs. H. S. Irons, Mr. W. Walker (for R. Redhead's Tunes), Messrs. W. Clowes and Sons (for Chope's Carols No. 1), G. M. Custance, H. E. Hodson, G. H. Palmer (for harmony at No. 848), to Messrs. Baptiste Calkin, A. Carnall and several friends whose tunes have been transferred from the (Old) Office Hymn Book to the present volume, to the owners of S. Alban's Hymnal (for No. 751), and to Rev. G. R. Woodward (Editor of the "Songs of Syon") for two tunes, and for generously imparting many valuable results of his wide experience in hymnody. Lastly, thanks are due to Rev. J. Langdon, A.R.C.M., for much valuable criticism and aid in correction of proofs.

The Editors sincerely hope they have infringed no rights. If otherwise, they desire to make all due apologies.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Folkestone, 1907.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES IN PARTS III. AND IV.

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PART III.
HYMNS NEW AND OLD, SACRED SONGS
AND CAROLS.

Hymns for the Week.

301

MORNING.

SCHUMANN.

From R. SCHUMANN.



- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning Sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-tide clear ;
Think how th' All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

302

RATISBON.

Formed on the Melody of *Grosser Prophete*,
NEANDER's Collection, 1680. (See Cowan and Love.)

♩ = 78.

A-men.

1 CHRIST, Whose Glory fills the skies,
Christ, the True, and Only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on High, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display
Shining to the Perfect Day.

(2)

Morning.

303

WENN WIR IN HÖCHSTEN NÖTHEN SEIN.

JOHANN BAPTISTA,
Musician in Vienna, 1560.

- 1 New ev'ry morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us, while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heav'n.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and ev'ry day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

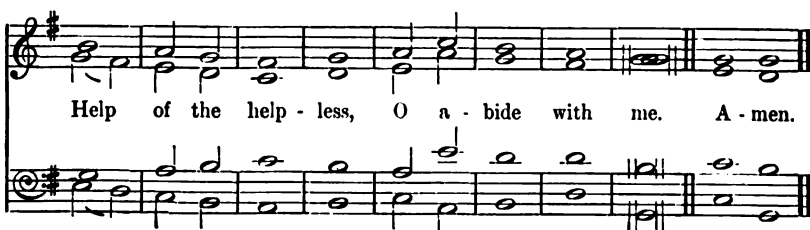
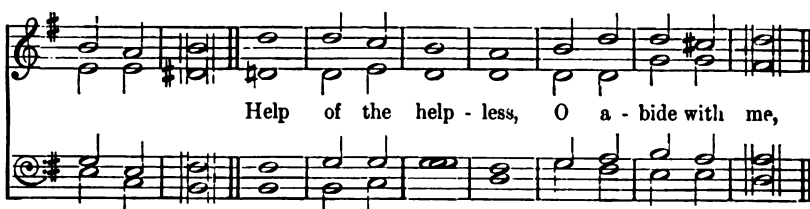
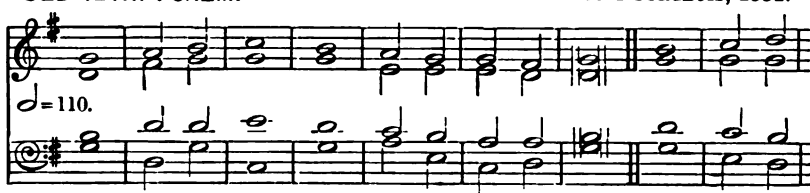
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

304

EVENING.

OLD 124TH PSALM.

L. BOURGEOIS, 1551.



- 1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me. (*bis.*)
- 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:
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me. (*bis.*)

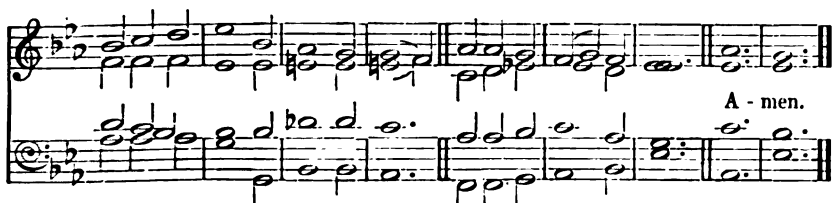
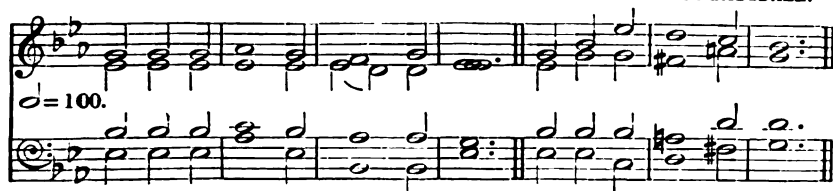
Evening.

- 3 I need Thy Presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's pow'r ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me. (*bis.*)
- 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. (*bis.*)
- 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. (*bis.*)

305

FONS AMORIS.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 As now the sun's declining rays
Towards the West descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.
- 2 Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretch'd
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those Arms to die.
- 3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

306

TALLIS.

T. TALLIS.



- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and 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 may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with Heav'nly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love Angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.
- 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Evening.

307

Founded on the Melody

GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN. *Schmücke dich* by CRÜGER.



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

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

(7)

$\text{♩} = 94$. Hail, gladd'ning Light, of His pure glo - ry pour'd,

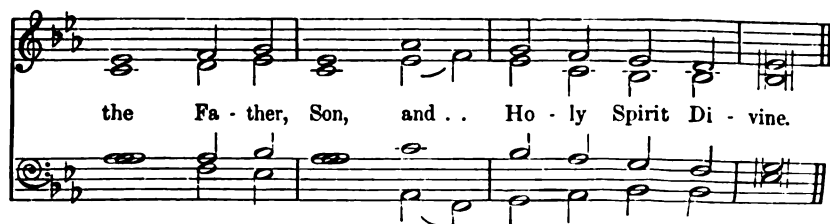
Who is th' Im - mor - tal . . Fa - ther, Heav'n-ly, Blest,

Ho - liest of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord !

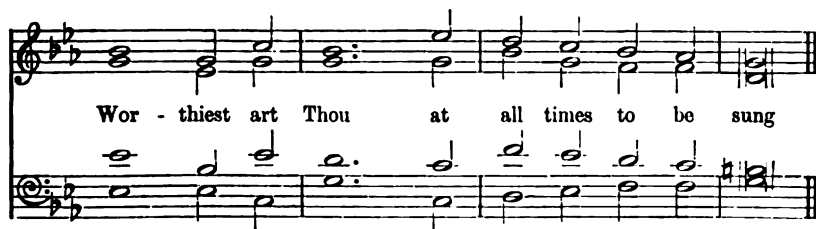
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,

The lights of eve - ning round us shine, We hymn

Evening.



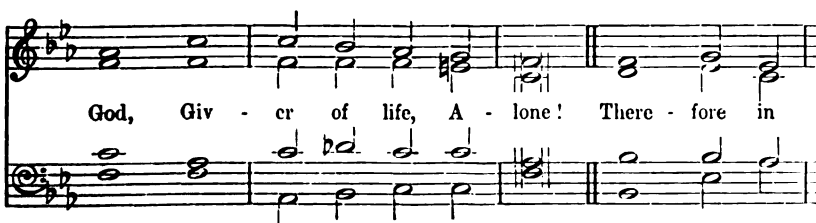
the Fa - ther, Son, and . . Ho - ly Spirit Di - vine.



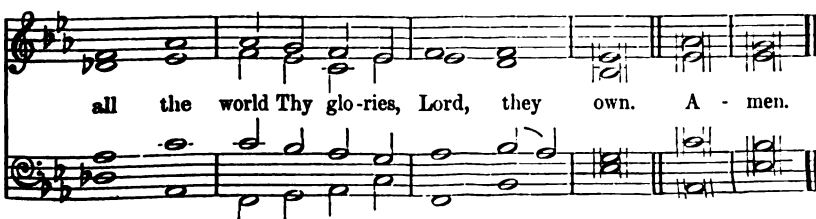
Wor - thiest art Thou at all times to be sung



With un - de - fil - ed . . tongue, So of our



God, Giv - er of life, A - lone ! There - fore in



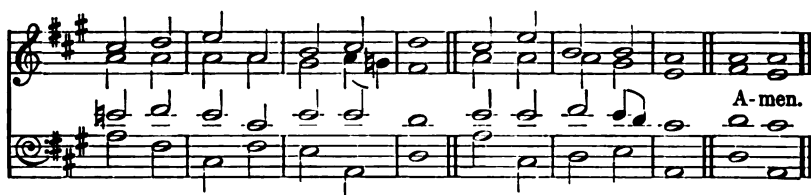
all the world Thy glo-ries, Lord, they own. A - men.

309

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. ELEANOR.

J. S. GEIKIE.



1 HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us ev'ry closing day
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, Blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

310

NOW, FATHER.

HAYNE.



1 Now, Father, we commend
Ourselves to Thee this night;
Oh, watch us, keep us, and defend,
Till break of morning light.

Evening.

311

BLACKBURN.

From R. A. SMITH'S *Sacred Harmony*.



- 1 O Word of Truth ! in devious paths
 My wayward feet have trod ;
 I have not kept the day serene
 I gave at morn to God.
- 2 And now 'tis night, and night within ;
 O God, the Light hath fled !

- I have not kept the vow I made,
 When morn its glories shed.
- 3 For clouds of gloom from nether world
 Obscured my upward way ;
 O Christ the Light, Thy light bestow,
 And turn my night to day.

312

EVENING.

French Melody.
 (From *The Children's Service Book*.)



- 1 STARRY hosts are gleaming,
 Solemn night draws on,
 Calm the moon's soft beaming,
 Toilsome day is done.
- 2 Hear our plaint, Sweet Jesu,
 We are tired of sin ;
 From our bonds release us,
 Give us peace within.
- 3 Now we seek a City
 Where our feet may rest ;

- Bring us, in Thy pity,
 To those Mansions blest.
- 4 Light, 'mid darkness, send us,
 Till our tramp be o'er ;
 Angel-guards attend us
 To the Palace door.
- 5 Then a welcome meet us,
 Words of grace and love ;
 Joyful voices greet us
 In the Home above.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

313

RHEINLAND (*First Tune*).

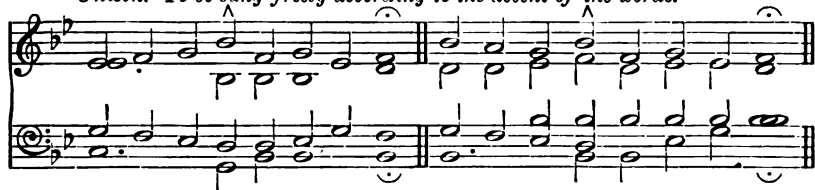
Trier Gesangbuch.
(*The Children's Service Book.*)



SOL CORDIS (*Second Tune*).

Ancient Melody.

Unison. To be sung freely according to the accent of the words.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.</p> <p>2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
By my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's Breast.</p> <p>3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.</p> | <p>4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.</p> <p>5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.</p> <p>6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heav'n above.</p> |
|--|--|

Evening.

314

SWEET SAVIOUR.

(?) German.



1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

2 The day is gone; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, &c.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soil'd,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day, &c.

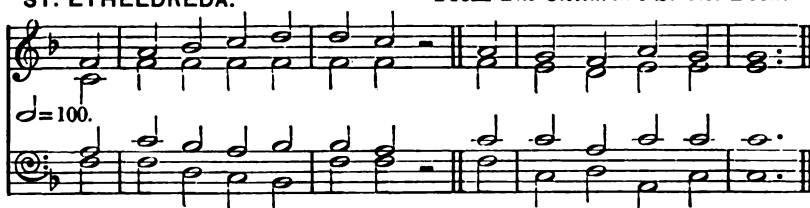
7 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thy Holy Presence with us be;
Good Angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

315

ST. ETHELDREDA.

From *The Children's Service Book*.



1 THE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee ;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be ;
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

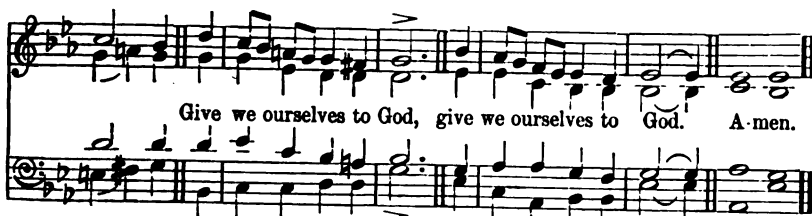
2 The joys of day are over ;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be ;
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over ;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go ;
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

GOUNOD (*First Tune*).

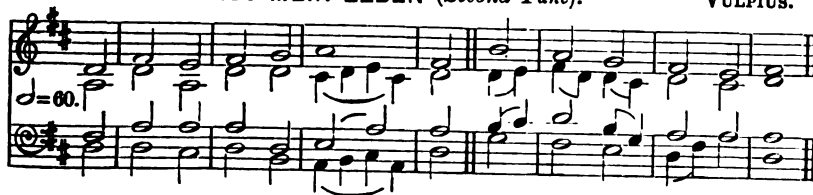
C. GOUNOD.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN (*Second Tune*).

VULPIUS.



1 THE night is closing o'er us,
And shadows stalk abroad;
With hymn, then, and with anthem,
Give we ourselves to God.

2 And Thou, O Sun of Angels,
Watch o'er us from above;
We fear no midnight terrors,
Protected by Thy love.

3 True Light shine forth; let darkness
Far from our soul be thrust;
Let peace to all flow richly,
Who Thee their Saviour trust.

4 So when as Judge Thou sittest,
In robes of light array'd,
We all may joy before Thee,
Untroubled, undismay'd.

5 To Thee be praise, Lord Jesu,
Sun of the Angel-host;
With God th' Eternal Father,
And God the Holy Ghost.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

317

THE RADIANT MORN.

Trier Gesangbuch.



1 THE radiant morn hath pass'd away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to Realms on High ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky ;

4 Where Light, and Life, and Joy, and Peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging Angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

5 Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

TENEBRÆ.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the dark'ning sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
- 2 Before Thy Throne, O Lord of Heav'n,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on Thy children from on High,
And hear us while we pray.
- 3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise ;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
- 4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of Future Glory chase
The shadows on our souls.
- 5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade, within our heart,
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That, one by one, depart.
- 6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the Heavens shine ;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heav'n,
And trust in things Divine.
- 7 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
- 8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we labour, Lord ;
O give us now repose.

ST COLUMBA.

H. S. IRONS.



- 1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake and pay
Her Evening Sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's Hands
His parting Soul resign'd,
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live ;
- 4 So now beneath His Eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
- 5 Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One Sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

Right.

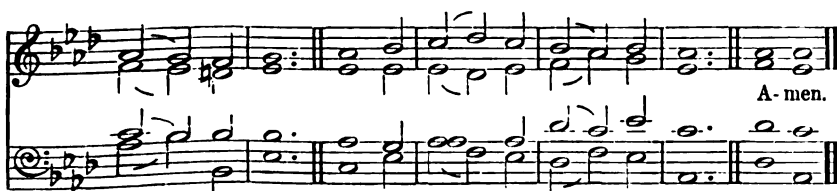
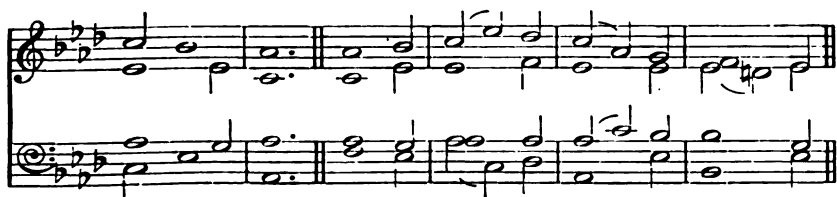
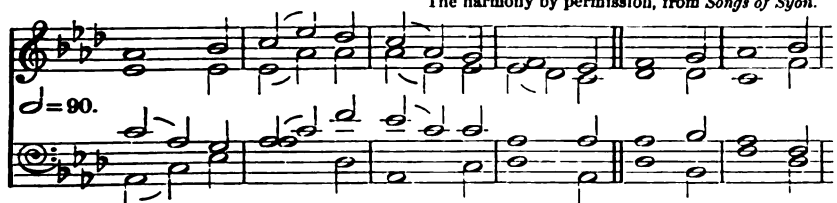
NIGHT.

320

GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN.

H. ALBERTI, 1642.

The harmony by permission, from *Songs of Syon*.



1 THROUGH the day Thy love has spared
Now we lay us down to rest : [us;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine Arms may we repose,
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

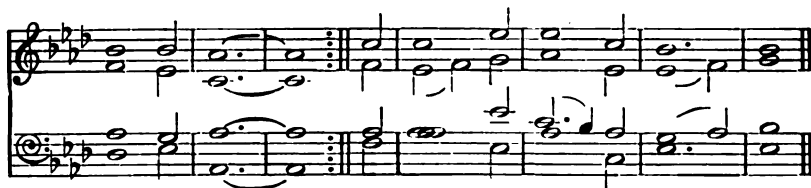
SUNDAY MORNING.

321

AUS MEINES HERZENS GRUNDE.

An Old Melody.

(Remodelled by SCHERIN, 1827.)



1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O Day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Before th' Eternal Throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

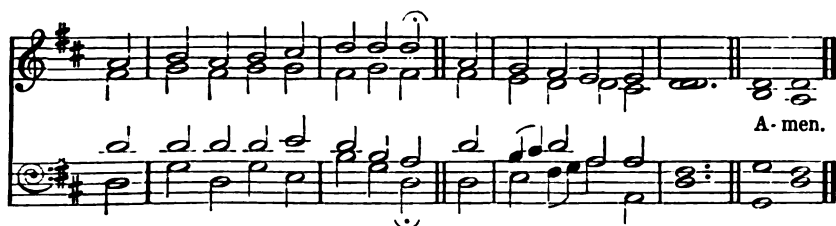
2 On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from Heav'n;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple Light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The Heav'nly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our Day of Rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the Blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, Blest Three in One.

SWABIA.

German.



- 1 This is the day of Light :
 Let there be Light to-day ;
 O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of Rest :
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning Dew.
- 3 This is the day of Peace :
 Thy Peace our spirits fill ;
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of Prayer :
 Let earth to Heav'n draw near ;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
 Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the First of days :
 Send forth Thy quick'ning Breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

323

SUNDAY EVENING.

VESPER HYMN, with an added Chorus.

Slow.

$\text{♩} = 50.$

We are weary with life-long toil,

$\text{♩} = 110.$ We are wea - ry with life-long toil, With sorrow and pain and sin ;

But there's a Cit-y with streets of gold, And all is Peace with-in.
But there's a Cit - y with streets of gold, *last verse:*
Joy

Sunday Evening.

1 **EVENSONG** is hush'd in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh ;
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of Mary, God Most High !
Thou, Who, in the village workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin ;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Peace within.

2 We have sung the Psalms Thou sangest
In Thy Father's House of old,
When the voices of the Levites
In a storm of music roll'd ;
We have done as Thou hast order'd ;
Off'ring up the Bread and Wine ;
Words of might were softly spoken,
Jesus came with Power Divine.
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin ;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Peace within.

3 How are we to reach that City,
Whose delights no tongue may tell ?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
Who sat weary by the well.
Sinful men and sinful women,
He will wash our sins away ;
He will take us to the Sheepfold,
Whence no sheep can ever stray.
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin ;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Peace within.

4 When we enter that bright City
What the vision we behold ?
Gates of pearl and Walls of jasper,
Streets of pure transparent gold.
Are the many Mansions empty ?
Lone the terraces so fair ?
Jesus and His Angels pace them,
How He longs to see us there !
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin ;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Peace within.

5 There the dear ones, who have left us,
We shall some day meet again ;
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow, death or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh ;
Lighten Thou our darkness, Jesu,
Son of Mary, God Most High !
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin ;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Joy within.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

Proper of the Season.

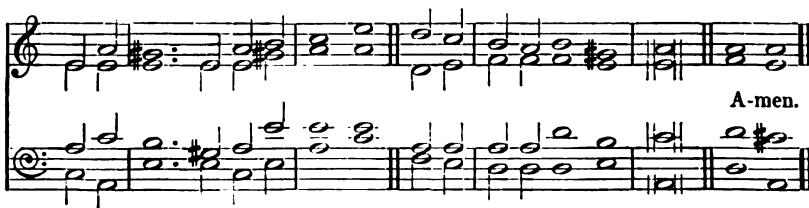
324

COME, THOU SAVIOUR.

ADVENT.

French Air.

(In the *Children's Service Book*.)



NOTE.—This is set in G minor at 660.

- 1 COME, Thou Saviour, long expected,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver ;
Born a Child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy Glorious Throne.

Advent.

325

LUTHER.

Attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.



1.

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

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 fears their souls dismay ;
His Presence sheds Eternal Day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3.

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

4.

Great God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created :
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
Beneath His Cross I view the day
When Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

ST. JAMES.

COURTEVILLE.



1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,

The Saviour promised long:

Let ev'ry heart prepare 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

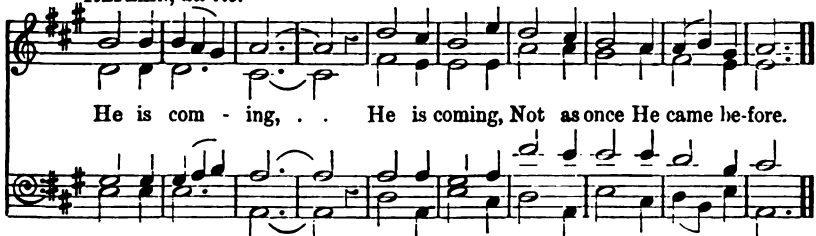
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,

Thy welcome shall proclaim ;

And Heav'n's Eternal Arches ring

With Thy beloved Name.

REFRAIN, *ad lib.*

1.

He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He came before,
Wailing Infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor :

2.

But upon His Cloud of Glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the cosy distance lie.

3.

He is coming, He is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorns upon His Forehead,
And the Blood-drops on His Brow ;

4.

But with His gold crown upon Him,
And the sceptre in His Hand,
And the Dead all ranged before Him,
Raised from fire and sea and land.

5.

He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few :

6.

But with all the holy Angels
Waiting round His Judgement-seat
And those Awful Twelve Apostles
Sitting crowned at His Feet.

7.

He is coming, He is coming ;
Let His lowly first estate,
Let His tender love so teach us,
That in faith and hope we wait :

8.

Till, in glory Eastward burning,
Our Redemption draweth near ;
And we see the Sign in Heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

328

WURZBURG.

Trier Gesangbuch.



- 1 Jesus came—the Heav'n's adoring—came with peace from Realms on High ;
Jesus came for man's redemption, lowly came on earth to die ;
Alleluia, Alleluia, came in deep humility.
- 2 Jesus comes again in mercy, when our hearts are bow'd with care ;
Jesus comes again in answer to an earnest, heart-felt prayer ;
Alleluia, Alleluia, comes to save us from despair.
- 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing, bringing news of sins forgiv'n ;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness, leading souls redeem'd to Heav'n ;
Alleluia, Alleluia, now the gate of death is riv'n.
- 4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow, shares alike our hopes and fears ;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us, glads our hearts, and dries our tears ;
Alleluia, Alleluia, cheering e'en our failing years.
- 5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant, when the Heav'n's shall pass away ;
Jesus comes again in glory ; let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia ever singing, till the dawn of Endless Day.

HELMSLEY.

MADAN.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand Saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train :
 Alleluia !
 Christ appears on earth to reign.</p> | <p>3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the Day ;
 Come to Judgement !
 Come to Judgement ! come away !</p> |
| <p>2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.</p> | <p>4 Those dear tokens of His Passion
 Still His dazzling Body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransom'd worshippers :
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on Those Glorious Scars !</p> |
- 5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine Eternal Throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own :
Alleluia !
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone !

VENI EMMANUEL.

Ancient Melody.

To be sung in Unison.

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

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;
From depths of Hell Thy people save,
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here ;
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our Heav'nly Home ;
Make safe the way that leads on High,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's Height,
In ancient times didst give the Law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

ALTONA.

Slow.

Attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.

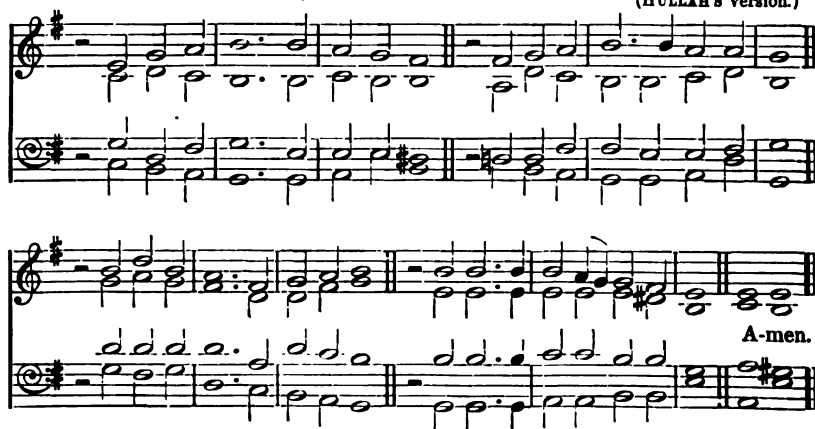
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

A - men.

NOTE.—There is a setting of this Tune in the key of D at 519.

- 1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be ev'ry Christian breast,
And furnish'd for so great a Guest !
Yea ! let us all our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;
Without Thy grace we fade away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.
- 4 To heal our sore stretch forth Thine Hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with Love Divine.
- 5 To Him, Who left the Throne of Heav'n
To save mankind, all praise be giv'n ;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

ABBOTSFORD (*First Tune*).THAT DAY OF WRATH (*Second Tune*).T. CAMPION.
(HULLAH's version.)

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming Heav'ns together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' Heav'n and earth shall pass away.

SUISSE.

Ancient Swiss "Noel."

UNISON.



1 THE Advent of our King
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be ;
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To make His servants free.

3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To greet thy lowly King ;
And do not wickedly despise
The peace He comes to bring.

4 As Judge, on clouds of light,
He soon will come again,
And His true members all unite
With Him in Heav'n to reign.

5 Before that dreadful day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone ;
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.

6 All glory to the Son
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Through all Eternity.

SOUTHWELL.

RAVENSCHROFT.



- 1 WHEN Thou shalt come, O Lord,
Wrapt in Thy Glory bright,
Then shall the earth in terror quake,
The sun withhold his light.
- 2 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
Then to Thy Judgement-bar,
E'en as a mighty stream shall flow
The sons of men from far.
- 3 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
Then shall the books be spread ;
And from their secrets Thou shalt judge
The living and the dead.
- 4 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
Then save me by Thy power ;
Let not the flames of wrath o'ertake
Thy servant in that hour.
- 5 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
In mercy let me stand—
No guilt upon my conscience laid—
Approved, at Thy Right Hand.

335

Advent.

ST. GEORGE.

GAUNTLETT.



- 1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His Heav'nly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis the Lord's command ;
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His Hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own Royal Hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid th' Angelic band.
- 6 All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Through all Eternity.

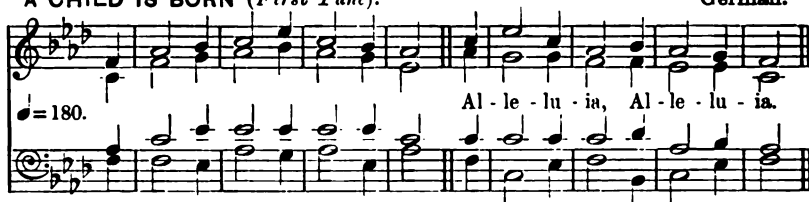
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

336

CHRISTMAS.

A CHILD IS BORN (*First Tune*).

German.



THE DESCANT OF "PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM" (*Second Tune*)

1800-1400.

Newly Harmonized.

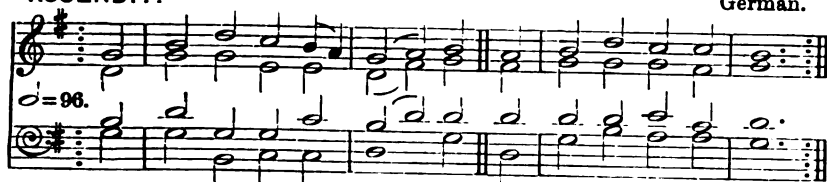


- 1 A CHILD is born in Bethlehem,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem.
Alleluia.
- 2 He in a narrow crib doth lie,
Whose Kingdom hath no boundary.
Alleluia.
- 3 The ox and ass with one accord
Confess that Babe to be the Lord.
Alleluia.
- 4 While crowned Kings from Saba bring
Gold, incense, myrrh, their offering.
Alleluia.
- 5 Born of a Virgin Mother mild,
Seed of the Woman, wondrous Child.
Alleluia.

- 6 The Serpent's venom knows Him not,
Though of our blood His Blood He got
Alleluia.
- 7 Made like to us in human kin,
Unlike us in respect of sin ;
Alleluia.
- 9 That He might make us, sinful men,
Like God, and like Himself, again.
Alleluia.
- 9 In this our Christmas happiness,
The Lord with festive hymns we bless.
Alleluia.
- 10 The Holy Trinity be praised ;
Glad thanks to God Almighty raised.
Alleluia.

ASCENDIT.

German.



- 1 A GREAT and mighty wonder !
A full and holy cure !
The Virgin bears the Infant,
With Virgin-honour pure.
- 2 The Word is made incarnate,
And yet remains on High :
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.
- 3 And we, with them triumphant,
Repeat the hymn again ;
"To God on High be glory,
And peace on earth to men !"
- 4 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright Angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains !
Ye oceans, clap your hands !
- 5 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
In Bethlehem the Infant,
The Saviour and the Lord.
- 6 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His Sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.

338

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

A VIRGIN MOST PURE. *Wm*

Traditional.



1 A VIRGIN most pure, as the Prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a Babe as it hath befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, Hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapp'd us all in.
Rejoice, and be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this tide.

2 In Bethlehem City, in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be tax'd with many one mo',
Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so.
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

3 But when they had enter'd the City so fair,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get in the City no lodging at all.
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

Christmas.

4 Then they were constrain'd in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they us'd to tie;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
But 'gainst the next morning our Saviour was born.

Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

5 Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.

Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

6 Then, presently after, the shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky,
Who joyfully talk'd and sweetly did sing,
"To God be all glory, our Heavenly King."

Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

339

ALLELUIA! LORD MOST HOLY.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

In strict time. *ten.*

Al - le-lu - ia! Lord most Ho-ly, . . . In Thy Manger-throne we hail Thee;

o = 50: d = 100.

Al - - le - lu - ia! In Thy Manger-throne we hail . . Thee;

ten.

Al - le-lu - ia! meek and low-ly, . . . Never shall our worship fail Thee.

Al - - le - lu - ia! Never shall our worship fail Thee.

At a Eucharist only.

1 ALLELUIA! Lord most Holy,
In Thy Manger-throne we hail Thee;
Alleluia! meek and lowly,
Never shall our worship fail Thee.

2 Alleluia! Choirs of Angels
Sing at midnight-hour Thy glory,
To the watchful shepherds telling
From the skies Thy Birthday story.

3 Alleluia! Child of Mary,
Low the shepherds bend before Thee;
Alleluia! Eastern Monarchs
With their costliest gifts adore Thee.

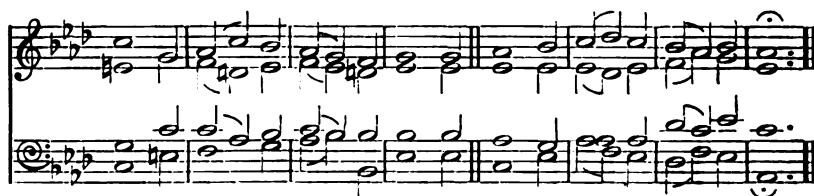
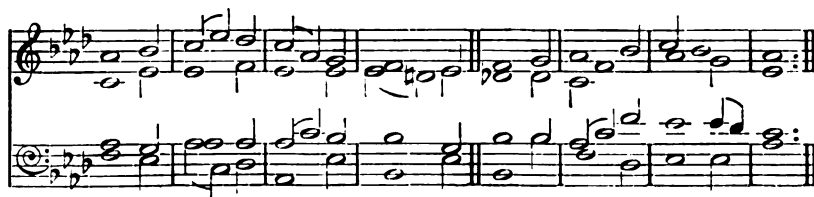
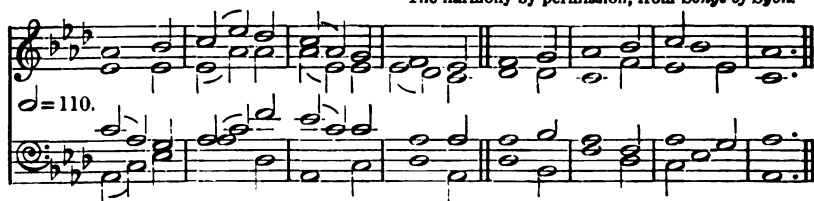
4 Alleluia! still unending
Rings the Angel-note above:
From our shrines in praise ascending
Echoes earth's response of love.

5 Alleluia! shine the tapers,
Gleams the holly's burnish'd spray;
Alleluia! chant the Sanctus,
Christ, we welcome Thee to-day!

6 Down in adoration falling,
Hail, sweet Sacrament Divine!
Hail, to Thee our souls are calling,
Thou art ours, and we are Thine!

GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN.

H. ALBERTS, 1642.

The harmony by permission, from *Songs of Syon*.

1 ANGELS, from the Realms of Glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's Birth ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the New-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night ;
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the Infant-Light :
 Come and worship, &c.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;
 Brighter visions beam afar :
 Seek the great Desire of nations,
 Ye have seen His natal star :
 Come and worship, &c.

4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence ;
 Mercy calls you, break your chains :
 Come and worship, &c.

5 All creation, join in praising
 God the Father, Spirit, Son,
 Evermore your voices raising
 To th' Eternal Three in One ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the New-born King.

YORKSHIRE NOEL.

WAINWRIGHT.



- 1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the Happy Morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born : .
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which Hosts of Angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' Angelic Herald's voice : " Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's Birth
To you, and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake ; and straightway the Celestial Choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of Redeeming Love they sang,
And Heav'n's whole orb with Alleluias rang ;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blesséd Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a Manger laid ;
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the Saviour's Name.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

342

EARTH TO-DAY REJOICES.

Trier Gesangbuch.

♩ = 120. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu -

The first system of the hymn is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu -' are placed below the staves.

- ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

The second system continues the melody. The lyrics '- ia, Al - le - lu - ia,' are placed below the staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and repeat signs.

The third system of the hymn continues the melody. It consists of two staves with musical notation and lyrics.

The fourth system of the hymn continues the melody. It consists of two staves with musical notation and lyrics.

Christmas.

1 EARTH to-day rejoices,

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Death can hurt no more ;
And Celestial voices,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Tell that sin is o'er.
David's sling destroys the foe ;
Samson lays the temple low ;
War and strife are done ;
God and Man are one.

Reconciliation,

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Peace that lasts for aye,
Gladness and salvation,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Came on Christmas Day.
Gideon's fleece is wet with dew ;
Solomon is crown'd anew ;
War and strife are done ;
God and Man are one.

3 Though the cold grows stronger,

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Though the world loves night,
Yet the days grow longer,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ is born our Light.
Now the Dial's type is learnt ;
Burns the Bush that is not burnt ;
War and strife are done ;
God and Man are one.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

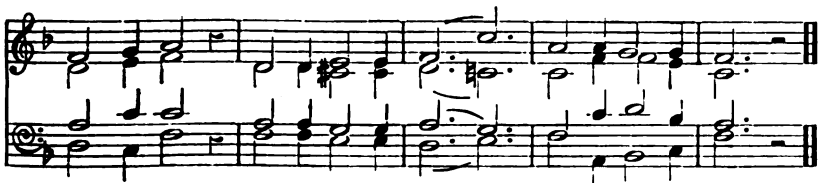
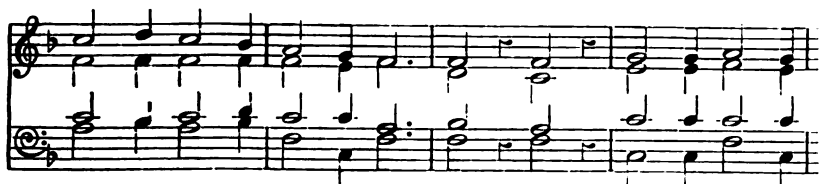
343

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

MENDELSSOHN.



- 1 GLORY to God in the Highest is ringing,
Clear from afar it is echoing still,
Glory to God, for the Angels are singing
Peace upon earth to the men of good will.
- 2 Glory to God, as the Prophets foretold it,
Over the ages the Promise was cast ;
Paradise heard it, and now we behold it,
Seed of the Woman, we hail Thee at last.
- 3 Glory to God, for, as dews of the morning,
Songs of Thy Birthday are filling the air ;
Shepherds of Bethlehem give us the warning ;
Child of the Virgin, we welcome Thee there !
- 4 Glory to God, let the glad exultations
Sound through the world, bringing peace to the wise,
Joy for all people—Desire of the Nations!—
Echo the tidings in songs to the skies !
- 5 We too, with Shepherd and Magi and Angel,
Prostrate before Thee our homage would bring ;
Hail Thee the Saviour, the Christ, the Emmanuel,
Own Thee our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice;
 Give ye heed to what we say;
 News! News!
 Jesus Christ is born to-day:
 Ox and ass before Him bow,
 And He is in the Manger now.
 Christ is born to-day! Christ is born to-day!</p> | <p>2 Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice;
 Now ye hear of endless bliss:
 Joy! Joy!
 Jesus Christ was born for this!
 He hath oped the Heav'nly door,
 And man is blessed evermore:
 Christ was born for this! Christ was born
 for this!</p> |
|--|--|

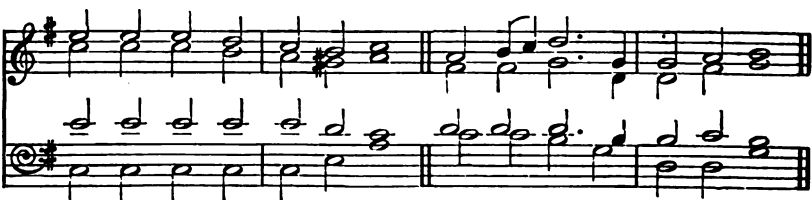
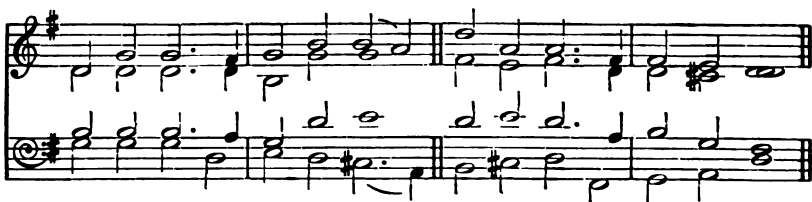
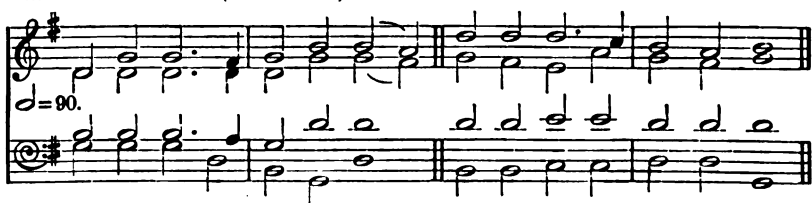
- 3 Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice;
 Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
 Jesus Christ was born to save!
 Calls you one, and calls you all,
 To gain His Everlasting Hall:
 Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

345

MENDELSSOHN (*First Tune*).

MENDELSSOHN.



Christmas.

MEDIOLANUM (*Second Tune*).

A.D., 1524.



1 **HARK !** the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' Angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hark ! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

2 Christ, by Highest Heav'n adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark ! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

3 Hail, the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace !

Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
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.

Hark ! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

N.B.—This Hymn may be sung to the Second Tune by dividing each verse and adding the Refrain to each part.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

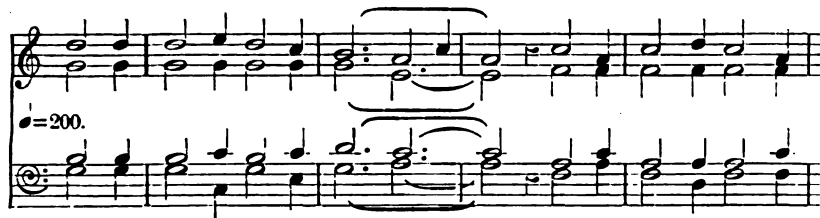
346

TREVES.

German.



- 1 In a silence deep at midnight,
When the hills were white with snow,
Jesus, the Desired of nations,
Came into this world of woe.
- 2 Then He came, an Infant Saviour,
To our Lady's sweet embrace,
As she waited for His Coming,
Longing to behold His Face.
- 3 Swathing-bands were wrapt about Him,
In the Manger He was laid ;
There adored the Hebrew shepherds,
Joseph and the Mother-maid.
- 4 There the ox and ass were standing,
Knee-deep in the fragrant hay,
Gazing with a solemn wonder
At the crib where Jesus lay.
- 5 Angels came to David's City,
Met their Lord with hymns of praise,
Sang their joyous songs of triumph,
Worshipping in glad amaze.
- 6 Thus our Lord, the Long-expected,
Came the Healer of all woe,
When the shepherds knelt before Him
In the stable white with snow.



1 IN the ending of the year
Life and light to man appear ;
And the Holy Babe is here
De Virgine ;
And the Holy Babe is here
De Virgine Mariâ.

2 What in ancient days was slain
This day calls to life again ;
God is coming, God shall reign
De Virgine ;
God is coming, God shall reign
De Virgine Mariâ.

3 From the desert grew the corn,
Sprang the lily from the thorn,
When the Infant King was born
De Virgine ;
When the Infant King was born
De Virgine Mariâ.

4 On the straw He lays His Head,
Hath a manger for His bed,
Thirsts, and hungers, and is fed
De Virgine ;
Thirsts, and hungers, and is fed
De Virgine Mariâ.

5 Angel-hosts His praises sing,
Three Wise Men their offerings bring,
Ox and ass adore the King
Cum Virgine ;
Ox and ass adore the King
Cum Virgine Mariâ.

6 Wherefore let us all to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye
Cum Virgine ;
Singing and exulting aye
Cum Virgine Mariâ.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

Old English.

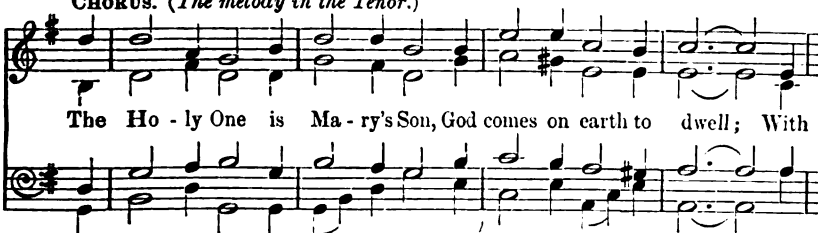


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From Heav'n's all-gracious King :
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.</p> <p>2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;
And still their Heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed Angels sing.</p> | <p>3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffer'd long ;
Beneath the Angel-strain have roll'd
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring ;
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing.</p> <p>4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.</p> |
|---|---|
- 5 For lo, the days are hast'ning on,
By Prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the Age of Gold :
When the New Heav'n and Earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing.

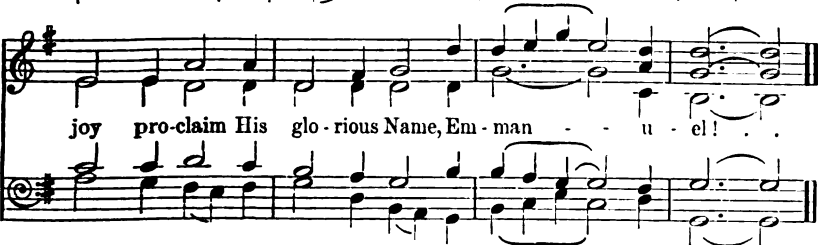
JOY FILLS OUR INMOST HEART.

Old English.

FOR THREE VOICES.

CHORUS. (*The melody in the Tenor.*)

The Ho - ly One is Ma - ry's Son, God comes on earth to dwell; With



joy pro-claim His glo - rious Name, Em - man - u - el!

- 1 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day,
The Royal Child is born;
The Angel-hosts in glad array
His advent keep this morn.
The Holy One, &c.
- 2 Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And think no bliss can ours transcend,
No rapture sweet before.
The Holy One, &c.

- 3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the Manger-shrine,
Where, folded in Thy Mother's arms,
Thou sleepest, Babe Divine!
The Holy One, &c.
- 4 Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
Thine infant grace to see;
The stars are paling o'er Thy Head,
The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
The Holy One, &c.

- 5 Thou art the very Light of Light;
Enlighten us, Sweet Child,
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
The Holy One, &c.

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Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

350

GALLIA.

MÉHUL.

(In *The Children's Service Book*.)



Evening.

1.

LORD of all, Thy glory veiling,
 Infant Saviour of the earth,
 Let pure hearts, with love unfailing,
 Celebrate Thy wondrous Birth.

2.

Loving Shepherd, night descending
 Calls us soon to needful sleep,
 But Thou still, Thy flock defending,
 From the wolf wilt guard Thy sheep.

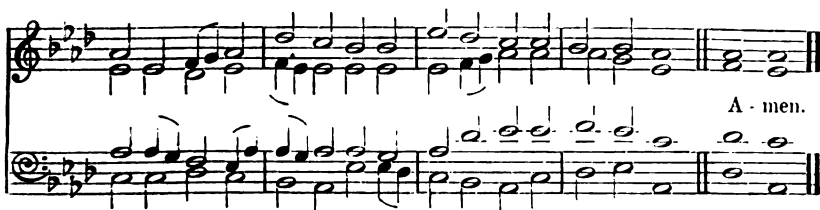
3.

From the bosom of a Mother
 Thou, like us, didst nurture find ;
 Be Thou then our Elder Brother,
 And Protector ever kind.

4.

Hail, the Dayspring of Salvation !
 Virgin-born to Thee be praise ;
 Father, Thine be adoration,
 Spirit, Thine, through endless days.

(52)



1 No more sadness now, nor fasting ;
 Now we put our grief away ;
 God came down, the Everlasting,
 Taking human flesh, to-day ;
 God came down on earth a Stranger,
 Working out His mighty plan ;
 God was cradled in a manger,
 Very God, and very Man.

2 There were shepherds once abiding
 In the field to watch by night,
 And they saw the clouds dividing,
 And the sky above was bright ;
 And a glory shone around them,
 On the grass as they were laid ;
 And a holy Angel found them,
 And their hearts were sore afraid.

3 "Fear ye not," he said, "for cheerful
 Are the tidings that I bring ;
 Unto you, so weak and fearful,
 Christ is born, the Lord and King."
 As the Angel told the story
 Of the Saviour's lowly Birth,
 Multitudes were singing "Glory
 Be to God, and peace on earth !"

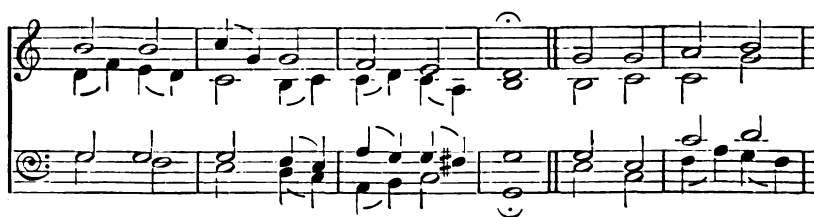
4 Since Thy love for our salvation,
 Saviour, cover'd Thee with shame,
 Let Thy Church, in ev'ry nation,
 Sing the glory of Thy Name ;
 Let Thy Holy Spirit make us
 Full of humbleness and love,
 Like Thyself, until Thou take us
 To our Father's House above.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

352

NOW TO GOD ON HIGH.

German.



Christmas.

At a Eucharist only.

- 1 "Now to God on High be glory,
And to men on earth be peace!"
'Tis the Eucharistic anthem,
Music that shall never cease,
To a ransom'd world proclaiming
Jesu's advent, men's release.
- 2 Christendom at all her Altars
Once again the tale doth tell
Of His Birth, Who came to vanquish
Sin and Satan, Death and Hell,
Virgin-born and Manger-cradled,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
- 3 See the shepherds, Heaven-greeted,
Worship, while the Angels sing;
See the Magi, star-directed,
Their most costly treasures bring;
See earth's simple ones, and wise ones,
Bending o'er their Baby-King.
- 4 Happy Mother, ever Virgin,
Mary clasps Him to her breast;
All succeeding generations
Speaking of her call her blest;
And Saint Joseph joins with wonder
In the homage of the rest.
- 5 Now, dear Lord, Thy Birthday keeping,
As we bend before the Shrine,
Find Thee, life and health bestowing,
Veil'd beneath the Bread and Wine;
Make us like Thee, child-like, God-like,
Keep, O keep us ever Thine.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

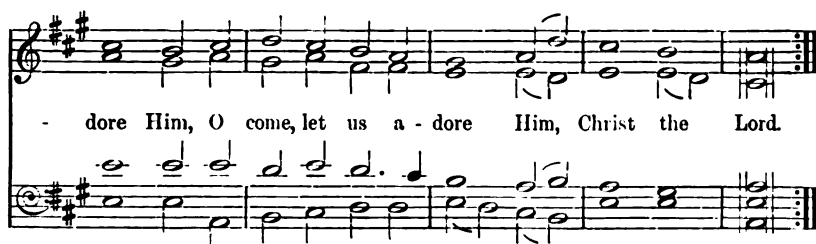
353

ADESTE, FIDELES.

Old Air.



Christmas.



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

1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

[3 See how the shepherds,
Summon'd to His Cradle,
Leaving their flocks draw nigh with holy
We too will thither [fear;
Bend our joyful footsteps;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

4 Star-led, the Magi
Hasten to adore Him,
Bringing their frankincense, and myrrh,
We to the Child Christ [and gold:
Bring our hearts' oblations:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

5 Splendour Eternal
Of th' Eternal Father,
Veil'd in the substance of our flesh, behold!
Hail, God Incarnate,
Robed in infant vesture!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

6 Thee would we worship
With love's fervent service,
Born for us poor, and stabled with the kine;
First hast Thou loved us,
Love in turn we proffer:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!]

7 Sing, Choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above,
"Glory to God
In the Highest;"
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

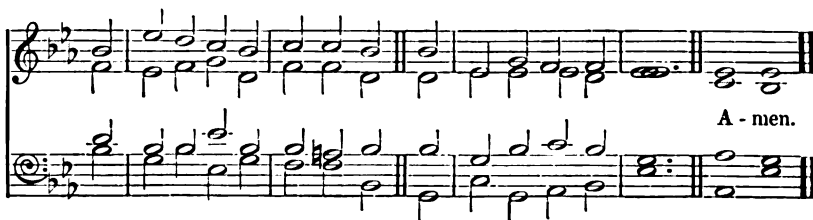
8 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
* Born this happy Morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

* Or, Born this holy Season.

The verses within brackets may be omitted, except when sung at the Procession.

FRANCONIA.

German.



1.

O JOYFUL was the Morn,
That told of Peace and Love,
To man, the ruin'd and forlorn,
Descending from above.

2.

Though far from Eden's bowers
By sad transgression driven,
A lovelier Eden shall be ours,
For Christ came down from Heav'n.

3.

From God's Eternal Breast
He stoop'd to time and space,
And found with thee, O Maiden Blest,
His lowly dwelling-place :

4.

And lowlier in the tomb
He scorn'd not to lie,
That our frail mortal might assume
His Immortality.

5.

Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

CORDE NATUS.

UNISON.

HELMORE'S rendering is retained, as being sanctioned by long use and better than the original form.



1 Of the Father's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 O that Birth for ever blessed !
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First reveal'd His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore.

3 O ye Heights of Heav'n, adore Him ;
Angel-hosts, His praises sing ;
Powers, Dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King ;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Ev'ry voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

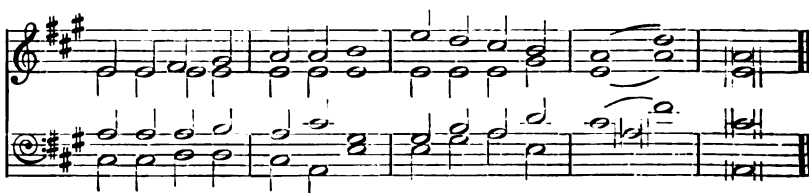
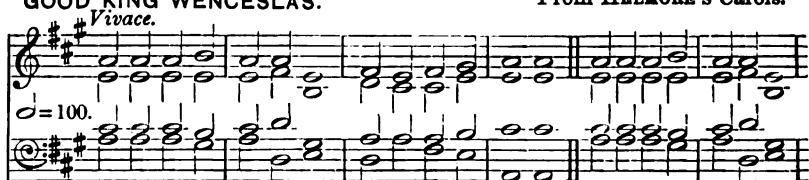
4 This is He Whom Heav'n-taught singers
Sang of old with one accord ;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word ;
Now He shines, the Long-expected ;
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing ;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering ;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And Eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

From HELMORE's Carols.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Once again, O blessed time,
Thankful hearts embrace thee;
If we lost thy festal chime,
What could ere replace thee?
Change will darken many a day,
Many a bond dis sever;
Many a joy will pass away,
But the "Great Joy" never</p> <p>2 Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
Oh could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
All mankind Salvation!</p> <p>3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure;
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!</p> | <p>4 Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O Best Fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"Jesus Christ is God with us,
Born on Christmas Morning."</p> <p>5 So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee True God, and Thee True Man,
On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birthday-morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O Most True and Sweet,
In Thy Mercy's ocean.</p> <p>6 Thou that once, 'mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou Whose Altar-veils enfold
Power and Life undying,
Thou Whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour,
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
In our praise for ever.</p> |
|--|---|

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

Anon.

Vivace.

* The small notes are for verses 2 and 4.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 ONCE in royal David's City
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
 Where a Mother laid her Baby
 In a Manger for His bed ;
 Mary was that Mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little Child.</p> <p>2 He came down to earth from Heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall ;
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.</p> <p>3 And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
 He would honour and obey,
 Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
 In whose gentle arms He lay ;
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.</p> | <p>4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew,
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew,
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.</p> <p>5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in Heav'n above ;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.</p> <p>6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him ; but in Heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on High ;
 When like stars His children crown'd
 All in white shall wait around.</p> |
|--|--|

ROYAL DAY.

From HELMORE'S Carols.



1 ROYAL Day that chasest gloom,
Day by gladness speeded;
Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
How the King proceeded:
Very God, Who made the sky,
Set the sun and stars on high,
Heav'n and earth sustaining;
Very Man, Who freely bare
Toil and sorrow, woe and care,
Man's Salvation gaining.

2 As the sunbeam through the glass
Passeth, but not staineth;
Thus the Virgin, as she was,
Virgin still remaineth;
Blessed Mother! in whose womb
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
God to earth descending:
Blessed Maid! whose spotless breast
Gives the King of Glory rest,
Nurture, warmth, and tending.

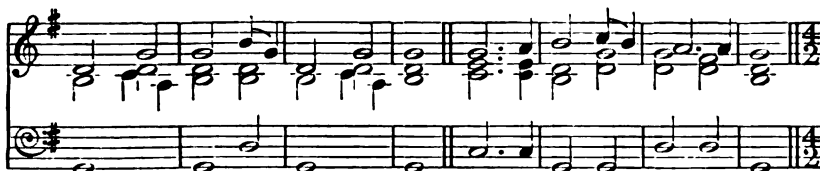
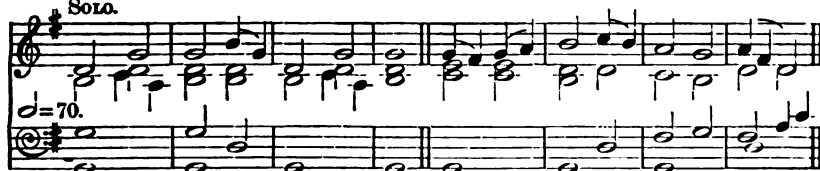
3 Christ, Who mad'st us out of dust,
Breath and spirit giving:
Christ, from Whose dear steps we must
Pattern take of living:
Christ, Who camest once to save
From the curse and from the grave,
Healing, light'ning, cheering:
Christ, Who now wast made as we,
Grant that we may be like Thee
In Thy next appearing!

SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

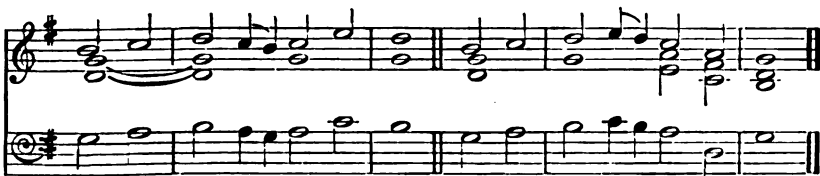
French Air.

(In *The Children's Service Book*.)

Solo.



CHORUS IN UNISON.



- 1 SEE, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promis'd from Eternal years!
Hail, thou ever-bless'd morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
- 2 Lo, within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies:
He, Who thron'd in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail, &c.
- 3 Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;

Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, &c.

- 4 "As we watch'd at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels, singing, 'Peace on earth,'
Told us of the Saviour's Birth."
Hail, &c.
- 5 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail, thou ever-bless'd morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

HIMMELSAU.

Trier Gesangbuch.

$\text{♩} = 70.$ 1 Si - lent night ! hal - low'd night ! Earth is hush'd, Heav'n a-light !

An - gels thron'g the star-lit air, Whisp'-ring round the Child so fair :

"Sleep, sleep, O Ba - by King ! Sleep," . . they soft - ly sing.

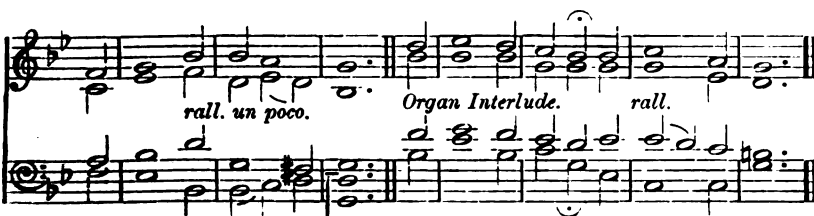
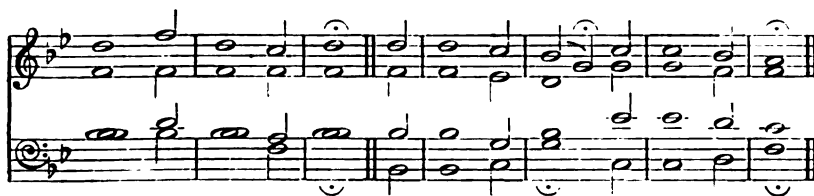
2 All is still, Jesus sleeps ;
 Holy watch Joseph keeps ;
 Mary bends His Face to see,
 Murmuring low her lullaby ;
 "Sleep, my Babe Divine !
 Sleep, God's Son and mine !"

3 Blissful night, prophesied ;
 Angel-Hosts glorified,
 Wondrous news to shepherds tell !
 Heav'nly harps their chorus swell !
 "Peace !" a Seraph sings,
 "Peace the Saviour brings."

4 Gather round, people dear !
 Young and old, gather near !
 Though are closed those Eyes so sweet,
 Lo ! His Heart doth watchful beat ;
 Sleep then, Jesus dear !
 Sleep, my heart doth hear !

SLEEP, HOLY BABE!

Trier Gesangbuch.



1 Sleep, Holy Babe

Upon Thy Mother's breast!
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!

2 Sleep, Holy Babe!

Thine Angels watch around;
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
In rev'rent awe profound.

3 Sleep, Holy Babe!

While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there Divinely plays.

4 Sleep, Holy Babe!

Ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthen'd pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

5 Then must that Brow

Its thorny Crown receive;
That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drench'd with Blood, and marr'd with
That I thereby may live. [blows,

6 O Father Blest!

Almighty, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To Thee, in causing Thy dear Son
Upon the Cross to die.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

Old Air.

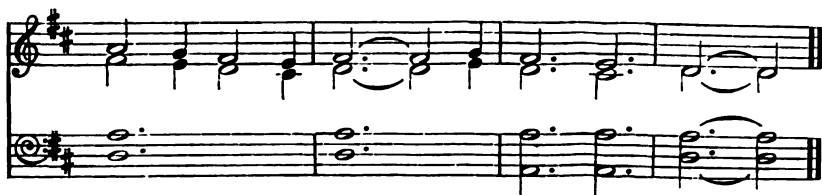


- 1 THE Cedar of Lebanon, Plant of renown,
Hath bow'd to the hyssop His wide-spreading crown,
The Son of the Highest, an Infant, is laid
On the breast of His Mother, that lowliest Maid.
All glory to God in the Highest we sing,
And peace upon earth through the newly-born King !
- 2 From the Star of the Sea the glad Sunlight hath shined,
Springs the Lion of Judah from Naphtali's hind,
The Life from the dying, the Rose from the thorn,
The Maker of all things of Maiden is born.
All glory, &c.
- 3 The Manger of Bethlehem opens once more
The gates of that Eden where man dwelt of yore,
And He, Who is lying, a Child, in the cave,
Hath conquer'd the foeman, hath ransom'd the slave.
All glory, &c.
- 4 In the midst of the Garden the Tree of Life stands,
And offers His twelve fruits to lips and to hands ;
For the Lord of Salvation, the Gentiles' Desire,
Hath ta'en from the Cherubs their sword-blade of fire.
All glory, &c.
- 5 On the hole of the aspic the sucking Child plays,
And His Hand on the den of the cockatrice lays,
And the Dragon, which over a fallen world reign'd,
By the Seed of the Woman is vanquish'd and chain'd.
All glory, &c.
- 6 To Him, Who hath loved us, and sent us His Son,
To Him, Who the victory for us hath won,
To Him, Who sheds on us His sevenfold rays,
Be honour and glory, salvation and praise.
All glory to God in the Highest we sing,
And peace upon earth through the newly-born King.

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

Tune of the Pifferari.

UNISON.



1 THE snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born, on Christmas night.

2 'Twas Mary, daughter pure of holy Anne,
That brought into this world our God made Man.

3 She laid Him in a stall, at Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.

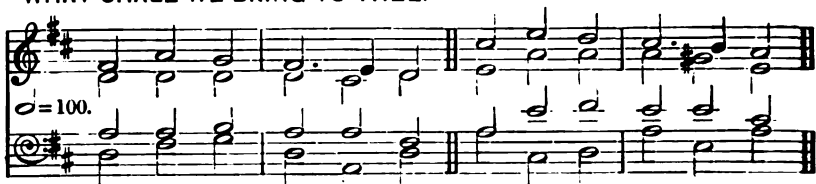
4 Saint Joseph, too, was by to tend the Child,
To guard Him, and protect His Mother mild.

5 The Angels hover'd round, and sang this song:
"Venite adoremus Dominum."

6 And thus, that Manger poor became a Throne;
For He, Whom Mary bore, was God the Son.

7 O come then, let us join the Heav'nly Host,
To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WHAT SHALL WE BRING TO THEE.



- 1 WHAT shall we bring to Thee?
 What shall our off'ring be,
 On this Thy Natal Morn?
 For Thou, O Christ, hast come to earth—
 A Virgin Mother gave Thee birth—
 For our redemption born.
- 2 The whole creation broad
 Gives praise and thanks to God,
 Who gave His Only Son;
 And list! the bright Angelic throng
 Their homage yield in sweetest song
 For peace on earth begun.
- 3 The Heav'ns their glory shed,
 The Star shines o'er His Head,
 The Promised Christ and King;
 And Wise Men from the lands afar,
 Led by the brightness of the Star,
 Their treasured off'rings bring.
- 4 What shall we give Thee now?
 Lowly the shepherds bow,
 Have we no gift to bring?
 Our worship, lo, we yield to Thee,
 All that we are, and hope to be—
 This is our offering.

WINCHESTER OLD.

ALISON'S *Psalter*.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"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 Heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a Manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on High,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

JAM DESINANT SUSPIRIA.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 Ye people, cease from tears ;
Your sighs are heard above,
And from the op'ning Heav'n appears
The God of peace and love.
- 2 O'er Bethlehem's silent plains
Celestial voices swell,
Announcing in triumphant strains
God born on earth to dwell.
- 3 The wakeful shepherds hear,
And haste the Babe to greet ;
Let us, like them, with joy draw near,
And worship at His Feet.
- 4 But oh, what strange surprise !
Within that lowly door,
A Manger meets our wond'ring eyes,
A Child and Mother poor.
- 5 Say, do we here behold
The Father's Image bright,
Who doth within His Hand infold
Earth and the starry height ?
- 6 Yea, Faith can pierce the veil,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
Sees Him Whom Angels prostrate hail,
The God, Whom all adore.
- 7 O Babe, Thy Birth despised
Doth bid us not refuse
To flee from all on earth that's prized ;
What flesh abhors, to choose.
- 8 With that pure love of Thine
O cure our sinful pride,
And in our hearts, O Babe Divine,
Be born, and there abide.

LÆTARE.

Aachen Gesangbuch.

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

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

3 Joshua hastes to meet the foes,
Boastful and defiant;
David to His brethren goes,
And shall slay the giant:
Help is nigh to change our fate,
Help we may rely on:
Solomon, with royal state,
Shall be crown'd in Gihon.

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

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

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. STEPHEN'S DAY

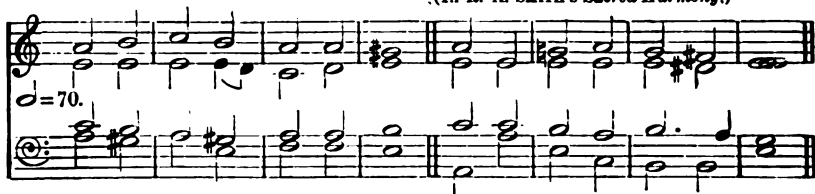
and on the Octave.

368

HOLSTEIN.

Chorale by JOACHIM VON BURCK, 1580.

(In R. A. SMITH'S *Sacred Harmony*.)



- 1 First of Martyrs, thou whose name*
Answers to thy crown of fame,
Not of flowers, that fade away,
Weave we this thy crown to-day.
- 2 Bright the stones which bruise thee gleam,
Sprinkled with thy life-blood's stream;
Ne'er could stars such lustre shed,
Studded round thy saintly head.
- 3 Ev'ry wound upon thy brow
Glistens with unearthly glow;
Like an Angel's is thy face
Beaming with Celestial Grace.
- 4 Victim thou art call'd to be
To the Victim slain for thee;
First to own thy Lord in death,
Earliest Witness to the Faith:
- 5 First to follow where He trod
Through the deep Red Sea of blood,
Leading on the Martyr Host
To the Heav'nly Canaan's coast.
- 6 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Praised by men and Heav'nly Host.

* The name "Stephen" signifies a crown.

S. John the Evangelist's Day.

S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY

and on the Octave.

Also on May 6 (S. John before the Latin Gate).

369

ST. GEORGE.

GAUNTLETT.



- 1 An exile for the Faith
Of thy Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
Thy soul in vision soar'd.
- 2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead ;
There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled :
- 3 There of the Kingdom learn'd
The Mysteries sublime,
How, sown in Martyrs' blood, the Faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
- 4 There the New City, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure Seat of bliss thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.
- 5 God give us grace with thee,
On those blest Courts to gaze ;
To see the rainbow round the Throne,
And join those songs of praise.

Christmas Doxology.

Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

Easter Doxology.

Jesu, our Risen Lord,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. JOHN'S DAY.

370

COLOGNE.

R. A. SMITH'S "*Sacred Harmony*."



- 1 SAINT of the Sacred Heart,
Sweet teacher of the Word,
Partner of Mary's woes,
And favourite of thy Lord ;
- 2 Thou to whom grace was given
To stand where Peter fell ;
Whose heart could brook the Cross
Of Him it loved so well ;
- 3 We know not all thy gifts.
But this Christ bids us see,
That He, Who so loved all,
Found most to love in thee.
- 4 When the last evening came,
Thy head was on His Breast,
Pillow'd on earth, where now
In Heav'n the Saints find rest.
- 5 His Heart, with quicken'd love,
Because His hour drew near,
Now throbb'd against thy head,
Now beat into thine ear.
- 6 Dear Saint ! I stand far off,
With vilest sins oppress ;
Oh, may I dare, like thee,
To lean upon His Breast ?
- 7 His Touch could heal the sick,
His Voice could raise the dead ;
Oh, that my soul might be
Where He allows thy head.
- 8 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
Now, and while time shall last,
And through Eternity.

The Innocents' Day.

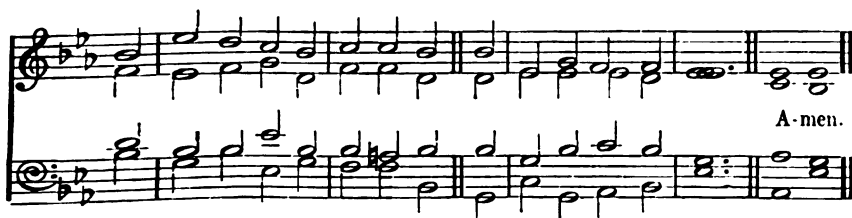
THE INNOCENTS' DAY

and on the Octave.

371

FRANCONIA.

German.



- 1 ALL praise to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.
- 2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gain'd the shore.
- 3 All praise to Thee for all
The ransom'd infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reach'd the quiet Land.
- 4 Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and white !
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight !
- 5 Lord, help us ev'ry hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim ;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

372

THE CIRCUMCISION.

ST. BERNARD.

GAUNTLETT.



1.

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The Holy Babe hath been ;
Long named in Heav'n, He now must go
To take that Name on Him below—
Jesus, Who saves from sin.

2.

His Mother kept the Angel's word
Deep in her bosom's store,
But most by fear and love unstirr'd,
Unconscious of its meaning, heard
The Name the Infant bore.

3.

The traitor sought Him by that Name,
When all the murd'rous crew
With swords and staves against Him came:
And on the Cross, the place of shame,
That Name was fix'd in view.

4.

Yet in His Hour of Glory, now,
That precious Name is given
Above all names to deck His Brow
And at the Name of Jesus bow
The Powers and Thrones of Heav'n.

5.

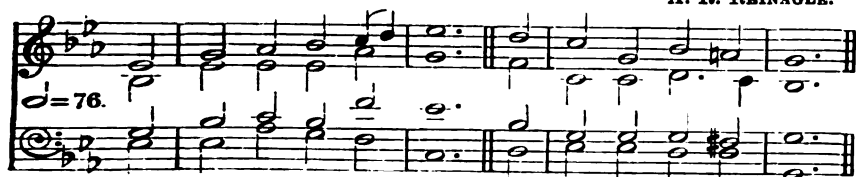
Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
O Christ, for evermore ;
Thou, Who for us didst not disdain,
That sinners should that Name profane,
Which Seraphim adore !

6.

Father of all, high praise to Thee ;
And praise we in the Height
The Son, and Spirit's Majesty,
As was of old, is now, shall be,
In worlds of Endless Light.

BEN RHYDDING.

A. R. REINAGLE.



- 1 THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That Blood for sin must flow.
- 2 Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough : the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.
- 3 Like sacrificial wine,
Pour'd on a victim's head,
Are those few precious drops of Thine,
Now first to offering led.
- 4 By blood and water too
God's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee ev'ry faithful view
Both Covenants might see.
- 5 Oh, are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard our vernal years
Few vernal joys can show ?
- 6 Look here, and hold thy peace :
The Giver of all good,
E'en from the womb, takes no release
From suff'ring, tears, and blood.
- 7 If thou would'st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear ;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.
- 8 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever-bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

374

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

VIENNA.

J. H. KNECHT.



- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.
- 2 Dark the future ; let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star ;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight ;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
- 3 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.
- 4 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure ;
Keep us evermore Thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 6 So within Thy Palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

New Year's Day.

375

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

JESU, MEINES HERZEN'S FREUD.

JOACHIM VON BURCK.

- 1 **FATHER**, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have me be :
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim ;
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify Thy Name."
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More Thou givest ev'ry day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine ;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.
- 4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home ;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His Glory came,
And repeat, till life is done,
"Glorify Thy Name."

376

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ST. HELENA.

W. H. MONK.



1 Hail to another year !
The year that now begins ;
All hail to Him Who led us here
Through dangers and through sins.

2 Hail to another year !
Peace to the year that's past :
May this one at its close appear
Less worthless than the last.

3 Hail to another year !
Ere half its race is sped,
Ourselves, with all our treasures here,
May rest among the dead.

4 Hail to another year !
Though yet unknown, untrod,
Whate'er may come, we need not fear,
If friends, through Christ, with God.

5 Hail to another year !
A year of peace and love ;
O may it prove a foretaste here
Of Endless Years above.

377

THE EPIPHANY.

EPIPHANY (*First Tune*).

GOUNOD.



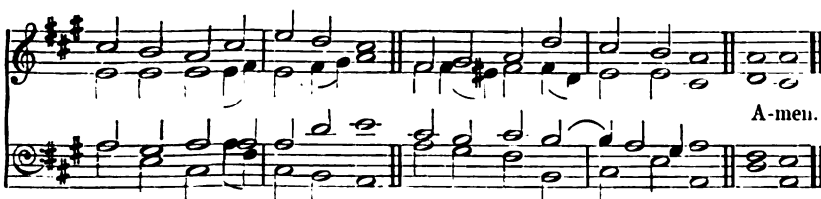
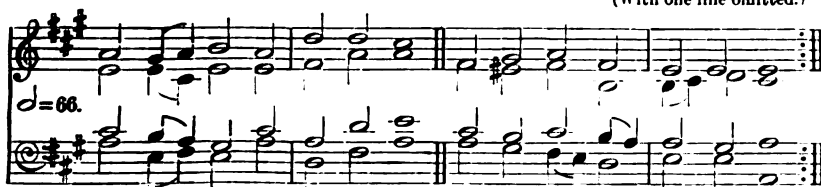
Epiphany.



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TREUER HEILAND (*Second Tune*).

KOCHER.
(With one line omitted.)



1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, Most Gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, Whom earth and Heav'n adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy Mercy-seat.

3 As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our Heav'nly King.

4 Holy Jesus, ev'ry day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy Glory hide.

5 In the Heav'nly Country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

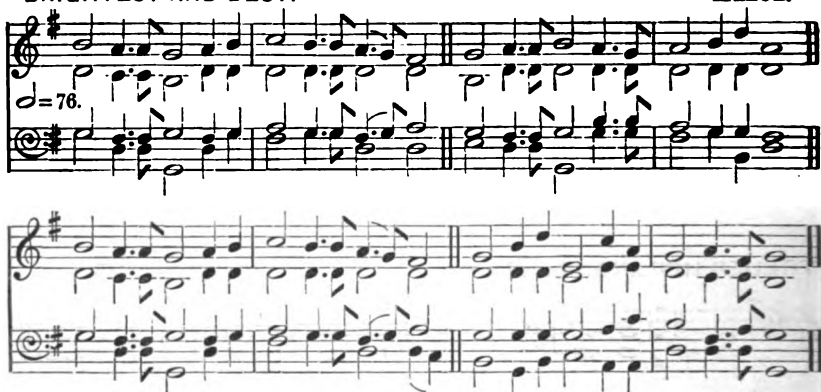
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378

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

MÉHUL.



- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings Divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid !

379

GROSVENOR.

STEGGALL.



Epiphany.



1 From the princely City
To that lowly home,
Ever pressing onward,
See the Magi come:
Love compels their footsteps;
While firm faith, which rests
Built on hope unswerving,
Triumphs in their breasts.

2 O what joys ecstatic
Thrill'd each heart from far,
When to guide their footsteps
Gleam'd the beacon Star;
O'er that home so lowly
Pouring down its ray,
Where the cradled Infant
With His Mother lay.

3 There no ivory glistens,
Glow's no regal gold,
Nor doth gorgeous purple
Those fair Limbs enfold;
But His Court He keepeth
In a stable bare,
His Throne is a manger,
Rags His purple are.

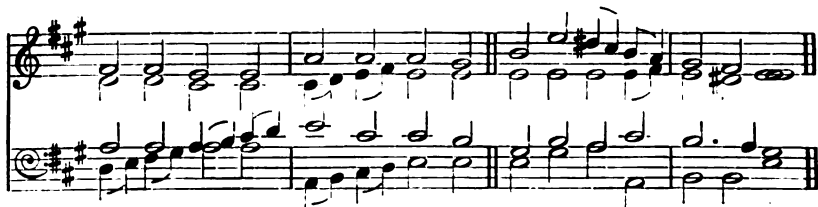
4 Costly pomps and pageants
Earthly kings array;
He, a nightier Monarch,
Hath a nobler sway;
Straw though be His pallet,
Mean His garb may be,
Yet with power transcendent
He all hearts can free.

5 At His crib they worship,
Prostrate on the floor;
And their God there present
In That Babe adore;
Let us to That Infant,
We, their offspring, true
Hearts with love o'erflowing
Give, our tribute due.

6 Holiest love presenting,
As gold to our King,
To the Man pure bodies,
Myrrh-like, chastely bring;
Unto Him, as incense,
Vow and prayer address;
So, with off'rings meetest,
Him our God confess.

7 Glory to the Father,
Fount of Light alone,
Who unto the Gentiles
Made His Glory known:
Equal praise and merit
Blessed Son, to Thee,
And to Thee, Sweet Spirit.
Evermore shall be.

CORINTH.



1.

HAIL, Thou Source of ev'ry blessing !
 Sovereign Father of mankind !
 Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
 To Thy Courts admission find.

2.

Grateful now we fall before Thee,
 In Thy Church obtain a place ;
 Now by faith behold Thy Glory,
 Praise Thy Name, and sing Thy Grace.

3.

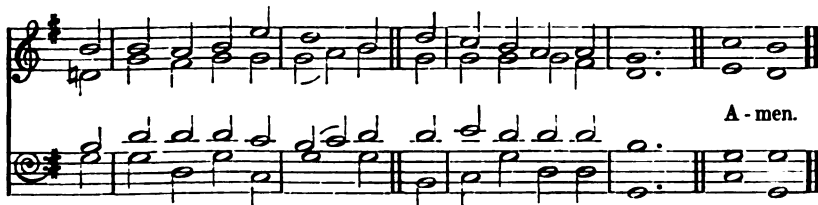
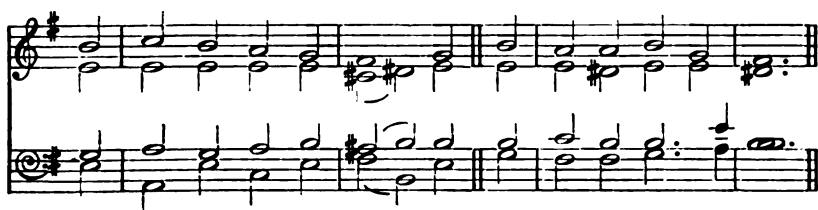
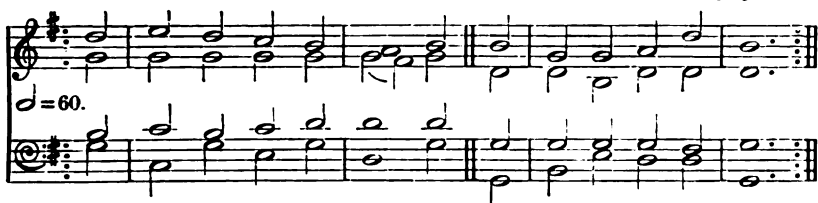
Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach Thy sacred Throne ;
 In Thy covenant united,
 Reconciled, redeem'd, made one.

4.

May we, body, soul, and spirit,
 Live devoted to Thy praise,
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

CRÜGER.

J. CRÜGER.



1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

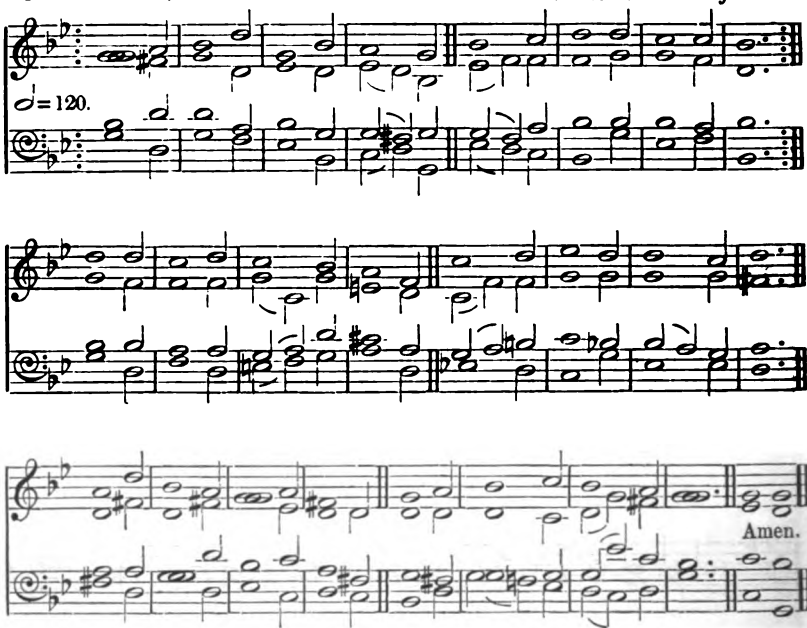
2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end.

4 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on His Throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and All-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever ;
That Name to us is—Love.

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE.

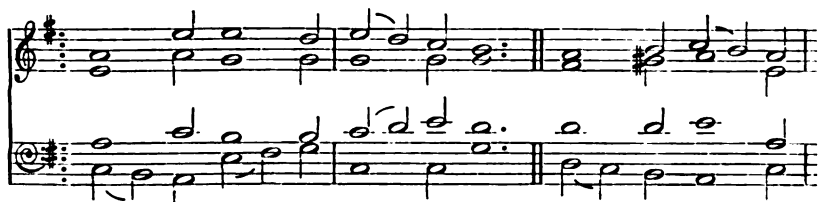
Darmstatter Gesangbuch.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 King of Israel, Word Incarnate,
Now with joy we turn to Thee,
In the brightness of Thy rising
At Thy first Epiphany:
Sleeping in the arms of Mary,
Thou art God for ever Blest;
Thee Thy servants love and worship,
In the sweetness of Thy rest.</p> <p>2 Taught of God, Three Eastern Sages
Come to greet Thee from afar,
First-fruits of the Gentile-Kingdoms,
Guided by the promised Star:
Soon they find Thee with Thy Mother,
Soon their treasures they unfold,
Offerings for prophetic welcome,
Incense, bitter myrrh, and gold.</p> <p>3 Infant Jesus, in Thy mercy
Thou art come to save the lost;
Evermore a Light of Refuge,
Shining for the tempest-tost:
Thou art come, Desire of Nations,
To a world by sin oppress'd,
Sent to heal the broken-hearted,
Sent to succour the distressed.</p> | <p>4 Stands Thy Throne on High for ever,
Welcome sight for weary eyes;
There the lilies cannot wither
In the breath of Paradise:
'Midst the golden-hearted lilies,
Blooming in the second Spring,
All the chosen see Thy Glory,
All rejoice in Thee, O King!</p> <p>5 What the rapture of Thy Presence,
What its blessedness may be,
In the Father, thro' the Spirit,
Evermore to gaze on Thee,
Thought of man can never fathom,
Tongue of man can never tell,
But Thine Angels, and Thy ransom'd,
Rapt, adoring, know it well.</p> <p>6 King of Gentiles, Light of Ages,
Very Gracious, Lord, art Thou;
Save us by Thy Holy Childhood,
By the Crowns upon Thy Brow:
Bring us to the Heav'nly Eden,
Where the living live in Thee,
Likened to Thy changeless Beauty,
In the Great Epiphany.</p> |
|--|---|

IN VERNALI TEMPORE.

Ancient Melody.



1 O'er the hill, and o'er the vale,
 Come Three Kings together,
 Caring nought for snow and hail,
 Cold, and wind, and weather;
 Now on Persia's sandy plains,
 Now where Tigris swells with rains,
 They their camels tether;
 Now through Syrian lands they go,
 Now through Moab, faint and slow,
 Now o'er Edom's heather.

2 O'er the hill, and o'er the vale,
 Each King bears a present;
 Wise men go a Child to hail,
 Monarchs seek a Peasant:
 And a Star in front proceeds,
 Over rocks and rivers leads,
 Shines with beams incessant:
 Therefore onward, onward still!
 Ford the stream, and climb the hill!
 Love makes all things pleasant.

3 He is God ye go to meet;
 Therefore incense proffer:
 He is King ye go to greet;
 Gold is in your coffer:
 Also Man, He comes to share
 Ev'ry woe that man can bear,
 Tempter, railer, scoffer:
 Therefore now, against the day
 In the grave when Him they lay,
 Myrrh ye also offer.

SALZBURG.

CRÜGER.

Har. by J. S. BACH.



- 1 Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the Star
To the Sages from afar;
Branch of Royal David's stem
In Thy Birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.
- 2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King Supreme;
And at Cana Wedding-Guest
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.
- 3 Manifest in making whole
Falsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the Devil's might;

Manifest in gracious Will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

- 4 Sun and moon shall darken'd be,
Stars shall fall, the Heav'n's shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious Sign:
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.
- 5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirror'd in Thy Holy Word:
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever Blest,
God in Man made manifest.

Epiphany.

385

THE RACE THAT LONG IN DARKNESS SAT. Melody from GILBERT.

Vivace.
♩ = 180.

A-men.

NOTE.—Verse 7 will begin at X.

1.

THE race that long in darkness sat
Hath seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gath'ring nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

4.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and Heav'n.

5.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

6.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgement and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

7.

Lord Jesu, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

386

THEY LEAVE THE LAND OF GEMS.

Trier Gesangbuch.



- 1 THEY leave the land of gems and gold,
The shining portals of the East;
For Him, "the Woman's Seed" foretold,
They leave the revel and the feast.
He, He is King, and He alone,
Who lifts that Infant Hand to bless;
Who makes His Mother's knee His Throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness!
- 2 To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe New-born.
He, He is King, &c.
- 3 O happy eyes, that saw Him first!
O happy lips, that kiss'd His Feet!
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst;
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.
He, He is King, &c.

SALTWOOD.

J. F. COOPER.

Vivace. $\text{♩} = 80.$

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The tempo is marked 'Vivace' and the time signature is 80 beats per minute. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

1.

WELCOME, that star in Judah's sky,
 That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen,
 The lamp far sages hail'd on high, [men :
 The tones that thrill'd the shepherd-
 "Glory to God in loftiest Heav'n ;"
 Thus Angels smote the echoing chord :
 "Glad tidings unto man forgiven ;
 Peace, from the Presence of the Lord."

2.

The shepherds sought that Birth Divine ;
 The Wise Men traced their guided way ;
 There, by strange light and mystic sign,
 The God they came to worship lay :
 A human Babe in beauty smiled,
 Where lowing oxen round Him trod ;
 A Maiden clasp'd her awful Child,
 Pure Offspring of the Breath of God.

3.

Those voices from on High are mute ;
 The star the Wise Men saw is dim ;
 But Hope still guides the wand'rer's foot,
 And Faith renews the Angel-hymn :
 "Glory to God in loftiest Heav'n ;"
 Touch with glad hand the ancient chord—
 "Good tidings unto man forgiven ;
 Peace, from the Presence of the Lord."

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

388 THE WEEK BEFORE SEPTUAGESIMA.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN.

Gregorian Melody.

To be sung in Unison.

O = about 90, but in free rhythm.

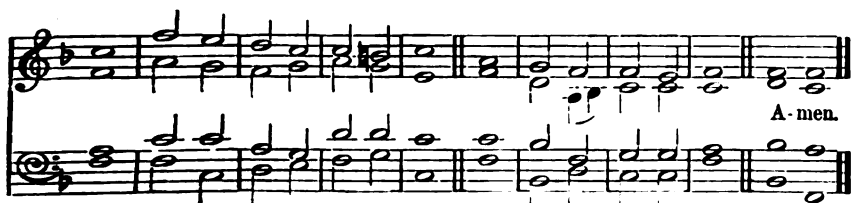
A-men.

- 1 ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, Eternal lay ;
Alleluia is the anthem
Of the Choirs in Heav'nly Day,
Which the Angels sing, abiding
In the House of God alway.
- 2 Alleluia, Church victorious,
Raise, Jerusalem, the strain !
Alleluia, songs of triumph
Well befit thy ransom'd train ;
But by Babylon's sad waters
We in exile yet remain.
- 3 " Alleluia " we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore ;
" Alleluia " our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er ;
For the holy time is coming,
Bidding us our sins deplore.
- 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Ever Blesséd Trinity,
Grant us all to keep Thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky ;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

Septuagesima Sunday.

389

DUNDEE.



- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which Heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy Hill ;
The Saints, like stars, around His Seat
Perform their courses still.
- 6 The dew of Heav'n is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.
- 7 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heav'n and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
- 8 Thou, Who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee ev'rywhere.

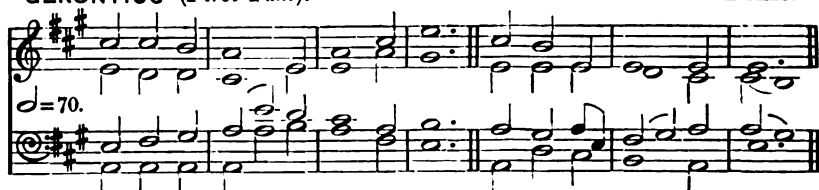
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

390

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

GERONTIUS (*First Tune*).

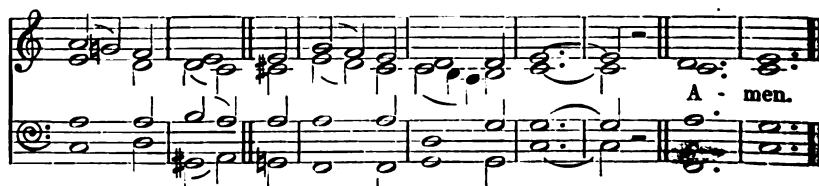
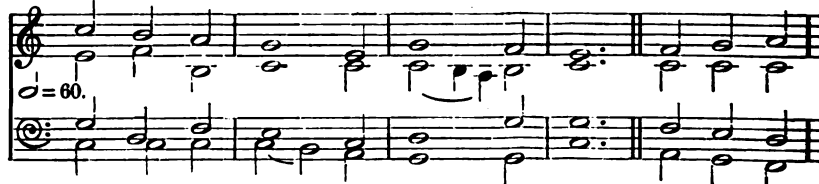
DYKES.



1 PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST (*Second Tune*).

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Slow.



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

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

Quinquagesima Sunday.

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

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His Very Self,
And Essence all-Divine.

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

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

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

391

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

CAPETOWN.

German.



1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, Heav'nly Love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong ;
Therefore, Give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay ;
Therefore, Give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in Heav'n will shine more bright ;
Therefore, Give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, Heav'nly Love.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

392

ASH WEDNESDAY.

CARLISLE.

C. LOCKHART.



1 ONLY one prayer to-day,
One earnest, tearful plea ;
A litany from out the heart,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

2 Although my sin is great,
Still to my God I flee ;
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

3 Ashes are on my head,
And thus I turn to Thee ;
I fast and weep, I mourn and pray,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,

4 Because of Jesu's Cross,
And that unfathom'd Sea—
The Crimson Tide which laves the world,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

5 No other name than His,
My hope, my help may be ;
O by that One All-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

6 In garb of penance clad,
I crave Thy pardon free ;
In life to die, in death to live,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

LENT

393

UNTIL PASSIONTIDE.

AGAIN OUR LENT HAS COME TO US.

French Air.



Lent until Passiontide.



- 1 AGAIN our Lent has come to us, the Seed-time of the year,
And we must late and early toil, that, ere the Lord appear,
Within the garden of our hearts such holy seed be sown,
That flowers and fruits of Grace Divine the Gardener may own :
The time is short : O labour all, with fast and prayer and tear,
Because once more our Lent is come, the Seed-time of the year.

- 2 Cold are the winds of Nature now ; and O ! the blasts are keen,
The piercing blasts of deep remorse for what our sins have been ;
And when soft showers of grace Divine fall gently down from Heav'n,
O Jesu, to our cold hard hearts may penitence be given,
That we confess our sins to Thee with many a secret tear,
Nor cast away the grace of Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

- 3 Dig deep, my soul, the ground on which the winter's frost has lain,
That in thy heart the loving Lord may sow some seed again ;
And O ! uproot each choking weed, e'en though their tendrils be
Twin'd closely round some earthly flower that is most dear to me :
Cleanse well the soil, the time is short, the Sower draweth near,
And none dare waste the time of Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

- 4 O Thou th' Eternal Word of God, the Sower of the seed,
Take pity on our aching hearts in their extremest need ;
O plant again Thy graces now, that in the Judgement Day,
When Thou, as Judge, each deed, each act, each gift of Thine, shalt weigh,
Thou mayest own, as Thine alone, the "full corn in the ear,"
Sown and matured in many a Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

394

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ST. BRIDE.

Dr. HOWARD (?)



1 AND wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
A sinner such as I,
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye ?

2 So deep are they engraved,
So terrible their fear,
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear ?

3 My soul, make all things known
To Him, Who all things sees ;
That so the Lamb may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

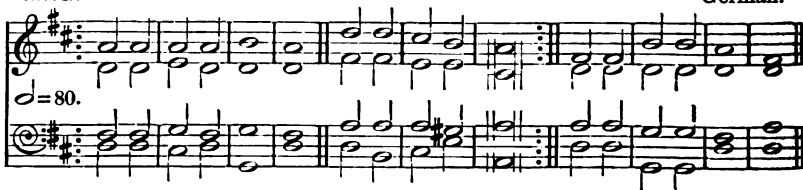
4 O Thou, Physician Blest,
Make clean my guilty soul,
And me, by many a sin oppress'd,
Restore, and keep me whole.

5 I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love ;
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above.

395

MAGI.

German.



Lent until Passiontide.

1 **CHRISTIAN**, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them.
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goadng into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast.

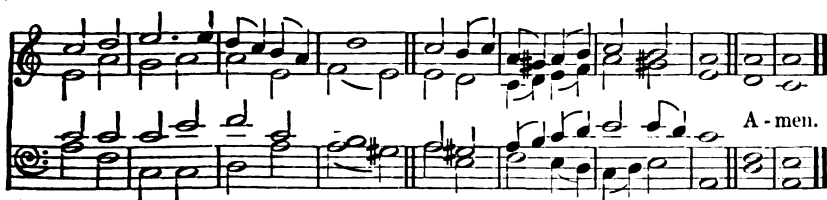
3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all My own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne."

396

QUADRAGESIMA.

Air by DE MONTFORT.



1 **Forty** days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after-time to gain?

4 Then, if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

5 So shall we have peace Divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall Angels shine,
Such as minister'd to Thee.

6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear
Ever constant by Thy Side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' Eternal Eastertide.

397

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

CARLISLE.

C. LOCKHART.



1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy 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.

398

BATTY (RINGE RECHT).

*The current form of the tune in the
Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*

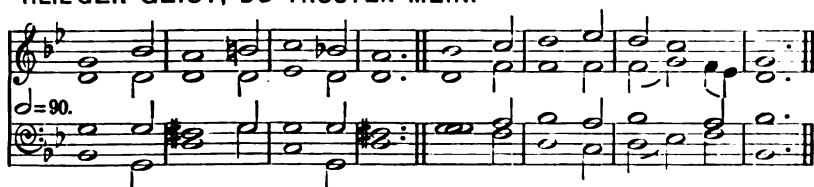


1 LONE and weary, sad and dreary,
Lord, I would Thy call obey ;
Thee believing, Christ receiving,
I would come to Thee to-day.

2 Thou, the Holy, Meek, and Lowly,
Saviour, fetch the wand'rer home ;
Keep me ever, let me never
From Thy blesséd keeping roam.

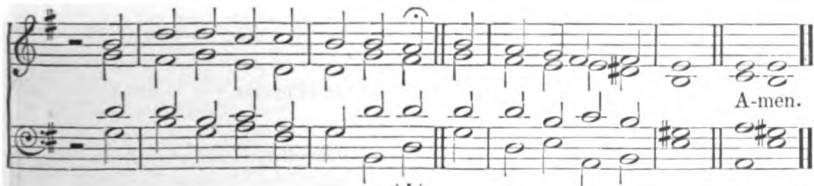
3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
Seeks my weary soul to rest ;
Till the dawning of the Morning,
When I wake among the blest.

4 Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me,
Through life's dark and stormy way ;
Turn my sadness into gladness,
Turn my darkness into Day.



- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere the hour of doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

- 4 By Thy night of Agony,
By Thy supplicating Cry,
By Thy willingness to die;
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

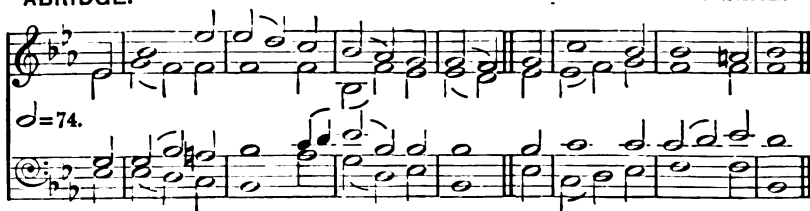


- 1 LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
From earthly passions set me free,
And make me pure within.
- 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care oppress'd;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.
- 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;

- Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the Heav'nly Way.
- 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may th' Eternal Brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.
- 5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Holy Ghost, and Thee,
The songs of praise and love.

ABRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.



1.

LORD, when we bend before Thy Throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

2.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
 And penitence impart;
 And let a kindling glance from Thee
 Beam hope upon the heart.

3.

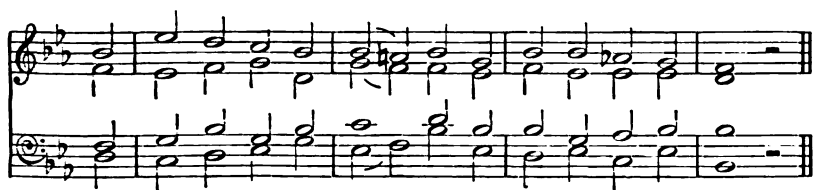
When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign;
 And not a thought our bosoms share
 Which is not wholly Thine.

4.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

WIE SOLL ICH DICH EMPFANGEN.

CRÜGER.



1 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

They take such hold on me,
To look I am not able,
Save only, Christ, to Thee;
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace;
My shadow and my sunshine,
The brightness of Thy Face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

How sad on Thee they fall,
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the Desert
I near Thy Passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the Garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the Sweat-drops bloody,
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour

E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favour,
Whose Presence from Above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee, and love.

403

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. CATHARINE.

18th Century.



1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewesh altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

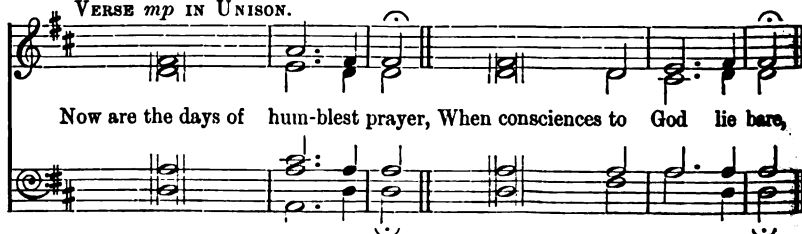
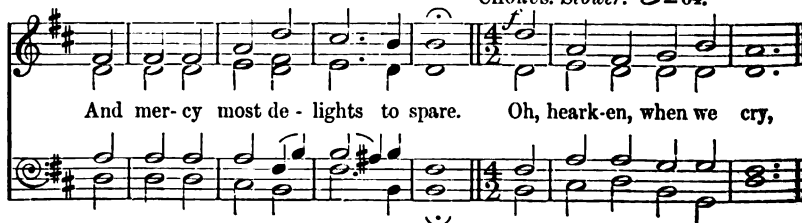
2 But Christ, the Heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer Blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear Head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

4 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all Eternity.

404

NOW ARE THE DAYS.

VERSE *mp* IN UNISON.CHORUS. *Slower.* $\text{half note} = 64$.

Lent until Passiontide.

Chas - tise us with Thy fear ; Yet, Fa - ther, in the

mul - ti - tude Of Thy com - pas - sions, hear. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Oh, happy time of cleansing tears,
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
Oh, hearken, &c.</p> <p>3 We, who have lov'd the world, must learn
Upon the world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.
Oh, hearken, &c.</p> | <p>4 Full long in sin's dark ways we went,
Yet now our steps are Heav'nward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent.
Oh, hearken, &c.</p> <p>5 All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's Face.
Oh, hearken, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

405

S. MARY'S.

Dr. Blow.

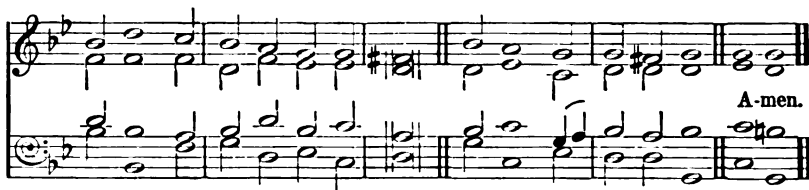
$\text{♩} = 50 : \text{♩} = 100.$

A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O LORD, turn not Thy Face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life,
Before Thy Mercy-gate ;</p> <p>2 A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin :
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.</p> <p>3 And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourn'd here :</p> | <p>For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.</p> <p>4 So come I to Thy Mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.</p> <p>5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is my humble prayer ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
Lord, let Thy mercy spare.</p> |
|--|--|

WINDSOR AND ETON.

1591.



- 1 ONCE more the solemn Season calls
A holy Fast to keep ;
And now within the Temple walls
Let priest and people weep.
- 2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.
- 3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.
- 4 In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay th' uplifted rod.
- 5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To grant us what we need ;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.
- 6 Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow ;
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

ATHERSTONE.

LAWES.



1 Thy Pains, not mine, O Christ,
 Upon the shameful Tree,
 Have paid the Law's full price,
 And purchased peace for me.
 To whom, save Thee,
 Who can alone
 For sin atone,
 Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy Tears, not mine, O Christ,
 Have wept my guilt away;
 And turn'd this night of mine
 Into a blessed day.
 To whom, &c.

3 Thy Bonds, not mine, O Christ,
 Unbind me of my chain,
 And break my prison-doors,
 Ne'er to be barr'd again.
 To whom, &c.

4 Thy Wounds, not mine, O Lord,
 Can heal my bruised soul;
 Thy Stripes, not mine, contain
 The balm that makes me whole.
 To whom, &c.

5 Thy Blood, not mine, O Christ,
 Thy Blood so freely spilt,
 Can blanch my blackest stains,
 And purge away my guilt.
 To whom, &c.

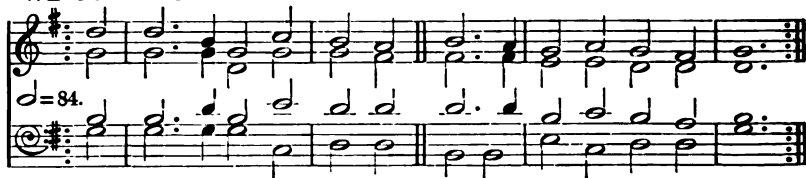
6 Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ,
 Hath borne the awful load
 Of sins that none in Heav'n
 Or earth could bear, but God.
 To whom, &c.

7 Thy Death, not mine, O Christ,
 Hath paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths, like mine,
 Would have been all too few.
 To whom, &c.

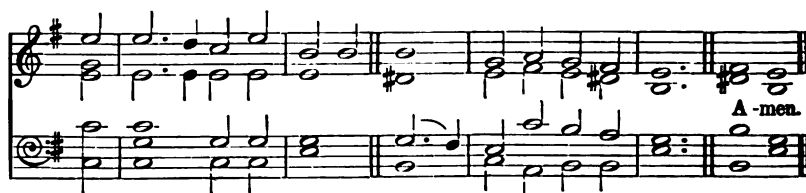
408

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

WE COME TO THEE.



CHORUS IN UNISON.



1 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
With our broken faith again ;
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

O Bountiful Salvation !
O Life Eternal won !
O Plenteous Redemption !
O Blood of Mary's Son !

2 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
For to whom, Lord, can we go ?
The words of Life Eternal
From Thy Lips for ever flow.

O Bountiful, &c.

3 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
It is love that makes us come ;
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.
O Bountiful, &c.

4 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
'Tis in answer to Thy call,
Dear Hope of the unworthy,
Dearest Merit of us all !
O Bountiful, &c.

5 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
And Thou wilt not ask us why :
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die !
O Bountiful, &c.

409

MONTREAL.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D.



Lent until Passiontide.



- 1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at Heav'n and long to enter in ;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me, "Come."
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy Land ?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear ?
Yet there are Hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the Heav'nly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.
- 5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heav'n, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

PART II.

- 6 O Great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's Courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy Righteousness
- 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.
- 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

MARTYRDOM.

HUGH WILSON.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a pierced Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.</p> <p>2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.</p> | <p>3 When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul dark spot,
One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.</p> <p>4 'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief,
His Heart is touch'd with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.</p> <p>5 Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing Tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy Wounded Side.</p> |
|---|--|

CASWALL.

German.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the Life-Blood
From His sacred Veins!</p> | <p>2 Grace and Life Eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!</p> |
|---|---|

Hymns on the Passion.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the Precious Stream,
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem !

4 There the fainting spirit
Drinks of Life her fill ;
There, as in a fountain,
Laves herself at will.

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

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

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

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

412

HARD IS THE PAINFUL WOOD.

HILLER'S Choralbuch.

Jesus saith, "I thirst."

- 1 HARD is the painful wood, His bed of death ;
And with His failing breath
He speaks again : and as He looks around,
The crowd upon the ground
Are ready with their hate to do their worst ;
And then He says, "I thirst."
- 2 His Tongue is parch'd—His fever'd Lips are burnt ;
And yet, we have not learnt
That thirst to quench—that fever to allay ;
We will not yet obey ;
Nor give Him that He asks, and longs to gain—
Oh, must He thirst in vain ?
- 3 Sweet Jesus, Thou hast thirsted for each soul
That pants in sin's control :
The world has held us ; but its bonds we break,
And spurn it for Thy sake ;
Oh, break our fetters, that we may be free
To give ourselves to Thee.

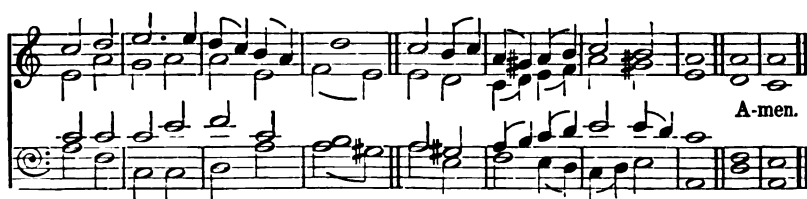
(111)

413

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

QUADRAGESIMA.

Air by DE MONTFORT.



1 In the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.

2 Thorns, and Cross, and Nails, and Lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
Vinegar, and Gall, and Reed,
And the Cry His Soul that freed;

3 May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate;
In our souls plant virtue's root,
And mature its glorious fruit.

4 Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore,
Us with Saintly bands unite
In the Realms of Heav'nly Light.

5 Christ, by coward hands betray'd,
Christ, for us a Captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter Tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee!

414

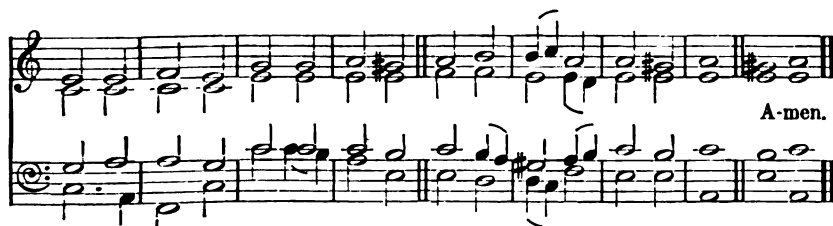
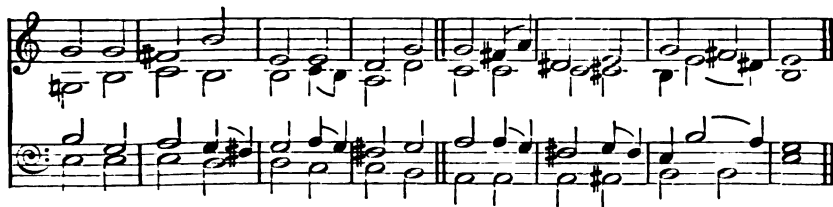
CONSUMMATUM EST (*First Tune*).

German.



Hymns on the Passion.

CONSUMMATUM EST (*Second Tune*).



Jesus said, "It is finished."

1 It is finish'd. Types and symbols,
Clear predictions, shadows dim,
Moses and the band of Prophets—
All are now fulfill'd in Him;
Now shall shine the hidden wisdom
Both to men and Cherubim.

2 It is finish'd. Full Atonement
He for all mankind hath made;
All the sins of Adam's offspring
Have on Him been surely laid:
And for each and all His Passion
Hath a Perfect Ransom paid.

3 It is finish'd. He hath carried
All our sorrows in His Breast;
Sharpest pain hath rack'd His Body,
Keenest woe His Soul distrest;
He hath drain'd the cup of sorrow,
And in death shall take His rest.

4 It is finish'd. Man's Redemption,
By His Arm alone begun,
By His Arm alone is finish'd—
He, Alone, the work hath done;
But 'tis ours with fear and trembling
To work out Salvation won.

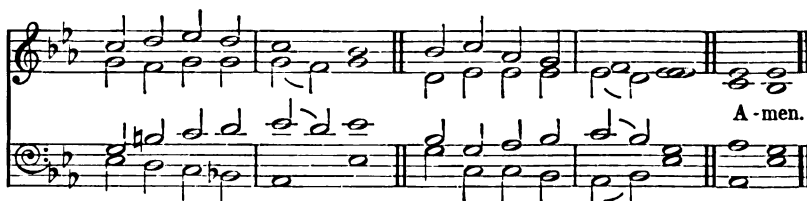
5 It is finish'd. As we ponder
On Thy bitter pains to-day,
Make us mourn the sins that pierc'd Thee,
Make us turn from sin away:
Oh, have pity on Thy servants,
As we watch, and fast, and pray.

AVE MARIS STELLA (*First Tune*).

Spanish.

ST. MARTIN (*Second Tune*).

German.



- 1 Jesus, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying.
- 2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's Tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.
- 3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing ;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

- 4 By Thy red Wounds streaming,
With Thy Life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing ;
- 5 By that Fount of blessing,
Thy fond love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.
- 6 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me ;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

DONNE SECOURS, SEIGNEUR.

L. BOURGEOIS, 1551.

The Harmony by permission, from *Songs of Syon*.

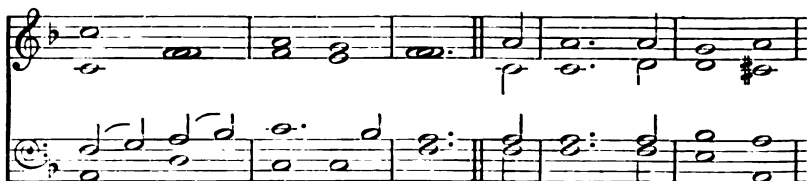
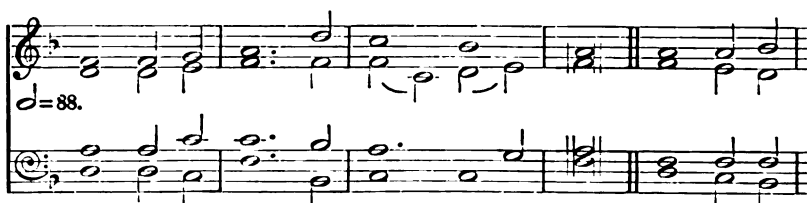
- 1 My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
I see Thee bow'd beneath Thy load of woe;
For me, a sinner, is Thy Life-Blood pouring;
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.
- 2 Thine own Disciple to the Jews hath sold Thee,
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!
- 3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wrong'd, how quickly I complain!
- 4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy Bleeding Brow the Crown of Thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?
- 5 O Victim of Thy love! O Pangs most healing!
O Saving Death! O Wounds that I adore!
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

417

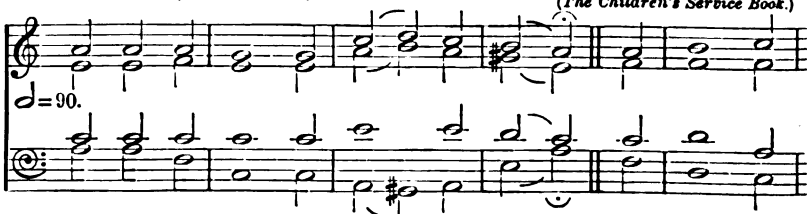
ST. CROSS (*First Tune*).

DYKES.



RHEINLAND (*Second Tune*).

Trier Gesangbuch.
(*The Children's Service Book.*)

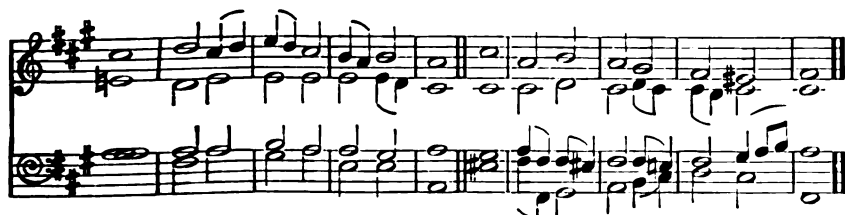
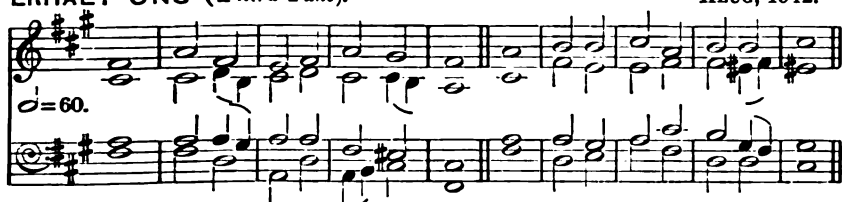


Hymns on the Passion.



ERHALT UNS (*Third Tune*).

KLUG, 1542.



- 1 O come and mourn with me awhile ;
O come ye to the Saviour's Side ;
O come, together let us mourn ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 3 How fast His Hands and Feet are nail'd ;
His Throat with parching thirst is dried ;
His failing Eyes are dimm'd with Blood ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 4 Seven times He spake, Seven Words of love ;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 5 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross ;
So may the Blood from out His Side
Fall gently on us drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart Love's cradle is ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 7 O Love of God ! O Sin of Man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with Love ;
For He, our Love, is crucified.

418

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

VATER UNSER IN HIMMELREICH.

MENDELSSOHN'S Setting.

Slow.

Reduced to Four Parts.

$\text{♩} = 50.$

A-men.

Then said Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

- 1 O Jesu, as we watch Thee hang,
Rejected, scorn'd, and crucified,
Allure us by each unknown pang,
Shed healing from Thy Wounded Side:
O draw us by Thy dying breath
With cords of love more strong than death.
- 2 "Father, forgive them" is Thy prayer,
"They know not what they do" Thy plea;
O wondrous words of love and care,

For those who nail'd Thee to the Tree:
Who, dying that the world might live,
Didst e'en Thy murd'ers' guilt forgive.

- 3 O Man of sorrows! God of love!
By all Thy pity, all Thy woes,
And by the prayer that soar'd above
For pardon on Thy cruel foes,
Grant us forgiving hearts like Thine,
Fill'd with the flame of Love Divine.

419

NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT.

German, 1660.

$\text{♩} = 64.$

A-men.

Hymns on the Passion.

- 1 O Jesu, in Thy torture
Nail'd to the bitter Tree,
My soul's true Guide and Nurture,
I yearn to be with Thee.
- 2 How can I taste of pleasure,
Whilst Thou dost hang in pain ?
Jesu, mine Only Treasure,
Mine Everlasting Gain !

- 3 O Jesu, may Thy Sadness,
Thine Agony and Tears,
Win for my spirit gladness
Throughout the endless years.
- 4 With Thine own Body feed me,
Life to my soul accord ;
Then to Thy pierc'd Heart lead me,
And hide me there, O Lord.

- 5 And in my dying hour,
By those sharp Wounds, I pray,
Lord, may Thy Passion's power,
Wash all my sins away.

420

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN.

HANS LEO HASSLER, 1564.



- 1 O SACRED Head, surrounded
By Crown of piercing thorn !
O Bleeding Head, so wounded,
So shamed, and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as thy gaze.

- 2 Thy comeliness and vigour
Is wither'd up and gone,
And in Thy wasted Figure
I see death drawing on :
O Agony and Dying !
O Love to sinners free !
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Turn Thou Thy Face on me.

- 3 In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me,
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be :
Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy Presence blest.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

421

AUS TIEFER NOTH (*First Tune*).
Stately.

WALTHER (Phrygian Mode).



ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH SEI EHR (*Second Tune*).

MEDELSSOHN's Setting.



Hymns on the Passion.



- 1 O **SINNER**, lift the eye of faith,
 To true repentance turning ;
 Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
 Its awful guilt discerning ;
 Upon the Crucified One look,
 And thou shalt read, as in a book,
 What well is worth thy learning.

- 2 Look on His Head, that bleeding Head,
 With Crown of Thorns surrounded ;
 Look on His sacred Hands and Feet
 Which piercing nails have wounded ;
 See ev'ry Limb with scourges rent :
 On Him, the Just, the Innocent,
 What malice hath abounded !

- 3 None ever knew such pain before,
 Such infinite affliction,
 None ever felt a grief like His
 In that dread Crucifixion :
 For us He bare those bitter throes,
 For us those agonizing woes,
 In oft-renew'd infliction.

- 4 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
 And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
 And from the everlasting doom
 For evil ones preparing.
 Jesu, we thank Thee, and entreat
 To rest hereafter at Thy Feet,
 Thy Heav'nly glory sharing.

422

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ANIMA CHRISTI.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

p

Ped.

Ped.

rall.

Ped.

NOTE.—The pauses in the middle of the lines should be very slight,—only to mark the *cæsura*.
The tempo should be no slower than that of slow reading.

- 1 SANCTIFY me wholly, Soul of Christ adored ;
Be my sure Salvation, Body of the Lord :
Fill and satisfy me, O Thou Blood unpriced :
Wash me, Sacred Water from the Side of Christ.
- 2 Passion of my Saviour, be my strength in need :
Good and gracious Jesus, to my prayer give heed :
In Thy Wounds most precious let me refuge find :
All the power malignant of the foeman bind :
- 3 At death's final hour, call me to Thy Face :
Bid me stand beside Thee in the Heav'nly place :
There with Saints and Angels I shall sing to Thee
Through the countless ages of Eternity.

423

CHRISTUS AGONISTES.

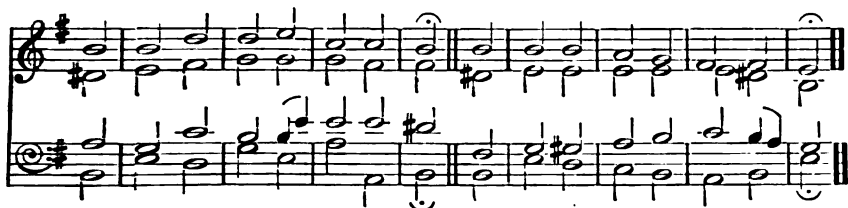
C. J. RIDSDALE.

q = 48.

Ped.

(122)

Hymns on the Passion.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 SAVIOUR, amid the throng that press'd
 Around Thee on th' accursed Tree,
 Some loyal, loving, hearts were there,
 Some pitying eyes that wept for Thee.</p> | <p>2 Like them may we rejoice to own
 Our dying Lord, though crown'd with thorn;
 Like Thee, Thy Blessed Self, endure
 The Cross with all its shame and scorn.</p> |
|---|---|
- 3** Thy Cross, Thy lonely path below,
 Shows what Thy brethren all should be,
 Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
 Who see no beauty, Lord, in Thee.

424

RINGE RECHT.

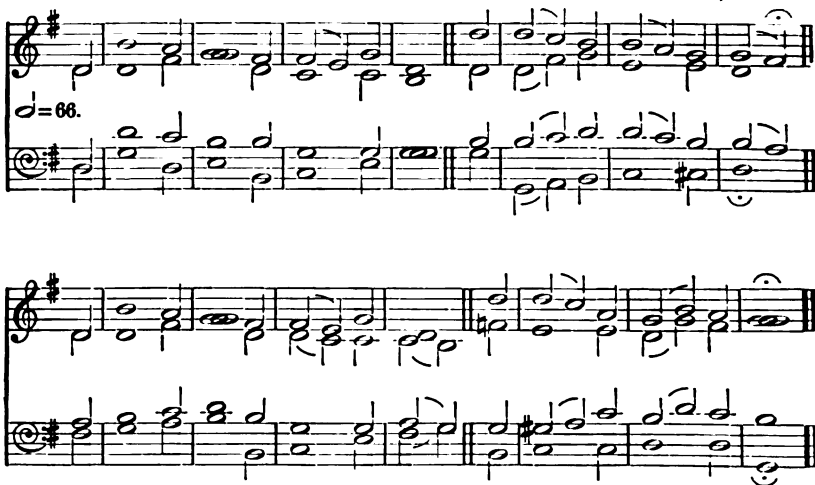
*The current form of the tune in the
 Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*



- 1** SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the Cross I spend,
 Life, and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2** Here I rest, for ever viewing
 Mercy pour'd in streams of Blood ;
 Precious Drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3** Truly blessed is the station,
 Low before His Cross to lie,
 Whilst I see Divine compassion
 Beaming in His languid Eye.
- 4** Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
 Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
 Till I taste Thy full salvation,
 And Thine unveil'd glory see.

BELMONT.

S. WEBBE, Junr.



Jesus said unto him, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

1 THERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that Flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

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

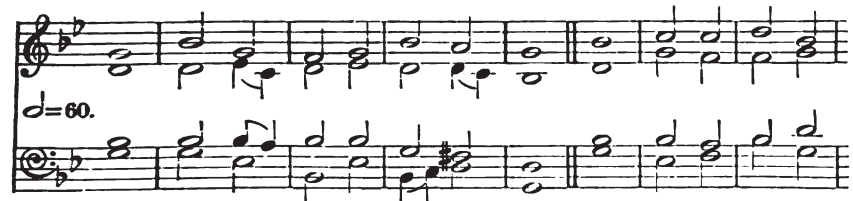
3 Dear Dying Lamb, Thy Precious Blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
 Be saved to sin no more.

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

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

ERHALT UNS, HERR.

KLUG, 1542.



Jesus cried with a loud voice, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

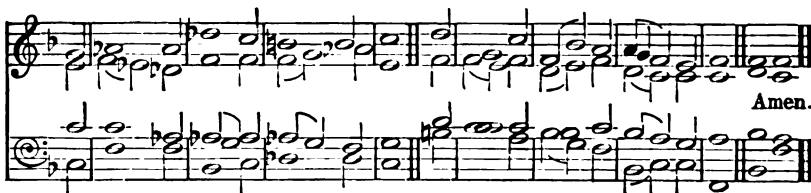
- 1 THOUSANDS have felt Thy healing power,
Thousands from Thee their lives have taken,
And can it be, that in Thine hour
Of utmost need Thou art forsaken ?
- 2 Forsaken—Oh, what grief and love
That word expresses on Thy Tongue !
Thou, in Thy Godhead bright Above,
And thus on earth by sorrow wrung.
- 3 Infinite God, and finite Man,
So high Thy state, Thy state so low,
No human thought can sound or span
The boundless depths of such a woe.
- 4 Yet, at that cry of sore distress,
Our hearts to some dim knowledge waken ;
And 'mid the gloom we faintly guess
What God has felt when God-forsaken.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

427

BROMLEY (*First Tune*).

JER. CLARK.



ROCKINGHAM (*Second Tune*).

MILLER.



1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the 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 mingling 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.

5 To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

YE THAT PASS BY.

German.



1 Ye that pass by, Behold the Man !
 The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you ;
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue ;
 See there His Temples crown'd with thorn,
 His bleeding Hands extended wide,
 His streaming Feet, transfix'd and torn,
 The Fountain gushing from His Side.

2 What is the King of Glory now ?
 The Everlasting Son of God !
 Th' Immortal droops His languid Brow ;
 Th' Almighty faints beneath His load :
 Beneath my load He faints and dies :
 I fill'd His Soul with pangs unknown,
 I caused those mortal groans and cries,
 I kill'd the Father's Only Son.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convulsed while her Creator died :
 O let mine inmost nature shake,
 And die with Jesus Crucified !
 The rocks could feel Thy mighty Death,
 And tremble and asunder part ;
 O rend with Thy expiring Breath
 The harder granite of my heart.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old

FRIDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

429

THE PRAYER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.

CHRISTUS AGONISTES.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 O SOUL of Jesus, sick to death,
Thy Blood and Prayer together plead ;
My sins have bow'd Thee to the ground,
Like storms that bend the feeble reed.
- 2 My God ! My God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?
- 3 I sin,—and Heav'n and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's Blood had never flow'd
To hinder sin, or to atone.
- 4 Oh, by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And give me of Thy Bloody Sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear !
- 5 Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierc'd shade,
My God, alone, outstretch'd, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.
- 6 And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him, Who bears the world,
A load that He could scarcely bear !

Friday after Sexagesima Sunday.

FRIDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

430

THE SACRED PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

S. BRIDE.

Dr. HOWARD (?).



Jesus said, "Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit."

- 1 O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe,
Upon the Tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.
- 2 See how the nails those Hands
And Feet so tender rend;
See down His Face, and Neck, and Breast,
His Sacred Blood descend.
- 3 O hear that last, loud cry,
Which pierc'd His Mother's heart,
As into God the Father's hands
He bade His Soul depart.
- 4 Earth hears, and trembling quakes
Around that Tree of pain;
The rocks are rent; the graves are burst;
The veil is rent in twain.
- 5 The sun withdraws his light,
The midday Heav'ns grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's Death bewail.
- 6 Shall man alone be mute?
Have we no griefs, or fears?
Come, old and young, come, all mankind,
And bathe Those Feet in tears.
- 7 Come, fall before His Cross
Who shed for us His Blood;
Who died, the Victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.
- 8 Jesu, all praise to Thee,
Our Joy and endless Rest;
Be Thou our Guide while pilgrims here,
Our Crown amid the blest.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

431

FRIDAY AFTER QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE MOST HOLY CROWN OF THORNS.

NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT (*First Tune*).

KRÜGER.

SOUTHWELL (*Second Tune*).

IRONS.

- 1 DAUGHTERS of Sion! royal maids!
Come forth to see the Crown,
Which Sion's self, with cruel hands,
Hath woven for her Son.
- 2 See how amid His gory locks
The jagged thorns appear;
See how His pallid Countenance
Foretells that death is near.
- 3 O savage was the earth that bore
Those thorns so sharp and long!
O savage hands that gather'd them
To work this deadly wrong!

- 4 But now that Christ's Redeeming Blood
Hath tinged them with its dye,
Fairer than roses they appear,
Or palms of victory.
- 5 Jesu, the thorns which pierc'd Thy Brow
Sprang from the seed of sin;
Pluck ours, we pray Thee, from our hearts,
And plant Thine own therein.
- 6 Praise, honour, to the Father be,
And Sole-begotten Son;
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

Friday after the First Sunday in Lent.

FRIDAY AFTER THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

432

THE SPEAR AND NAILS.

S. FULBERT.

GAUNTLETT.



1.

HAIL, Spear and Nails! erewhile despised,
As things of little worth ;
Now crimson with the Blood of Christ,
And famed through Heav'n and earth.

2.

Chosen by Jewish perfidy
As instruments of sin,
God turn'd you into ministers
Of love and grace within.

3.

For from each sev'ral Wound ye made
In that Immortal Frame,
As from a fount, Celestial gifts
And Life Eternal came.

4.

Thee, Jesu, pierc'd with Nails and Spear,
Let ev'ry knee adore ;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

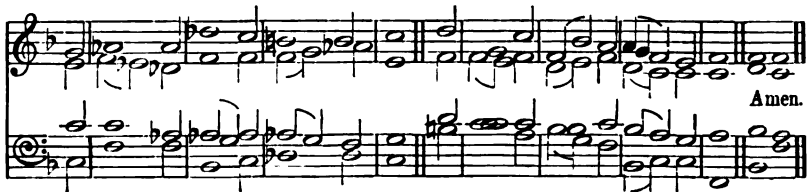
FRIDAY AFTER THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

433

THE MOST HOLY WINDING SHEET.

BROMLEY (*First Tune*).

JER. CLARK.



ROCKINGHAM (*Second Tune*).

MILLER.



1 JESU, as though Thyself wert here,
I draw in trembling sorrow near;
And hanging o'er Thy Form Divine,
Kneel down to kiss these Wounds of Thine.

2 Ah me, how naked art Thou laid!
Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead!
Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,
Upon this sacred Winding-sheet!

3 Hail, awful Brow! hail, thorny Wreath!
Hail, Countenance now pale in death!
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That Angels trembled as they gazed.

4 And hail to thee, my Saviour's Side!
And hail to thee, thou Wound so wide!
Thou Wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes.

5 Oh, by those sacred Hands and Feet
For me so mangled! I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay.

Friday after the Third Sunday in Lent.

FRIDAY AFTER THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

434

THE MOST HOLY FIVE WOUNDS.

MEIN FREUND.

FREYLINGHAUSEN.

- 1 O **PRIESTLY** Hands, which on the cruel Cross
Were stretch'd so wide to welcome all our race,
Lift up your Wounds before your Father's eyes,
That I one day may feel your dear embrace:
Ah, Sinless Saviour, wounded all for me
With thorns and lashes of my grievous sin,
Wound Thou my heart with wound of deep remorse,
But close sin's wounds and make me whole within.
- 2 O **weary** Feet, way-worn and pierc'd for me,
Which sorrowing Mary bathed with tearful grief,
Oh, let me lie, like her, beneath your Wounds,
And find for sin's disease a sure relief:
Ah, Sinless Saviour, &c.
- 3 And thou, thou wounded Heart of pity deep,
Through which my way lies to Thy Father's Throne,
Teach me the love which trod the crimson path,
Gave us Thy Life, but made our pains Thine own:
Ah, Sinless Saviour, &c.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

FRIDAY AFTER THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

435

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

LIEBE, DIE DU MICH ZUM BILDE.

J. EHR. BACH (?).

1 HE Who once, in righteous vengeance,
Whelm'd the world beneath the Flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With the Stream of His own Blood,
Coming from His Throne on High
On the painful Cross to die.

2 O the Wisdom of th' Eternal !
O the depth of love Divine !
O the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine !
We were sinners doom'd to die ;
Jesus paid the penalty.

3 When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
May the Blood of His Atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause ;
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our Pardon and our Peace.

4 Prince and Author of Salvation,
Lord of Majesty Supreme,
Jesu, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem ;
Glory to the Father be
And the Spirit One with Thee.

FRIDAY AFTER PASSION SUNDAY.

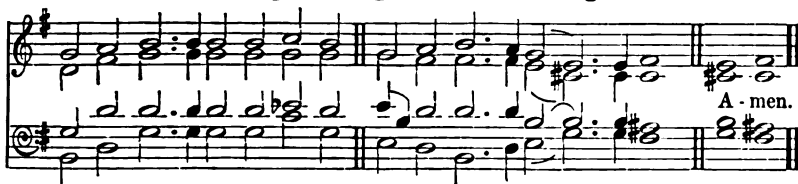
436

THE SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

STABAT MATER (*First Tune*).

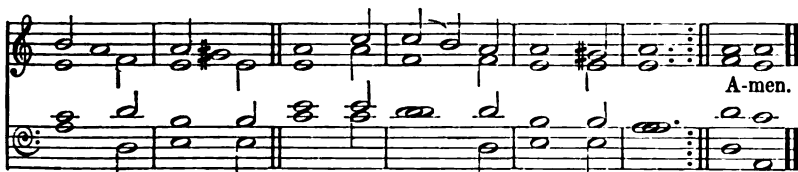
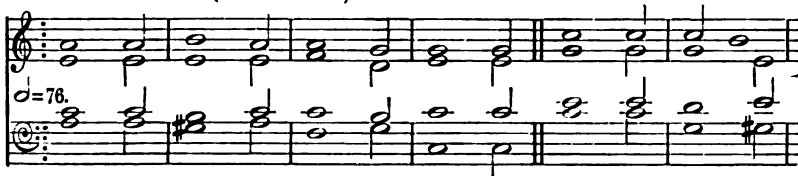
Ancient.

Friday after Passion Sunday.



STABAT MATER (Second Tune).

Ancient.



Jesus saith "Woman, behold thy Son"; "Behold thy Mother."

PART II.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 At the Cross her station keeping,
 Stood the Mournful Mother weeping,
 Close to Jesus to the last;
 Through her soul of joy bereaved,
 Smit with anguish, deeply grieved,
 Now at length the sword had pass'd.</p> <p>2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed
 Was she then, that Mother Blessed
 Of the Sole-Begotten One;
 Wrung with sorrow and affliction,
 When she saw the Crucifixion
 Of her Ever-glorious Son.</p> <p>3 Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
 Smit with 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?</p> <p>4 For His people's sins, in anguish
 She beheld her Jesus languish,
 Saw Him by the scourges rent;
 Saw her Son from judgement taken,
 And in death by all forsaken,
 Till His Spirit forth He sent.</p> <p>5 Mother, who with love o'erflowest,
 I would know the grief thou knowest,
 I would learn to mourn with thee;
 I would raise my heart's devotion
 Unto Christ, with pure emotion,
 So accepted might I be.</p> | <p>6 Holy Mother, be there written
 All the Wounds of Jesus smitten
 Deep within my inmost heart;
 In the pains which He endured,
 Which for me have life procur'd,
 Let me share with Thee the smart.</p> <p>7 In the Passion of my Maker
 Be my sinful soul partaker,
 Weep till death, and weep with thee;
 Mine with thee be that sad station,
 There to watch the great Salvation
 Wrought upon th' Atoning Tree.</p> |
|---|--|

PART III.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>8 Virgin, thou of virgins fairest,
 May the bitter woe thou bearest
 Make on me impression deep;
 Thus Christ's dying would I carry,
 With Him in His Passion tarry,
 And His stripes in mem'ry keep.</p> <p>9 May His Wounds transfix me wholly,
 May His Cross and Life-Blood solely
 Satisfy my spirit here;
 Thus, inflamed with pure affection,
 Finding refuge and protection,
 When the Judgement Day is near.</p> <p>10 Christ, when ends this earthly story,
 With Thy Mother in Thy glory,
 Grant that I may see Thy Face;
 When the pains of death befall me,
 Then receive my soul, and call me
 To a peaceful resting-place.</p> | |
|--|--|

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

437

PALM SUNDAY.

S. THEODULF.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER.

CHORUS.

VERSES.

At the Procession.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.</p> <p>2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, &c.</p> <p>3 The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on High,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.</p> <p>4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,
Before Thee we present
All glory, &c.</p> | <p>5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.</p> <p>6 Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou Good and Gracious King.
All glory, &c.</p> |
|---|--|

A - men.

ALTONA.

Slow.

Attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.

Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

♩ = 54.

NOTE.—There is a setting of this Tune in the key of D at 519.

- 1 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The Angel-armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own Anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy Power, and reign.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

439

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

THE MAUNDY.



Or tune of 434 without repeats.

Evening.

- 1 "THIS is My Body, Which is given for you ;
Do this," the Saviour said, "Rememb'ring Me : " *
O Lamb of God, our Paschal Off'ring true,
To us the Bread of Life each moment be.
- 2 Girded with love, still wash Thy servants' feet,
While they, submissive, wonder and adore ;
Bathed in Thy Blood, our spirits ev'ry whit
Are clean, yet cleanse our goings more and more.
- 3 Some will betray Thee : Master, is it I ?
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear ;
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin is near.
- 4 But round us fall the evening shadows dim ;
A sadden'd awe pervades our dark'ning sense :
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear Thy Voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

* Altered by permission.

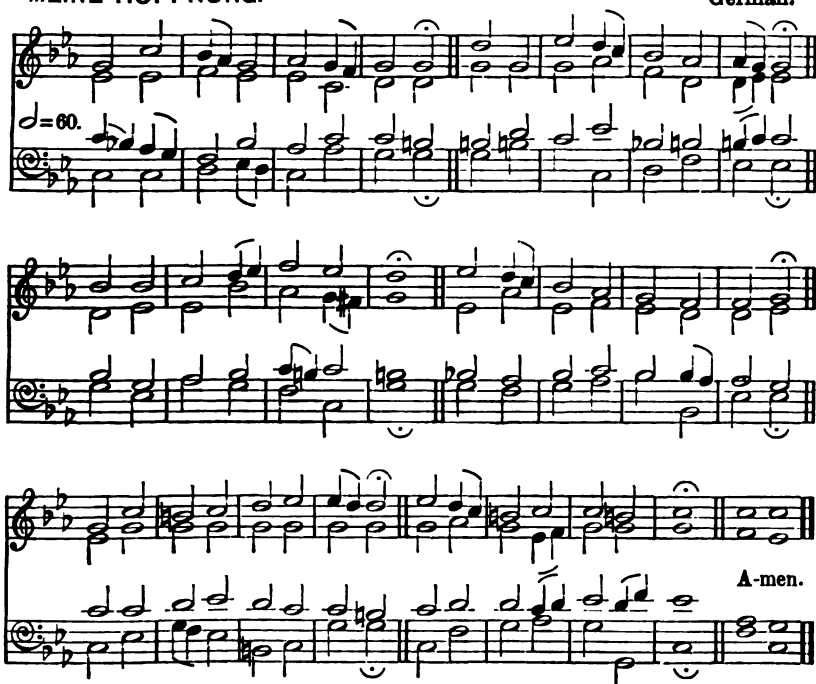
Good Friday.

440

GOOD FRIDAY.

MEINE HOFFNUNG.

German.



A-men.

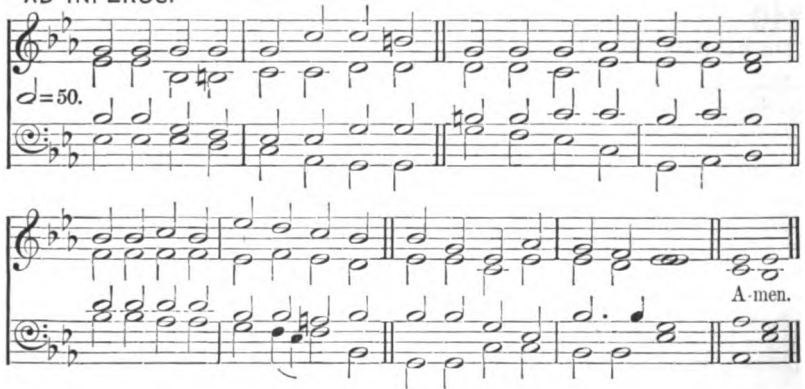
Morning.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Now returns the Awful Morning
When with curses, shouts, and scorning,
Salem raged against her King ;
Gave Him up to bonds and scourging,
Follow'd Him with cruel urging
On His path of suffering.</p> <p>2 He His Cross in patience bearing,
Meek His platted thorn-crown wearing,
Friendless climb'd that shameful
hill ;
Tasted not the drink benumbing,
Shrank not from the torture coming,
Suffer'd all to have their will.</p> | <p>3 God's own Son, of glory emptied,
Smitten, mock'd, forsaken, tempted,
Died this day upon the Tree ;
Dying, for His murderers pleaded :
Lord, by us that prayer is needed ;
We have pierc'd and stricken Thee !</p> <p>4 Not alone the hands that nail'd Thee,
Nor the crowd whose cries assail'd Thee,
Raised Thy Cross, and fix'd Thee
there :
Ours the guilt which crucified Thee,
We betray'd Thee, we denied Thee,
We too need Thy pard'ning prayer.</p> <p>5 Son of Man, in mem'ry keeping
All the pain, the shame, the weeping,
All the Sorrows of Thy Way ;
By the love that thither drew Thee,
Now once more, for them that slew Thee,
Lift Thy Wounded Hands to-day !</p> |
|--|--|

The following hymns are suggested for the "Three Hours' Devotion" :—

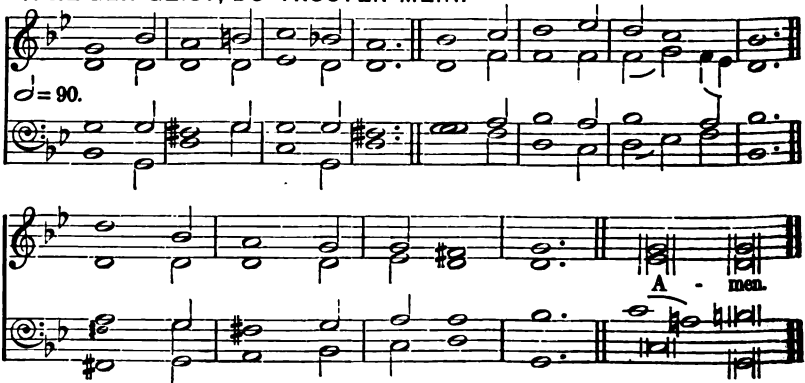
417 :: 418, 425, 436, 426, 412, 414, 430 :: 801.

AD INFEROS.

*Evening.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 It is finish'd ! Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.</p> <p>2 Lifeless lies the broken Body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment :
Where is now the Spirit fled ?</p> <p>3 In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.</p> <p>4 See ! He comes a willing Victim,
Unresisting hither led ;
Passing from the Cross of Sorrow
To the Mansions of the dead.</p> <p>5 Lo ! the Heav'nly light around Him
As He draws His people near ;
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious Words they hear.</p> | <p>6 For Himself proclaims the story
Of His own Incarnate Life,
And the Death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.</p> <p>7 Patriarch and Priest and Prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the pierced Hands.</p> <p>8 O the bliss to which He calls them,
Ransom'd by His Precious Blood,
From the gloomy realms of darkness
To the Paradise of God !</p> <p>9 There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His Side,
Reaping now the blessed promise
Spoken by the Crucified.</p> <p>10 Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me ;
Grant me too, when life is finish'd,
Rest in Paradise with Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

HEIL'GER GEIST, DU TRÖSTER MEIN.

Ancient.

Easter Even.

Evening.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WEEPING, as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?</p> <p>2 These are they who watch'd to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on th' accursed Tree.</p> | <p>3 All is over—fought the fight:
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.</p> <p>4 Leave we in the tomb with Him
Sins that shame, and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.</p> <p>5 Glory to the Lord, Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.</p> |
|--|---|

443

EASTER EVEN.

ACH WAS SOLL ICH SUNDER MACHEN.

HAMMERSCHMIDT.



(Or Tune of 801, 1.)

Morning.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 RESTING from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from Head to Feet
Shrouded in the Winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.</p> <p>2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalen;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.</p> | <p>3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.</p> <p>4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.</p> |
|--|--|

LIEBE, DIE DU MICH ZUM BILDE.

J. EHR. BACH (?)

*Evening.*

- 1 ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite ;
Death shall be despoil'd to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night ;
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.
- 2 Dark and still the cell that holds Him.
While in brief repose He lies ;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veil'd awhile from mortal eyes ;
Slumber such as needs must be,
After hard-won victory.
- 3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder Cross He bore ;
How did Soul and Body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er ;
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crush'd the serpent's head.
- 4 All night long with plaintive voicing,
Chant His Requiem soft and low ;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow :
"Death and Hell at length are slain !
Christ hath triumph'd ! Christ doth reign !"

Eastertide.

EASTERTIDE.

445

ALTONA.

Attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.

Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

NOTE.—There is a setting of this Tune in the key of D at 519.

1.

ALL hail, dear Conqueror ! all hail !
Oh, what a victory is Thine !
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine !

2.

Thou camest at the dawn of day ;
Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits, thronging to adore
Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

3.

The Everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That Sacred Human Heart of Thine.

4.

They worshipp'd Thee, those ransom'd souls,
With the fresh strength of love set free ;
They worshipp'd joyously, and thought
Of her who bore and nurtur'd Thee.

5.

They worshipp'd, while the beauteous Soul
Enter'd the Body's wounded Side :
Bright flash'd the cave—before them stood
The Living Jesus glorified !

6.

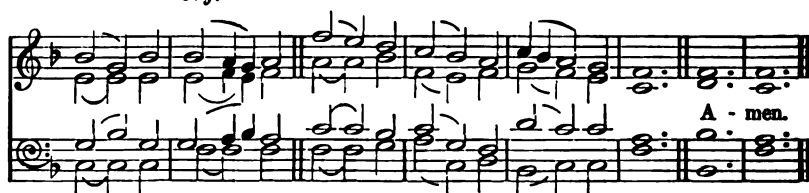
Ye Heav'ns, within your blissful Courts
How sang the Angel Choirs that day,
When from His tomb th' imprison'd God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away !

7.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread !
O Sin, thou art undone by Love !
O Death, thou art discomfited !

GERMANIA.

Trier Gesangbuch.

Stately. NOTE.—The Organist should repeat the notes with the dotted slurs.

1 ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !

Hearts to Heav'n and voices raise ;
 Sing to God a Hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a Hymn of praise ;
 He, Who on the Cross a Victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the First-fruits
 Of the holy Harvest field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At His Second Coming yield ;
 Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before Him wave,
 Ripen'd by His glorious sunshine,
 From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen ! we are risen !

Shed upon us Heav'nly grace,
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of Thy Face ;
 That we, with our hearts in Heav'n,
 Here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by Angel-hands be gather'd,
 And be ever safe with Thee.

4 Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Glory be to God on High ;
 Alleluia to the Saviour,
 Who hath gain'd the victory ;
 Alleluia to the Spirit,
 Fount of love and sanctity ;
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 To the Tri-une Majesty.

A RHYME, A RHYME, FOR EASTER TIME.



1.

A RHYME, a rhyme, for Easter time,
 Come sing with mirth and glee ;
 Come youth and age, with sire and sage,
 And join in harmony ;
 For Christ hath burst His prison gate,
 Whose bars before Him fell,
 Aloft He fares, and with Him bears
 The keys of Death and Hell.

2.

No powers of night can keep His Soul
 Its prison bournes within ;
 Corruption foul can ne'er control
 His Form, unstain'd by sin.
 His Three days o'er, He comes once more
 To tread the hallow'd sod
 By Sion's gate, where hellish hate
 Had slain the Son of God.

3.

But not alone doth Jesus speed ;
 A throng of spirits bright
 Away to earth with Him proceed,
 As trophies of His night.
 Around doth press the Saintly Band,
 They move in flesh agen ;
 Once more on Salem's Mount they stand,
 And shew themselves to men !

4.

And so, through Him Who conquer'd
 May we, too, upward press [Death,
 From death of sin sweet life to win
 Of truth and holiness ;
 And, like the Saints returning home
 With Christ, we pray that we
 May to God's holy City come
 And true Mount Sion see.

SALZBURG.

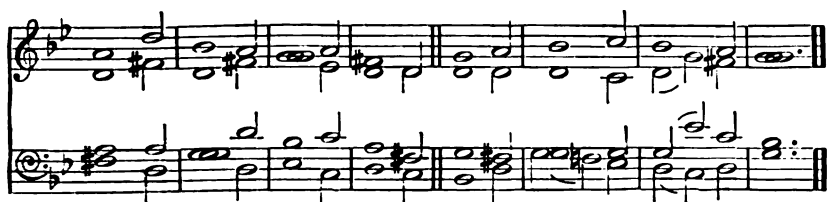
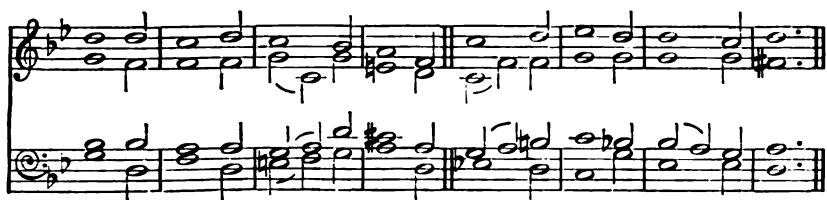
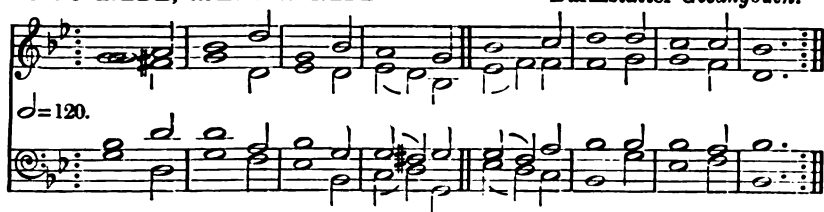
CRÜGER.
Har. by J. S. BACH.

♩ = 64.

A. men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 At the Lamb's high Feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the tide
Flowing from His piercé'd Side;
Praise we Him, Whose love Divine
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the Feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.</p> | <p>3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now Thy banner Thou dost wave;
Vanquish'd Satan and the Grave;
Thou hast open'd Paradise,
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.</p> |
| <p>2 Where the Paschal blood is pour'd,
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.</p> | <p>4 Easter Triumph, Easter Joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.</p> |

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE.

Darmstätt *Gesangbuch.*

1 BRINGING Life and Peace and Gladness
To His people from the grave,
Jesus rose at break of morning
Mighty in His strength to save.

2 Having rested from His labour,
Waking from His sleep by night,
Morn brought back the Well-belovéd,
Crown'd with many crowns of light.

3 When the world was wrapt in slumber,
On the threshold of the day,
Then the Warrior-king, from Bozrah,
Pass'd on His triumphal way.

4 On the Heights His Feet, once-piercéd,
Shone with brightness like a flame;
While there hung around His Footsteps
Heav'nly splendours as He came.

5 He, the Warrior strong from Edom,
Smote the battlements of Hell,
Rode in chariots of salvation,
When the ancient mountains fell.

6 Oh! the rest and deep rejoicing
After warfare, after toil;
Rest for those who reap the harvest,
Joy for those who take the spoil.

7 Risen Jesus, long the nations
Waited with desire for Thee;
Now the Dragon Thou hast smitten
Now hast made Thy people free.

8 Glorious One, in dyed apparel,
Conqu'ror by a fearful strife,
Thou didst cover Heav'n with triumph,
Bringing Gladness, Peace and Life.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

450

CHRIST IS RISEN.

SCHEIN.

Allegro.

♩ = 110.

1 Christ is ris'n! . . Christ is ris'n! . He . . hath
2 See, . . the chains . . of death are bro - ken! Earth . . be -

burst His bonds in twain : Christ is ris'n! . . Christ is
- low, and Heav'n a - bove, Joy . . in each . . a - maz - ing

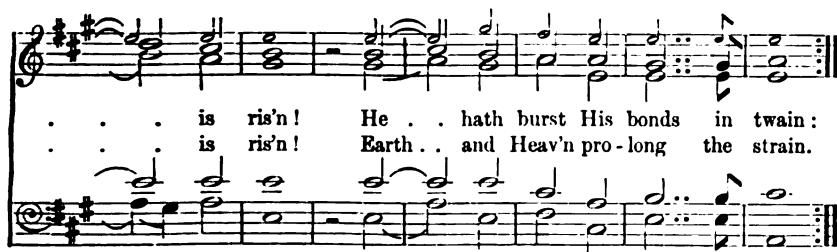
ris'n! . . Earth . . and Heav'n pro - long the strain.
to - ken Of . . His ri - sing, Lord of love!

1 For . . our gain . . He suf - fer'd loss, By . .
1 He . . hath died . . up - on the Cross, But . .
2 He . . for ev - er - more shall reign At . .
2 Till . . He comes . . to earth a - gain, Comes

Eastertide.



. . . Di - vine de - cree ; Christ is ris'n ! . . Christ
 . . . our God is . . He. Christ is ris'n ! . . Christ
 . . . His Fa - ther's side,
 . . . to claim His . . Bride.



. . . is ris'n ! He . . hath burst His bonds in twain :
 . . . is ris'n ! Earth . . and Heav'n pro - long the strain.

NOTE.—The small notes above the Air may be sung by Three or Four high voices.

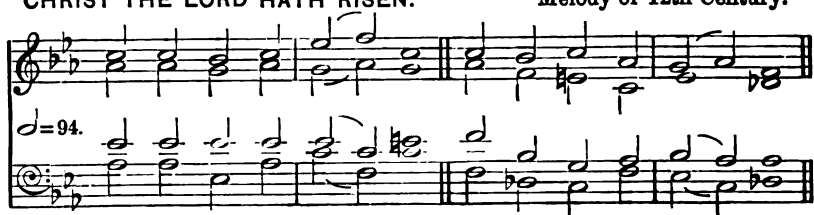
1 CHRIST is risen ! Christ is risen !
 He hath burst His bonds in twain :
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
 Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.
 For our gain He suffer'd loss,
 By Divine decree ;
 He hath died upon the Cross,
 But our God is He.
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
 He hath burst His bonds in twain :
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
 Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.

2 See, the chains of death are broken !
 Earth below, and Heav'n above,
 Joy in each amazing token
 Of His rising, Lord of love !
 He for evermore shall reign
 At His Father's side,
 Till He comes to earth again,
 Comes to claim His Bride.
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
 He hath burst His bonds in twain :
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
 Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.

3 Glorious Angels, downward thronging,
 Hail the Lord of all the skies !
 Heav'n, with joy and holy longing
 For the Father's Image, cries,
 Christ is risen ! Earth, rejoice !
 Gleam, ye starry train !
 All Creation, find a voice !
 He o'er all shall reign !
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
 He hath burst His bonds in twain :
 Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
 O'er the universe to reign.

CHRIST THE LORD HATH RISEN.

Melody of 12th Century.



1.

CHRIST the Lord hath risen
From His three-day prison
Meet it is to make merrie ;
Jesus will our solace be. Alleluia !

2.

Christ to knap asunder
Chains, that kept us under
Satan's yoke, was slain of yore ;
Now He lives to die no more. Alleluia !

3.

Christ, our Victor-giant,
Quells the foe defiant :
Let the ransom'd people sing
Glory to the Easter King. Alleluia !

WARUM BETRUBST DU DICH.

German Choral.
With added last line.

- 1 COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear Angelic watchers say,
"He lives, Who once was slain ;
Why seek the living 'midst the dead ?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."
- 2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour !
When by His own Almighty Power
He rose, and left the grave :
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and Hell,
And ever lives to save.
- 3 The First-Begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our Glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring :
What though the Saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.
- 4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumb'ring dust :
O Risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

LÆTARE.

Aachen Gesangbuch.

1 COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness ;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness ;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters ;
Led them with unmoisten'd foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

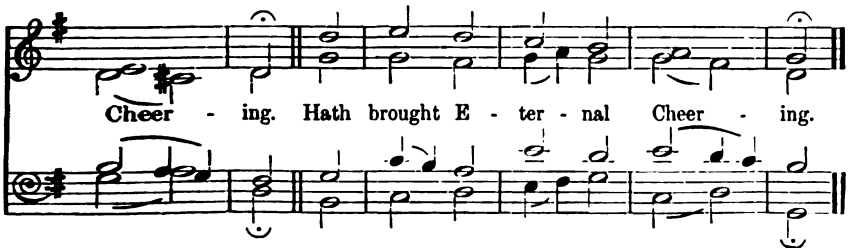
2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day ;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen ;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the Royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render ;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.

4 Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal !
Who, triumphant, burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal ;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising !
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising !

WAS GOTT THUT.

SEVERUS GASTORIUS, 1675.



- 1 Give ear, give ear, good Christain men,
The lay is worth a-hearing ;
We tell how grief hath ended woe,
And fear hath finish'd fearing ;
And pain, that lasted for a day,
Hath brought Eternal Cheering
- 2 Was ever battle won like this,—
Where He That lost was gaining ?
And He That fell was triumphing,
And He That died was reigning ?
And He, That held the Reed of Scorn,
A Sceptre was obtaining ?
- 3 The winner then had such a foil
As crush'd him down for ever :
The wise was taken in his craft,
The strong in his endeavour :
And He, the Slain, was Victor still,
And he, that slew Him, never.
- 4 Give ear, give ear, good Christian men,
The riddle is expounded ;
From North to South, from East to West,
Its meaning shall be sounded ;
On Easter Day was fought The Fight,
Whereon the Crown is founded !

SALVE! FESTA DIES.

J. B. POWELL.

CHORUS.

Hail! Fes - tal Day! To end - less a - ges known, . . .

ORG.

VOICES & ORGAN.

When Christ, . . . o'er death vic - tor - ious, gain'd . . . His Throne.

rall.

N.B.—The Music of the Cantors' verses can be found in the 8vo copies (Novello & Co.).

At the Procession.

- 1 HAIL! Festal Day! to endless ages known,
When Christ, o'er death victorious, gain'd His Throne.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 2 Now with the Lord of new and Heav'nly birth,
His gifts return to grace the springing earth.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 3 He reigns Supreme, Who died the death of shame
And all created things adore His Name.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 4 Fulfil thy promise, King of Love, we pray;
The Third Morn brightens; Rise, and come away.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 5 No mould'ring tomb shall hold Thee in repose;
No stone the Ransom of the World enclose.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 6 Who holdest all things in Thy hollow'd Hand,
No rocky barrier can before Thee stand.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 7 Cast off the grave clothes; let them there remain
Come forth to us, our All, our Only Gain.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

Eastertide.

8 Creator, Fount of Life, Thou know'st the grave ;
And thence returning, Thou art strong to save.

Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.

9 Light of the World ! show us Thy Face once more,
The Day that died with Thee, to-day restore.

Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.

10 A countless people, from death's bondage freed,
Own Thee Redeemer, following Thy lead.

Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.

11 The shades of Death are pierc'd, his laws undone,
And trembling Chaos flees the Rising Sun.

Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.

This may be sung to either of the tunes at 474 or 483.

456

HE IS RISEN.

Attributed to PURCELL.

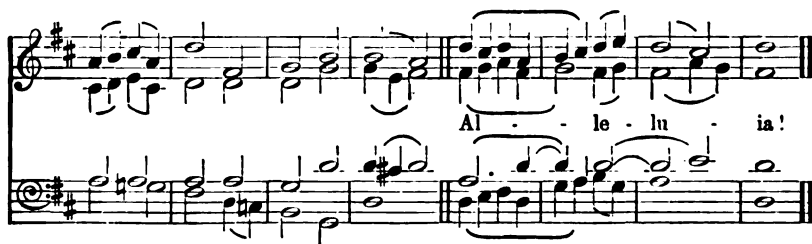
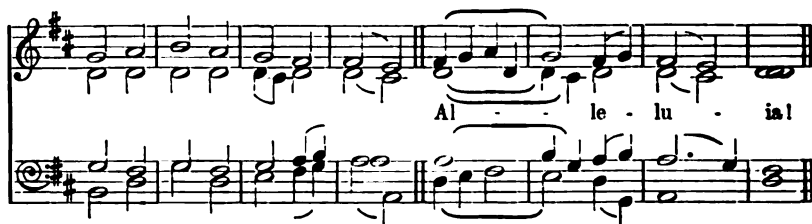
* Alternative notes in the Bass.

1 **HE** is risen ! He is risen !
Tell it with a joyful voice ;
He hath burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;
Death is conquer'd, man is free,
Christ hath won the victory !

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow ;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore ;
Sin and pain can vex no more.

3 Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping ;
Brightly gleams their Easter Sun :
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ hath conquer'd Hell to-day !

4 He is risen ! He is risen !
He hath oped th' Eternal Gate ;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state :
Death's dominion now is o'er,
Jesus lives for evermore !



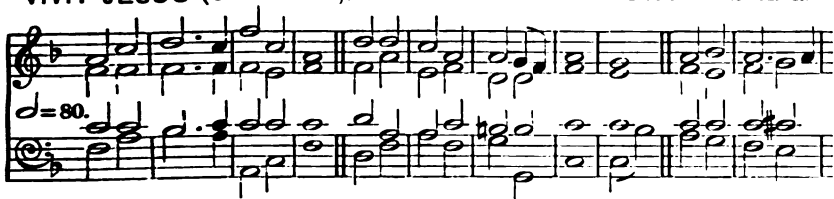
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|---|----------------------------------|------------|
| 1 | JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, | Alleluia ! |
| | Our Triumphant Holy Day, | Alleluia ! |
| | Who did once, upon the Cross, | Alleluia ! |
| | Suffer to redeem our loss. | Alleluia ! |
| 2 | Hymns of praise then let us sing | Alleluia ! |
| | Unto Christ, our Heav'nly King, | Alleluia ! |
| | Who endur'd the Cross and Grave, | Alleluia ! |
| | Sinners to redeem and save. | Alleluia ! |
| 3 | But the pain, which He endured, | Alleluia ! |
| | Our Salvation hath procured ; | Alleluia ! |
| | Now above the sky He's King, | Alleluia ! |
| | Where the Angels ever sing. | Alleluia ! |

ST. ALBINUS (*First Tune*).

GAUNTLETT.

VIVIT JESUS (*Second Tune*).

Dr. JOHN STORER.



1 Jesus lives ! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

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

2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life Immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of Hell
Part us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia !

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

459

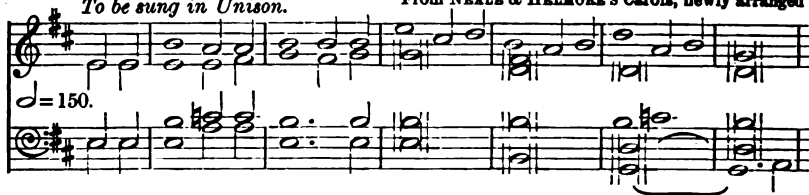
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LET THE SONG BE BEGUN (*First Tune*).

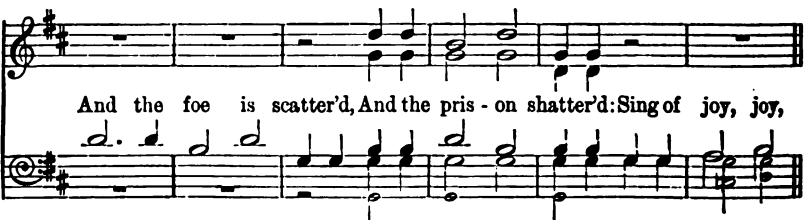
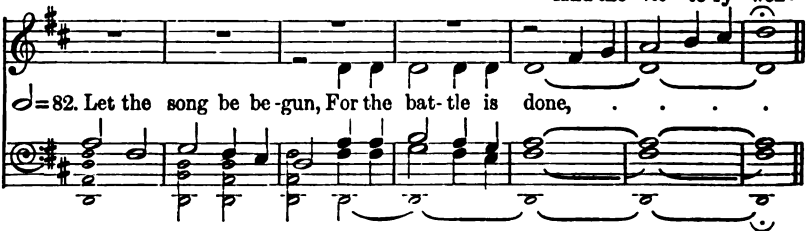
15th Century.

To be sung in Unison.

From NEALE & HELMORE'S Carols, newly arranged

LET THE SONG BE BEGUN (*Second Tune*).

And the vic - to - ry won:



(158)

Eastertide.



1 LET the song be begun,
For the battle is done,
And the victory won:
And the foe is scatter'd,
And the prison shatter'd:
Sing of joy, joy, joy;
Sing of joy, joy;
And to-day
Raise the lay,
Gloria in excelsis!

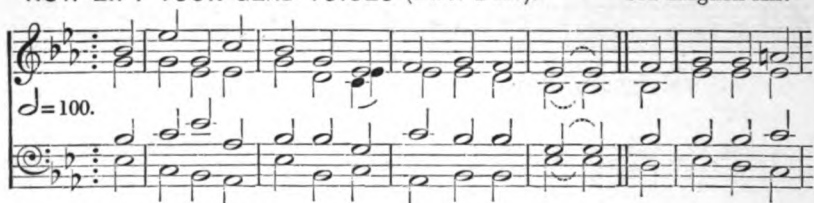
2 They that follow'd in pain
Shall now follow to reign,
And the Crown shall obtain;
They were sore assaulted;
They shall be exalted;
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
Sing of rest, rest;
And again
Pour the strain,
Gloria in excelsis!

3 For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore,
Where the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernal;
There is Life Eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Sing of peace, peace;
Earth and skies
Bid it rise,
Gloria in excelsis!

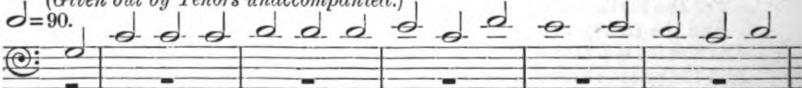
4 Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despis'd and ye few,
For the Crown is for you;
Christ, That went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
Sing of hope, hope;
And to-day
Raise the lay,
Gloria in excelsis!

NOW LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES (*First Tune*).

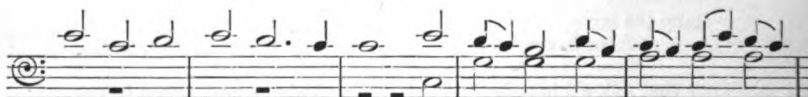
Old English Air.

NOW LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES (*Second Tune*).

C. J. RIDSDALE.

(Given out by Tenors unaccompanied.)

Now lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umphon high, For Je - sus hath



ris - en, and man can - not die: All vain were the ter - rors that



ga - ther'd a - round Him, And short the do - min-ion of death and the

Eastertide.

grave; He burst from the fet-ters of dark-ness that bound Him, Re -

splen-dent in glo-ry to live and to save: Then lift your glad

voi-ces in tri-umph on high, For Je-sus hath ris-en, and

man shall not die! Al-le-lu-ia! . . Al-le-lu-ia!

Now lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die:
 All vain were the terrors that gather'd around Him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave;
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
 Resplendent in glory to live and to save:
 Then lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

VICTORY.

From PALESTRINA and W. H. MONK.

First system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The tempo is marked '♩ = 90'. The lyrics 'f Al - le - lu - ia! cr. Al - le - lu - ia! ff Al - le - lu - ia!' are written below the staves. The word 'Org.' is written below the first measure of the bottom staff.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and clefs as the first system. The tempo is marked '♩ = 70'. The word 'Slow.' is written above the first measure of the top staff. The lyrics continue across the staves.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and clefs. The lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.' are written below the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

1.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 No more of strife ! No more of pain !
 The Lord of Life hath risen again !
 Uplift ye then the joyful strain.

Alleluia !

2.

The powers of Hell have done their worst,
 But Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
 Let shouts of joy and praise outburst.

Alleluia !

3.

The Three Sad Days have quickly sped ;
 He rises glorious from the dead ;
 All glory to our Risen Head !

Alleluia !

4.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 That we may live and sing to Thee

Alleluia !

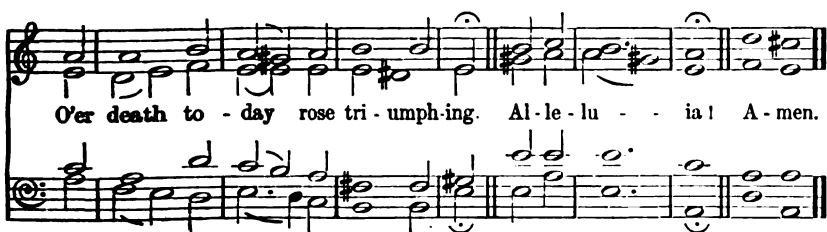
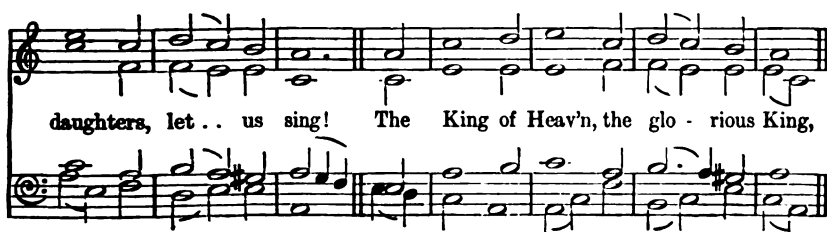
O FILII.

Gallican.

Unison.



NOTE.—These Alleluias are sung before each verse and before the Amen.



2 That Easter Morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

4 That night th' Apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the Risen Lord,
He doubted the Disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 "My pierced Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they Eternal Life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy Day of days,
To God our hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

10 And we with Holy Church unite,
As is most just and meet and right,
In glory to the King of Light.
Alleluia!

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH SEI EHR.

NIC. DECRUS.

Vivace. Without pauses.

$\text{♩} = 150.$
1 On Eas - ter Morn Christ rose a - gain; Al - le - lu -

ia! . . Al - le - lu - ia! Re - joice, re - joice, good

Chris - tian men. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2 But two days since He deign'd to die, That we no

more in death might lie. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

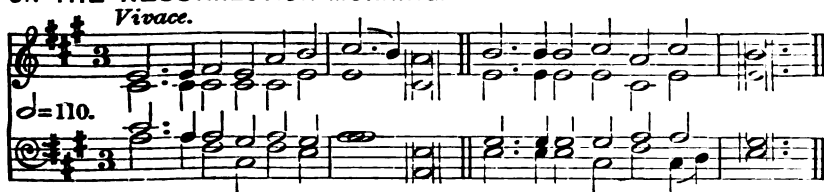
- | | |
|---|-----------|
| 1 On Easter Morn Christ rose again; | Alleluia! |
| Rejoice, rejoice, good Christian men. | Alleluia! |
| 2 But two days since He deign'd to die, | Alleluia! |
| That we no more in death might lie. | Alleluia! |

Eastertide.

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 3 The Holy women to the tomb
With gifts of precious ointment come. | Alleluia!
Alleluia! |
| 4 They seek within the guarded grave
The Lord, Who died mankind to save. | Alleluia!
Alleluia! |
| 5 An Angel clad in white appears,
Who brings glad tidings to their ears. | Alleluia!
Alleluia! |
| 6 Ye trembling daughters, do not fear;
Ye seek the Christ; He is not here. | Alleluia!
Alleluia! |
| 7 Go, bid the glad Disciples see
Their Risen Lord in Galilee. | Alleluia!
Alleluia! |
| 8 Of Simon Peter, next, I ween,
Then of th' Eleven, He was seen. | Alleluia!
Alleluia! |
| 9 This time of Holy Paschal joy,
In Hymns to Christ let all employ. | Alleluia!
Alleluia! |
| 10 The Holy Trinity be praised,
Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. | Alleluia!
Alleluia! |

464

ON THE RESURRECTION MORNING.



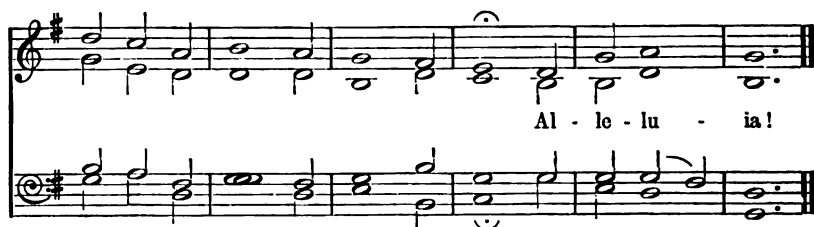
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 On the Resurrection morning
Soul and Body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!</p> <p>2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.</p> <p>3 For a space the tiréd body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter Morn.</p> <p>4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song!</p> | <p>5 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.</p> <p>6 Oh! the beauty, oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection Day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!</p> <p>7 On that happy Easter Morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.</p> <p>8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last, [ment,
To Thy Cross, through death and judge-
Holding fast.</p> |
|---|---|

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

465

LÆTARE, ALLELUIA!

MELCHIOR FRANCK, 1628.



Or tune of 481.

- | | |
|---|------------|
| 1 THE clouds of night have pass'd away ; | Alleluia ! |
| Mary, rejoice, rejoice to-day. | Alleluia ! |
| 2 He, That abhorréd not thy womb, | Alleluia ! |
| Hath sprung to life from out the tomb. | Alleluia ! |
| 3 Death's arrows keen are snap't in twain ; | Alleluia ! |
| At Jesu's feet Death lieth slain. | Alleluia ! |
| 4 Though heaviness endure a night, | Alleluia ! |
| Joy cometh with the morning-light. | Alleluia ! |
| 5 From spitting hid He not His Face ; | Alleluia ! |
| It beams with glory now and grace. | Alleluia ! |
| 6 His Wounds in Side, in Hands, in Feet, | Alleluia ! |
| Are springing-wells of mercy sweet. | Alleluia ! |
| 7 Thy transverse arms, O Cross, are now | Alleluia ! |
| The Sceptre whereto all things bow. | Alleluia ! |

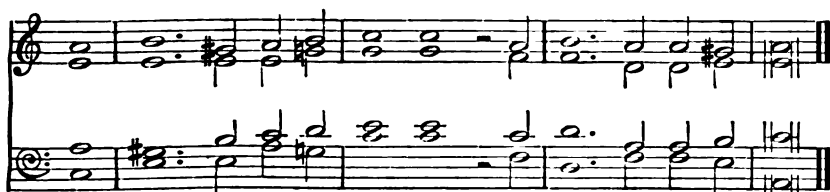
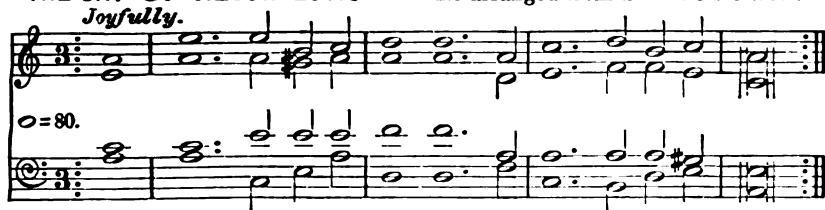
Eastertide.

466

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

Re-arranged from SEDDING's *Carols*.

Joyfully.



1 THE Day of Resurrection !
 Earth, tell it out abroad ;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God ;
 From death to Life Eternal,
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ has brought us over
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of Resurrection-light ;

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

3 Now let the Heav'ns be joyful,
 And earth her song begin,
 The round world keep high triumph,
 And all that is therein ;
 Let all things seen and unseen
 Their notes of gladness blend,
 For Christ the Lord is risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

THE FOE BEHIND.

Trier Gesangbuch (with additions).

Allegro.

♩ = 150. 1 The foe be - hind, the deep be - fore, Our hosts have dared and pass'd the sea ;

And Pharaoh's war-riors strew the shore, And Is-rael's ransom'd tribes are free.

2 Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now ! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now ;

The Lord hath triumph'd glo-rious - ly ! The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly !

3 Hap - py mor - row, Turn - ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth !
4 Seals as - su - ring, Guards se - cu - ring, Watch His earth - ly prison :

Eastertide.

Bon - dage end - ing, Love de - scend - ing O'er the earth...
 Seals are shat - ter'd, Guards are scat - ter'd, Christ is risen !..

5 No long - er must the mourners weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christians dead ;

For death is hal - low'd in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be - comes a bed.

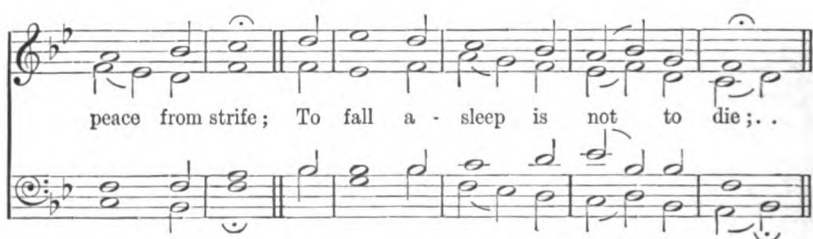
6 Now once more E - den's door O - pen stands to
 7 Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and

mor - tal eyes ; For Christ hath ris'n, and man shall rise.
 peace be - gin : For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

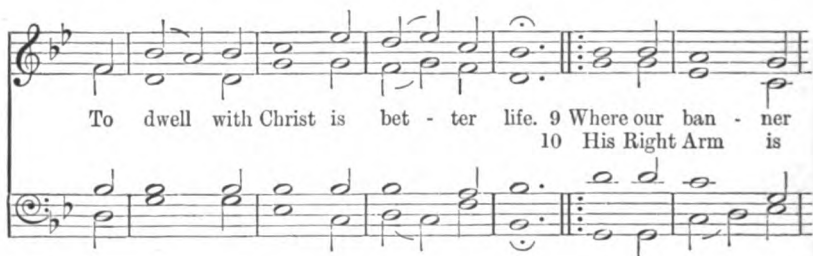
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.



8 It is not ex - ile, rest on high ; It is not sad - ness,



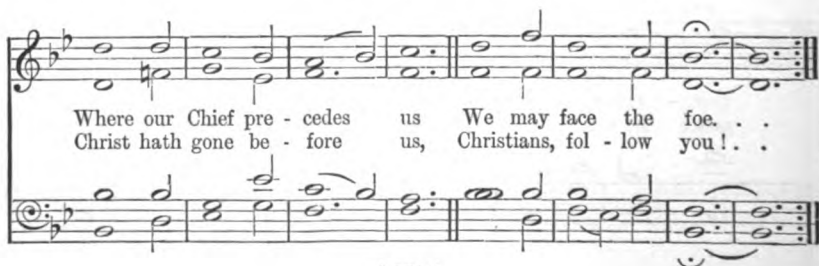
peace from strife ; To fall a - sleep is not to die ; ..



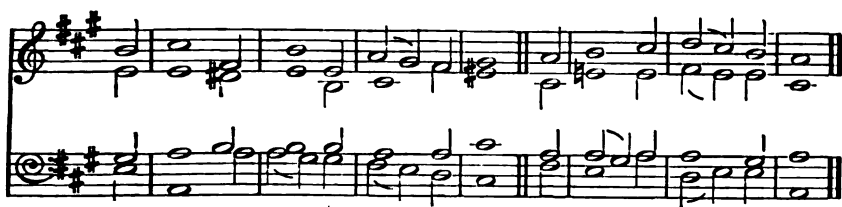
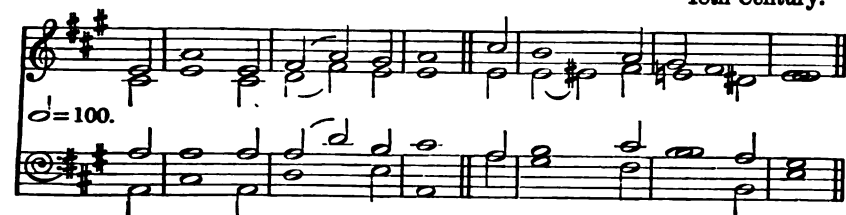
To dwell with Christ is bet - ter life. 9 Where our ban - ner
10 His Right Arm is



leads . . us We may safe - ly go ; . . .
o'er . . us, He will guide us through ; ..



Where our Chief pre - cedes us We may face the foe . .
Christ hath gone be - fore us, Christians, fol - low you ! . .

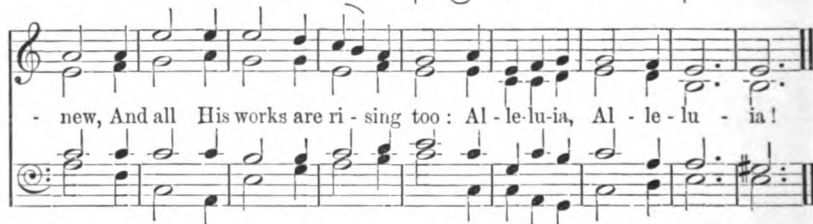
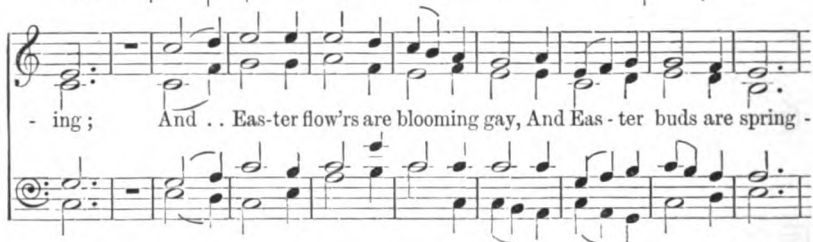
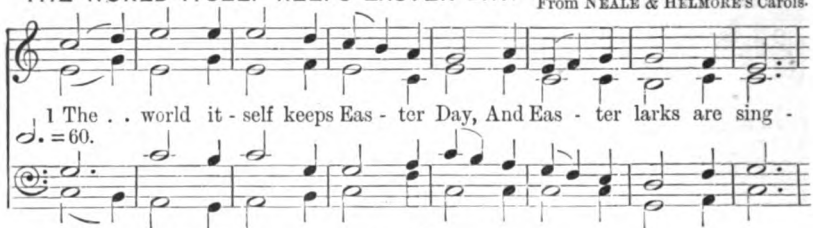


- 1 THE Lord is risen indeed ;
Now is His work perform'd ;
Now is the mighty Captive freed,
And death's strong castle storm'd.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed ;
Then Hell has lost his prey ;
With Him is risen the ransom'd seed
To reign in Endless Day.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed ;
He lives, to die no more ;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 4 The Lord is risen indeed ;
Attending Angels, hear !
Up to the Courts of Heav'n with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join, all ye bright Celestial Choirs,
To sing our Risen Lord.

THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER DAY.

Re-arranged.

From NEALE & HELMORE'S Carols.



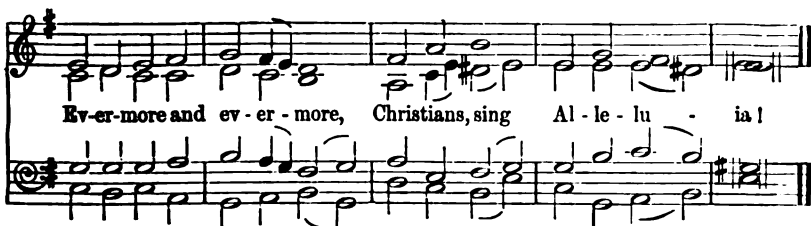
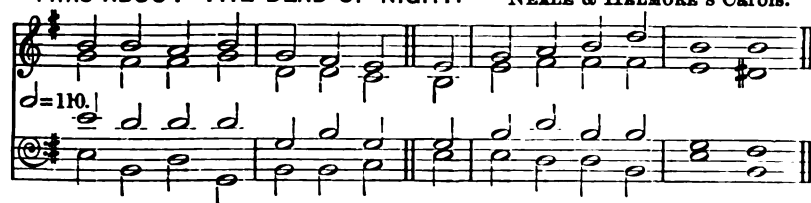
2 There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter Morning early,
When day had scarcely chas'd the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly :
Alleluia, Alleluia !
With loving but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find :
Alleluia, Alleluia !

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

4 But one, and one alone, remain'd,
With love that could not vary ;
And thus a joy past joy she gain'd,
That some-time sinner, Mary :
Alleluia, Alleluia !
The first the dear, dear Form to see
Of Him That hung upon the Tree :
Alleluia, Alleluia !

5 The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing :
Alleluia, Alleluia !
The Lord hath ris'n, as all things tell :
Good Christians, see ye rise as well !
Alleluia, Alleluia !

'T WAS ABOUT THE DEAD OF NIGHT. NEALE & HELMORE'S CAROLS.



1 'T WAS about the dead of night,
And Athens lay in slumber ;
Moonlight on the temples slept,
And touch'd the rocks with umber ;
And the court of Mars were met
In grave and rev'rend number.
Evermore, &c.

2 Met were they to hear and judge
The teaching of a stranger ;
O'er the ocean he had come,
Through want, and toil, and danger ;
And he worshipp'd for his God
One cradled in a manger.
Evermore, &c.

3 While he spake against their gods,
And temples' vain erection,
Patiently they gave him ear,
And granted him protection ;

'Till with bolder voice and mien
He preach'd THE RESURRECTION.
Evermore, &c.

4 Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
Of blasphemy and treason ;
Some replied with laughter loud,
And some replied with reason ;
Others put it off until
A more convenient season.
Evermore, &c.

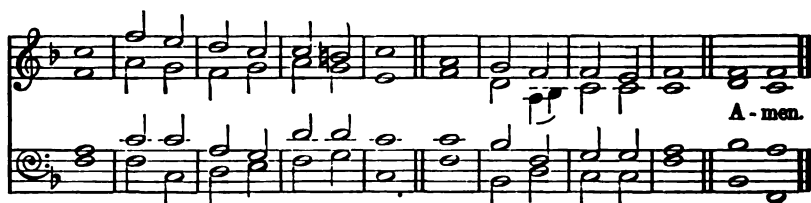
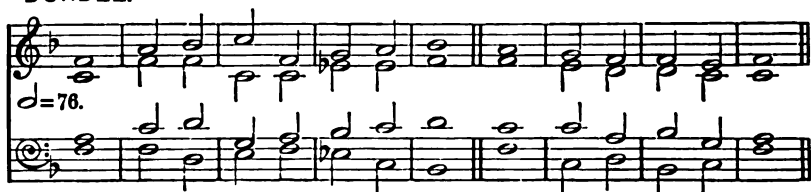
5 Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
Now Europe hath received it ;
Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
Now children have believed it ;
This, good Christians, was the day
That gloriously achieved it.
Evermore, &c.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

471

THE ROGATION DAYS.

DUNDEE.



- 1 Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear ;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.
- 2 Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee :
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.
- 3 The former and the latter rain,
The Summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.
- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.
- 5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new Heav'n and earth
We never may forego.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And Spirit glory be,
The Ever-Blessed Three in One
Through all Eternity.

Ascensiontide.

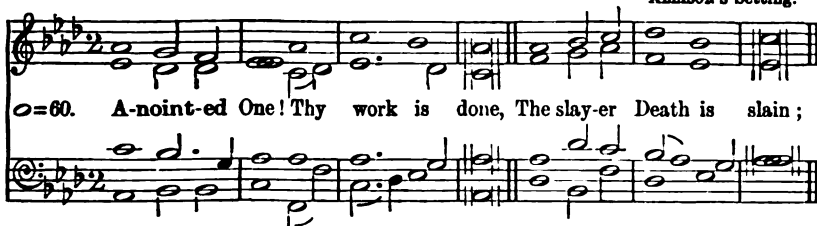
472

ASCENSIONTIDE.

OLD CXXXVII.

CRESPIN, 1557.

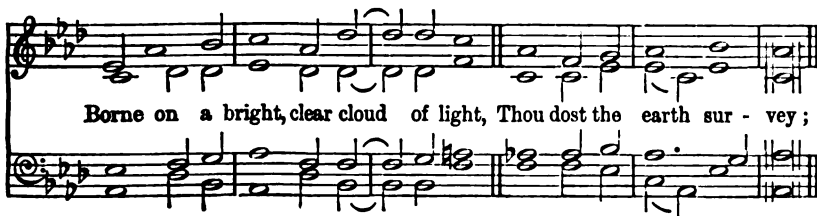
ALLISON'S Setting.



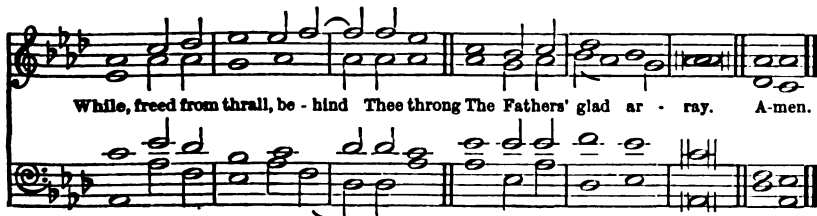
♩ = 60. A-noint-ed One! Thy work is done, The slay-er Death is slain;



And Thee Thine Ev - er - last-ing Realm Of glo - ry claims a - gain:
Ev-er - last - ing . .



Borne on a bright, clear cloud of light, Thou dost the earth sur - vey;



While, freed from thrall, be - hind Thee throng The Fathers' glad ar - ray. A-men.

- 2 Th' Angelic Host, in wonder lost,
Th' Eternal Gates fling wide;
And Thee, triumphant, God and Man,
Throne at the Father's side:
There dost Thou wait, our Advocate,
Our Priest, the Prince of Peace;
Thy once shed Blood presenting still,
With prayers that never cease:
- 3 And thence with power dost deck and dower
The Church, Thy Royal Bride;
And still, her all-pervading Life,
To all dost life divide

- Thence, day by day, 'midst fight and fray,
Each Saint dost Thou uphold;
Thou to the brave dost conquest give.
And triumph to the bold.
- 4 Where Thou, the Head, O Christ, hast
Do Thou the Body call, (sped,
And, o'er the path Thy Footsteps trod,
Thy Members, one and all.
Jesu, to Thee all glory be,
Who dost to Heav'n ascend;
With Father and with Spirit Blest,
Through Ages without end.

GAINSBOROUGH.

GANTHONY.



1 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on High :
With His own Right Hand and His Holy
He hath won the victory. [Arm]

2 Now vanquish'd are the courts of death,
And crush'd thy sting, despair ;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there.

3 And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,
And dragg'd him through the sky,
And captive 'neath His chariot-wheel
He hath bound captivity.

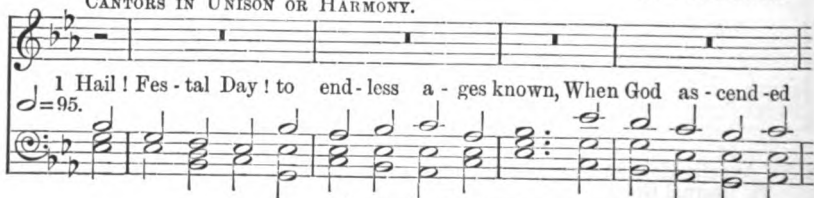
4 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on High ;
With His own Right Hand and His Holy
He hath won the victory. [Arm]

474

SALVE FESTA DIES.

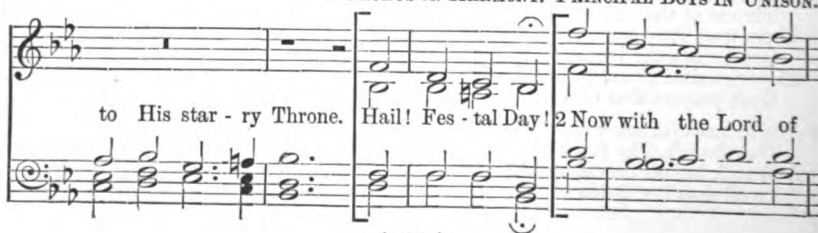
C. J. RIDSDALE.

CANTORS IN UNISON OR HARMONY.



1 Hail ! Fes - tal Day ! to end - less a - ges known, When God as - cend - ed

CHORUS IN HARMONY. PRINCIPAL BOYS IN UNISON.



to His star - ry Throne.

Hail ! Fes - tal Day !

2 Now with the Lord of

Ascensiontide.

CHORUS.

New and Heav'nly Birth, His gifts re-turn to grace the springing earth. Hail!

CODA.
After the last v. and Refrain.

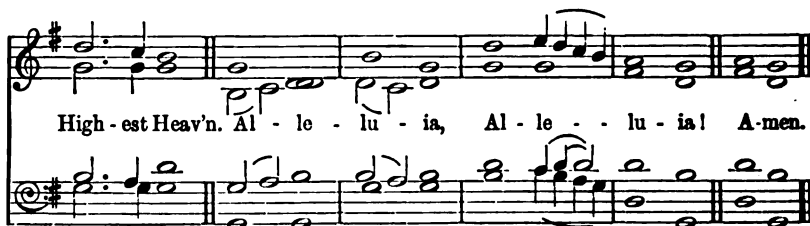
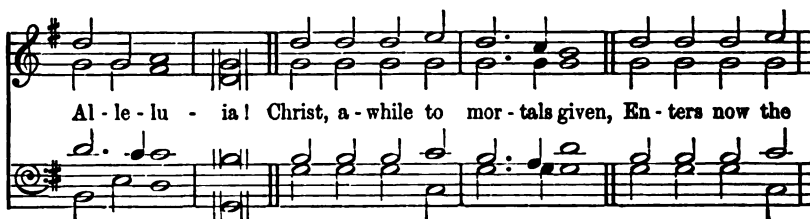
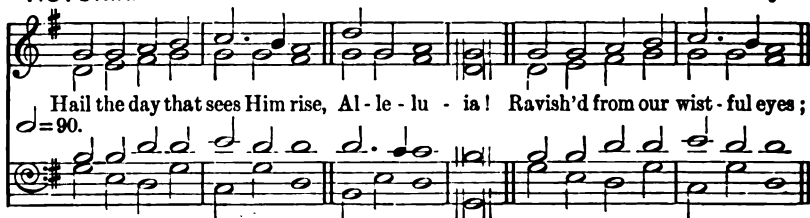
Fes-tal Day! Hail! Fes-tal Day! to end-less a ges known.
(TENOR.) Hail! Day to end-less a ges known.
Hail! Fes-tal Day! to end-less a ges known.

Or any of the tunes at 455, 483 or 586.

- 2 Now with the Lord of New and Heav'nly Birth,
His gifts return to grace the springing earth.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 3 Now glows the year with painted flow'rs' array,
And warmer light unbars the gates of day.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 4 Now Christ from gloomy Hell comes triumphing;
And field and grove with flow'r and leafage spring.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 5 The reign of Hell o'erthrown, He mounts on High,
Sent forth with joyous praise from sea and sky.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 6 Loose now the captives, ope the prison door,
The fallen, from the deep, to light restore.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 7 A countless people, from death's bondage freed,
Own Thee Redeemer, following Thy lead.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 8 Stainless and strong, and in Thine Arms sustain'd,
Bear them to God, an off'ring purely gain'd.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 9 One wreath be Thine, that of Thy labour comes,
And one, that of Thy ransom'd people blooms.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 10 Creator and Redeemer! Christ our Light!
The One-begotten of the Father's might.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 11 Co-equal, Co-eternal, Thou to Whom
The Kingdom of the world decreed shall come.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!
- 12 Thou, looking on our race in darkness laid,
To rescue man, Thyself True Man wast made.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

VICTORIA.

TREVES' Melody.



- | | |
|--|------------|
| 2 There the glorious triumph waits ; | Alleluia ! |
| Lift your heads, Eternal Gates ! | Alleluia ! |
| Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin ; | Alleluia ! |
| Take the King of Glory in. | Alleluia ! |
| 3 See ! He lifts His Hands above, | Alleluia ! |
| See ! He shews the prints of Love ; | Alleluia ! |
| Hark ! His gracious Lips bestow | Alleluia ! |
| Blessings on His Church below. | Alleluia ! |
| 4 Lo ! the Heav'n its Lord receives, | Alleluia ! |
| Yet He loves the earth He leaves ; | Alleluia ! |
| Though returning to His Throne, | Alleluia ! |
| Still He calls mankind His own. | Alleluia ! |
| 5 Still for us He intercedes ; | Alleluia ! |
| His Prevailing Death He pleads ; | Alleluia ! |
| Near Himself prepares our place, | Alleluia ! |
| He the First-fruits of our race. | Alleluia ! |
| 6 Lord, though parted from our sight, | Alleluia ! |
| Far above the starry Height ; | Alleluia ! |
| Grant our hearts may thither rise, | Alleluia ! |
| Seeking Thee above the skies. | Alleluia ! |

REX ANGELORUM.

German Chorale.

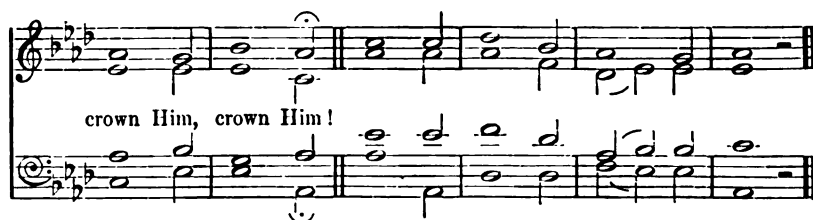
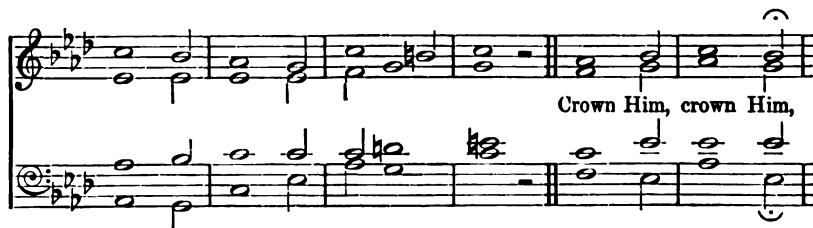
1 In the brightness of the sunshine
 Thou didst go from earth to Heav'n ;
 When our Lady stood beside Thee
 With the sorrowful Eleven ;
 Then they gazed upon Thee rising
 To the cloud that veil'd the sky,
 In the hour of Thine Ascension
 To Thy Father's House on High,

2 Lifting up Thy Hands in blessing
 Thou wast parted from their sight,
 When the golden doors stood open
 To the splendour of Thy Might :
 Then the Angels sang before Thee,
 As Thou wentest on Thy way,
 To Thy Throne of strength, predestined,
 In the City of the Day.

3 As the Fount of Living Water
 Thou dost dwell within the veil ;
 Giving help to those who wander,
 Giving life to those who fail :
 As the Storehouse of all mercy
 Thou dost dwell in Light Above ;
 Evermore our Intercessor,
 Evermore our Kingly Love.

LOOK YE SAINTS.

German.



1 Look ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now:
From the fight return'd victorious,
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's Brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, Angels crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of Heaven rings:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and Angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

SURGE, VICTOR.

JOSEPH SCHNABEL.



1 **Rise**, glorious Conqu'ror, rise
 Into Thy native skies—
 Assume Thy right:
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward roll'd,
 Pass through those Gates of Gold
 And reign in Light.

2 **Enter**, Incarnate God;
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The Serpent down:
 Blow the full trumpet, blow;
 Wider yon portals throw;
 Saviour, triumphant, go,
 And take Thy Crown.

3 Lion of Judah, hail!
 And let Thy Name prevail
 From age to age:
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy Heritage.

4 O Lord, ascend Thy Throne;
 For Thou shalt rule Alone
 Beside Thy Sire,
 With the great Paraclete,
 The Three in One complete—
 Before Whose awful feet
 All foes expire.

AUSTRIA.

HAYDN.



PART II.

1 **SEE** the Conqu'ror mounts in triumph,
 See the King in Royal state,
 Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
 To His Heav'nly Palace-gate;
 Hark! the Choirs of Angel voices
 Joyful Alleluias sing,
 And the portals high are lifted,
 To receive their Heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He hath gain'd the victory;
 He Who on the Cross did suffer,
 He Who from the grave arose,
 He hath vanquish'd sin and Satan,
 He by death hath spoil'd His foes.

3 While He lifts His Hands in blessing,
 He is parted from His friends;
 While their eager eyes behold Him,
 He upon the clouds ascends;
 He who walk'd with God, and pleas'd Him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
 He, our Enoch, is translated
 To His Everlasting Home.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,
 With His Blood, within the Veil;
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before Him quail;
 Now He plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place;
 Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's Right Hand;
 There we sit in Heav'nly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand:
 Jesus reigns, adored by Angels;
 Man with God is on the Throne:
 Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension
 We by faith behold our own.

Doxology to either part.

Glory be to God the Father;
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Dying, Risen, Ascending for us,
 Who the Heav'nly Realm has won;
 Glory to the Holy Spirit;
 To One God in Persons Three;
 Glory both in earth and Heaven,
 Glory, endless glory, be.

THOU ART GONE UP.

TALLIS.

♩ = 100.

A-men.

1 Thou art gone up on High
 To Mansions in the skies;
 And round Thy Throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise;
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppress'd;
 Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on High;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To pass unto Thy Crown;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.

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

HEUT' IST GEFAHREN GOTTES SOHN.

Trier Gesangbuch.

Vivace.

♩ = 130.

Al - le - lu - ia !

The musical score is written for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Vivace.' and the time signature is 3/4, indicated by '♩ = 130.'. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia !' are placed below the treble staff.

Al - le - lu - ia ! A-men.

The musical score continues on two staves. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia ! A-men.' are placed below the treble staff.

Or tunes 463 and 465.

- | | |
|--|------------|
| 1 To-day above the sky He soar'd, | Alleluia ! |
| The King of Glory, Christ the Lord. | Alleluia ! |
| 2 At God's Right Hand, for evermore, | Alleluia ! |
| He sits, while earth and Heav'n adore. | Alleluia ! |
| 3 Fulfill'd is David's mystic strain, | Alleluia ! |
| Who sang Messiah's boundless reign. | Alleluia ! |
| 4 My Lord is seated with the Lord, | Alleluia ! |
| Upon the Throne of God adored. | Alleluia ! |
| 5 In this our day of holy joy, | Alleluia ! |
| Be hymns to Christ our glad employ. | Alleluia ! |
| 6 The Holy Trinity be praised, | Alleluia ! |
| Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. | Alleluia ! |

BRISTOL.

In RAVENSCROFT.



- 1 WELCOME to us is Christmas Morn ;
For then our Saviour mild
In Bethlehem town for us was born,
A dread and Holy Child :
- 2 But, oh, with Christmas carols glad
Are blent some notes of woe,
To think what anguish for our sakes
That Heav'nly Babe must know.
- 3 And good for us that Blesséd Day
On which our Saviour died,
And shed the Water and the Blood
From out His Precious Side :
- 4 We thank the Lord Who saved us thus,
But glad we dare not be,
For thinking of the Crown of Thorns,
And of the Blood-stain'd Tree.
- 5 Our Easter Day is glad and bright,
And Alleluias ring
From all the Church, to welcome back
Her Risen Lord and King :
- 6 Yet not at Blesséd Easter-tide
The triumph is complete ;
Our Saviour lingers yet on earth,
Far from His Father's Seat.
- 7 But Blest Ascension Day to us
Brings happiness alone ;
We joy with our triumphant Lord
Ascending to His Throne.
- 8 The Angels welcome Him on High
With glad and solemn lay ;
Then let us echo back their songs,
This bright Ascension Day.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old

483

WHITSUNTIDE.

HAIL! FESTAL DAY!

Stately. (Unison—Alternately, MEN AND BOYS.)

J. MORLEY.

S. Alban's Tune Book.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo/mood is 'Stately'. The lyrics are: Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry . . age Di -

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: - vine, When God's fair grace from Heav'n on. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking. The lyrics are: - vine, When God's fair grace from Heav'n on

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: earth did shine. . . . Hail! Fes - tal. The piano accompaniment includes a 'FULL' marking with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: earth did shine. . . . Hail! Fes - tal

Whitsuntide.



Or any of the tunes at 455, 474, or 586.

- 1 HAIL ! Festal Day ! thro' ev'ry age Divine,
When God's fair grace from Heav'n on earth did shine.
Chorus. Hail ! Festal Day ! thro' ev'ry age Divine.
- 2 Lo ! God the Spirit to th' Apostles' hearts
This day in form of fire Himself imparts.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.
- 3 Forth from the Father, bearing mystic powers,
On human hearts new strength He richly showers.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.
- 4 Now cease they not, to all on earth who dwell,
God's wondrous works in divers tongues to tell.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.
- 5 Hail ! Breath of Life ! Hail ! Holy Fount of Light !
Life-Giver ! Fire of radiance ever bright !
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.
- 6 Thou Good all good containing, Peace Divine !
Fill with Thy sweetness all these hearts of Thine.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.
- 7 Who fillest all things, earth, and sky, and sea,
Cleanse Thou and guard us, bid us live to Thee.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.
- 8 Some foretaste grant us of Thy secret things,
The overshadowing of Cherub-wings.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.
- 9 To love Divine our lips and hearts inspire !
By flying Seraph touch'd with Altar fire.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day ! &c.

DESCENDE, SPIRITUS.

Unison. The music of verse 1 and the Refrain.

♩ = 75.

1 Ho - ly Ghost! Come down up - on Thy chil - dren,

Give us grace, and make us Thine; Thy ten - der fires with -

Fin.

- in us kin - dle, Bless - ed Spi - rit! Dove Di - vine!

The music of all the verses after the first.

2 For all with - in us good and ho - ly
3 For Thou to us, &c.

Is from Thee, Thy pre - cious gift; In all our joys, in

Whitsuntide.



3 For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in Thy love ;
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit! Heav'nly Dove!

Holy Ghost, &c.

4 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit ;
Wayward, wanton, cold are we ;
And still our sins, new ev'ry morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.

Holy Ghost, &c.

5 Dear Paraclete, how hast Thou waited
While our hearts were slowly turn'd ;
How often hath Thy love been slighted,
While for us it grieved and burn'd.

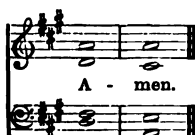
Holy Ghost, &c.

6 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take Thee for our Lord ;
O dearest Spirit, make us faithful
To Thy least and lightest word.

Holy Ghost, &c.

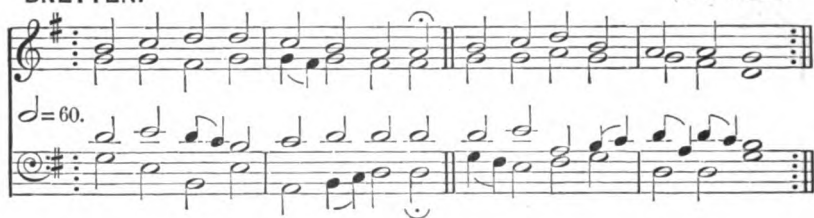
7 Ah, sweet Consoler ! though we cannot
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
They will not be always thus.

Holy Ghost ! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace and make us Thine ;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blesséd Spirit ! Dove Divine !



BRETTEH.

J. S. BACH.



1 HOLY Ghost, Divine Creator,
 Who didst on the waters move;
 Holy Ghost, Regenerator,
 Author of all life and love;
 Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
 Thou Who didst with Fire baptize
 Holy Ghost, Great Renovator,
 Come, the World evangelize!

2 In the hour of danger, hear us;
 Breeze in heat, refresh our soul;
 In the days of sorrow, cheer us;
 Balm of sickness, make us whole;
 Faith, and Hope, and Resignation,
 Breathe upon us with Thy Breath;
 Give us Heav'nly Consolation
 In the solemn hour of death.

MOST HOLY SPIRIT.

Trier Gesangbuch.



1.

Most Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
Our hearts and voices we uplift
To Thee, the Fount of Light and Love,
The Giver, and the Gift.

2.

Thou o'er the waters far and near
Wast brooding at Creation's dawn,
When earth was waste and void and drear,
Ere glorious Light was born.

3.

When God, of dust, in form Divine
His best and noblest work would frame,
Man, by that quick'ning Breath of Thine,
A living soul became.

4.

When God from sin and death began
Our fallen nature to restore,
By Thee conceived, the Second Man
A Virgin Mother bore.

5.

When in the Jordan's hallow'd wave
John Baptist did his Lord baptize,
Thy Mystic Form, descending, gave
A sign to wond'ring eyes.

6.

The gifts and graces, which of old
Man by his disobedience lost,
Thou didst restore a thousandfold
At blessed Pentecost.

7.

In Holy Church each sacred rite
Is quick'ned by Thy Heav'n-sent grace;
By faith perceived, though out of sight,
We still Thy working trace.

8.

Most Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
While we this day Thy praises tell,
Come with Thy Gifts of Faith and Love,
And ever in us dwell.

DEUS PARACLETUS.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Slow.

♩ = 90. O King en - throned on High, Thou Com - fort -

- er Di - vine, Blest Spi - rit of . . all

un poco rall.

Truth, be nigh, And make . . us Thine. A - men.

2.

Thou art the Source of Life,
 Thou art our Treasure-store;
 Give us Thy Peace, and end our strife
 For evermore.

3.

Descend, O Heav'nly Dove,
 Abide with us alway;
 And in the fulness of Thy love
 Cleanse us, we pray.

WARUM BETRUBST DU DICH.

German Chorale.

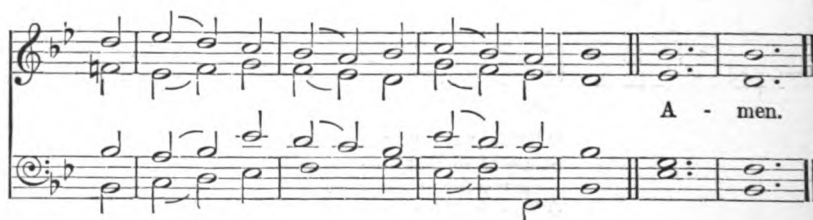
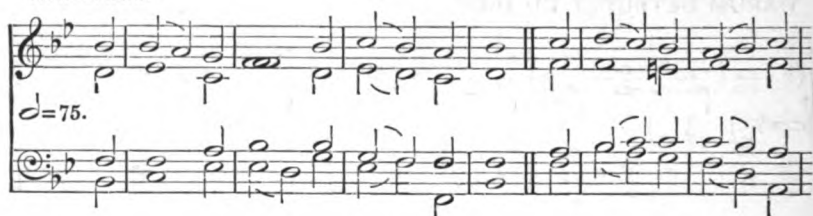
With added last line.



- 1 O Thou, the weary pilgrim's rest !
Solace of all that are oppress'd !
 Befriender of the poor !
O Thou in Whom the wretched find
A sweet Consoler ever kind,
 A Refuge ever sure !
- 2 Teach us to aim at Heav'n's high prize,
And for its glories to despise
 The world and all below ;
Cleanse us from sin ; direct us right
Illuminate us with Thy Light ;
 Thy Peace on us bestow.
- 3 And as Thou didst in days of old
On the first Shepherds of the Fold
 In Tongues of Flame descend,
Now also on its Pastors shine,
And flood with Fire of Grace Divine
 The world from end to end.
- 4 Lord of all sanctity and might !
Immense, Immortal, Infinite !
 The Life of earth and Heav'n !
Be, through Eternal length of days,
All honour, glory, blessing, praise,
 And adoration given.

WAREHAM.

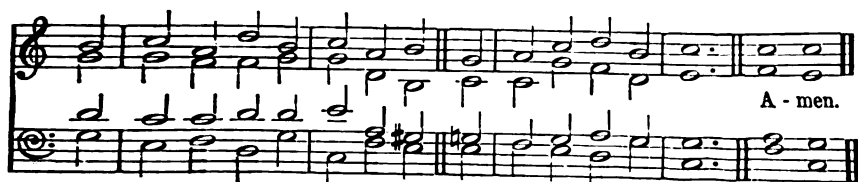
KNAPP.



- 1 SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love,
Oh shed Thine influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this Sacred Day.
- 2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung ;
Let all the list'ning earth be taught
The acts our Great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort, Heav'nly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

ST. ANN.

CROFT.



- 1 WHEN God of old came down from Heav'n,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His Feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 Around the trembling Mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath and not of grace,
A dim and dreadful day.
- 3 But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love:
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His Holy Dove.
- 4 The Fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On ev'ry sainted head.
- 5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The Voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;
- 6 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heav'n was heard abroad,
A Rushing, Mighty Wind.
- 7 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.
- 8 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

491

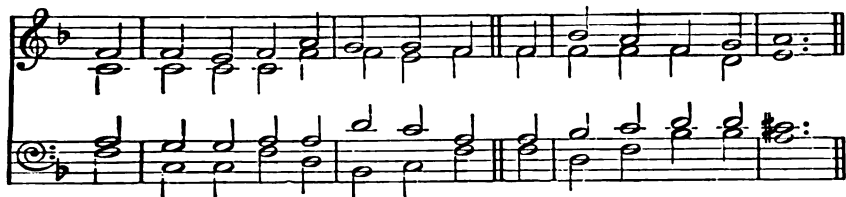
TRINITY SUNDAY.

CHARMINSTER.

BOYCE.



- 1 God the Father, Whose relation
With the Sole-Begotten Son,
By a mystic generation,
Stood ere time had learn'd to run ;
- 2 God the Son, by tie Supernal
Ever with the Father bound ;
In the glorious folds Eternal
Of One single Nature wound ;
- 3 God the Spirit, Stream vivific,
Ceaselessly by Both outpour'd,
And in union beatific
Equally with Both adored ;
- 4 God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Thy United Glories merit
Thanks and praise continually.
- 5 Praise to Thee and adoration
On Thy Festival be done,
For the Blesséd Incarnation
Of the Co-Eternal Son ;
- 6 For the coming of the Spirit ;
For the grace that crowns our life ;
For the joys that Saints inherit,
When they cease from earthly strife.
- 7 More than all, be praise unending
Paid throughout the Church to Thee,
For the Majesty transcending
Of Thy Tri-une Deity ;
- 8 Sun of Splendour, never waning,
Fount of Sweetness, never dry,
Staff of Comfort all-sustaining,
Ever-Blesséd Trinity.



- 1 HAVE mercy on us, God most High !
Who lift our hearts to Thee ;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most Holy Trinity.
- 2 Most Ancient of all mysteries !
Before Thy Throne we lie ;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
Most Holy Trinity.
- 3 When Heav'n and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in Thy bliss and majesty,
Didst live and love alone.
- 4 How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless ;
And oh, what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness.
- 5 Most Ancient of all mysteries !
Low at Thy Throne we lie ;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
Most Holy Trinity.

NICÆA.

DYKES.



- 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity !
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy Glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy ; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity !

Proper of Saints.

S. ANDREW'S DAY.

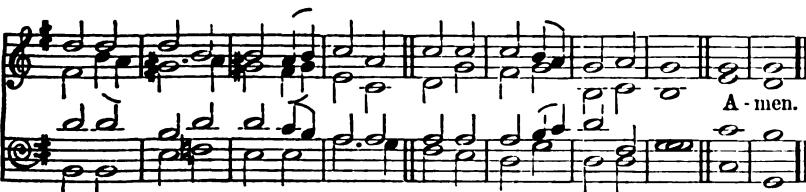
494

RATHBUN (*First Tune*).

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



JESUS CALLS US (*Second Tune*).



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

2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, " Christian, love Me more ."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
" Christian, love Me more than these ."

5 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

495 THE CONCEPTION OF THE B.V. MARY.

ST. PANCRAS.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL, 1732.



- 1 Let heart and voice together raise
Triumphant hymns of thankful praise;
This day before our eyes is wrought,
With grace of healing richly fraught,
A link in that bright Chain of Love,
Which knits lost man with Heav'n above.
- 2 The Virgin comes ; and soon shall earth
Behold a greater, holier Birth ;
When Angel Choirs, no longer mute,
Descending shall their God salute ;
And ev'ry land with joyful cry
Chant "Glorify be to God on High."
- 3 Seed of the Woman, Virgin-born,
Who, pitying our estate forlorn,
Didst come Thy people to set free,
All praise, O Christ, is due to Thee
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Spirit evermore.

Proper of Saints.

496

S. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

BEDFORD.

WHEALE.



1.

We have not seen, we cannot see,
The Happy Land above,
Where sin, and death, and suff'ring flee,
And all is peace and love:

2.

Its Sun that never goeth down,
Its streets of pearl and gold,
Its Blesséd Saints that wear the crown
That never groweth old.

3.

We only see the path is long
By which we have to go ;
We only feel the foes are strong
That seek to work us woe.

4.

We have not seen, we cannot see,
The Cross our Master bore,
With all its pains, that we might be
The slaves of sin no more.

5.

We only think it hard to part
With very pleasant sin,
And give to God a perfect heart.
And make Him Lord within.

6.

The Spirit's grace we cannot see,
That makes an infant whole ;
And gives the water power to free
From sin a guilty soul.

7.

We only know that we have power
To do our Father's will ;
Though ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We meet temptation still.

8.

We walk by faith, and not by sight
And, Blesséd Saint, like thee,
We sometimes doubt if faith tells right,
Because we cannot see.

9.

Upon the promise we would lean
Thy doubting heart received ;—
"Blesséd are they that have not seen,
And that have yet believed."

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

497

S. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

HIERUSALEM LUMINOSA.

Rev. CLEMENT POWELL.

- 1 HAIL the love and power amazing
Of th' Incarnate living Word!
Year by year the song upraising,
Join we all with one accord,
Holy Saints and Martyrs praising,
Who have died for Christ the Lord.
Sing we how, for naught esteeming
Tyrants' rage, a Prelate dies,—
How the murd'rer's weapon gleaming,
Altar's sanctity defies;
Yet the Martyr's life-blood streaming,
Still for pard'ning mercy cries.
- 3 How he lived a life laborious,
Be the saintly story told;
How he died a Martyr glorious,
Prelate wise, Confessor bold;
How he reigns in Heav'n victorious,
Robed in white, with crown of gold.
- 4 To the Lord of all Creation,
In Whose love the Martyrs rest,
To the God of our Salvation,
Whom their dying breath confess'd,
Honour, praise, and adoration,
Father, Son, and Spirit Blest.

(202)

Proper of Saints.

498

CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

ORIEL.

ESTE.



- 1 'GAINST what foeman art thou rushing?
Saul, what madness drives thee on,
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the Sinless One?
Oh, how shortly, (*bis*)
Shall He make His vengeance known!
- 2 See the Lord, from Heav'n descending,
Smites him, binds him, lays him low;
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly, to the blow:
See him rising,
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.
- 3 Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,
Oh, how fierce his anger burn'd!
Now that he hath lost his daring,
And the Gospel truth hath learn'd,
The destroyer
Straightway to a lamb is turn'd.
- 4 Christ, Thy Power is man's Salvation,
And Thy Love is here made known:
He who wrought such desolation,
That Thy cause might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
Makes that Sacred Cause his own.
- 5 Praise the Father, God of Heaven,
Him Who reigns supreme on High:
Praise the Son, for Sinners given
Both to suffer and to die:
Praise the Spirit,
Guiding us most lovingly.

ASCENDIT.

German.



1 We sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats of hate:
The rav'ning wolf rush'd forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day.

2 O Glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O Light that pierc'd and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O Voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word!
O Love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ord'ring all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ,
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy!

4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power.
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen Saint can find.

Proper of Saints.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

COMMONLY CALLED

THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

500

JOY! JOY! THE MOTHER COMES.



1 Joy! Joy! the Mother comes;
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of kings;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.

2 Saint Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While Angels round about
In glowing circles move;
And o'er the Infant broods
The Everlasting Dove.

3 There in the Temple court
Old Simeon's heart beats high;
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy:
But see! the shadows pass,
The world's True Light draws nigh!

4 O Infant God! O Christ!
O Light most Beautiful!
Thou comest Joy of joys!
All darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside Thy Light are dull.

5 Yes! Thou wilt set us free;
Thou wilt be wholly ours,
To lighten ev'ry soul
In earth's benighted bowers,
Condoning Adam's curse,
And turning throns to flowers.

6 To Father, and to Son,
Who came to set us free,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise and glory be,
As hath been, and is now,
And through Eternity.

REX ANGELORUM.

German Chorale.



- 1 O JERUSALEM beloved, joyful Morn has dawn'd to thee,
Sing with joy and exultation, sing a song of Jubilee ;
For the Lord, Whom thou art seeking, He for Whom the Nations pray,
He, in human flesh appearing, to His Temple comes to-day.
- 2 He the First-Begotten, Only Son of God, to-day is come,
He the First-Begotten, Only Son of holy Mary's womb ;
All the faithful sons of Israel are in Him to God allied ;
All in Him are now presented to the Lord, and sanctified.
- 3 Light the Gentile world to lighten, and thy glory, Israel,
Shines in Him the Heav'nly Dayspring, God with us, Emmanuel ;
Now the aged World receives Him in its arms with faith's embrace,
And with Simeon rejoices in the sunshine of His Grace.
- 4 May we, Lord, with holy Simeon, and with Anna, wait for Thee,
In the visions of Thy Temple ; may our hearts Thy Temples be !
So, with Saints and holy Angels, may we all for evermore,
In Jerusalem the Golden, Thee the Lord of all adore !

S. JAMES.

COURTEVILLE.



- 1 O Sion, open wide thy gates ;
Let figures disappear ;
A Priest and Victim, both in one,
The Truth Himself, is here.
- 2 No more the simple flock shall bleed ;
Behold, the Father's Son
Himself to His own Altar comes,
For sinners to atone.
- 3 Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her New-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.
- 4 The aged Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And Anna welcomes Israel's Hope,
With sudden rapture fired.
- 5 But silent knelt the Mother Blest
Of the yet silent Word,
And, pond'ring all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.
- 6 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

THE THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

503

THE MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I.

OLD HUNDREDTH.

BOURGEOIS.



- 1 Lord, we implore Thy mighty grace,
That still, in ev'ry holy place,
Our hymns to Thee may freely swell,
And peace within our borders dwell.
- 2 To Thee, O God, for ever near,
We look for aid in doubt and fear;
The raging ocean Thou canst still,
The madness of the people's will.
- 3 Thou didst the fierce contention guide,
Which swept our land in tumult wide,
When fearful storms, as yet unknown,
Cast down the Altar and the Throne.
- 4 Avenge not on our nation's head
The blood this day unjustly shed;
Hear us, O Lord, who humbly pray,
Nor turn in wrath Thy Face away.
- 5 Almighty Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally.

Proper of Saints.

504

S. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

S. PAUL.

J. T. COOPER.



- 1 THE highest and the holiest place
 Guards not the heart from sin ;
The Church that safest seems without
 May harbour foes within.
- 2 Thus in the small and chosen band
 Beloved above the rest,
One fell from his Apostleship,
 A traitor-soul unblest.
- 3 But not the great designs of God
 Man's sins shall overthrow ;
Another Witness to the Truth
 Forth to the lands shall go.
- 4 The soul that sinneth, it shall die ;
 Thy purpose shall not fail ;
The Word of Grace no less shall sound,
 The Truth no less prevail.
- 5 Righteous, O Lord, are all Thy ways ;
 Long as the worlds endure,
From foes without and foes within
 Thy Church shall stand secure.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

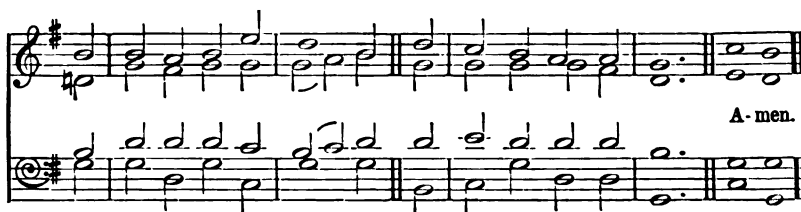
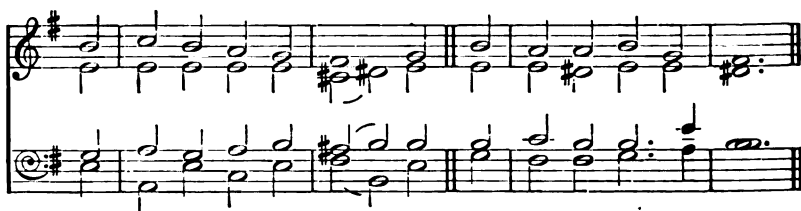
505

CRÜGER.

S. BENEDICT, ABBOT.

J. CRÜGER.

Slow.



1 SAINT of the thorns and roses !
 Saint of the Perfect Way !
 Far greater than earth's soldier,
 Thou whom we hymn to-day ;
 He that a city taketh
 Is not of worth so rare,
 As he who rules his spirit
 With never-ceasing care.

2 Saint of the thorns and roses !
 Saint of the Holy Rule !
 By deeds and precepts teaching
 The secrets of thy school,
 To quench the darts of Satan
 By flesh with anguish torn,
 Then rise for aye a Victor,
 Saint of the roseate thorn !

3 Saint of the thorns and roses !
 Each pang, which drew from thee
 The very life-blood flowing,
 Hath set thy spirit free :
 And, as thy spirit waking
 Hails the Eternal Morn,
 Sweet Sharon's rose shall crown thee,
 The Rose without a thorn !

4 O guide us, Heav'nly Father,
 And rule us in Thy love,
 And lead us to Thy Kingdom
 Of Perfect Rest above ;
 And, lest we lose the roses
 In Heav'n's Eternal Morn,
 Help us to grasp more bravely
 Our daily Cross of Thorn.

Proper of Saints.

506

THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY.

OPTATUS VOTIS OMNIUM.

By permission.
From *Songs of Syon*.



- 1 PRAISE we our God this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting Saints of old.
- 2 The Prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read ;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the Promised Seed.
- 3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her, whom Heaven's Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.
- 4 Meekly she bow'd her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favour'd of the Lord.
- 5 Blesséd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
Th' Incarnate Saviour's Birth.
- 6 Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

507

S. GEORGE THE MARTYR.

ECCLESTONE.

BOYCE



- 1 O NOBLE Martyr, thee we sing,
O Soldier worthy of thy King,
Saint George, our Patron Saint :
A heathen ruler to defy,
And for thy Master, Christ, to die
Thou didst not fear nor faint.
- 2 Those arms, unstain'd by coward fear,
All red with thine own blood appear,
And soiled is thy face :
That bloody robe is whiten'd now,
That soil upon thy noble brow
Shines like a Crown of Grace.
- 3 May we, in Jesu's armour dight,
Share in the white-robed Martyrs' fight,
To reap a like renown :
And, militant on earth below,
Through Him withstand our ghostly foe,
And win our Heav'nly Crown.
- 4 To Christ our King all praise be given,
The Prince of Martyrs throned in Heav'n,
Who suffer'd for the lost :
To God the Father glory be,
And honour, laud, and praise to Thee,
O God the Holy Ghost.

Proper of Saints.

508

S. MARK THE EVANGELIST.

ASCENDIT.

German.



- 1 We praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.
- 2 The Saint who left his comrades,
And turn'd back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might !
- 3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the host :
Thy strength, Most Mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.
- 4 Thy Love Thy Saint hath number'd
Among the Bless'd Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.
- 5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold ;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.
- 6 O Jesu, Glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the vict'ry win.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

509

S. PHILIP AND S. JAMES'S DAY.

MAINZ.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

♩ = 85.

A-men.

1 Come, let us raise our voices,
This gladsome First of May,
To Him Who decks the meadows,
And makes the hedgerows gay;
The bare brown earth has taken
Her springtide robe of green,
And, sparkling in the sunbeams,
The springtide flowers are seen:

2 But 'midst our Spring rejoicing,
We'll not forget to-day
What Holy Church remembers
Upon the First of May:
How Christ's two valiant soldiers,
Saint Philip and Saint James,
To death for their dear Master
Gave up their mortal frames.

3 Their glorious steps we'll follow,
Come peace to us or strife,
With Him at hand to guide us,—
Our Way, our Truth, our Life;
And one day He will show us,
His earth-born flowers who prize,
The Roses and the Lilies
That bloom in Paradise.

4 To Thee, Almighty Father,
To Thee, Co-equal Son,
To Thee, Most Holy Spirit,
To Thee, Blest Three in One,—
By men on earth and Angels,
That throng the Courts of Heav'n,
All glory, praise and honour,
From age to age be given.

Proper of Saints.

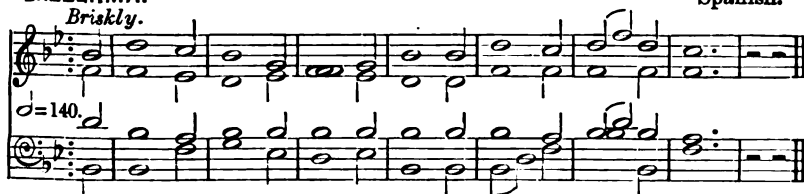
510

THE OBSERVANCE OF MAY DAY.

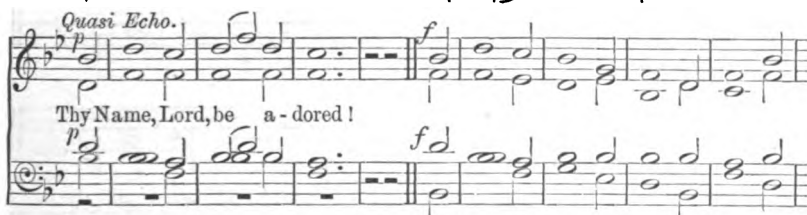
BALLERMA.

Spanish.

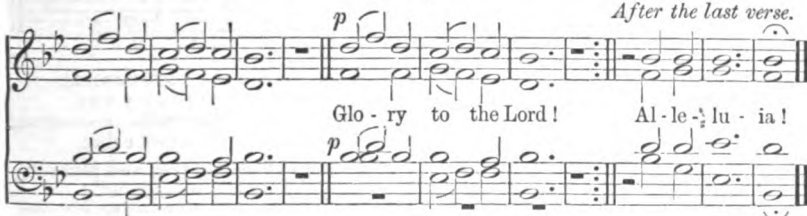
Briskly.



Quasi Echo.



After the last verse.



- 1 For all Thy love and tenderness, so bountiful and free,
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
Aloft on wings of joyous praise our hearts soar up to Thee :
Glory to the Lord !
- 2 The springtime breaks all round about, waking from winter's night :
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of golden light :
Glory to the Lord !
- 3 A voice of joy is in the earth, a voice is in the air :
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
All nature sings aloud to God ; there's gladness ev'rywhere :
Glory to the Lord !
- 4 The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on hill and on the plain :
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
The soft air stirs the tender leaves that clothe the trees again :
Glory to the Lord !
- 5 Thy handiwork is very fair : for all Thy bounteous love
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
But what, if this world is so fair, is the Better Land Above ?
Glory to the Lord !
- 6 And oh, to wake from death's short sleep, as plants from winter's grave !
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
And rise all glorious in the Day when Christ shall come to save !
Glory to the Lord !
- 7 And oh, to dwell in that fair Land, where hearts cannot choose but sing !
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
And where the life of all the Blest is like an endless spring !
Glory to the Lord ! Alleluia !

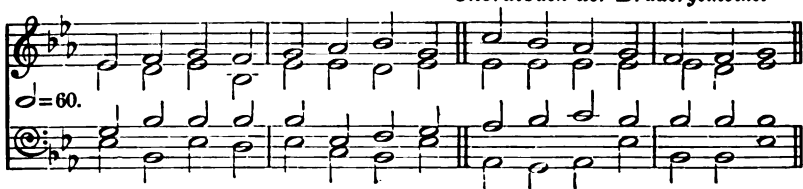
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

THE INVENTION OF THE HOLY CROSS.

511

BATTY (RINGE RECHT).

*The current form of the tune in the
Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*



1 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me ;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

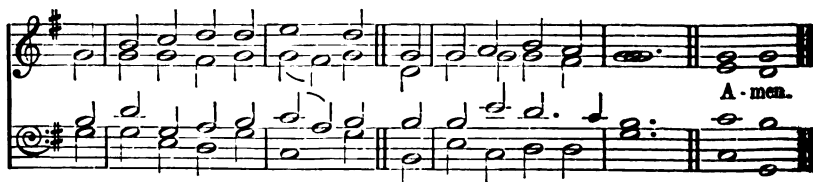
5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

512

S. JOHN AT THE LATIN GATE.

S. ALPHEGE.

GAUNTLETT.



Proper of Saints.

1 THROUGH Rome's infuriate city,
From Cæsar's judgement chair,
They drag Christ's loved Disciple,
The Saint with silver'd hair.

2 In boiling oil they plunge him,
The flame forgets its might,
And sends him forth anointed,
And stronger for the fight.

3 To desert Island banish'd,
With God the exile dwells,
And sees the future story
His mystic writing tells.

4 So may Christ love and teach us
To suffer and to die,
That, of His Death partaking,
We then may reign on High.

5 All praise to God the Father,
All praise to God the Son,
All praise to God the Spirit,
Eternal Three in One.

S. AUGUSTINE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

513

SCHUMANN.

From R. SCHUMANN.



1 APOSTLE of our own dear home,
By thee glad tidings came of old,
And we, who sat in night and gloom,
The Dayspring from on High behold.

2 There came a strange, a solemn band,
Whose measured hymn was softly sung,
As, traversing the stranger's land,
They worshipp'd Christ in heart and tongue.

3 Before, a silver cross was raised,
The sacred banner waved behind ;
The gath'ring heathen stood amazed,
Such sounds came floating on the wind :

4 "Ye servants of the Lord, rejoice,
For conquest waits upon our band ;
God's praise in our unwearied voice,
His sword in our resistless hand !

5 "Now is our hour of vengeance come,
Which shame upon the heathen brings,
And bonds shall be their nobles'
doom,
And chains the portion of their kings."

6 And ever, as they went, they spread
The words of truth, and love, and life,
And fast the powers of darkness fled,
And malice ceased, and lust, and strife.

7 Oh joyful day for Anglia's race,
When, dwelling first together there,
The Angel soul and Angel face
Fulfill'd that old paternal prayer.

8 Thou Who didst give One Faith of old,
First Father of th' Eternal Creed,
Till we be join'd in one fold,
Still look upon us in our need.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

514

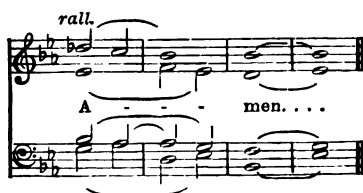
S. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

S. BARNABAS.

GAUNTLETT.



- 1 IN Heav'n 'tis given to rest thee,
Thy lands and lordship leaving,
This Holy Day hath blest thee,
Thine end of toil receiving.
- 2 For Heav'n thy land thou quittest,
And all thy fleeting treasure :
And Heav'n in quittance gettest,
And payment without measure.
- 3 The Church was fasting for thee,
In prayer her soul prostrating ;
Then came the Spirit o'er thee,
Christ's Messenger creating.
- 4 True Son of Consolation,
The weak from want thou shieldedst ;
And, heralding salvation,
To death thy body yieldedst.
- 5 To Christ, Who doth inherit
The Throne, be praise ascending,
With Sire and Holy Spirit,
Through ages without ending.



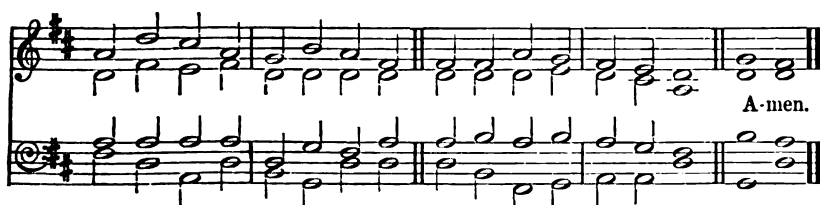
Proper of Saints.

515

S. ALBAN, PROTO-MARTYR OF BRITAIN.

DAILY, DAILY.

German.



A-men.

1 LAUD the grace of God victorious,
Sing triumphant o'er the foe;
Tell of him, a Martyr glorious,
For the changeless truth laid low;
Faithful servant, bright example,
Whom all lands and ages know.

2 Valiant soldier, noble Martyr,
First of Britain's sons to die,
Pagan ire and cries withstanding,
By the grace of God Most High,
By the strength of Him, Protector,
Who, in strength and power, was nigh.

3 Craggy way, and steep and narrow,
Dark and drear the path of blood;
Cruel foes were pressing round him,
As he touch'd the Jordan's flood,
Yet he fought, a soldier valiant,
And the enemy withstood.

4 Patient, humble, like his Master,
He resign'd a spirit calm;
Crown'd with coronal unfading,
Now he bears a glist'ning palm;
Sheathing sword no longer needed,
He took up the endless Psalm.

5 Laud and honour to the Father,
Equal honour to the Son,
Adoration to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

516

S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

HAIL, HARBINGER OF MORN.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Vivace.

poco rall.

$\text{♩} = 110.$ * Hail, har - bin - ger of Morn: Thou that art this day born,

a tempo. And her - ald - est the Word with clar - ion voice!

a tempo. Ye faith - ful ones, in him Be - hold the dawn - ing dim

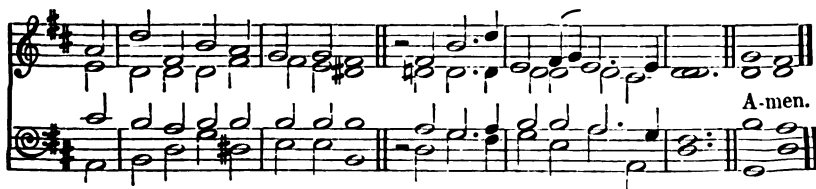
a tempo. Of the bright Day, and let your hearts re - joice. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 John;—by that chosen name
To call him, Gabriel came [High:
By God's appointment from his Home on
What deeds that babe should do,
To manhood when he grew,
God sent His Angel forth to testify.</p> <p>3 There is none greater, none,
Than Zachariah's son; [born:
Than this no mightier Prophet hath been
For ever he may claim
More than a Prophet's fame;
Sublimar deeds than theirs his brow adorn.</p> | <p>4 "Lo, to prepare Thy way,"
Did God the Father say,
"Before Thy Face My messenger I send,
Thy coming to forerun;
As on the orient sun [attend."
Doth the bright day-star morn by morn</p> <p>5 Praise therefore God Most High;
Praise Him, Who came to die
For us, His Son That liveth evermore;
And to the Spirit raise,
The Comforter, like praise,
While time endureth, and when time is o'er.</p> |
|---|--|

* By permission of Messrs. Novello and Company, Ltd.

GOSPAL.

HANDEL.



1 Lo! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgement nigh
From op'ning skies.

2 Your God e'en now doth stand
At Heav'n's opening door;
His fan is in His Hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To deathless flames.

3 Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make His way plain
Your King before;
For evermore
He comes to reign.

4 Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgement come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

5 O God, with love's sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
Christ's soldier for the fight
With grace that shields from harm,
Thrice-Blesséd Three,
Heav'n's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

518

BRESLAU.

Chorale as set by MENDELSSOHN.

Slow. $\text{♩} = 50 : \text{♩} = 100.$

A-men.

1 WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His Messenger before Him went,
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

2 The least, of all that here attend,
Hath honour greater far than he ;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His Body and His Spouse are we.

3 A higher race, the sons of Light,
Of water and the Spirit born ;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the Morn.

4 And as he boldly spake Thy word,
And joy'd to hear the Bridegroom's Voice,
Thus may Thy Pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Proper of Saints.

519

S. PETER'S DAY.

ALTONA.

Slown.

Attributed to LUTHER.

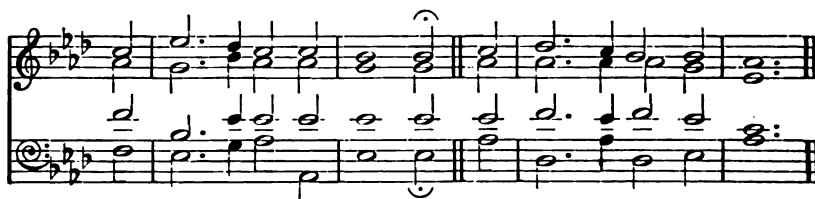
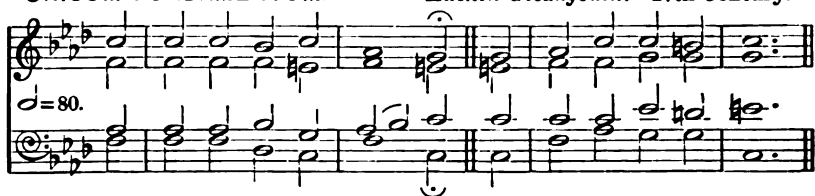
♩ = 56.

A - men.

NOTE.—See 331 for a setting of "Altona" by J. S. Bach.

- 1 CREATOR of the rolling flood,
On Whom Thy people hope alone,
Who can'st by Water and by Blood,
For man's offences to atone:
- 2 Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an Endless Church for Thee;
- 3 Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous Hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy Sacred Rock to stand:
- 4 And when, our life-long toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burden down
And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.

UNICUM FUNDAMENTUM.

Aachen Gesangbuch. 17th Century.

1 Sing we the praise of Peter,
And while his name we praise,
To Christ the sure Foundation,
Adoring hearts we raise.

2 To our Creator's glory
We raise the chant on high,
And praise the second shepherd,
The First to glorify.

3 O Peter, light of doctrine,
And torch of holy love;
The very type of fervour,
And wisdom from above.

4 Type, too, of sad transgression,
The fruit of faithless fears;
But, from thy fall, uprisen,
Of penitential tears.

5 The grace of the Great Fisher
Call'd thee, a fisher then,
To ply a nobler calling,
And search the depths for men.

6 By faith thy very shadow
Dispell'd the power of ill,
The fierce diseases healing
Which baffled human skill.

7 The cross at last approaching,
Thy heart with hope beat high;
What joy for the Disciple
The Master's Death to die.

8 Thou from the Cross didst follow
Thy Master to the skies;
And thus thou art our leader,
That we, too, there may rise.

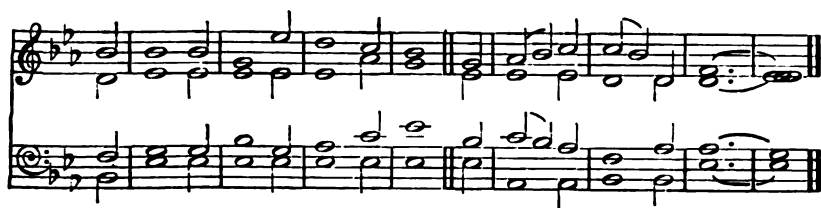
Proper of Saints.

521

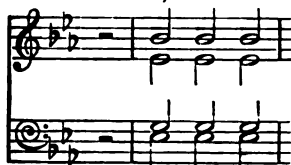
S. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

S. NICHOLAS.

Traditional.



For verse 1, line 3.



- 1 THE great Apostle call'd by Christ,
And wean'd from all beside,
Preach'd the same Faith he once abhorr'd,
The Lord Whom he denied.
- 2 In perils and in troubles oft
His toilsome life he pass'd ;
But He, Who turn'd his heart at first,
Upheld him to the last.
- 3 A chosen vessel of His will,
He fought the fight of faith,
And gain'd the Crown of Righteousness,
Obedient unto death.
- 4 Thou, Lord of Grace, to all Thy will
Submissive may we be,
And follow meekly in his steps,
Who bravely follow'd Thee.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

522 THE VISITATION OF THE B.V. MARY.

ROMNEY.

J. T. COOPER.



- 1 FAR over the mountains in gladness of springtime,
Sweet Mary arising now hastens to-day ;
The winter has gone, with its gloom and its darkness,
And lilies and roses are strewing the way ;
The turtle's sweet note and the singing-bird's voice
Are calling on Nature to praise and rejoice.
- 2 What seeketh she over the beautiful mountains ?
The solace of love, the communion of Saints ;
And so through all perils we see her press onward,
All strong in her purpose of love that ne'er faints ;
Full lonely she seems, but did faith draw the veil,
What wonderful vision our eyesight would hail !
- 3 Oh should we not see the bright legions of Angels,
All clustering round her to shield and protect,
And little ones strewing the pathway with flowers,
Before the sweet Lily of Judah elect !
For Gabriel's message hath spoken the word,
And Mary is Mother of Jesus the Lord.
- 4 O glad Visitation of Mary to Hebron !
O wondrous communion beyond all compare,
When Mary saluted her cousin so saintly,
And chanted *Magnificat* joyfully there !
O depth of the Mystery, passing all thought,
Which Mary to Hebron this Holy Day brought !
- 5 And let us with Mary return to our homesteads
From saintly Communion and Blest Eucharist,
Thus evermore dwelling in Presence of Jesus,
United in Mystery with the Lord Christ ;
O praise we the Godhead, the Blest Three in One,
Whose Love and Whose Power but spake and 'twas done.

523

Proper of Saints.

S. CECILIA.

A. H. BROWN.

*Or tune of 716.*

- 1 ~~WHITHER~~ thus, in holy rapture,
Royal Maiden, art thou bent ?
Why so fleetly art thou speeding
Up the mountain's rough ascent ?
- 2 Filled with th' Eternal Godhead,
Glowing with the Spirit's Flame,
Love it is that bears thee onward,
And supports thy tender frame.
- 3 Lo ! thine aged cousin claims thee,
Claims thy sympathy and care ;
God her shame from her hath taken ;
He hath heard her fervent prayer.
- 4 Blessed Mothers ! joyful meeting !
Thou God's Hand in her dost own :
She, with lips inspiréd, greets thee
Mother of the Lord alone.
- 5 As the sun, his face concealing,
In a cloud withdraws from sight,
So in Mary then lay hidden
He Who is the World's True Light.
- 6 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !
With the Father and the Spirit,
While Eternal Ages run.

(227)

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

524

S. MARGARET OF ANTIOCH.

CÆLESTIA.

Trier Gesangbuch.



- 1 WHEN the Lord makes up His jewels,
And of goodly pearls His store,
One, methinks, will shine with radiance,
'Mid His treasures evermore,
She who stood as firmest rock
In the court of Antioch.
- 2 Underfoot she trod the Dragon,
Through the virtue of the Cross,
Crown and palm-branch nobly winning,
Endless gain for earthly loss:
Thus she vanquish'd all her foes,
Thus the lily won the rose.
- 3 Naught we know of her confession,
Only that for Christ she died;
For the long revolving ages
Draw a veil o'er all beside;
But in regions far away
Greets she now the Eye of Day.
- 4 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Praise we now, with Saintly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Proper of Saints.

525

S. MARY MAGDALEN.

SOULS OF MEN.



Or tune of 704.

- 1 On the Bosom of the Saviour
Like a flower of stainless white,
Lies the trophy of His mercy,
In a blaze of Heav'nly Light.
- 2 Pardon'd sinner ! wondrous convert !
Was there ever joy like thine ?
'Midst the splendours of the Angels
How thy fervent graces shine !
- 3 And yet thou too wert once wand'ring,
Once wert soil'd with darkest stains,
Who art now the fairest blossom
In the Land where Jesus reigns.
- 4 Blessed swiftness of a pardon,
Which thy guilt could not delay !
Happy penance of a moment
Burning lifelong sins away.
- 5 Ah ! the sweetness of thine ointment
All the earth is filling now ;
And thy tears are turn'd to jewels
For a crown upon thy brow ;
- 6 Oh how wisely hast thou chosen
For thyself the better part,
To be braided, like a jewel,
On thy Saviour's Sacred Heart.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

526

S. JAMES THE GREAT.

S. FULBERT.

GAUNTLETT.

♩ = 70.

A - men.

- 1 Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's Royal Son,
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.
- 2 Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.
- 3 Christ heard, and will'd that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage,
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.
- 4 Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's Throne:
Thus God grants prayer; but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit Blest,
By Saints on earth be honour done,
And by the Saints at rest.

Proper of Saints.

527 S. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE B.V. MARY.

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE.

Darmstädter Gesangbuch.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

Amen.

- 1 HOLY Anna, Juda's glory,
Through the Church, from East to West,
Ev'ry tongue proclaims thy praises,
Spotless Mary's mother blest.
- 2 Saintly kings, and priestly fathers,
Blended in thy sacred line;
Thou in virtue those before thee
Didst excel by Grace Divine.
- 3 Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,
Thine it was for us to bear,
By the favour of High Heaven,
Our immortal Virgin Star.
- 4 From the stem in beauty budded
Ancient Jesse's Mystic Rod:
Earth from thee received the Mother
Of th' Almighty Son of God.
- 5 All the human race benighted
In the depths of darkness lay,
When in Anne it saw the dawning
Of the Long-expected Day.
- 6 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While Eternal Ages run.

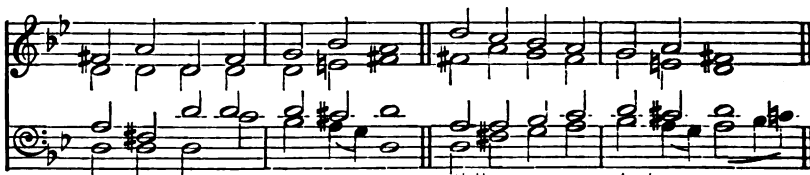
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

528

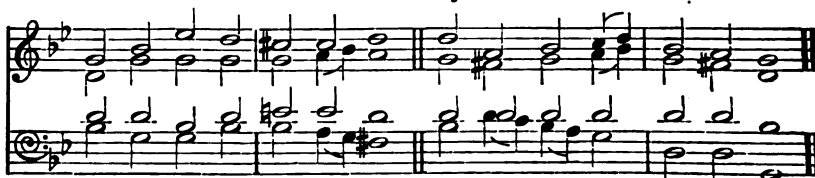
S. ANNE.

Anon.

S. ANNE.



Org. Ped.



- 1 MOTHER, from whose bosom's veil
Fell the Star of Israel,
Whence was kindled pure and bright
Judah's Everlasting Light,
Shining through the shadows dim
From the stall of Bethlehem.
- 2 Mother of the Royal Line,
Count the life-tale down to thine,
Kings and queens of royal shoot,
Sprung from Jesse's parent root:
Count no more! the swelling list
Ends in the Eternal Christ.
- 3 Mother, of thy line the last
Wedded to the earthly past,
Yet another Spouse must come
Unto David's Royal Home:
God, God-sent to thine abode,
Fills thy daughter's breast with God.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Wondrous Guest,
Fills thy daughter's virgin breast;
Holy Spirit, Spousal Dove,
Lights the clear flame of His love:
Mother, pure maternity
Shineth to all time in thee.

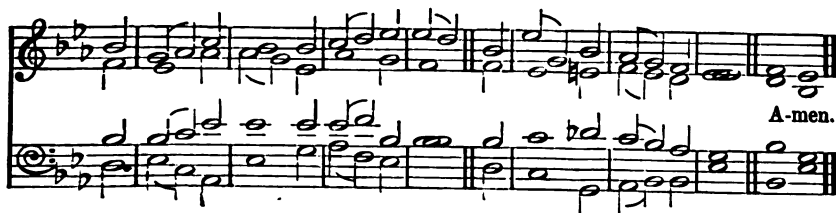
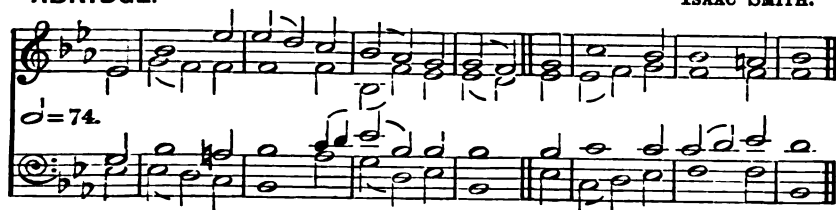
Proper of Saints.

LAMMAS DAY AND S. PETER'S CHAINS.

529

ABRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.



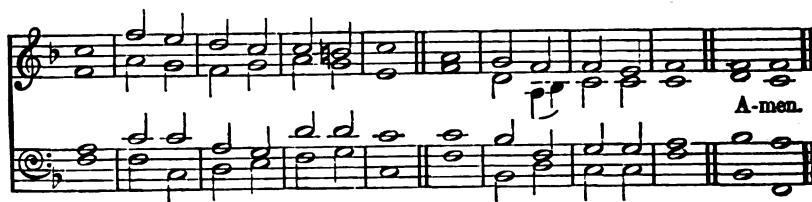
For the Lammas.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The seasons knew Thy call ;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
The summer dews to fall.
- 4 Thy gifts of mercy from above
Matured the swelling grain :
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Oh ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook Thy bounteous care,
But what our Father's Hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

530

DUNDEE.



For S. Peter's Chains.

- 1 How blesséd is the force of prayer :
Eager for Peter's fate,
Thy soldiers, Herod, bound him fast,
And watch'd before the gate.
- 2 But Jesus has His soldiers too ;
They also vigils keep ;
They watch to prayer, while Peter rests
In faith, composed in sleep.
- 3 And Jesus other soldiers has ;
Responsive to the call
Of prayer, His holy Angels come,
Sent by the Lord of all.
- 4 His Angels camp around the just,
And spread their silver wings
Above the heads of sleeping saints,
With soft o'ershadowings.
- 5 Prayer brought an Angel down from Heav'n ;
Sentries and bars are vain ;
With Heav'nly Light the prison shines,
Unlock'd is Peter's chain.
- 6 Oh if we had the inner eye
To see the hidden world,
Banners of glory we should see
Triumphantly unfurl'd.
- 7 The Holy Angels we should see
Emerging from the cloud,
Saving Thy servants from the gulf,
And hurling down the proud.
- 8 Help us, O help us, Lord, to walk
By faith and not by sight,
That we may with Thy Angels live
In Thine Eternal Light.

Proper of Saints.

531

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

URBS SION AUREA.

C. J. REDSDALE.



1 In days of old on Sinai
The Lord Almighty came
In majesty of terror,
In thunder-cloud and flame:
On Tabor, with the glory
Of sunniest light for vest,
The excellence of beauty
In Jesus was express'd.

2 All light created paled there,
And did Him worship meet;
The sun itself adored Him,
And bow'd before His Feet;
While Moses and Elias,
Upon the Holy Mount,
The Co-eternal glory
Of Christ our God recount.

3 O holy wondrous Vision!
But what, when, this life past,
The beauty of Mount Tabor
Shall end in Heav'n at last?
But what, when all the Glory
Of Uncreated Light
Shall be the promised guerdon
Of them that win the fight?

ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER

15th Century.

Slow.
♩ = 50.

- 1 With trembling awe the chosen three
The Holy Mount ascended,
Where, wrapp'd in blissful ecstasy
They saw the Vision splendid—
Their Lord array'd in Living Light,
And, on His Left and on His Right,
By glorious Saints attended.
- 2 O Vision bright, too bright to tell,
The joys of Heav'n unveiling!
How precious on those hearts it fell,
When earthly hopes were failing;
When, Saints no more on either side,
Between the thieves the Saviour died,
'Mid hate, and scorn, and railing.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, some Vision brief,
Of future triumph telling,
Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling:
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
O what shall be the dazzling Light
Of Thine Eternal Dwelling!

Proper of Saints.

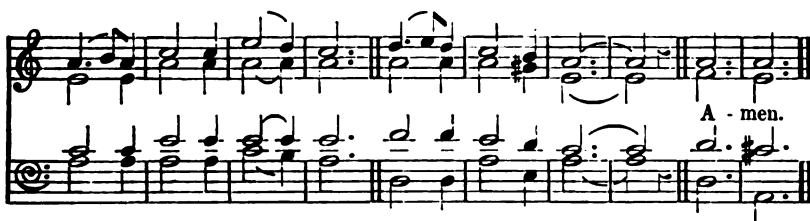
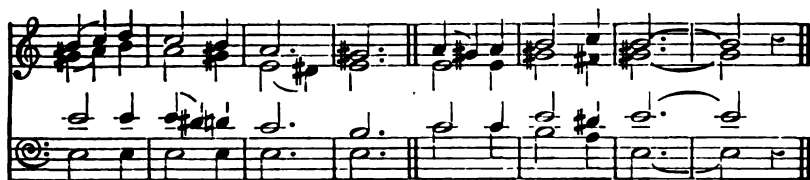
533

THE SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

MONSIGNY.

MONSIGNY.

The Children's Service Book.



1 Lord, to-day we praise Thee
For Thy Holy Name,
Name above all others
Whence Salvation came:
Altogether lovely,
Name surpassing sweet,
Name which draws the sinner
To Thy Pierced Feet.

2 Holy Name of Jesus,
Morning Star so bright,
Shining in Thy Radiance,
On a world of night:
Name which draws the Saintly
To the Golden Crown,
Name which won the Martyrs
All their bright renown.

3 Till before the Daybreak
Flee the shadows dim,
Till the Choirs Eternal
Raise th' unceasing hymn,
To the Name All-Worthy
Honour, Glory, Praise,
Now, and still for ever
Through the Endless Days.

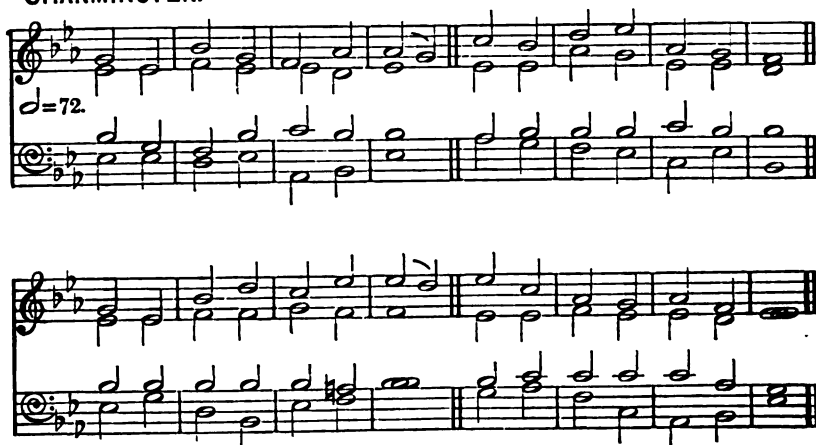
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

534

S. LAURENCE.

CHARMINSTER.

BOYCE.



- 1 Who is this that shines so bright,
In God's Everlasting Light,
With the flame-encompass'd brow ?
Holy Laurence, it is thou !
- 2 Who are these, thy feet around,
Poor and needy, halt and bound ?
'Tis the treasure thou dost hoard,
Holy Deacon, for thy Lord.
- 3 Wherefore hastest thou to-day,
Holy Deacon, on thy way ?
Thou must haste to serve thy Priest
In His Heav'nly Eucharist.
- 4 What is this cross'd iron brand
Which thou bearest in thine hand ?
Staff, whereby thy feet have trod
On the pathway to thy God.
- 5 He hath gone before thy feet,
Through the fiery furnace-heat ;
That Bright Form thine eyes may scan,
'Tis thy Lord—the Son of Man.
- 6 Fire shall try for us, for thee,
Each man's work whate'er it be :
Fear not thou, in Christ be bold,
Whose whole life is purest gold !

Proper of Saints.

535

S. BARTHOLOMEW.

CRESPIN, 1557.

OLD CXXXVII.

ALLISON'S Setting.

♩ = 60.

A-men.

1 BEHOLD an Israelite indeed,
In whom no guile is found,
For such was blest Nathanael's meed,
Ere yet with glory crown'd !
Now he, who once, in bending awe,
Beneath the fig-tree pray'd,
Sees greater things than then he saw,
In Highest Heav'n display'd.

2 O when did he that Vision Bright
Of wondrous glory scan,
Of Angels, to and fro, in flight
Upon the Son of Man ?
Long waiting for the sight, perchance,
When came his Master's call,
The Martyr, as with Stephen's glance,
Look'd up and saw it all

3 Now Him Who made Apostles wise,
Who made His weak ones strong,
He gazes on with raptured eyes,
Amidst the Martyr throng :
To Him the Father, praise we sing,
To Him the Son, be laud,
To Him the Spirit, honour bring,
The One Eternal God.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

536 S. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO.

S. NICHOLAS.

Traditional.



1.

WHEN Holy Church went forth to war
With the fierce Heathen's might,
Hope was her ever-bright'ning star,
And Faith her armour bright :

2.

And thus the Cross o'er Heathen might
At length triumphant shone,
Emblem of love, of peace, and light ;
Th' oppressors' day was done.

3.

And so the Holy Church went on,
Sorrowing, yet always glad ;
Joyful for ev'ry soul she won,
For human frailty sad.

4.

Then other foes sprang up within,
E'en in her very fold ;
For soon was entrance made for sin,
When love had waxen cold.

5.

Now turn ye to a Southern clime,
Mark Hippo's distant Star,
How o'er the dreary waste of time
His fix'd ray shines afar.

6.

With lurid ray that Star arose,
With fitful gleam it shone ;
From sphere to sphere without repose
Wildly it wander'd on.

7.

But scarce may sigh, or suppliant tone,
Full oft repeated, fail ;
The fervent prayer, the mother's moan,
Before the Throne prevail.

8.

And now, 'mid Holy Church's gems,
The mother and the son
Wear each their saintly diadems,
Their earthly labour done.

9.

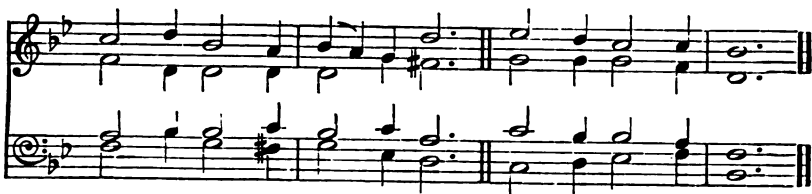
O praise the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners given,
And Holy Ghost, through Whom alone
Our hearts are raised to Heav'n.

Proper of Saints.

537 THE BEHEADING OF S. JOHN BAPTIST.

S. LUKE.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 HERALD, in the wilderness
Breaking up the road,
Sinking mountains, raising plains,
For the path of God ;
- 2 Prophet, to the multitudes
Calling to repent,
In the way of righteousness
Unto Israel sent ;
- 3 Messenger, God's Chosen One
Foremost to proclaim ;
Proffer'd titles passing by,
Pointing to the Lamb ;
- 4 Captive, for the Word of Truth
Boldly witnessing ;
Then in Herod's dungeon-cave
Faint and languishing ;
- 5 Martyr, sacrificed to sin
At that feast of shame ;
As his life foreshow'd the Lord
In his death the same.
- 6 Holy Jesus, when He heard,
Went apart to pray :
Thus may we our lesson take
From His Saint to-day.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

538

THE NATIVITY OF THE B.V. MARY.

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN.

VULPIUS.
ART. J. S. BACH.



NOTE.—This tune is at 316 in the key of D.

- 1 We keep the Feast in gladness,
When first that Gem of earth,
The Mother of Christ Jesus,
The Royal Maid, had birth.
- 2 The Rod, foretold in story,
Which sprang of Jesse's kin,
The Rod which bore the Flower
That cleansed the world from sin.
- 3 The oracles of Heaven,
The word of Prophets sure,
Announced that wondrous Mother,
The Virgin ever pure.
- 4 The blessed among women,
Of mortals honoured most,
Conceiving her Redeemer
By God the Holy Ghost.
- 5 A stainless Maiden, springing
From David's kingly line,
She bore the Everlasting,
She bore the King Divine :
- 6 The King of men and Angels,
The Prince of perfect Peace,
Whose might hath no beginning,
Whose might shall never cease.
- 7 To Christ the Son of Mary
Be honour, glory, laud,
With Father and with Spirit,
The Everlasting God.

Proper of Saints.

539

HOLY CROSS DAY.

S. MATTHEW'S. [For the original form see Appendix.]

*Approximated to
CROFT'S.*



- 1 THE Cross, the Cross ! Oh, bid it rise,
'Mid clouds about it curl'd,
In bold relief against the skies,
Beheld by all the world ;
A Sign to myriads far and wide
On ev'ry holy fane,
Meet emblem of the Crucified,
For our transgressions slain.
- 2 The Cross, the Cross ! with solemn vow
And fervent prayer to bless,
Upon the new-born infant's brow
The hallow'd seal impress ;
A token that in coming years,
All else esteem'd but loss,
He will press on through foes and fears,
The soldier of the Cross.
- 3 The Cross, the Cross ! upon the heart
Oh seal the signet well,
A safeguard sweet against each art
And stratagem of Hell ;

A hope when other hopes shall cease,
And worth all hopes beside—
The Christian's blessedness and peace,
His joy and only pride.

- 4 The Cross, the Cross ! ye heralds blest,
Who in the Saving Name
Go forth to lands with sin oppress,
The Cross of Christ proclaim !
And so 'mid idols lifted high,
In truth and love reveal'd,
It may be seen by ev'ry eye,
And stricken souls be heal'd.

- 5 The Cross, dear Church, the world is
And wrapt in shades of night ; [dark,
Yet lift but up within thy ark
This source of Living Light—
This emblem of our Heav'nly birth
And claim to things Divine—
So thou shalt go through all the earth,
And "Conquer in this Sign."

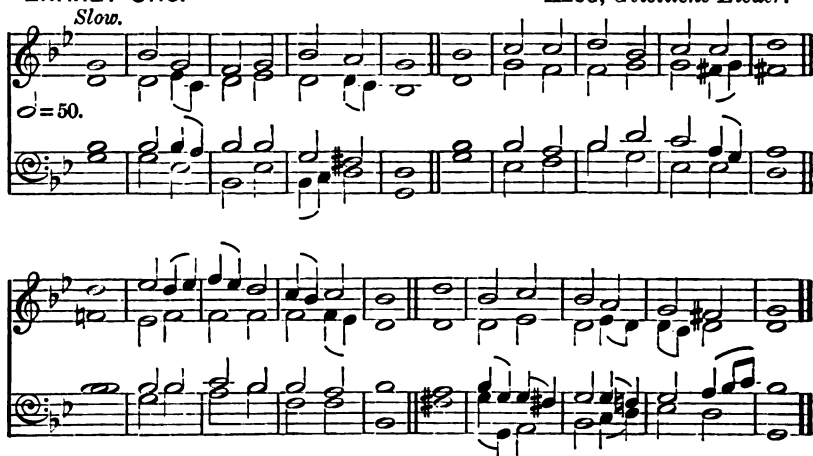
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

540

S. MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

ERHALT UNS.

Klug, Geistliche Lieder.



- 1 BEHOLD, the Master passeth by !
Oh, seest thou not His pleading Eye ?
With low sad Voice He calleth thee ;—
“ Leave this vain world and follow Me.”
- 2 O soul, bow'd down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for Heav'n to spare ?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye ;—
Behold, the Master passeth by !
- 3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His Blesséd Cross.
- 4 That “ Follow Me ” his faithful ear
Seem'd ev'ry day afresh to hear :
Its echoes stirr'd his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.
- 5 God sweetly calls us ev'ry day :
Why should we then our bliss delay ?
He calls to Heav'n and Endless Light :
Why should we love the dreary night ?
- 6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he left his earthly all ;
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

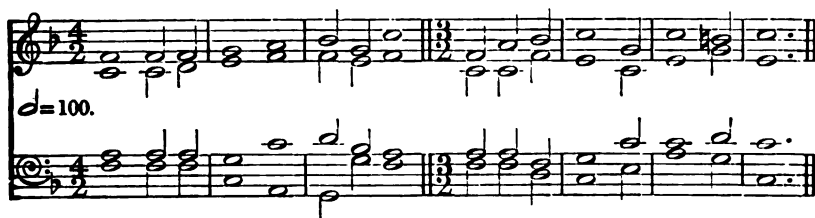
Proper of Saints.

541

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

ANGELS' SONG.

O. GIBBONS.



- 1 AROUND the Throne of God a band
Of glorious Angels ever stand ;
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.
- 2 Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His Will ;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.
- 3 Lord, give Thy Angels ev'ry day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them ev'ry evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.
- 4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear ;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round Thy Throne at last.

S. MATTHEW'S. [For the original form see Appendix.]

Approximated to
CROFT'S.

♩ = 84.

Amen.

1 FATHER, before Thy Throne of Light
The Guardian Angels bend,
And ever in Thy Presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown,
Beside the Crystal Sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

2 And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While Seraph unto Seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
So may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The Brightness of Thy Face.

3 Here, where the Angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our Heav'nly Home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That childhood's time, and manhood's prime
Be Thine, and Thine alone.

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

Trier Gesangbuch.

- 1 PRAISE to God Who reigns above,
Binding earth and Heav'n in love ;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread Sov'reignty.
- 2 Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers
Marshall'd Might that never cowers.
- 3 Speeds the Archangel from His Face,
Bearing messages of grace ;
Angel-hosts His words fulfil,
Ruling nature by His Will.
- 4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright Celestial state,
For in Man their Lord they see,
Christ, th' Incarnate Deity.
- 5 On the Throne their Lord Who died,
Sits in Manhood glorified ;
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.
- 6 Oh, the depths of joy Divine
Thrilling through those Orders Nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banish'd come to reign !
- 7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the Choirs above,
Praising, with the Heav'nly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

544

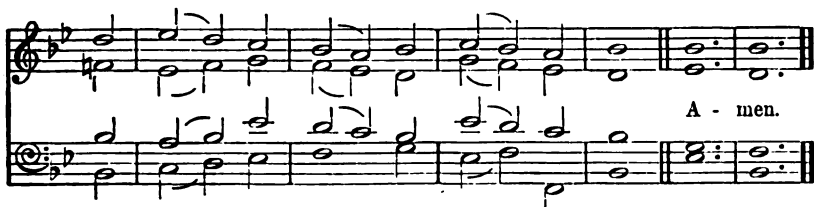
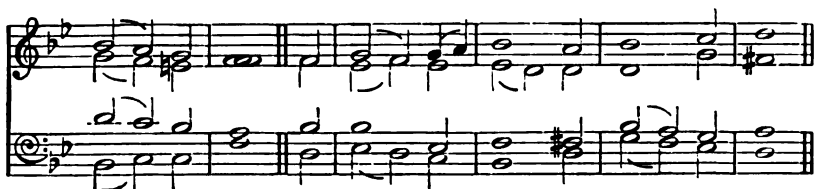
PREISE, JERUSALEM, PREISE DEN HERREN.

MS. MÜHLHAUSEN,
1788. ZAHN.

- 1 STARS of the Morning, so gloriously bright,
Fill'd with Celestial virtue and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Trisagion" ever and aye:
- 2 These are Thy Ministers, these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy Throne ;
These are Thy Messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones ! man to defend.
- 3 These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the Living Ones, Mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.
- 4 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.
- 5 Still let them succour us ; still let them fight,
Lord of Angelic Hosts, battling for right ;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the Angels may bow and adore.

WAREHAM.

KNAPP.

*Or tune of 637.*

- 1 **THEY** come, God's Messengers of love,
They come from Realms of Peace above,
From Homes of never-fading Light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.
- 2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear ;
Ye Heav'nly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.
- 3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."
- 4 Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weigh'd,
Thou didst not scorn Thine Angel's aid ;
- 5 An Angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie ;
And by Thine own Almighty Power
O shield us in the last dread hour.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
From all above and all below
Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

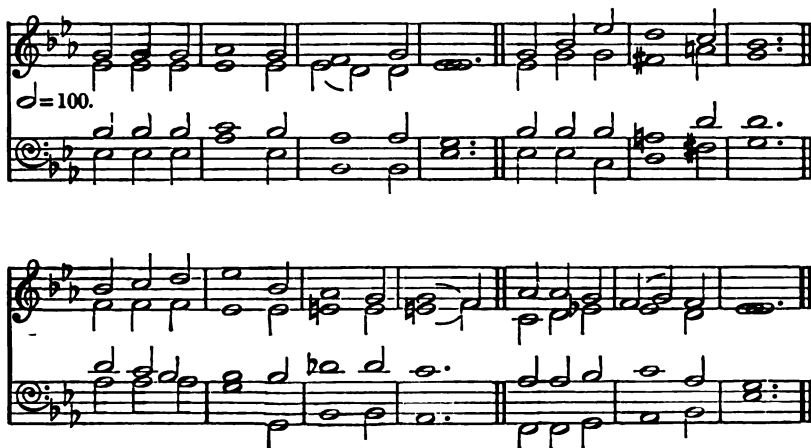
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

546

THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.

FONS AMORIS.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 DEAR Angel, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in Heav'n to guard
A guilty wretch like me!
- 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.
- 3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
- 4 And when, dear Spirit, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
- 5 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
The prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.
- 6 Then weary not, but love me still,
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon th' Eternal Shore.

Proper of Saints.

THE TRANSLATION OF S. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

547

ALLHALLOWS.

A. H. BROWN.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THEY could not make his shrine too bright,
And so, when years were past,
They straight prepared a noble tomb,
More glorious than the last;
And there the Royal Saint they laid
Within the Abbey vast.</p> <p>2 O rest most sweet! safe shadow'd o'er
With vows all duly paid,
Spreading o'erhead a canopy
Within the awful shade,
Where hymns and anthems daily rise,
And prayer is ever made.</p> <p>3 But sweeter still the Rest Above,
Where happy spirits wait,
Where faithful souls are gather'd safe
Before the Golden Gate,
In blessed vigil, till the Lord
Arise in Royal state:</p> | <p>4 Until He comes with Angel-host
In all His Power and Might,
And, seated on the great white Throne,
Enrobed in glory bright,
He calls His faithful Saints around,
And Kingly crowns the right.</p> <p>5 And what will be Saint Edward's Crown
Upon that awful day?
Let faith in Jesu's blessed Cross,
And prayers and almsdeeds say—
A kingly government and rule
Of righteousness always.</p> <p>6 But greater bliss than brightest crown,
The Presence of the King,
And all the ever-growing joys
That endless ages bring;
And yet 'tis ever more and more
The countless Angels sing!</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 Ah, stay! our very thought is lost
Within that Temple vast,
Where we, O Christ, long sore to be,
With Saints of ages past.
Oh, bring us there, sweet Saviour dear,
To that bright Home at last.

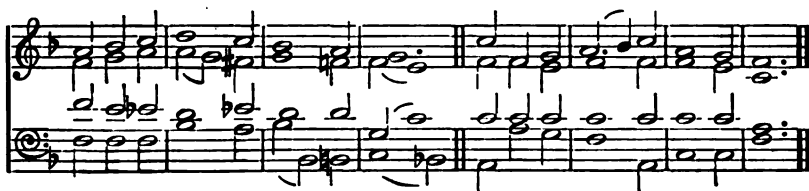
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

548

S. LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

AQUÆ GRANÆ.

German.



- 1 BEHOLD and see Christ's chosen Saint
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;
No fear lest he should swerve or faint;
"His life is Christ, his death is gain."
- 2 Two converts, watching by his side,
Alike his love and greetings share;
Luke the belov'd, the sick soul's guide,
And Demas, named in falt'ring prayer.
- 3 Pass a few years—look in once more—
The Saint is in his bonds again;
Save that his hopes more boldly soar,
He and his lot unchanged remain.
- 4 But only Luke is with him now:—
Alas! that e'en the Martyr's cell,
Heav'n's very gate, should scope allow
For the false world's seducing spell.
- 5 'Tis sad—but yet 'tis well, be sure,
We on the sight should muse awhile,
Nor deem our shelter all secure
E'en in the Church's holiest aisle.
- 6 Ah! Dearest Mother, since too oft
The world yet wins some Demas frail
E'en from thine arms, so kind and soft,
May thy tried comforts never fail!
- 7 When faithless ones forsake thy wing,
Be it vouchsaf'd thee still to see
Thy true, fond nurslings closer cling,
Cling closer to their Lord and thee

Proper of Saints.

549

S. CRISPIN, MARTYR.

S. CRISPIN.

GAUNTLETT.



1 O CHRIST, Thou Son of Mary,
Accept our thankful lays,
What time we sing with triumph
Thy Martyr Crispin's praise:
Thou Who all work didst hallow,
And labour sanctify;
Who willest daily toiling
Should daily bread supply.

2 Our feet be shod, as pilgrims,
With bands of Gospel peace,
Till life's long march be ended,
And strife and struggle cease:
Till on the ground most holy,
Our shoes from off our feet
We put, with holy gladness,
The pilgrimage complete.

3 Then Mary, Queen of Virgins,
In glory we shall see,
Who here, in lowly cottage,
Knew toil and care for Thee:
And there find Paul the aged,
Who wrought the tents of old,
Camps, in the time thereafter,
For liegemen of the Fold.

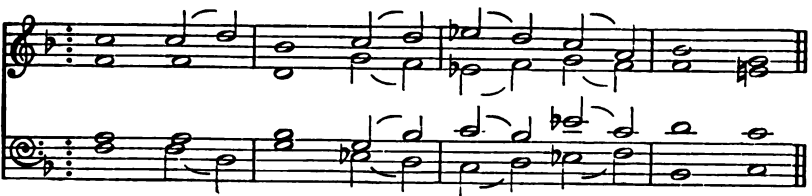
4 Why stand we here so idle?
The day-hours hasten by:
The night when no man worketh,
Its shadows dim the Sky:
Good Master, in the evening
When Thy rewards are due,
Our work be found abiding,
Our treasure with the few.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

550 S. SIMON AND S. JUDE, APOSTLES.

ALLA TRINITA BEATA.

From *Laudi Spirituali*.



Or tune at 850.

(254)

Proper of Saints.

- 1 SAINTS of God, whom faith united
In the Twelve Apostles' band :
Who for Christ in pain delighted,
Who are now at Christ's Right Hand :
Ye had many a bitter trial,
Ye were scorn'd and set at naught ;
Fearing nothing but denial
Of the Lord, for Whom ye fought.
- 2 Call'd on earth to different stations
In the battle of the Lord,
Ye went on through tribulations,
Faith your shield, and Truth your sword :
Far apart, through toil and peril,
Pass'd ye onward to your rest :
In the streets of gold and beryl,
Now together ye are blest.
- 3 Leaves of autumn tell the story
How our lives must also pass,
And that this world's pomp and glory
Fadeth like the summer grass :
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
Earthly hopes but poor at best :
Christ's true Martyrs ! we would follow
In your steps, and gain our rest.
- 4 Him, Whose love mankind created,
Him, That came for man to bleed,
Him, That hath regenerated
Us and all His Chosen Seed ;
We, as we are onward pressing
To His glorious Home on High,
With His Saints and Angels blessing,
Now and ever magnify.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

551

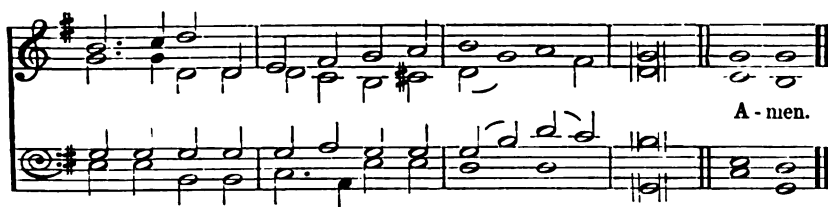
ALL SAINTS' DAY.

DOMUS SANCTORUM.

From *The Children's Service Book*.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 100. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system includes the tempo marking '♩ = 100.'.

Proper of Saints.



Or tune of 701.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 King of Saints for ever,
 Unto Thee we sing,
 Of all Saints the Captain,
 Of all Saints the King;
 Captain leading onward
 Through this sin-stain'd strife,
 King at length bestowing
 Crowns of sinless life:
 In one blest Communion
 With all Saints of Thine,
 King of Saints, unite us
 In Thy Love Divine.</p> | <p>4 King of Saints departed,
 In that Land so blest,
 Where no sin can trouble,
 Where the weary rest;
 Rest, since life's long conflict
 For their King is past,
 Rest, till they "in beauty"
 See their King at last:
 Yet the Saints departed,
 Still for us they care,
 King of Saints, O hearken
 To their fervent prayer.</p> |
| <p>2 King of Saints in sorrow,
 If earth's joys should fade,
 Thou art still the nearest
 'Neath the Cross's shade:
 Here Thy Saints have gather'd
 Love that never faints,
 Perfected through suff'ring,
 Like the King of Saints:
 So through earthly sorrows,
 Which Thy Saints attend,
 King of Saints, O bring us
 Where all sorrows end.</p> | <p>5 King of Saints in glory,
 Who, in raiment white,
 Cast their crowns adoring
 Round the Throne of Light;
 Where the palms are waving
 O'er the Crystal Sea,
 And the incense rising
 To the One in Three:
 For that glorious worship
 With Thy Saints Above,
 King of Saints, prepare us
 In Thy boundless love.</p> |
| <p>3 King of Saints triumphant,
 Ev'ry vict'ry won,
 Ev'ry sin resisted,
 Thine the praise alone;
 Thou their King wast with them
 When Thy Saints were tried,
 Thou their King didst cheer them
 Fighting by their side;
 Like Thy Saints, triumphant
 Be our onward way,
 King of Saints, O lead us
 Victors ev'ry day.</p> | <p>6 King of Saints for ever,
 Hear us as we sing,
 May we ever choose Thee,
 Thee alone as King:
 Ever strive to serve Thee
 As Thy Saints have striven,
 Till like them we follow
 Thee from earth to Heaven:
 There with Saints for ever
 We will Thee adore,
 King of Saints, for ever
 Love Thee more and more.</p> |

JERUSALEM EXULTING.

E. SADDING.



1 O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of Everlasting Halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in Thy walls.

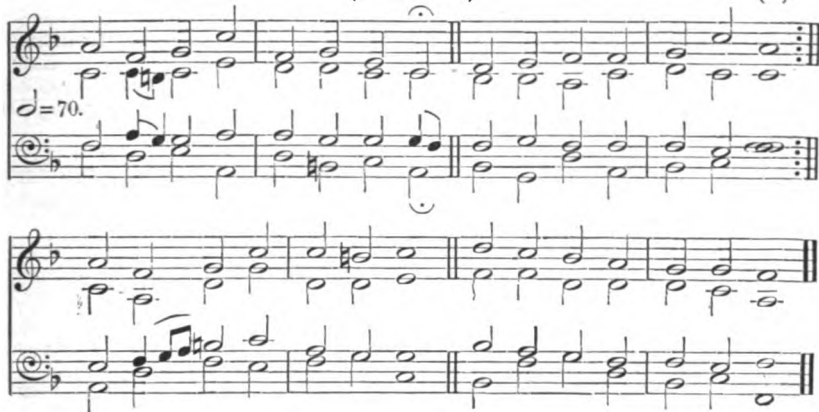
2 Thou art the Golden Mansion,
Where Saints for ever sing,
The Seat of God's own chosen,
The Palace of the King.

3 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown ;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest ;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us :
Our longings thither tend ;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ the Sun That lightens
His Church above, below,
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow.

ICH BEGEHR NICHT MEHR (*First Tune*). J. CHRISTOPHER BACH (?).ALL SAINTS (*Second Tune*).

German.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Who are these like stars appearing,
These before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their Heav'nly King.</p> <p>2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by Time's rude hand;
Whence came all this glorious band?</p> | <p>3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.</p> <p>4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God hath bid them weep no more.</p> <p>5 These th' Almighty contemplating,
Did as Priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most Holy Place
Blest they stand before His Face.</p> |
|--|---|

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

554 COMMEMORATION OF THE DEPARTED.

ANGELUS.

GEORG JOSEPHI.

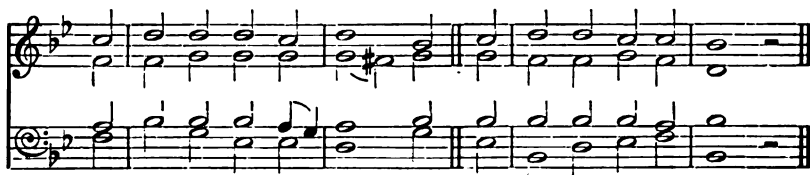


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O LORD, to Whom the spirits live
Of all the Faithful passed away,
Upon their path that brightness give
Which shineth to the Perfect Day.</p> <p>2 Bless Thou the dead which die in Thee,
And make their painful labours cease,
O purge them from impurity,
And give them Everlasting Peace.</p> <p>3 In Thy green, pleasant pastures feed
The sheep which Thou hast summon'd
And by the still cool waters lead [hence,
Thy flock in loving providence.</p> | <p>4 Heal Thou the wounds of earthly strife,
Pouring upon the faint Thy balm,
The wearied with the toils of life
Place in the breast of Abraham.</p> <p>5 How long, O Holy Lord, how long
Must we and they expectant wait
To hear the glad some bridal song,
To see Thee in Thy Royal State?</p> <p>6 O hearken, Saviour, to their cry,
O rend the Heavens and come down;
Make up Thy jewels speedily,
And set them in Thy golden Crown.</p> <p>7 Direct us with Thine Arm of Might,
And bring us, perfected with them,
To dwell within Thy City bright,
The Heavenly Jerusalem.</p> |
|---|--|

555

WITH PAIN EARTH'S JOYS ARE MINGLED.

Trier Gesangbuch.



Proper of Saints.



1 With pain earth's joys are mingled,
 Earth's glories will not stay,
 And, feeble than a shadow,
 Like dreams they fade away :
 In one brief sudden moment
 Death comes to take their place ;
 But Thee we pray, Lord Jesu,
 With Thine unclouded Face,
 Regard with gracious favour
 Our brethren call'd away ;
 Lord, grant them joys unfading,
 And rest that lasts for aye.

2 Vain, vain are all possessions
 That men may gather here ;
 They last for us no longer
 When death is coming near ;
 Our wealth hath no abiding,
 Fame may not with us go ;
 When death is hasting onward,
 They vanish with their show :
 So with Thy gracious favour
 Regard our dead we pray ;
 Lord, grant them joys unfading
 And rest that lasts for aye.

3 Where are the world's affections,
 Where dreams of earthly gain,
 Where are the gold and silver,
 And where the serving train ?
 All, all are dust and ashes,
 All are but as a shade ;
 So to the King Eternal
 Be our petition made :
 Regard with gracious favour
 Our brethren call'd away ;
 Lord, grant them joys unfading,
 And rest that lasts for aye.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

556

S. KATHARINE V.M.

S. GOTEBALD'S TUNE.

GAUNTLETT.



1 BRIGHT among the Virgin-Martyrs,
Whom the Holy Church reveres,
Stands Saint Katharine, brave, undaunted,
Firm amidst her hopes and fears:
What to her the wheel of torture?
What the dungeon's dreary shade?
Hunger, cold, and sharp temptation?
She her willing choice had made.

2 True to Jesus Christ her Master,
Him alone she cares to serve;
Love for Him will give her courage,
And for ev'ry trial nerve;
So she stood, and taught the Sages
Lessons deep of Saintly lore;
What if men could hurt the body?
That they could—but nothing more.

3 Then to Christ she yields her spirit,
Meets with smiles the headsman's steel,
While, around her, bands of Angels,
All unseen, her bliss reveal.
So may we, though all unworthy,
Join at length the Martyr-host,
Praise with them, through Endless Ages,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Common of Saints.

557

APOSTLES.

CHRIST CHURCH.

BATTISHILL.



1 Let the Church of God rejoice
For th' Apostles' fostering cares,
For the sounding of their voice,
For their preaching and their prayers:
These the Lord our God did choose
To the furthest lands to go:
These the Husbandman did use,
Holiest seed on earth to sow.

2 In the New Jerusalem
Twelve Foundations firm are laid:
On the Apostles of the Lamb
Is the glorious Building stay'd:
Bound to Christ, our Corner-Stone,
Firmly built on them, may we,
One in heart, in doctrine one,
In the Heav'nly Temple be.

THE LEADERS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

French Air.



- 1 THE Leaders of the Church of Christ, Twelve Stars of holy light,
First in their Master's Kingdom, first Proclaimers of His Might,
Despised on earth, yet high in Heav'n the Church her Chiefs shall tell,
When sitting on their Thrones they judge the Tribes of Israel.
- 2 They pour'd the rays of Truth Divine on darkness and decay;
Glad tidings sped, the idols bow'd, foul spirits shrank away;
The chains fall from the slaves of sin, the tear was dried from grief:
To those within the veil of death their message brought relief.
- 3 It was not by the sword and spear, nor power of human might,
Nor speech of human wisdom, that they triumph'd in the fight;
But by the Cross of Jesus, and by virtue of His Name,
They dared the foe, and won the crown, despising death and shame.
- 4 O glorious task, to tread the path, which they triumphant trod!
O perfect freedom, that in Christ true service pays to God!
O beautiful, as morning's song, the voice which speaks release!
O beautiful upon the Hills the Messengers of Peace!
- 5 Still therefore, Twelve of Jesus, doth the Church delight to sing,
How ye led the nations captive to the Footstool of their King;
Still she bears your message onward, till all earth shall own her Lord,
Till her warfare be accomplish'd, and Himself her Great Reward.

Common of Saints.

559

COMMON OF EVANGELISTS.

S. ETHELWALD.

W. H. MONK.



- 1 FROM Sinai's trembling peak,
In trumpet-blasts from Heav'n,
And thunders of a threat'ning God,
The olden Law was given
- 2 To us the selfsame Lord,
Attuned to our gaze
By the soft veil of Flesh, Himself
In love and grace displays.
- 3 On the hard rock engraved,
The Law from Sinai's Hill,
Precepts supplied, but gave no strength
These precepts to fulfil.
- 4 Stamp'd in the heart, the Law,
Which Christ proclaim'd anew,
With its commandment also gives
The strength to will and do.
- 5 This Law with faithful pen
Ye wrote, O scribes of God ;
Preach'd it by holiest word and deed,
And seal'd it with your blood.
- 6 O may that Spirit Blest,
Who touch'd your lips with fire,
These same Eternal Words of Life
Deep in our hearts inspire.

WENN MEINER SUND'N MICH KRÄNKEN.

Hiller's Choralbuch.



1 HERALDS of Jesus through all time,
 Who, speaking day by day,
 Have scatter'd wide, through ev'ry clime,
 Those truths that in the depths sublime
 Of olden Scripture lay.

2 What under night's mysterious screen,
 Veil'd in a shadowy hue,
 Was by the Prophets dimly seen,
 'Twas yours without a veil between
 In naked day to view.

3 What Christ, True Man, Divinely wrought,
 What God in Manhood bore,
 Your pens to ev'ry age have taught
 In words with inspiration fraught,
 That live for evermore.

4 Although in space and time apart,
 Yet by One Spirit sway'd,
 One were ye all in mind and heart,
 And with a more than human art
 One Perfect Christ portray'd.

5 To God the Blessed Three in One,
 Whom Angel-hosts adore,
 From men on earth let praise be done,
 With Saints whose earthly course is run,
 Now and for evermore.

Common of Saints.

561

COMMON OF MARTYRS.

LÆTARE.

Aachen Gesangbuch.



1 LET our Choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness,
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness :
This the day that won their crown,
Open'd Heav'n's bright Portal ;
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on th' immortal.

2 Never flinch'd they from the flame,
From the torture, never ;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour :
For by faith they saw the Land
Deck'd in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish ;
And Eternal Hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish
He, Who trod the self-same road,
Death and Hell defeated ;
Wherefore these their passions show'd
Calvary repeated.

4 Up and follow, Christian men !
Press through toil and sorrow !
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
O the glorious morrow !
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it !
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors ! up and win it !

562

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

OH! WHAT, IF WE ARE CHRIST'S.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



1 Oh! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the Crown of Glory be
When we have borne the Cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When Martyr'd Saints, baptized in
Christ's Suff'rings shared below:

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the Bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy Feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom Heav'n and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

563

OF THE MARTYRS WE SING.

Trier Gesangbuch.



Common of Saints.

Of the Martyrs we sing
Whom the purple adorns,
Who have follow'd their King
In His dread Crown of Thorns.

Now their storms are all pass'd,
And their dark sea of blood
Hath convey'd them at last
To their Haven of good.

Though the tyrant be stern,
Yet they fear not his rod,
For their fears nought discern
But the terrors of God.

When fierce foemen pursue,
Their life-blood they afford
As an offering due
To their Suffering Lord.

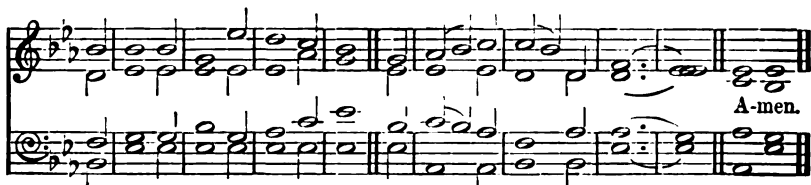
With His own Martyrs' blood
Then His Blood also pleads,
Which once flow'd on the Rood,
And for them intercedes.

Dread Jehovah we sing,
In Christ Jesus made known;
Of all Martyrs the King,
Of all Martyrs the Crown.

564

S. NICHOLAS.

Traditional.

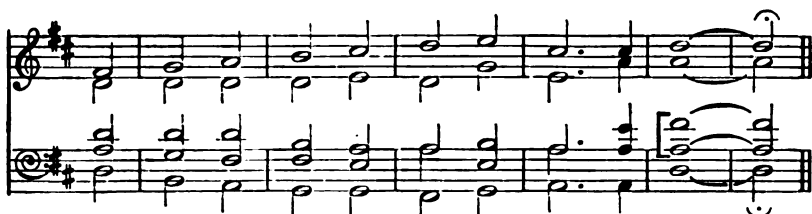


Or Tune of 326, S. James.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A Kingly Crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?</p> <p>2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his Cross below,
He follows in His train.</p> <p>3 The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.</p> <p>4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?</p> | <p>5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.</p> <p>6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?</p> <p>7 A Noble Army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
In robes of light array'd.</p> <p>8 They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.</p> |
|--|--|

THEIR NAMES ARE NAMES OF KINGS.

Anon.

A. *Vivace.*B. *For the third and last verses only.*

* Very slight pause.

A. 1 THEIR names are names of kings
Of Heav'nly line,
The pride of earthly things
They dared resign.

A. 2 Chieftains they were, who warr'd
With sword and shield;
Victors for God the Lord
On foughten field.

B. 3 Sad were their days on earth,
Mid hate and scorn;
A life of pleasure's dearth,
A death forlorn.

A. 4 Yet blest that end of woe,
And those sad days;
Only man's blame below—
Above, God's praise!

B. 5 So did the life of pain
In glory close;
Lord God, may we attain
Their grand repose.

Common of Saints.

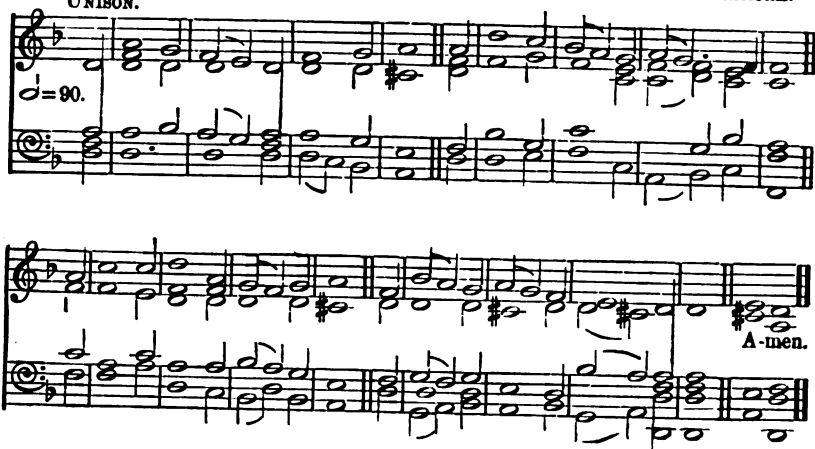
566

COMMON OF CONFESSORS.

O AMOR QUAM EXTATICUS.

UNISON.

Gallican.



1.

Nor by the Martyr's death alone
The Saint his crown in Heav'n has won,
There is a triumph-robe on High
For bloodless fields of victory.

2.

What though he was not call'd to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel,
Yet daily to the world he died ;
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

3.

What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful Sacrifice.

4.

Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn
That we through life to die may learn,
And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
May live with Thee for evermore.

5.

O Fount of sanctity and love,
O perfect Rest of Saints above,
All praise, all glory, be to Thee
Both now and through Eternity.

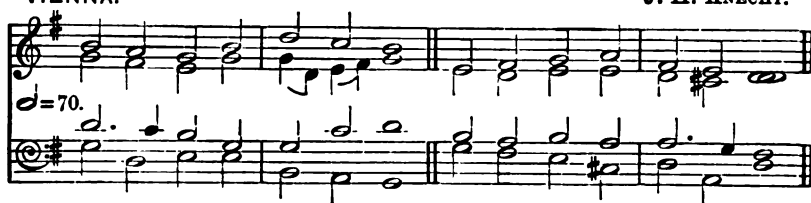
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

567

HERMIT SAINTS.

VIENNA.

J. H. KNECHT.



1.

HERMITS of the Desert waste,
Tenants of the mossy cell,
Hail to you, who nobly faced
All the raging Hosts of Hell.

2.

Scanty herb and running brook
All your simple fare supplied ;
All your rest the chilly rock
Hollow'd in the mountain side.

3.

Asp and adder gliding by,
Howling fiends of angry night,
Gloomy portents of the sky
Smit your soul with no affright ;

4.

Where the Golden Mansions glow,
Thither had she sped her way ;
From the veil of night below,
Mounting to Immortal Day.

5.

Honour, glory, Majesty,
To the Father and the Son.
With the Holy Spirit be,
While Eternal Ages run.

Common of Saints.

568

DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH.

ECCLESTONE.

BOYCK.

1 O THOU th' Eternal Father's Word,
What though on earth Thy Voice is heard
No longer, as of yore ;
Still, age by age, Thou dost supply
With holy Teachers from on High
Thy Church for evermore.

2 They to the long hoar-headed line
Of Fathers pointing—as they shine
Far in the Ages deep—
Preserve the ancient doctrines pure ;
Confute new errors ; and secure
The Great Deposit keep.

3 All praise to Thee, Who by the pen
Of Saintly Doctors, teaching men
Thy truths, O Truth Sublime !
Without a voice, without a sound,
Thy grace diffuseth all around,
Thy glory through all time.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

569

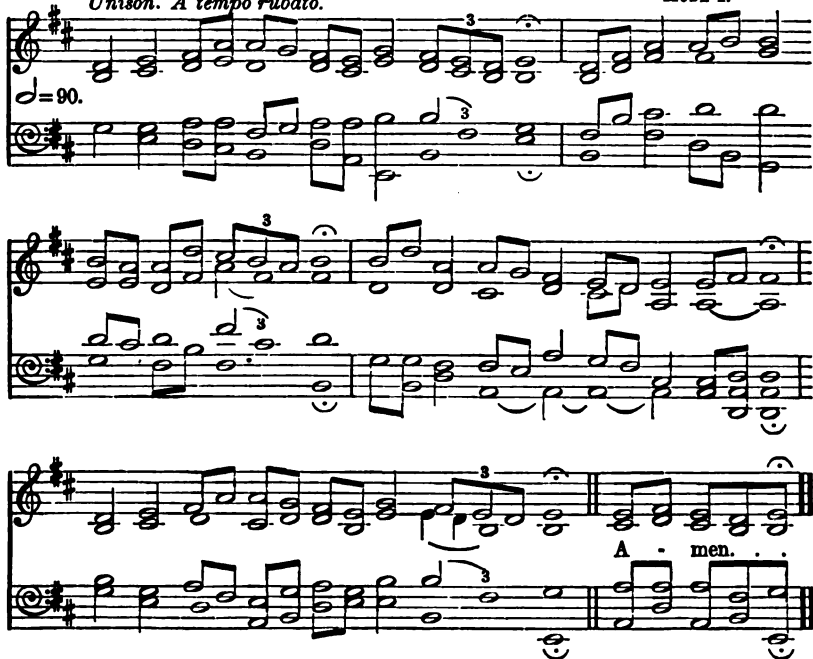
COMMON OF VIRGINS.

JESU, CORONA VIRGINUM.

Gregorian Melody.

Unison. A tempo rubato.

MODE I.



1.

O LAMB of God, Whose love Divine
Draws Virgin-souls to follow Thee,
And bids them earthly joys resign,
If so they may Thy Beauty see;

2.

The Saint of whom we sing to-day
Was faithful to Thy loving call;
And, casting other hopes away,
Took Thee to be her God, her All.

3.

To Thee she yielded up her will,
Her heart was drawn to Thine Above,
Content if Thou wouldst deign to fill
Thine handmaid with Thy perfect love.

4.

Beneath Thy Cross she loved to stand,
Like Mary in Thy dying hour,
That blessings from Thy pierced Hand
Might clothe her with undying power.

5.

With power to win the Crown of Light
For Virgin-souls laid up on High,
And ready keep her lamp at night,
To hail the Bridegroom drawing nigh.

6.

And surely Thou at last didst come
To end the sorrows of Thy bride,
And bear her to Thy peaceful Home
With Thee for ever to abide.

7.

All glory, Jesu, for the grace
That drew Thy Saint to follow Thee;
Grant us too in Thy love a place
Both now and through Eternity.

Common of Saints.

570

COMMON OF VIRGIN MARTYRS.

S. BONIFACE.

Trier Gesangbuch.



- 1 LILIES white and roses red,
Virgin-Martyr, crown thy head;
Lilies for a Virgin white,
Roses for a Martyr bright.
- 2 Holding fast the Glorious Faith,
Firm in life, and firm in death,
Wishing but for Christ to live,
Thou for Him thy life didst give.
- 3 Trampling sin beneath thy feet,
Thou didst Satan's wiles defeat;
Thou the Heav'nly prize didst gain,
Spurning threats and earthly pain.
- 4 Glory to the Three in One,
While Eternal Ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Call'd us to His glorious Light.

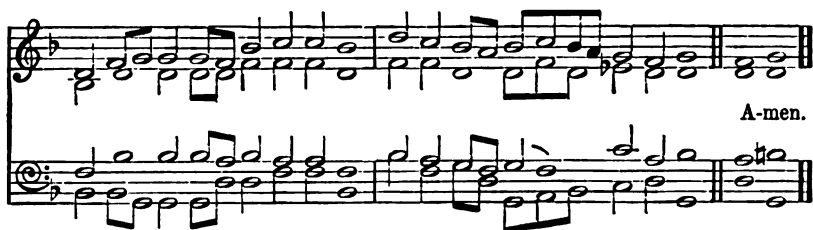
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

571

COMMON OF ANY SAINT.

TIBI, CHRISTE, SPLENDOR PATRIS (*First Tune*). Gregorian Melody.

UNISON.

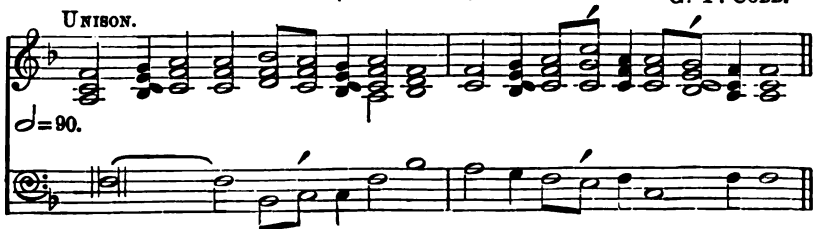


A-men.

CHRIST'S OWN MARTYRS (*Second Tune*).

G. F. COBB.

UNISON.



Common of Saints.



* D is an alternative note for F.

1.

CHRIST'S own Martyrs, valiant Cohort,
White-robed and palmiferous throng,
Ye that 'neath the Heav'nly Altar
Cry, "How long, O Lord; how long?"
Tell us how the fiery struggle
Ended in the Victor-song?

2.

"Twas His care that watch'd beside us,
His Right Arm that brought us through;
So the fiercer wax'd our torture,
His bright love the sweeter grew;
Till the men that kill'd the body
Had no more that they could do."

3.

Christ's Confessors, noble victors
O'er the world, and self, and sin,
Tell us how ye faced the onset
From without and from within:
Ne'er the stretch'd-out lance withdrawing;
Resolute the Land to win?

4.

"He, with each a fellow-pilgrim,
Was our more than sword and shield:
So they two went on together,
So they two won many a field;
If He for us, who against us;
If He succour, who can yield?"

5.

Christ's dear Virgins, glorious lilies,
Tell us how ye kept unstain'd
Snowiest petals through the tempest,
Till Eternal Spring ye gain'd:
Snowiest still, albeit with crimson
Some more precious leaves were vein'd?

6.

"In the place where He was buried
There was found a Garden nigh;
In that Garden us He planted,
Teaching us with Him to die,
Till to Paradise He moved us,
There to bloom Eternally."

7.

All Christ's Saints, that none may number,
Out of ev'ry land and tongue,
Ye that by the fire and crystal
Have your crowns in worship flung;
Tell us how ye gain'd the Region
Where the Unknown Song is sung?

8.

"Glory, honour, adoration,
To the Lamb That once was slain;
Virtue, riches, power, the Kingdom,
To the Prince That lives again,
His entirely, His for ever,
His we were, and His remain."

ALLHALLOWS

French Hymn.

♩ = 110.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music features a simple, folk-like melody with a mix of eighth and quarter notes, and a steady bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in common time (C) and features a simple, folk-like melody with a repeating pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the bass staff.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Common of Saints.

- 1 For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!

- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their One True Light.

Alleluia!

- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia!

- 4 O blest Communion! fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in Glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia!

- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia!

- 6 The golden evening brightens in the West;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the Calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia!

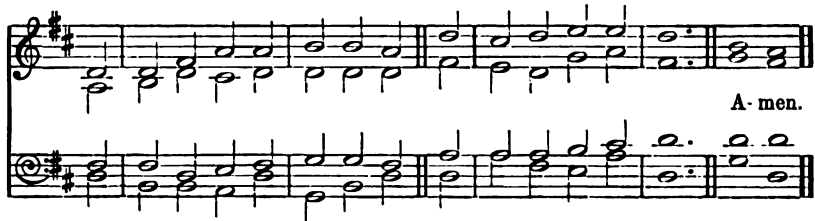
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more Glorious Day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia!

- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless Host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia!

OPTATUS VOTIS OMNIUM.

By permission.
From *Songs of Syon*.

- 1 For Thy dear Saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, ador'd,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For Thy dear Saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in Thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.
- 3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy Saints Above,
In one Communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.
- 4 Jesu, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.
- 5 All might, all praise, be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,
While endless Ages run.

574

Common of Saints.

YORK.

Ascribed to JOHN MILTON's Father.



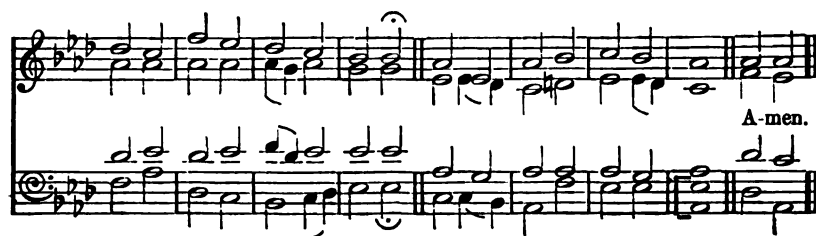
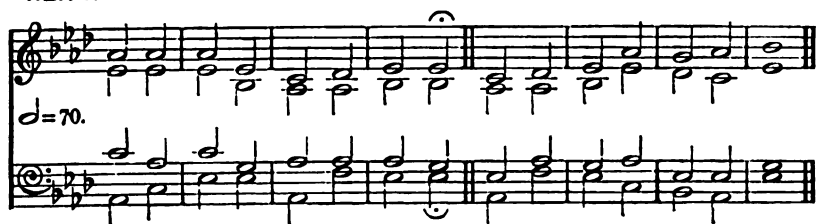
- 1 Grvz me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints Above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His Death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised Rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to Heav'n.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

575

REX ANGELORUM.

German Chorale.



Common of Saints.

- 1 **HARK** the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the Crystal Sea,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Alleluia ! Lord, to Thee.
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hands.
- 2 **Patriarch, and holy Prophet,**
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr,
Confessor, Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, Godly Matron,
Widows who have watch'd in prayer,
Join'd in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 **They have come from tribulation,**
And have wash'd their robes in Blood,
Wash'd them in the Blood of Jesus ;
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd Death and Satan,
By the Might of Christ the Lord.
- 4 **Marching with Thy Cross their banner**
They have triumph'd following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.
- 5 **Now they reign in Heav'nly Glory,**
Now they walk in Golden Light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite ;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blesséd Trinity.
- 6 **God of God, the One-Begotten,**
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, join'd together,
All the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

ORIEL.

ESTE.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 If there be that skills to reckon
All the number of the Blest,
He perchance can weigh the gladness
Of the Everlasting Rest,
Which, their earthly warfare finish'd,
They through suff'ring have possess'd.</p> <p>2 Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their mem'ry they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.</p> <p>3 They behold their Tempter fallen,
Bound with chains for evermore;
To the Saviour, That redeem'd them,
Those redeem'd ones praises pour;
And the Monarch, That rewards them,
Those rewarded Saints adore.</p> | <p>4 In a glass, through types and shadows,
Here to us the truth is shown;
There serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known;
Fixing our enlighten'd vision
On the Glory of the Throne.</p> <p>5 There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see;
There the Unity of Essence
Shall reveal'd in glory be;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
And the Awful Unity.</p> <p>6 Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
Whatso'er thy present pain;
Such untold reward, through suff'ring,
Thou may'st merit to attain;
And for ever, in His glory,
With the Light of Light to reign.</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Con-substantial, Co-eternal,
While unending Ages run.

577

Common of Saints.

OLD HUNDREDTH (*First Tune*).

BOURGEOIS.

SCHUMANN (*Second Tune*).

From R. SCHUMANN.



1.

Lo ! round the Throne, a glorious band,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in Blood.

2.

Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the Cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's Eternal Glory 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:

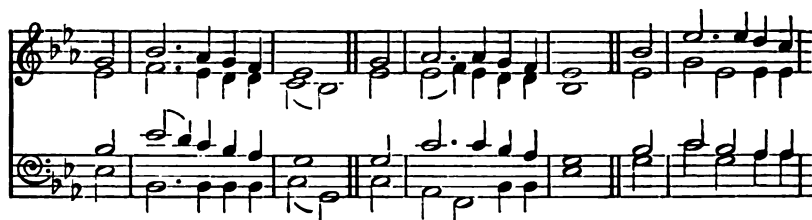
4.

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeem'd 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.

O KING OF SAINTS.



1.

O King of Saints, to Thee
We lift our anthems blest,
In songs of victory
For all Thy Saints at rest;
For we are one with Saints above,
One through the Eucharist of Love,
For ever—evermore.

2.

Their trials now are done,
Their conflicts all are past,
Their triumphs all are won,
The Crown is gain'd at last:
They stand before the Throne of Light,
As victors in a hard-fought fight,
For ever—evermore.

3.

Around our Altars bend,
Ye Angels from on High,
With ours your voices blend
In hymns of victory:
For they, whom once ye guarded here,
Can cause you now no further fear,
For ever—evermore.

4.

And ye, Blest Saints at rest,
Not all unmindful, view
Your comrades now distress'd
By ills which once ye knew;
O hearken, Saviour, to their prayer:
Unite us with Thy loved ones There,
For ever—evermore.

CANTERBURY.

ORLANDO GIBBONS (Melody and Bass).

♩ = 80.

Amen.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the Saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the Throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Vic'try through His Cross alone.
- 3 Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the Kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 4 Round the Altar Priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's Righteousness,
And His Blood that made them so.
- 5 They were mortal too like us ;
Oh, when we like them must die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on High.

CHRIST CHURCH.

BATTISHILL.



1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the Altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant Song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, Honour, Glory, Power,
Wisdom, Riches, to obtain,
New Dominion ev'ry hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the Throne of God,
Seal'd with His Almighty Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's Might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to Living Fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

Common of the B.V. Mary.

581

COMMON OF THE B.V. MARY.

AVE MARIA.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



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

2 Ave Maria ! Mother blest,
To whom caressing and caress'd,
Clings the Eternal Child ;
Favour'd beyond Archangel's dream,
When first on thee with tend'rest gleam
The New-born Saviour smiled.

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

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

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

ROSE OF SHARON.

French Air.



1 EVERY generation,
 Mary, calls thee blest,
 Lady, first of women
 By the Church confest,
 Since Saint Gabriel's message
 Fell upon thine ear,
 Filling thee with gladness,
 As with holy fear.

2 Blesséd, then and always,
 Christ's dear Mother thou,
 Mary, highly favour'd,
 God is with thee now !
 Graced by God the Spirit,
 Jesu's resting place,
 Hail, thou Queen of Virgins,
 Hail, thou "full of grace."

3 Daughter, meek, obedient
 To the Father's word,
 Mary, Israel's Lily,
 Who, Heav'n's tidings heard :
 Virgin, yet a Mother,
 Though we know not how,
 Matron, Maid for ever,
 Christ's dear Mother thou.

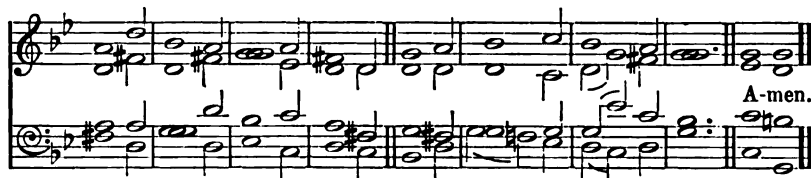
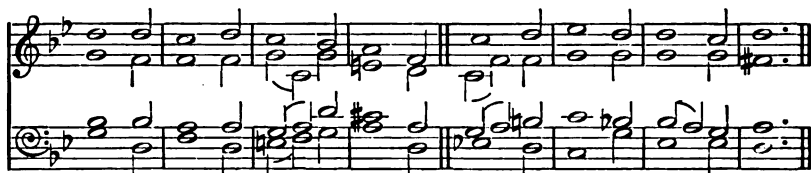
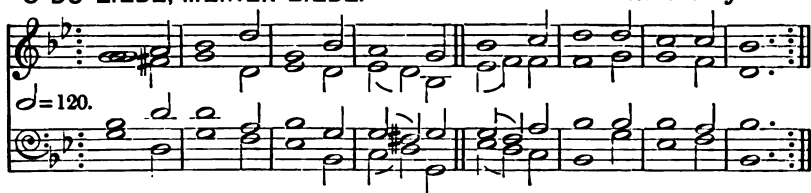
4 Mary, Star of Ocean,
 Light amid the gloom,
 Since the True Light tarried
 In thy spotless womb ;
 Evermore we love thee,
 Shrine of Royal Child,
 Mother of our Saviour,
 Maiden Undefined.

5 Though so far above us
 Mother, thou art ours,
 In the world's hard conflict,
 And in death's dark hours ;
 In our hearts we throne thee ;
 To thy Son we bow,
 Giving Him the glory,
 Christ's dear Mother thou.

6 Pattern thou of meekness,
 Purity and love,
 Crown'd with stars for beauty,
 In the Home Above ;
 All thy children bring thee
 Praise of sweet accord,
 For thou art our Mother,
 Mother of our Lord.

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE.

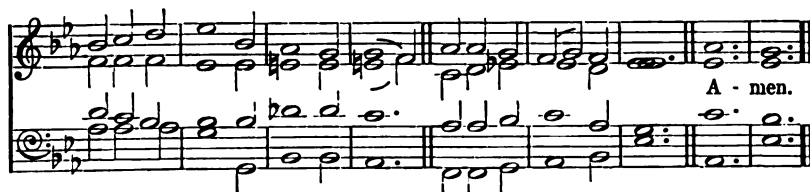
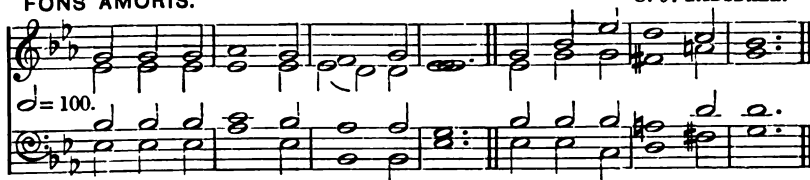
Darmstädter Gesangbuch.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O my tongue, the praise and honours
Of the Mother-Maid rehearse,
Whose Divine and Gracious Offspring
Frees us from the olden curse.</p> <p>2 Lost are we in loving wonder,
While her bliss we contemplate;
Happy as a stainless Mother,
Blesséd in her Virgin state.</p> <p>3 Eve's transgressions closed the portals
Of earth's Paradise to man;
But at Mary's meek obedience
Heav'n to ope its gates began.</p> <p>4 We, through Eve, received the sentence
With eternal vengeance rife;
But the Way that came through Mary
Leads to Everlasting Life.</p> <p>5 O Thou ever pure yet fruitful
Parent, yet for ever Maid,
Gentle Mother, like the palm tree,
Thou hast Fruit of Life display'd.</p> | <p>6 Now, through thee on earth arising,
Shines the new and Heav'nly Light,
Driving back the clouds and shadows
Of the black and ancient night.</p> <p>7 Now the rich are weak and empty,
As thou said'st in song of old,
And the poor are fill'd with plenty,
As thy prophecy foretold.</p> <p>8 Mother, yet a stainless Virgin,
He, Who deign'd thy Son to be,
Is the King of kings, and Maker
Of the sky, and earth, and sea.</p> <p>9 Bless we now that King victorious,
Who did thee for mother own,
Born of thee for our salvation,
He our Health and Peace alone.</p> <p>10 May He then to thee conform us,
May He give a heart like thine,
Hating sin, and loving Jesus,
Fill'd with purity Divine.</p> |
|---|---|

FONS AMORIS.

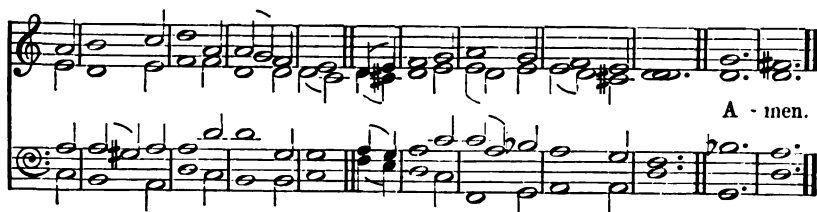
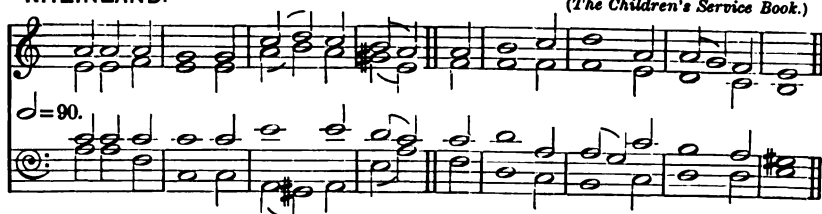
C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom Jesus loves so well ?
And in His Temple, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell ?
- 2 Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.
- 3 And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be ;
In it to suffer for our sake,
By it to make us free.
- 4 Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food ;
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
Th' Incarnate Son of God.
- 5 O wondrous depth of Grace Divine
That He should bend so low !
And Mary, oh, what joy 'twas thine
In His dear love to know.
- 6 Joy to be Mother of the Lord,
And thine the truer bliss,
In ev'ry thought, and deed, and word,
To be for ever His.
- 7 And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well :
And in His Temple year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.
- 8 Jesu, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

RHEINLAND.

Trier Gesangbuch.
(*The Children's Service Book.*)



- 1 Thou shalt be crown'd, O Mother blest !
Our hearts behold thee crown'd e'en now :
The crown o' motherhood, earth's best,
O'ershadowing thy maiden brow.
- 2 Thou shalt be crown'd ! More fragrant bays
Than ever poet's brows entwine,
For thine immortal hymn of praise,
First Singer of the Church, are thine.
- 3 Thou shalt be crown'd ! All earth and Heav'n
Thy coronation pomp shall see ;
The Hand, by which thy crown is given,
Shall be no stranger's hand to thee.
- 4 Thou shalt be crown'd ! But not alone,
No lowly pomp shall weigh thee down ;
Crown'd with the myriads round His Throne,
And casting at His Feet thy crown.
- 5 O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal Glory be to Thee !
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

586

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

SALVE FESTA DIES.

J. B. POWELL.

CHORUS IN HARMONY (*accompanied*).

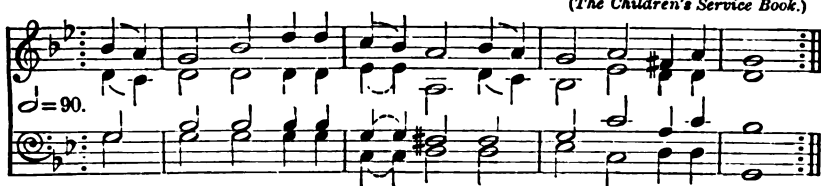
N.B.—The music of the Cantors' verses can be found in the 8vo copies (Novello & Co.).

Or any of the tunes at 455, 474, or 483.

- 1 HAIL! Festal Day! Hail! ever sacred tide,
Wherein the Bridegroom weds the Church, His Bride.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 2 This is the Court of God; the craving mind,
Here wealth of Solomon in peace may find.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 3 Here David's Son, Who Heav'n and earth doth span,
In this our mother-home is God and Man.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 4 Ye have a harmony with Heav'n above,
If but the Faith be kept, the bond of love.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 5 Here New Jerusalem, all pure and bright,
Descends from God, in bridal vesture dight.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 6 The King of Righteousness, within this place,
From Heav'n bestows the font's baptismal grace
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 7 'Tis here the soul draws nigh to David's Shrine,
Here finds the pledges mystical, Divine.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 8 This is the Ark of God, which goes before
Our steps, advancing on from shore to shore.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.
- 9 Here Jacob's Ladder points the Heav'nly way,
Here we ascend to Life's Eternal Day.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

Three is the number of Cantors specified in the "Processionale."

PERGOLESÌ.

PERGOLESÌ.
(The Children's Service Book.)

- 1 ALL Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
 With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day;
 For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits;
 Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!
 All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
 With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day!

- 2 Thyself the Master Builder, oh! build us up in Thee,
 A Temple pure and beautiful, where Thou wilt deign to be,
 Precious, elect, compacted, Thyself the Corner-stone,
 And full of love and graces sweet which Thou dost give alone.
 For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits:
 Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!

- 3 O Comforter most Blessed, Thou Source of Life and Light,
 The Bride to-day is glorious in raiment fair and white;
 Bring back the sheep that wander, raise up the souls that fall,
 Give joy for tears to penitents, and robes of praise to all!
 All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
 With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day!

- 4 Vouchsafe us, Lord, hereafter, to see Thee face to face,
 In peaceful glad Jerusalem, thrice holy, happy place;
 Where Sacrament and Temple shall never more be known,
 When Thou art Temple, Sacrifice, and Priest upon the Throne!
 For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits;
 Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!

DEDICATION.

E. GILDING.



- 1 O WORD of God above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this House with Thy sure love
And bless our Festival.
- 2 Here from the Font is pour'd
Grace on each guilty child ;
The Blest Anointing of the Lord
Brightens the once-defiled.
- 3 Here Christ to faithful hearts
His Body gives for Food ;
The Lamb of God Himself imparts
The Chalice of His Blood.
- 4 For sinful souls that pine
Sure mercies here abound ;
The Judge acquits, and grace Divine
Heals ev'ry secret wound.
- 5 Yea, God enthroned on High
Here also dwells to bless ;
Here trains adoring souls that sigh
His Mansions to possess.
- 6 Against this holy home
Dark tempests harmless beat,
And powers of evil fiercely come
But to endure defeat.
- 7 All might, all praise be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of Love Divine,
While endless ages run.

Sacramental.

589

BAPTISM.

O FATHER, THOU WHO HAST CREATED ALL.

German.

Org.

Before Baptism.

1.
O FATHER, Thou Who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er *him* in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on *his* soul impress;
O Father, hear!

2.
O Son of God, Who diedst for us, behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take *him* to Thy Fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend *him* through this earthly strife,
And lead *him* on the path of life,
O Son of God!

3.
O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give *him* undying life, *his* spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant *him*, while yet a babe, to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

4.
O Tri-une God, may what we ask be done:
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly
Yet pour on *him* Thy Light, [sun,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Tri-une God!

MARTYRDOM.

HUGH WILSON.



1 In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy brow
His glory and His shame ;

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the Cross, despite the shame,
And sit thee down on High ;

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown.

591

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

TALLIS.

With the original harmony.



1 With Christ we share a mystic grave,
With Christ we buried lie ;
But 'tis not in the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary.

2 The pure and bright baptismal flood
Entombs our nature's stain :
New creatures from the cleansing wave
With Christ we rise again.

3 Thrice blest, if through this world of strife,
And sin, and selfish care,
Our snow-white robe of righteousness
We undefiled wear.

4 Thrice blest, if through the gate of death,
All glorious and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O Risen Lord, with Thee.

SWEET SAVIOUR.

(?) German.

*After Baptism.*

- 1 O Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear,
As Thou wast once an Infant here,
So give this child of Thine, we pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day :
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.
- 2 As in Thy Heav'nly Kingdom, Lord,
All things obey Thy lightest word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
And shield this child by morn and eve :
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.
- 3 Their watch let Angels round *him* keep
Where'er *he* be, awake, asleep ;
Thy holy Cross here let *him* bear,
That *he* Thy Crown with Saints may wear :
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

593

CONFIRMATION.

GALLIA.

MÉHUL.

(From the *Children's Service Book*.)



Before Confirmation.

- 1 COME ! Our Father's Voice is calling
One by one His children dear ;
He will raise the weak and falling,
He the fainting heart will cheer.
- 2 Come ! The Lord Himself is leading
All His flock, for which He died ;
Who can lack, with Jesus feeding ?
Who can fall, with God to guide ?
- 3 Come ! The Spirit now is sealing
Souls that own their Heav'nly Birth,
Raising ev'ry thought and feeling
From the dying things of earth.
- 4 Come ! The joys of youth are fleeting ;
Earthly friends around us fall :
Soon may come that awful meeting
With the silent Judge of all.
- 5 Come ! Our God hath set before us
Life and death—our choice to-day ;
Let us, while the Light is o'er us,
Seek and find the Heav'nward way.
- 6 Come with awe, for God will hear us,
When we speak our solemn vow :
And the Holy Spirit near us
Will His Sevenfold Gifts bestow.

WARUM BETRUBST DU DICH.

German Chorale.

*Before Confirmation.*

1.

HERE, in Thy Presence, dread and sweet,
Thee, dearest Spirit, we intreat
Thy Sevenfold Gifts to shed
On us, who fall before Thee now,
Bearing the Cross upon our brow
On which our Master bled.

2.

Spirit of Wisdom! turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities
To Heav'nly truth and love.
Spirit of Understanding true!
Our souls with Heav'nly light endue
To seek the things above.

3.

Spirit of Counsel! be our Guide;
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
Our Heav'nly Crown to win.
Spirit of Fortitude! Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.

4.

Spirit of Knowledge! lead our feet
In Thine own paths so safe and sweet
By Angel footsteps trod:
Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be
Spirit of gentle Piety!
To keep us close to God.

5.

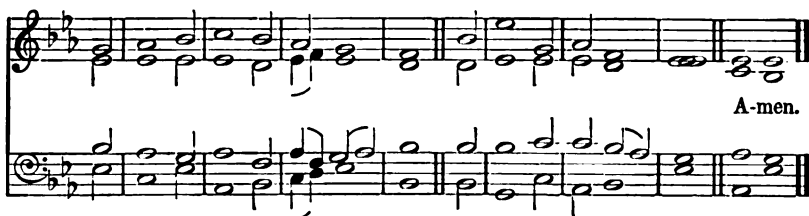
But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most Holy Fear!
In our heart's inmost shrine;
Our souls with awful reverence fill,
To worship His most holy Will,
All-righteous and Divine.

6.

So lead us, Lord, through peace or strife,
Onwards to Everlasting Life,
Where only rest may be:
What matter where our lot is cast
If only it may end at last
In Paradise with Thee.

BEDFORD.

WHEALF.

*Before Confirmation.*

1.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
 And make it always Thine,
 That I from Thee no more may stray,
 No more from Thee decline.

2.

Before the Cross of Him Who died,
 Behold, I prostrate fall;
 Let ev'ry sin be crucified,
 And Christ be all in all.

3.

Anoint me with Thy Heav'nly grace,
 And seal me for Thine own,
 That I may see Thy Glorious Face,
 And worship near Thy Throne.

4.

Let ev'ry thought, and work, and word,
 By Thee be ever blest;
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
 And death the Gate of Rest.

The Holy Eucharist.

596

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS.

Trier Gesangbuch.



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

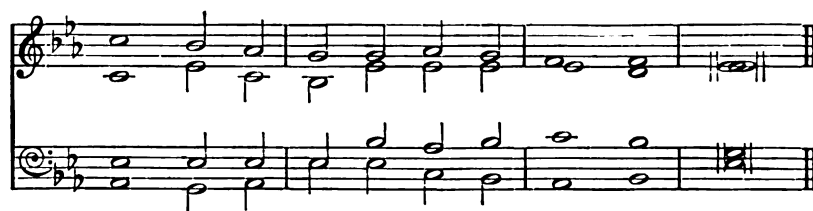
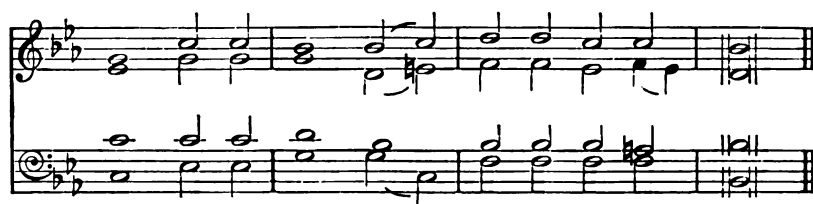
- Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the Crystal Sea.
- 4 Alleluia! King Eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own:
Alleluia, born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy
Throne;
Thou within the veil hast enter'd,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.
 - 5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of ev'ry nation
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

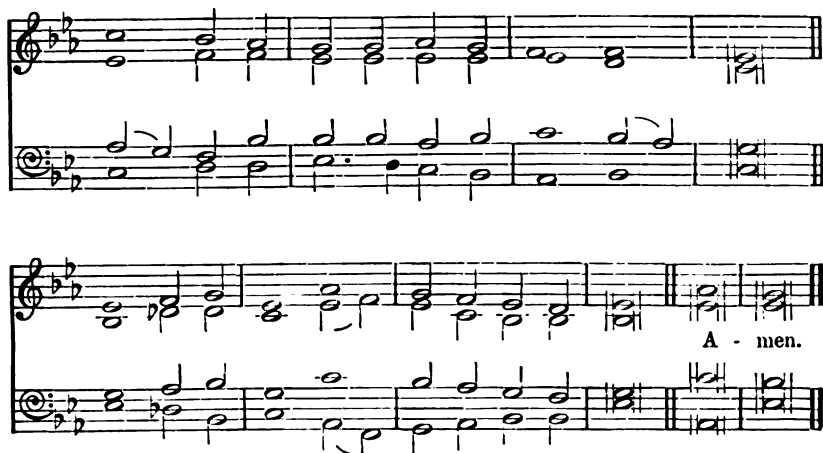
597

SUPPLICES TE ROGAMUS. .

C. J. RIDSDALE.



The Holy Eucharist.



- 1 AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Off'ring perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.
- 2 Look, Father, look on His Anointed Face,
And only look on us as found in Him ;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim ;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.
- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal ;
O fold them closer to Thy Mercy's Breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal :
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
- 4 And so we come ; O draw us to Thy Feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still ;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from ev'ry touch of ill :
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us nevermore to part with Thee.

TANTUM ERGO (First Tune).

GLUCK.

Slow. ♩ = 80 : ♪ = 40.

1 Bow we then in ven - er - a - tion Of this Sa - cra -
2 Glo - ry let us give and blessing, To the Fa - ther

- ment of might; An - cient forms re - sign their sta - tion
and the Son, Hon - our, might, and praise ad - dress - ing,

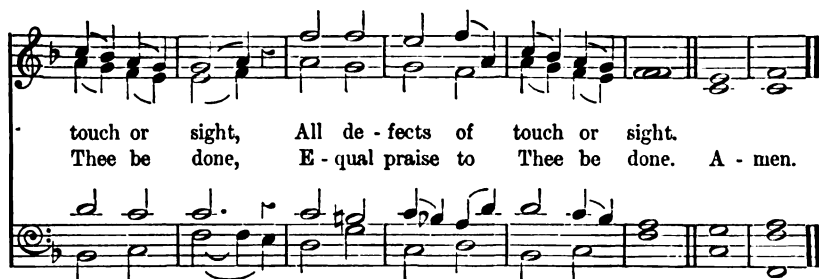
To our new - er Gos - pel Rite; Bow we then in
While E - ter - nal a - ges run; Hon - our, might, and

ven - er - a - tion Of this Sa - cra - ment of might;
praise ad - dress - ing, While E - ter - nal a - ges run; ..

Faith sup - plies with a - dor - a - tion All de - fects of
Ho - ly Ghost, from Both pro - gress - ing, E - qual praise to

Faith sup - plies with a - dor - a - tion
Ho - ly Ghost, from Both pro - gress - ing,

The Holy Eucharist.



touch or sight, All de - fects of touch or sight.
Thee be done, E - qual praise to Thee be done. A - men.

TANTUM ERGO (*Second Tune*).

WEBBE'S Collection of Motetts, 1791.



$\text{♩} = 56.$




A-men.

1 Bow we then in veneration
Of this Sacrament of might;
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel Rite;
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

2 Glory let us give and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While Eternal ages run;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

598

TANTUM ERGO (Third Tune).

SCHUBERT.

p *rall.* *a tempo.*

♩ = 60. *p* *rall.* *f* *p a tempo.*

f *sf* *p*

- sign their sta - tion To our newer Gos - pel Rite; Faith supplies with

f *sf* *p*

a - dor - a - tion All de - fects of touch or sight.

p *f*

* Bow we then in ven - er - a - tion Of this Sa - cra -

p *f*

un poco rit. *piu* *p*

- ment of . . might; Bow we then in ven - er -

un poco rit. *p* *p*

* NOTE.—From this point use the same words for both verses.

(308)

The Holy Eucharist.

(Small notes for the organ.)

TANTUM ERGO (*Fourth Tune*).

Slow.

1 Bow we then in veneration
Of this Sacrament of might ;
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel Rite ;
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

2 Glory let us give and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While Eternal ages run ;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done.

DEUS MISERICORS.

I. PLEYEL.



1 BREAD of Heav'n, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this True and Living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the Life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of Heav'n, Thy Blood supplies
This blest Cup of Sacrifice;
Lord, Thy Wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

ALLES IST AN GOTTES SEGEN (*First Tune*).

The Holy Eucharist.



COME, O JESU (*Second Tune*).

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



1 COME, O Jesu, to Thy Table,
Come, for else we are not able
True refreshment to receive ;
But, if Thou vouchsafe to feed us,
To this Feast of Blessing lead us,
There to taste Thee, and believe.

2 In the Bread which here is broken,
In the Wine, no empty token
Of an absent Lord we see:
Very Flesh and Blood is given,
When by faith, O Bread of Heaven,
Not by sense, we feed on Thee.

3 Sweet it is, O Christ, to meet Thee,
In Thy Sacrament to greet Thee,
Thee, our God, as Host and Friend:
By Thy Presence here prepare us
For the day when Thou shalt bear us
To the Feast that knows no end.

SALVE FESTA DIES.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

CANTORS in Unison or Harmony.

Hail! Fes-tal Day! in ev-'ry age Di-vine, Where-in God hal-lows

to Him-self a shrine. Hail! Fes-tal Day! A Day of joy, when

God dis-hon-ours Hell, And saves by grace the souls He loves so

well . . . Hail! Fes-tal Day! Hail! Fes-tal
Hail! Day! in
Hail! Fes-tal Day! in

Day! in ev-'ry age . . . Di-vine!
ev - - 'ry age . . . Di-vine!
ev - - 'ry age . . . Di-vine!

Or any of the tunes at 455, 483 or 586.

The Holy Eucharist.

- 1 HAIL ! Festal Day ! in every age Divine,
Wherein God hallows to Himself a shrine.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 2 A Day of joy, when God dishonours Hell,
And saves by grace the souls He loves so well.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 3 Pure Flesh of Christ, Death's cure to ev'ry age,
The Manna figured in the mystic page.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 4 The Bread of Angels, Heav'n's imparted Food,
To sinners death, Salvation to the good.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 5 He took His Body—He th' Incarnate Child
Of Mary, Maid and Mother undefil'd.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 6 At Supper seated, to the Twelve He gave
His Body with His Blood, from death to save.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 7 God's Wisdom, substance of the blessed Maid,
His Saving Victim on our Altar laid.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 8 By Death He conquer'd death, by death doth reign :
The Blood and Water purify our stain.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 9 With Hands extended, Life for death He gave,
To life, the Third Day, rose He from the grave.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !
- 10 Thee, Fount and Source of blessing, we adore,
O grant us light that fades not evermore.
Chorus repeat. Hail ! Festal Day !

This is another version (shortened) of Hymn 53. Both are translations of an old English Procession for the Feast of Corpus Christi.

602

AVE! CARO CHRISTI.

Aachen Gesangbuch.

Slow, unaccompanied.



1 HAIL ! Holy Flesh of Jesus Christ,
Upon the Altar lying,
Last Gift of the Incarnate Word.
Before His precious dying.

2 Hail ! Living Bread of Angels bright,
Who wrought'st Redemption's story,
Thou Hope of each one named from Thee,
We give Thee thanks and glory.

HAIL, THOU LIVING BREAD.

CANTORS (TENOR) *an 8ve below.*

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Slow. $\text{♩} = 56.$

1 Hail, Thou Liv-ing Bread from Hea - ven ! Sa - cra-ment of aw - ful might ;

Sw. Organ without Pedals.

p

CHORUS AND ORGAN. *f or mf*

I . . a-dore Thee, I . . a-dore Thee, Ev - 'ry moment, day and night.

Sva.

CANTORS.

2 Ho - liest Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, O'er me shed Thy Gifts Di-vine :

CHORUS AND ORGAN.

Ho - liest Je - su ! my Re-deem - er ! All my heart and soul are Thine.

HAIL TO THEE!

G. F. COBB.

 $\text{♩} = 64.$

Hail to Thee, True Bo - dy, sprung From the Vir - gin Ma - ry's womb ;

The same that on the Cross was hung, And bore for man the bit - ter doom :

From Whose Side, for sin - ners riv - en, Wa - ter flow'd, and min - gled Blood ;

May'st Thou, dear - est Lord, be giv - en In death's hour to be my Food.

Hear us, mer - ci - ful and mild, Je - su, Ma - ry's gra - cious Child. A - men.

AVE VERUM CORPUS (First Tune).

From an Antiphony.

(CANTORS, with the Accompaniment as below.)

Hail, . . true Bo - dy, born of Ma - ry, Spotless Virgin's vir - gin birth;
2nd time, TUTTI, in Harmony or Unison.

Thou Who tru - ly hangedst wea - ry On the Cross for sons of earth;

CANTORS.

Thou Whose sa - cred Side was riv - en, Whence the Wa - ter flow'd, and Blood;
2nd time, TUTTI.

O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be giv - en At death's hour to be my Food.

CANTORS.

TUTTI.

O . . . most kind! O . . . gra - cious One!

O . . . sweet - est Je - su! . . . ho - ly . . . Ma - ry's . . . Son.

NOTE.—To be sung with a slight detention on the last note of the longer slurred groups.

The Holy Eucharist.

AVE VERUM CORPUS (*Second Tune*).

GUÉDRON.

Slow. $\text{♩} = 70$.

Hail, true Bo - dy, born of Ma - ry, Spot - less Vir-gin's

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many whole and half notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes.

vir - gin birth; Thou Who tru - ly hang - edst wea - ry

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "vir - gin birth; Thou Who tru - ly hang - edst wea - ry".

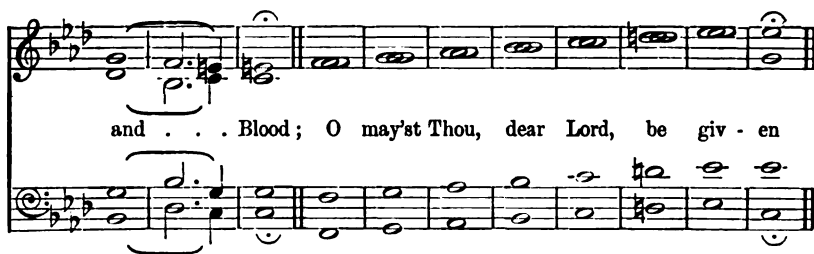
On the Cross for sons of earth; Thou Whose sa - cred

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "On the Cross for sons of earth; Thou Whose sa - cred".

Side was riv - - en, Whence the Wa - ter flow'd,

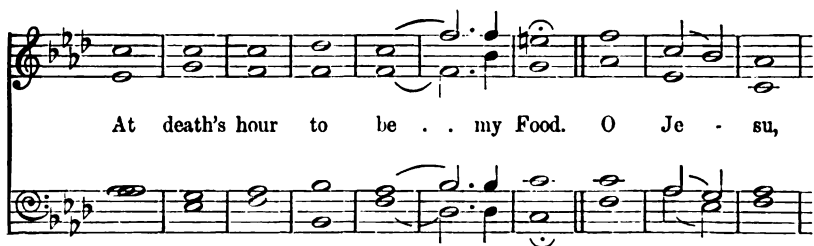
The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the hymn. The lyrics are: "Side was riv - - en, Whence the Wa - ter flow'd,". The notation includes a double bar line at the end of the system.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.



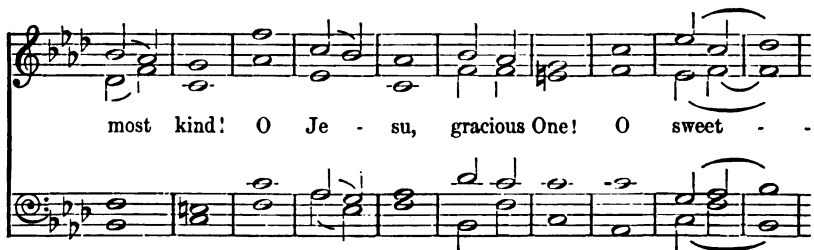
and . . . Blood; O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be giv - en

The first system of the hymn consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G4, a half note F4, and a half note E4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. The lyrics "and . . . Blood; O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be giv - en" are written below the staves.



At death's hour to be . . my Food. O Je - su,

The second system of the hymn consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G4, a half note F4, and a half note E4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. The lyrics "At death's hour to be . . my Food. O Je - su," are written below the staves.



most kind! O Je - su, gracious One! O sweet . .

The third system of the hymn consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G4, a half note F4, and a half note E4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. The lyrics "most kind! O Je - su, gracious One! O sweet . ." are written below the staves.



- est Je - su, Je - su, ho - ly Ma - - ry's Son.

The fourth system of the hymn consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G4, a half note F4, and a half note E4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It begins with a half rest, followed by a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. The lyrics "- est Je - su, Je - su, ho - ly Ma - - ry's Son." are written below the staves.

The Holy Eucharist.

AVE VERUM CORPUS (Third Tune).

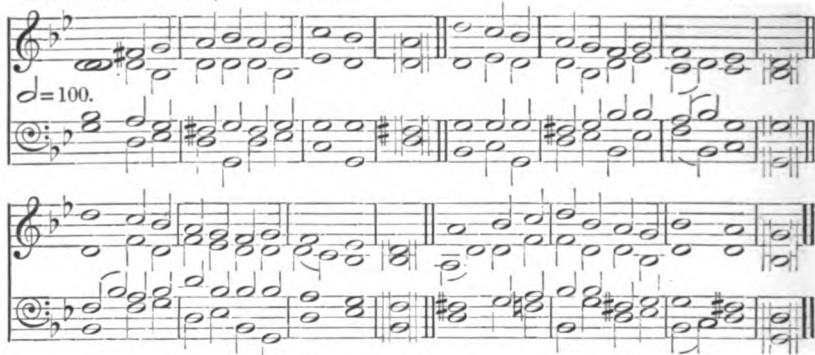
Slow. $\text{♩} = 40$; $\text{♪} = 80$.

Hail, true Bo - dy, born of Ma - ry, Spot-less Vir - gin's vir - gin birth;

Thou Who tru - ly hangedst wea - ry On the Cross for sons of earth;

Thou Whose sa - cred Side was riv - en, Whence the Wa - ter flow'd, and Blood;

O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be giv - en At death's hour to be my Food.
2nd time.
 O most kind! O gra - cious One! O sweetest Je - su! Ma - ry's Son.



CÆNA DOMINI (Second Tune).

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face:
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th' Eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the Royal Wine of Heav'n;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the Cleansing Blood:
Here is my Robe, my Refuge, and my Peace--
Thy Blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord, my God!

607 *The following words are for GOUNOD's setting. See Choruses by C. GOUNOD, No. 3, "AVE VERUM," to be obtained from METZLER & Co.*

- 1 JESU! God Incarnate! of the Virgin Mary Thou wast born;
To redeem us, Thy sacred Body by nails on the Cross was torn.
From Thee wounded, Blood and Water to cleanse us flow'd;
With Thy broken Body feed us, now and in death's agony.
Jesu, Saviour! O have mercy, O have mercy upon us. Amen.

(320)

JESU, WE THUS OBEY.



1 Jesu, we thus obey
 Thy last and kindest word ;
 Here in Thine own appointed way
 We come to meet our Lord ;
 The way Thou hast enjoind,
 Thou wilt therein appear ;
 We come with confidence to find
 Thy Special Presence here.

2 Our hearts we open wide,
 To make the Saviour room ;
 And lo ! the Lamb, the Crucified,
 The Sinner's Friend is come !
 His Presence makes the Feast ;
 And now our bosoms feel
 The Glory not to be express'd,
 The joy unspeakable.

3 With pure Celestial bliss
 He doth our spirits cheer ;
 His House of Banqueting is this,
 And He hath brought us here :
 He doth His servants feed
 With Manna from Above ;
 His Banner over us is spread,
 His Everlasting Love.

4 He bids us drink and eat
 Imperishable Food :
 He gives His Flesh to be our Meat,
 And bids us drink His Blood :
 Whate'er th' Almighty can
 To pardon'd sinners give,
 The fulness of our God made Man
 We here with Christ receive.

JESU, WORD OF GOD.

A. CARNALL.

$\text{♩} = 60$. Je - su, Word of God In-car-nate, Of the Vir-gin Ma-ry born,

On the Cross Thy Sa-cred Bo-dy For us men with nails was torn :

Cleanse us by the Blood and Wa-ter Stream-ing from Thy pierc-ed Side,

Feed us with Thy Bo-dy bro-ken Now and in life's e-ven-tide.

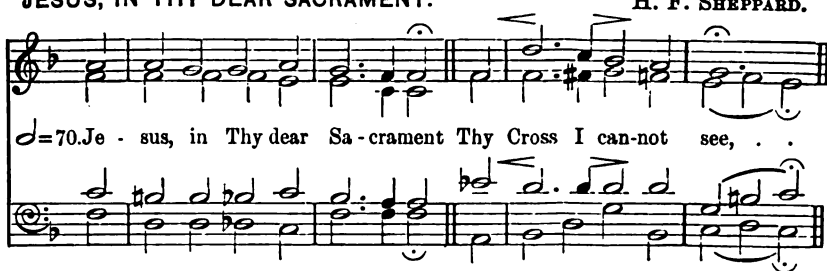
JESU, Word of God Incarnate,
 Of the Virgin Mary born,
 On the Cross Thy Sacred Body
 For us men with nails was torn :
 Cleanse us by the Blood and Water
 Streaming from Thy pierced Side,
 Feed us with Thy Body broken
 Now and in life's eventide.

N.B.—For a more elaborate setting of these words, see “AVE VERUM,” composed by Mozart,
 “THE MUSICAL TIMES,” No. 190. Messrs. Novello and Company, Limited.

The Holy Eucharist.

JESUS, IN THY DEAR SACRAMENT.

H. F. SHEPPARD.



- 2 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
 Thy Flesh I cannot see,
 But that Flesh is given to be our Food,
 And It was scourged for me.
- 3 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
 Thy Blood I cannot see,
 But the Chalice glows with those red drops,
 On Calvary shed for me.
- 4 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
 Thy Face I cannot see,
 But Angels there behold the Brow
 Thorn-crown'd for love of me.
- 5 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
 Thy Heart I cannot see,
 But that fiery Heart is prison'd there,
 And it was pierc'd for me.
- 6 Jesus, my Maker and my God,
 Thy Godhead none may see,
 But Thou art present, God and Man,
 In Thy Sacrament with me.

HORBURY.

DYKES.



1 Jesus is here with us,
 Jesus is here ;
 Earth fades in mist away,
 Heav'n's gate is near ;
 Doubt not, sad heart, nor fear,
 For Thy dear Lord is here,
 Jesus is here !

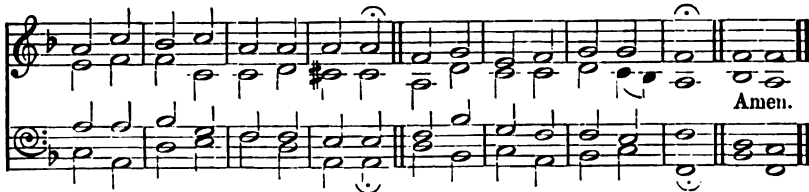
2 First-fruits of Bethlehem,
 Thee we adore !
 God in the House of Bread
 Tarries once more ;
 Sinful man's sins to bear,
 The Lamb of God is here,
 Jesus is here !

3 Jesus here pleads for man,
 Pardon to win,
 One Perfect Sacrifice
 Offer'd for sin ;
 So, when life's storm blows drear,
 We know that Thou art here,
 Jesus is here !

The Holy Eucharist.

SPOHR.

SPOHR.

Slow.

- 1 LET all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand,
Ponder nothing earthly-minded ;
For, with blessing in His Hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.
- 2 King of kings, yet born of Mary,
As of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,
In the Body and the Blood,
He will give to all the Faithful
His Own Self for Heav'nly Food.
- 3 Rank on rank the Host of Heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth
From the realms of Endless Day,
That the powers of Hell may vanish,
As the darkness clears away.
- 4 At His Feet the six-wing'd Seraph,
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry,
" Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Alleluia ! Lord most High ! "

ECCE PANIS.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Slow. $\text{♩} = 48$.

1 Lo! the Bread, Which Angels feed-eth, Made the Food the pil-grim needeth,
2 Truth the an-cient types ful - fil - ling, I - saac bound, a vic-tim will-ing,

To His chil-dren He con - ce-deth, Which on dogs may ne'er be spent ;
Pas-chal lamb, its life-blood spill-ing, Man-na to the Fa-thers sent.

* Omit this pause in verse 2. *

Faster. $\text{♩} = 100$.

3 Shep - herd good, True Bread, at - tend us, Je - su, pi - ty

and be - friend us ; Thou re - fresh us, Thou . . de - fend us,

The Holy Eucharist.

Thine E - ter - nal good - ness send us, In the Land of

Life to see; Thou Who all . . things canst and know - est,

Who on earth such Food be - stow - est, Grant us with Thy

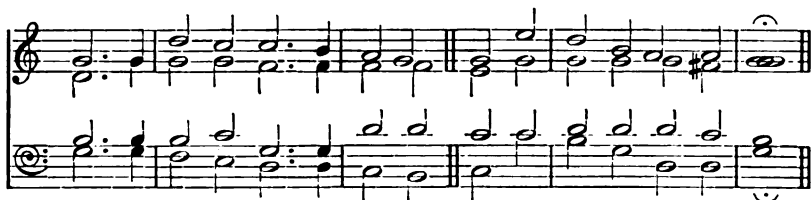
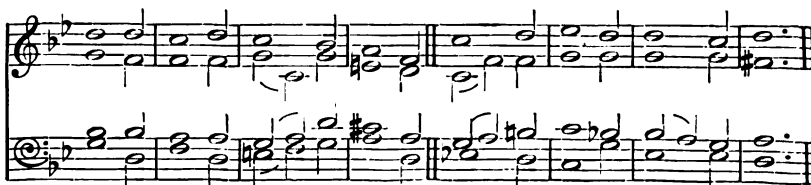
Saints, though low - est, Where the Heav'n - ly Feast Thou show - est,

Fel - low - heirs and guests to be. A - - men.

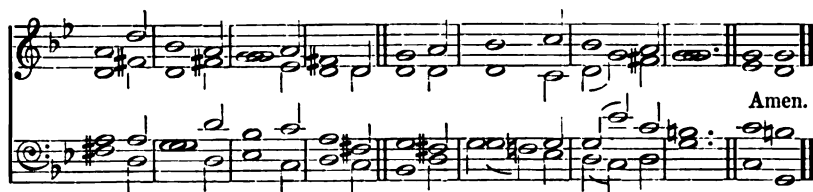
NOTE.—The Plainsong of this hymn will be found at 128, Part 2.

S. HELEN (*First Tune*).

Sir G. C. MARTIN.

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE (*Second Tune*). Darmstädter Gesangbuch.

The Holy Eucharist.



1 LORD, enthroned in Heav'nly Splendour,
First-Begotten from the dead,
Thou alone, our strong Defender,
Liftest up Thy people's head.
Alleluia !
Jesu, True and Living Bread !

2 Here our humblest homage pay we ;
Here in loving rev'rence bow ;
Here for Faith's discernment pray we
Lest we fail to know Thee now.
Alleluia !
Thou art here, we ask not how

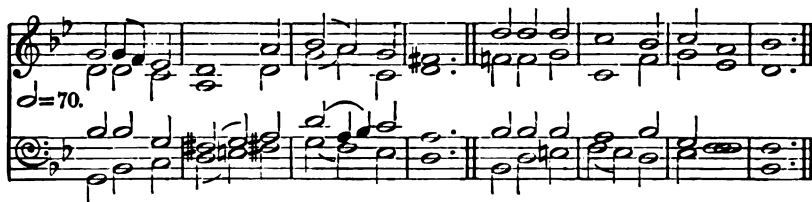
PART II.

3 Though the lowliest Form doth veil Thee
As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there Thine Angels hail Thee,
Root of David, Jesse's stem.
Alleluia !
We in worship join with them.

4 Yea, that Off'ring Meritorious,
Which Thy boundless Mercy gave,
In the Highest Heav'n is glorious,
Here on earth is strong to save :
Alleluia !
Jesu, Victor o'er the grave.

To be sung at the end of either Part :—

5 Life-imparting, Heav'nly Manna,
Stricken Rock with streaming Side,
Heav'n and earth with loud Hosanna,
Worship Thee, the Lamb Who died :
Alleluia !
Risen, Ascended, Glorified !

BENEDICAMUS DOMINO (*First Tune*). JER. CLARK's Melody and Bass.MELCOMBE (*Second Tune*).

S. WEBBE.



- 1 My God, and is Thy Table spread,
And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, Sacred Feast, which Jesus makes
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that Heav'nly Food.

The Holy Eucharist.

3 O let Thy Table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its Sacred Pledges tastes.

4 Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

616

BEDFORD.

WHEALE.



1 O God, unseen yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine Altar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on Heav'nly Food ;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His Precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy Word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength Divine.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

Set by J. S. BACH.

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in 2/4 time, marked "Slow." The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked "Slow." The time signature is 2/4. The score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo marking "♩ = 76." is present. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains measures 1 through 4, and the second system contains measures 5 through 8. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand. The vocal line consists of a single melody line.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece is marked 'Moderato' and includes a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the second measure. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A - men.

TENORS *an Octave lower.*

Slow. $\text{♩} = 60$.
BASSES.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score includes a key signature change from one flat to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) in the middle. The melody features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment uses chords and single notes.

The Holy Eucharist.



WIR DANKEN DIR, HERR JESU CHRIST (Third Tune).

Melody of 1530.
According to VULPIUS.



O SALUTARIS (Fourth Tune).

Gallican.



1 O SAVING Victim, op'ning wide
The Gate of Heav'n to man below,
Our foes press on from ev'ry side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

2 All thanks and praise to Thee ascend,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
O grant us life, that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee.

TOURS.

From the *Tours Paroissien*.

1 O THE Myst'ry, passing wonder,
 When, reclining at the board,
 "Eat," Thou saidst to Thy Disciples,
 "That true Bread with quick'ning stored :
 Drink in faith the healing Chalice
 From a dying God outpoured."

2 Then the glorious upper chamber
 A Celestial tent was made,
 When the bloodless Rite was offer'd,
 And the soul's true service paid,
 And the table of the feasters
 As an Altar stood display'd.

3 Christ is now our mighty Pascha,
 Eaten for our mystic bread:
 As a lamb led out to slaughter,
 And for this world offered :
 Take we of His broken Body,
 Drink we of the Blood He shed.

4 Christ to all the world gives banquet
 On that most Celestial Meat ;
 Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
 Yet with holy hearts, we greet :
 Him, the Sacrificial Pascha,
 Priest and Victim all complete.

The Holy Eucharist.

S. PAUL.

J. T. COOPER.



- 1 Once, only once, and once for all,
His precious Life He gave ;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.
- 2 "One Off'ring, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say ;
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.
- 3 For as the Priest of Aaron's line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood ;
- 4 So He, Who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.
- 5 His Manhood pleads where now It lives
On Heav'n's Eternal Throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its Presence to His own.
- 6 And so we show Thy death, O Lord,
Till Thou again appear ;
And feel, when we approach Thy Board,
We have an Altar here.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

GIBBONS' SONG, 22 (*First Tune*).ADORO TE DEVOTE (*Second Tune*).

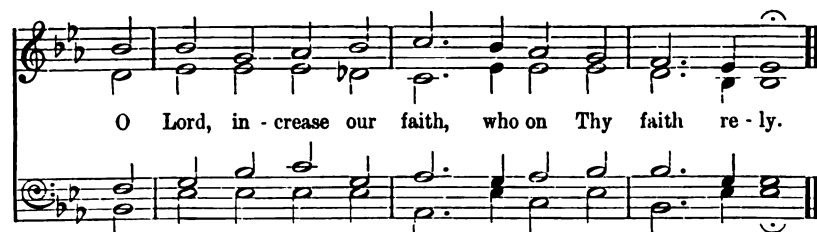
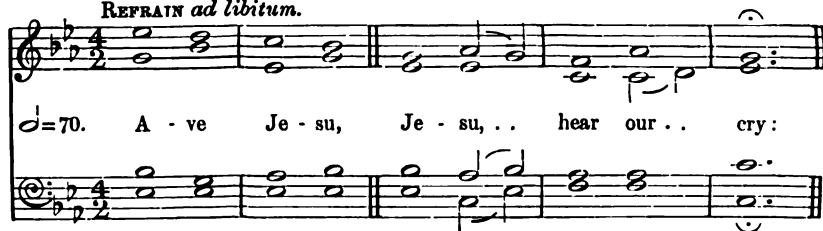
From an Antiphony.



The Holy Eucharist.



REFRAIN *ad libitum*.



Or tune of 606 or 229.

- 1 THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy Sacrament dost deign to be ;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy Presence fail,
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.
- 2 O blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford !
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.
- 3 Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood ;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy Presence flow.
- 4 O Christ, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee unveil'd, and see Thy Face,
The vision of Thy Glory and Thy Grace.

621

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ICH BEGEHR NICHT MEHR.

J. CHRISTOPHER BACH(?).



1 WHEN the Patriarch was returning
Crown'd with triumph from the fray,
Him the peaceful king of Salem
Came to meet upon his way :
Meekly bearing bread and wine,
Holy Priesthood's awful sign.

2 On the truth thus dimly shadow'd
Later days a lustre shed ;
When the Great High-Priest Eternal,
Under forms of Wine and Bread,
For the world's Immortal Food
Gave His Flesh, and gave His Blood.

3 Wondrous Gift!—the Word, Who moulded
All things by His might Divine,
Bread to be His Body maketh,
And His Very Blood the Wine ;
What though sense no change perceives,
Faith admires, adores, believes !

4 And the Sacrifice He offer'd,
When He on the Cross did die,
On His Altars is presented
By the power of God Most High,
Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
Faithful to His last commands !

5 While the people, all uniting
In the Sacrifice sublime,
Offer Christ to His High Father,
Offer up themselves with Him :
Then, together with the Priest,
On the Living Victim feast.

622

(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

BENEDICAMUS DOMINO (*First Tune*). JER. CLARK's Melody and Bass.

The Holy Eucharist.

(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

DEO GRATIAS (*Second Tune*).

HERBERT S. OAKELEY.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 AND now our Eucharist is o'er,
Yet for one Blessing still we plead;
O may we daily strive the more
A Eucharistic life to lead.</p> <p>2 In ev'rything we thank Thee, Lord,
For earthly joys so freely given;
Still more we would our thanks accord
For hopes of holier joys in Heav'n.</p> | <p>3 We too will strive our thanks to show,
For sorrows Thou dost send in love,
To wean our hearts from things below,
To draw our hearts to things above.</p> <p>4 At length upon that peaceful Shore,
Beyond these stormy waves of strife,
We'll praise and thank Thee evermore—
An endless Eucharistic life.</p> |
|---|--|

623

PLEYEL'S.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

Or tune of 534.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 ERE we leave Thine Altar, Lord,
Where Thy Son we have adored,
Let our thanks again arise
For this Holy Sacrifice.</p> | <p>2 And if thoughts have enter'd in,
Which have mix'd our prayers with sin,
Let Thy Son's pure Blood and Grace
All our sinfulness efface.</p> |
| <p>3 Glory to the Three in One,
While Eternal ages run;
Best of gifts Thyself bestow,
Make us burn Thy Love to know.</p> | |

COLWALL (*First Tune*).

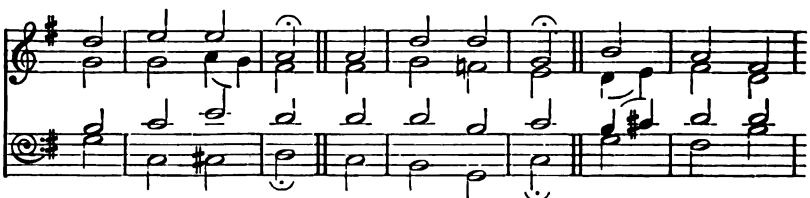
G. M. CUSTANCE.



NOTE :—The small note is an alternative note for the Treble.

WAS GOTT THUT (*Second Tune*).

SEVERUS GASTORIUS, 1675.



1 Hosanna in the Highest
To our exalted Saviour,
Who left behind
For all mankind
These Tokens of His favour.

2 His bleeding love and mercy,
His All-redeeming Passion,
Who here displays
And gives the grace
Which brings us our Salvation.

The Holy Eucharist.

(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

3 Louder than gather'd waters
Or bursting peals of thunder,
We lift our voice,
And speak our joys,
And shout with loving wonder.

4 Angels in fix'd amazement
Around our Altars hover,
With eager gaze
Adore the grace
Of our Eternal Lover :

5 Himself, and all His fulness,
Who gives to the believer,
And by this Bread
Whoe'er are fed
Shall live with God for ever.

For the second tune it is necessary to repeat the last line of each verse.

625

CHESTER.

THOMAS KELLY.

1 JESUS Christ, we know full surely
Thou hast been with us to-day,
Make us love and worship purely,
Lest Thy Presence pass away ;
Ever shall we dwell securely,
If Thou deign with us to stay.

2 By Thine inward Consecration,
Make our hearts Thy Temple true ;
Let Thy bright Illumination
Search our spirits through and through ;
So shall we, Thy New Creation,
Strive to pay Thee worship due.

3 Help our struggling will's endeavour,
Ruling word, and deed, and thought ;
Govern, lift us up, for ever,
By Thy Life with ours inwrought :
Holy Saviour, leave us never,
Whom Thy Cross and Passion bought.

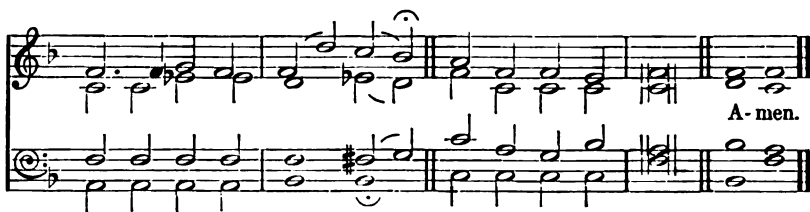
4 Thee within us sanctifying,
Stedfast may we still remain ;
Follow Thee in self-denying
Bear Thy Cross, and count it gain ;
Day by day to evil dying,
That Thy Life in us may reign.

5 Thine be all our heart's affection,
Thine our inmost mind and will ;
Thus, with sacred recollection
In Thy Courts abide we still ;
Safe in Thy most sure Protection,
Dwelling on Thy Holy Hill.

(341)

LITTLE BARDFIELD.

J. T. SIMMONS.

*Or tune 630 without repeat.*

PART II.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour !
 God of might and power !
 Thou Thyself art dwelling
 With us at this hour.</p> <p>2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
 Heav'n is all too strait
 For Thine Endless Glory,
 And Thy Royal State.</p> <p>3 Out beyond the shining
 Of the furthest star,
 Thou art ever stretching
 Infinitely far.</p> <p>4 Yet the hearts of children
 Hold what worlds cannot,
 And the God of wonders
 Loves the lowly spot.</p> <p>5 As men to their gardens
 Go to seek sweet flowers,
 In our hearts dear Jesus
 Seeks them at all hours.</p> <p>6 Ah! when wilt Thou always
 Make our hearts Thy home?
 We must wait for Heaven—
 Then the day will come.</p> | <p>7 Jesus, gentlest Saviour !
 Thou art with us now :
 Fill us full of goodness,
 Tilt our hearts o'erflow.</p> <p>8 Pray the prayer within us
 That to Heav'n shall rise ;
 Sing the song that Angels
 Sing above the skies.</p> <p>9 Multiply our graces,
 Chiefly love and fear,
 And, dear Lord ! the chiefest—
 Grace to persevere.</p> <p>10 Oh, how can we thank Thee
 For a gift like this,
 Gift that truly maketh
 Heav'n's Eternal bliss ?</p> <p>11 Now at least we'll keep Thee
 All the time we may :
 But Thy grace and blessing
 We will keep away.</p> <p>12 Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
 Whilst all ages run.</p> |
|--|--|

The Holy Eucharist.

(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

627

ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS.

Trier Gesangbuch.

♩ = 70.

A-men.

Or tune 380 or 382.

1 Lo! The Sacrifice Atoning,
Offer'd once on Calvary,
We have pleaded with the Father,
Loving us eternally:
We have pleaded, He hath heard us,
And Incarnate Love hath come,
He hath come to dwell among us,
And to make our hearts His Home.

2 We have pleaded for the wand'ers,
For the erring gone astray,
That the Shepherd Good rejoicing
Yet may lead them in His way:
And for faithful souls departed,
That by grace they may attain
To the Beatific Vision,
Which the pure in heart shall gain.

3 Now to Thee we pray, O Father,
Give us grace to join the song
Of the vast Redeemed Chorus,
Of the great Triumphant Throng;
God the Son, our praise and homage
We present Thy Throne before;
Glorious Paraclete, we worship,
And we bless Thee, evermore.

URBS SION AUREA.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

♩ = 120.

A-men.

This tune is set in the Key of G at 820, Part iii.

1 O Jesu Lord, remember
 When Thou shalt come again
 Upon the clouds of Heaven,
 With all Thy shining Train ;
 When ev'ry eye shall see Thee
 In Deity reveal'd,
 Who now upon our Altars
 In silence art conceal'd :

2 Remember then, O Saviour,
 I supplicate of Thee,
 That here I bow'd before Thee
 Upon my bended knee ;
 That here I own'd Thy Presence,
 And did not Thee deny ;
 And glorified Thy greatness,
 Though hid from human eye.

3 Accept, Divine Redeemer,
 The homage of my praise ;
 Be Thou the Light and Honour
 And Glory of my days :
 Be Thou my Consolation
 When death is drawing nigh ;
 Be Thou my only Treasure
 Through all Eternity.

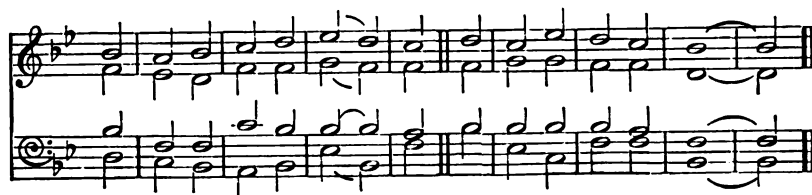
Penance.

629

PENANCE.

ELZTHAL.

German.



- 1 To-day Thy mercy calls me
To wash away my sin,
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been;
However long from mercy
I may have turn'd away,
Thy Blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.
- 2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin :
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised—
A glorious Crown in Heav'n.
- 3 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou Ever-open Door,
What should I do without Thee,
When heart and life run o'er ?
When all things seem against me
To drive me to despair,
I know one Gate is open,
One Ear will hear my prayer.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

630

LAST SACRAMENTS.

CLEWER (*First Tune*).

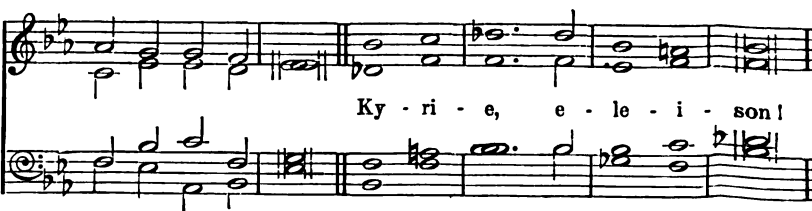
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LAUS TIBI CHRISTE (*Second Tune*).

Melody of the XIV. Century.

Kyrie eleison may be sung after each verse, or omitted.



Last Sacraments.



NOTE.—Two lines of the original tune are omitted.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHEN day's shadows lengthen,
Jesu, be Thou near;
Pardon, Comfort, Strengthen,
Chase away my fear;
Love and Hope be deepen'd,
Faith more strong and clear</p> <p>2 He, who stands beside me,
Cometh to proclaim
Pardon for contrition,
Glory for my shame;
Saying, "I absolve thee,
In Christ's Blessed Name."</p> <p>3 Stay Thou with me, Jesu,
Till my foes shall flee;
Hidden Lord and Saviour,
Still my comfort be;
God, and Priest, and Victim,
Let me feed on Thee.</p> | <p>4 Then shall holy Unction
Bring its strength'ning grace,
And its joy shall render
Brightness to my face;
Jesus' Heart my Refuge,
And my Resting-place.</p> <p>5 So no fear shall chill me
On that unknown shore;
Cunning wiles of Satan
Shall perplex no more;
His Right Hand shall guide me
To the City's Door.</p> <p>6 Blessed warfare over!
Endless Rest alone!
Tears no more, nor sorrow,
Neither sigh nor moan!
But the Song of Triumph
Round about the Throne!</p> |
|---|--|

631

HOLY ORDER.

DUNDEE.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 CHRIST is gone up; yet ere He pass'd
From earth, in Heav'n to reign,
He form'd one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.</p> <p>2 His Twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.</p> | <p>3 So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.</p> <p>4 Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold;
Bring wand'ers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and One Fold.</p> |
|---|---|

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

632

HOLY MATRIMONY.

OLD CXXXVII.

CRESPIN, 1557.

ALLISON's Setting.



1 LORD, Who at Cana's wedding feast
Didst as a Guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe Thy Presence here ;
For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The Marriage vow to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the Church and Thee.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife ;
Which, bless'd by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles ev'ry joy.

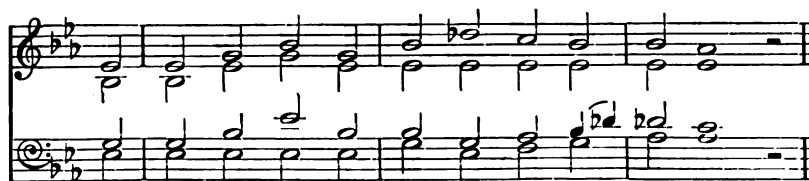
3 On those who at Thine Altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more ;
O grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A Crown of Life above.

633

Holy Matrimony.

O PERFECT LOVE.

Anon.



- 1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy Throne,
 That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
 Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.
- 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
 Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
 With child-like trust that fears nor pain nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife ;
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 That dawns upon Eternal love and life.

ICH DANK' DIR, LIEBER HERR.

1528.

Handwritten musical score for the hymn 'ICH DANK' DIR, LIEBER HERR.' The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked '♩ = 66.' The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

1 O Thou, Whose love Paternal,
Ere yet had enter'd in
On Eden's beauty vernal
The wintry curse of sin,
In bonds of blessing golden
Did join the primal twain,
That benediction olden
O Father, grant again !

2 O Christ, Whose love for ever
Strong as Eternity
Hath will'd that nought should sever
The Holy Church and Thee ;
O by that great Communion
That none shall e'er divide
Be here to bless this union,
This bridegroom and this bride !

3 Spirit of peace and gladness,
Whose Holy Presence given
Can make this world of sadness
The border-land of Heav'n ;
O Leader and Defender !
Be theirs to guard and guide,
Now in life's mid-day splendour
On to the eventide.

4 O Trinal Power and Glory !
O Undivided Three !
Grant that these twain before Thee
Be ever one in Thee !
One now, in ways of duty
Made bright by holy love,
One then, in bliss and beauty
Eternally above.

635

S. ALPHEGE (*First Tune*).

GAUNTLETT.

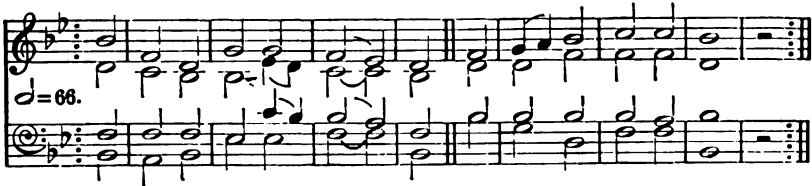
Handwritten musical score for the hymn 'S. ALPHEGE (First Tune)'. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked '♩ = 74.' The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line.

Holy Matrimony.



ELZTHAL (*Second Tune*).

German.



Or tune at 778.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THE Voice that breath'd o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.</p> <p>2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.</p> <p>3 For dower of blessed children,
For purity's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break;</p> <p>4 Be present, Awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gavest Adam,
Out of his own pierc'd side.</p> | <p>5 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.</p> <p>6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The Heav'nly Spouse dost seal.</p> <p>7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallow'd path they trace,</p> <p>8 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the Home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.</p> |
|--|---|

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

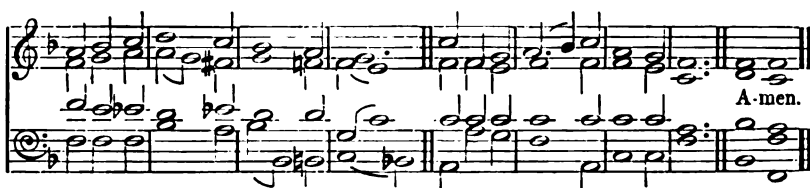
Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings.

636

THE EMBER DAYS.

AQUÆ GRANÆ.

German.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on High,
And Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy Priests with righteousness.</p> <p>2 Within Thy Temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like Stars in Thy Right Hand,
Let all Thy Church's Pastors be.</p> | <p>3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.</p> <p>4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.</p> <p>5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
May they in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
May they with Crowns of Glory shine.</p> |
|---|--|

637

WIR DANKEN DIR.

1531.

Slow.



The Ember Days.

1.
O THOU Who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above
And droppest glist'ning dew Divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love ;

2.
Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And ev'ry lamp more brightly burn.

3.
Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warm'd by prayer ;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4.
Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind ;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5.
O bless the shepherd ; bless the sheep ;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

6.
If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to Heav'n,
We taste our immortality.

638

FOR HOSPITALS.

S. PETER'S.

A. R. REINAGLE.



1.
THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumph'd o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

2.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fever'd frame.

3.
And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
And youth renew'd, and frenzy calm'd,
Own'd Thee, the Lord of light.

4.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennes'reth's shore.

5.
Be Thou our great Deliv'rer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty Breath.

6.
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's Heav'nly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

639

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE.

W. GREGORY.



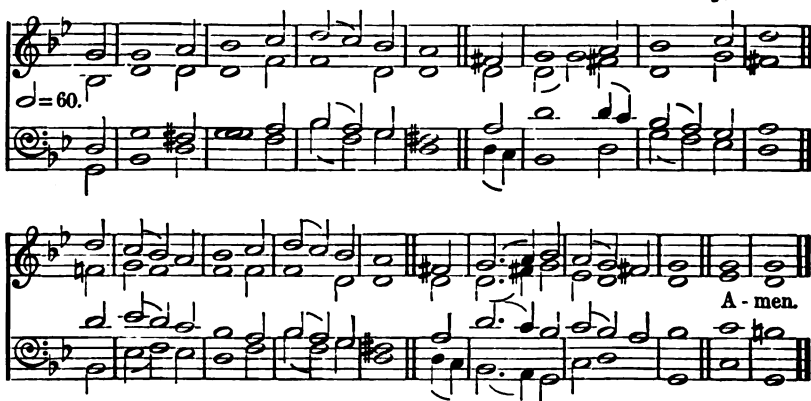
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations,
Thron'd in might above the skies !
Let Thy people's supplications
Now for their deliv'rance rise.</p> <p>2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning
Humbly at Thy Feet we bend ;
See us fasting, praying, mourning,
Help us, spare us, and defend.</p> <p>3 Though our sins, each heart confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy as abounding,
Jesus' Blood can cleanse from all.</p> | <p>4 Pardon, Lord, our past transgression,
O'er us stretch Thy Saving Hand ;
Save Thy servants from oppression,
Guard Thy Church, and bless our Land.</p> <p>5 Praise the God of all Creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love ;
Praise the Lamb our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned Above !</p> <p>6 Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live !
Undivided adoration
To the Great Jehovah give.</p> |
|---|---|

640

IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

BURFORD.

WILKINS' *Psalmody*, 1609.



In Time of Pestilence.

1 In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord,
We now for succour fly,
Thine awful judgements are abroad,
O shield us lest we die.

2 The dread disease on ev'ry side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Now fills our homes with death.

3 Our sins Thy dreadful anger raise,
Our deeds Thy wrath deserve;
But we repent, and from Thy ways
We would no longer swerve.

4 Then look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let Thine Angel stand between
The living and the dead.

5 With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,
We turn, who oft have stray'd;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stay'd.

641

IN TIME OF WAR.

FULDA.

FROM BEETHOVEN (?)

Or tune of 694.

1 At war, and on the tented field,
Thou art, O Lord, our Strength and Shield;
To Thee in all our straits we fly,
And on Thy conqu'ring Arm rely.

2 Our sins provoke Thy wrath, O Lord,
Our crying sins unsheathe the sword;
But we repent; Thy wrath restrain;
With favour turn to us again.

3 O speed the time when war shall cease,
Within Thy Realm, O Prince of Peace;
When diff'ring tribes Thy Sceptre own,
And meet in concord round Thy Throne.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

642

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

MELITA.

DYKES.



1.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard,
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3.

O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

5.

And for our brethren call'd away
By death's swift summons, Lord, we pray,
Their sin-stain'd souls make pure and white,
And grant them rest, and peace, and light;
So, at Thy Coming, they may be
Raised up triumphant from the sea.

EISENACH.

Set by J. S. BACH.



1.

O God, Who metest in Thine Hand,
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree ;

2.

What time the floods lift up their voice
And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
Of waterspouts and billows' roar ;

3.

When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunged where seething eddies boil ;

4.

Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will ;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, " Peace, be still."

5.

So with Thy mercies ever new
Thy servants set from peril free,
And bring them, Pilot wise and true,
Unto the port where they would be.

6.

Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore ;
Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our Joy on Heav'n's Eternal Shore.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

644 ACCESSION OF THE SOVEREIGN.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.



1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all!

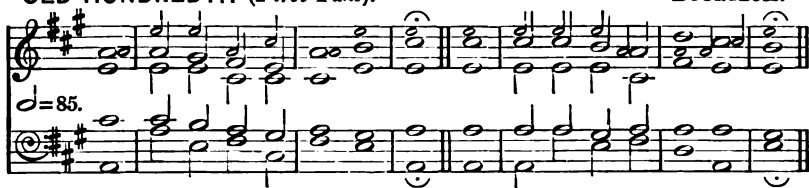
Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!

645

Accession of the Sovereign.

OLD HUNDREDTH (*First Tune*).

BOURGEOIS.



NOTE.—The small notes may be sung to certain verses.

ILLSLEY (*Second Tune*).

J. BISHOP, d. 1737.



- 1 O King of kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sov'reign's head ;
And, looking from Thy holy Heav'n,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.
- 2 Him may we honour and obey,
Uphold his right and lawful sway ;
Rememb'ring that the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd of Thee.
- 3 By him this favour'd nation bless,
To all his councils give success ;
In peace, in war, Thy succour bring,
Confirm our strength, and guard our King.
- 4 And oh ! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly glories fade away,
Grant him a nobler Throne on High,
A Crown of Immortality.



Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

646

RENEWAL OF BAPTISMAL VOWS.

RINGE RECHT (*First Tune*).

*The current form of the tune in the
Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*

♩ = 60.

A-men.

O GESEGNETES REGIEREN (*Second Tune*).

1784.

♩ = 70.

A-men.

1 Look in pity, Lord of glory,
On the suppliants at Thy Feet ;
Their Baptismal vows renewing
Here before Thy Mercy-seat.

2 By the sacred fountal waters,
Purer than the dew of morn,
In whose laver of salvation
We to Second Life were born ;

Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

3 By the majesty unspoken
Of the dread Tri-unal Name,
In whose solemn invocation
We the heirs of God became;

4 Satan and his pomps for ever
Here we all renounce again,
Here we promise, Holy Saviour,
Thine for ever to remain.

5 Lord and Saviour, God of Mercy,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
Keep, O keep us, now and always,
In the shadow of Thy wings.

6 As we chose in life's beginning
Thee for our Eternal Friend,
So in faith and love maintain us,
Persevering to the end.

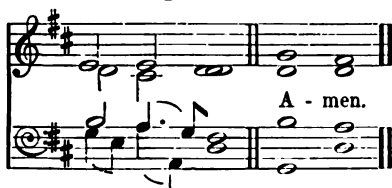
647

SALZBURG.

HARVEST.

CRÜGER.

Har. by J. S. BACH.



1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own Temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;

First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

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

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

648

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ORIEL.

ESTE.

♩ = 64.

A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God the Father ! Whose creation
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,
Thou, Whose yearly operation
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
Here to Thee we make oblation
Of the August-gold of earth.</p> <p>2 God the Word, the sun maturing
With his blessed ray the corn,
Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
Thee, O Everlasting Morn,
Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,
Thee, That liftest up our horn.</p> <p>3 God, the Holy Ghost, the showers
That have fatten'd out the grain
Types of Thy Celestial powers,
Symbols of baptismal rain,
Shadow'd out the grace that dowers
All the Faithful of Thy train.</p> | <p>4 When the Harvest of each nation
Severs righteousness from sin,
And Archangel-proclamation
Bids to put the sickle in,
And each age and generation
Sink to woe, or glory win ;</p> <p>5 Grant that we, or young or hoary,
Lengthen'd be our span or brief,
Whatsoever the life-long story
Of our joy or of our grief,
May be garner'd up in Glory
As Thine own Elected Sheaf.</p> <p>6 Laud to Him to Whom Supernal
Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;
Laud to Him from Whom infernal
Powers and Dominations flee
Laud to Him the Co-eternal
Paraclete for ever be.</p> |
|--|--|

649

HOLY IS THE SEED-TIME.

French Melody.

♩ = 78.

A - men.

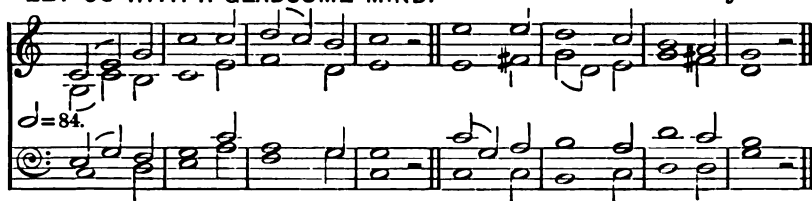
Harvest.

- 1 HOLY is the seed-time, when the buried grain
Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again :
Holy is the spring-time, when the living corn
Bursting from its prison riseth like the morn.
- 2 Holy is the harvest, when each ripen'd ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year :
Store them in our garners ; winnow them with care ;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.
- 3 Holy seed our Master soweth in His Field ;
Be the Harvest holy which our hearts shall yield ;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.
- 4 Glory to the Father, Who beheld our need ;
Glory to the Saviour, Who hath sown the seed ;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase ;
Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease !

650

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

Trier Gesangbuch.



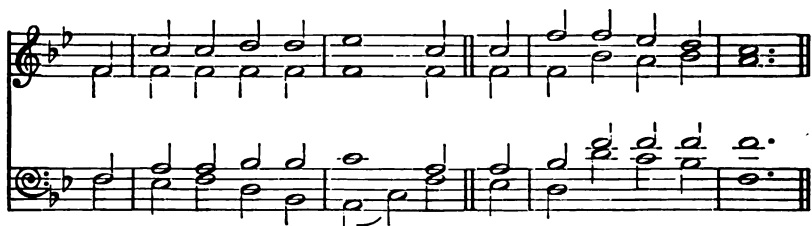
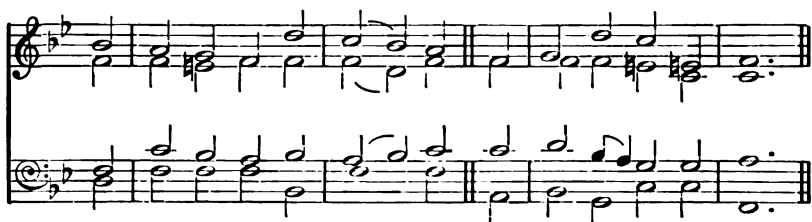
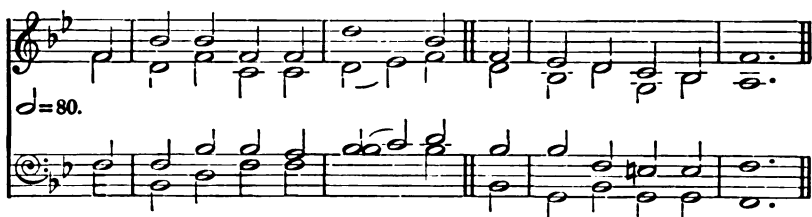
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days !
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.</p> <p>2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;</p> | <p>3 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;</p> <p>4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.</p> |
|---|--|
- 5 To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, praise, and glory be,
Now and through Eternity.

651

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

WIR PFLÜGEN.

German.



Harvest.



1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By God's Almighty Hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain :
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread :
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food :
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts :
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

4 Our souls, Blest Saviour, gather—
Wheat for the Golden Floor,
Where Angels shall be reapers,
And Saints the Harvest store :
There glad, and safe, and glorious,
While endless ages run,
The First-fruits of creation
Shall hymn the Great Tri-une :
All Thy works shall praise Thee
In earth, and Heav'n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

Missions.

652

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

CRÜGER.

Slow.

J. CRÜGER.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on High,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

653

CAPETOWN.

German.

Foreign Missions.



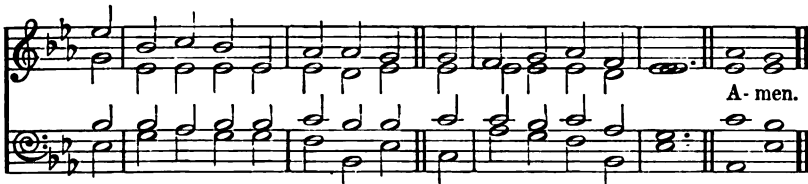
- 1 God of Grace, O let Thy Light
Bless our dim and blinded sight;
Like the day-spring on the night,
Bid Thy grace to shine.
- 2 To the nations led astray
Thine Eternal love display;
Let Thy truth direct their way,
Till the world be Thine.
- 3 Praise to Thee, the faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
Ever praising Thee.
- 4 Let them moved to gladness sing,
Owning Thee their Judge and King;

- Righteous truth shall bloom and spring,
Where Thy rule shall be.
- 5 Praise to Thee, All-faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
Heart-rejoicing praise.
 - 6 So the fruitful earth's increase,
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease
Through the length of days;
 - 7 While His grace our life shall cheer,
Furthest lands shall own His fear,
Brought to Him in worship near,
Taught His Mercy's ways.

654

S. FULBERT.

GAUNTLETT.



- 1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the Coming Day!
Arise, and with Thy Morning Beams
Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, Blessed Lord, let ev'ry shore
And answering Island sing
The praises of Thy Royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright World Above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In mem'ry of Thy Love.

- 4 Lord! Lord! Thy fair Creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Come, then, with all Thy quick'ning power,
With one awak'ning smile,
And bid the Serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous Realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of Grace and Peace Divine:
Be Thine the Crown of Glory now,
The palm of Vic'try Thine.

BRETTEK.

J. S. BACH.

♩ = 60.

A-men.

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations;
 Fruitful let Thy Sorrows be;
 By Thy pains and consolations
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee!
 Of Thy Cross the wondrous story
 Be it to the nations told;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory
 And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest:
 Thirsting as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown field for rain,
 Thee they seek as God of Heaven,
 Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the Isles are waiting!
 Stretch'd the hand and strain'd the sight,
 For Thy Spirit new-creating,
 Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by ev'ry creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung!

MOSCOW.

F. GIARDINI.



A - men.

1.

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

2.

Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy Redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh! now to all mankind
Let there be Light.

3.

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

4.

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

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN.

VULPIUS.
ARR. J. S. BACH.

- 1 UNFURL the blood-red banner,
Unsheathe the Spirit's sword;
Put on the Christian's armour,
The armour of the Lord;
- 2 The helmet of salvation,
And faith, victorious shield;
Go forth with acclamation,
The world your battle-field.
- 3 Unfurl the blood-red banner,
And shout, with trumpet's sound,
Deliv'rance to the captive,
And freedom to the bound;
- 4 Earth's Jubilee of glory,
The year of full Release;
O tell the wondrous story;
Go forth and publish peace!
- 5 Go forth, Confessors, Martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the Blood of sprinkling,
And live, or die, for Christ:
- 6 For Christ claim ev'ry nation,
Your banners wide unfurl'd;
Go forth and preach Salvation,
Salvation for the world!

S. PANCRAS.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL, 1782.



1 UPLIFT the banner! Let it float
 Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide:
 The sun shall light its shining folds,
 The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the Sign,
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, gath'ring at the call,
 Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
 Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 Our glory only in the Cross,
 Our only hope the Crucified.

5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
 Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine:
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that Sign.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

659

HOME MISSIONS.

SOULS OF MEN (*First Tune*).



COME, THOU SAVIOUR (*Second Tune*).

French Air.

Vivace.



This is set in A minor at 324.

Some Missions.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 CALL them in! the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stain'd wand'ers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer,
Can you weigh their weight with gold?</p> <p>2 Call them in! the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin,
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,
He is waiting; call them in!</p> <p>3 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the Feast;
Call them in! the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.</p> | <p>4 Forth the Father comes to meet them,
He hath all their troubles seen;
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones; call them in!</p> <p>5 Call them in! the broken-hearted,
Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender;
"Twas for sinners Jesus came."</p> <p>6 See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the Day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming; call them in!</p> |
|---|---|

660

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.</p> <p>2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurl'd;
Bear it onward; lift it high.</p> <p>3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the Living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.</p> | <p>4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the Saving Sign display.</p> <p>5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of Realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.</p> <p>6 Guard the helpless; seek the stray'd;
Comfort mourners; banish grief;
In the might of God array'd,
Scatter sin and unbelief.</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 Be the banner still unfurl'd,
Still unsheath'd the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world,
Are the Kingdoms of the Lord.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

661

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

LYTE.

J. WILKES.



1.

I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's Voice,
I would not be controll'd.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

They wash'd my filth away,
They made me clean and fair,
They brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer !

7.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that wash'd me in His Blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.

8.

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

9.

I was a wand'ring sheep,
I would not be controll'd ;
But now I love my Shepherd's Voice,
I love, I love the Fold !

10.

I was a wayward child,
I once prefer'd to roam ;
But now I love my Father's Voice,
I love, I love my Home.

TORONTO.

Anon.



- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O Gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O Gracious Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O Mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see,
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me—Even me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.
- 7 Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the Streams of Life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

MÉNU.



1 RESCUE the perishing
 Care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave:
 Weep o'er the erring one,
 Lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save.
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
 Still He is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive.
 Plead with them earnestly,
 Plead with them gently;
 He will forgive if they only believe.
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful Jesus will save.

3 Down in the human heart,
 Crush'd by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
 Touch'd by a loving hand,
 Waken'd by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Parochial Missions.

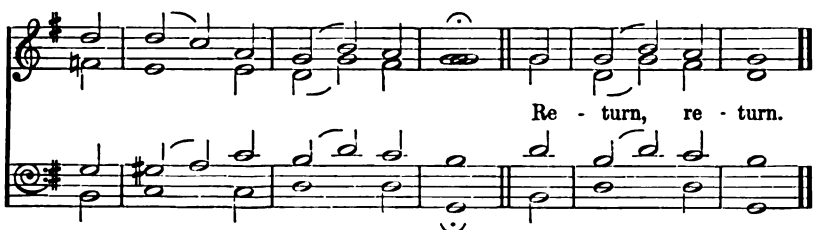
4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful. Jesus will save.

664

BELMONT.

Slow.

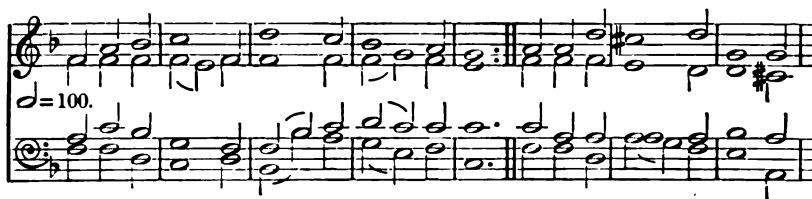
S. WEBBE, Junr.



1 RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy Home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy Home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride, say, Come;
Oh, now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

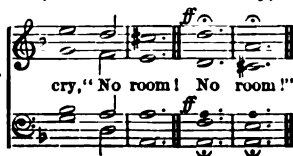
3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy Home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return.



En - ter now.

- 1 YET there is room ! The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along ;
Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now.
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low ;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go ;
Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the Feast ;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest ;
Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now.
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of Jubilee !
Make haste, make haste, 'tis not too full for thee ;
Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now.
- 5 Yet there is room ! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love, it is not yet too late ;
Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now.
- 6 Pass in, pass in ! That Banquet is for thee,
That cup of Everlasting love is free ;
Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now.
- 7 All Heav'n is there, all joy ! Go in, go in ;
The Angels beckon thee the prize to win ;
Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now.
- 8 Louder and louder sounds the loving call ;
Come, ling'rer, come ; enter that Festal Hall ;
Room, room, still room ! O enter, enter now.
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom ;
Then the last, low, long cry, " No room, no room !"
No room, no room ! O woeful cry, " No room !"

*The following is suggested for
the end of verse 9 :—*



Burial of the Dead.

666

BURIAL OF AN ADULT.

IHR GESTIRN.

CHRISTOPHER PETER.

The harmony from *Songs of Syon*, by permission.



Or the "Vesper Hymn" as at 323, without the added Chorus.

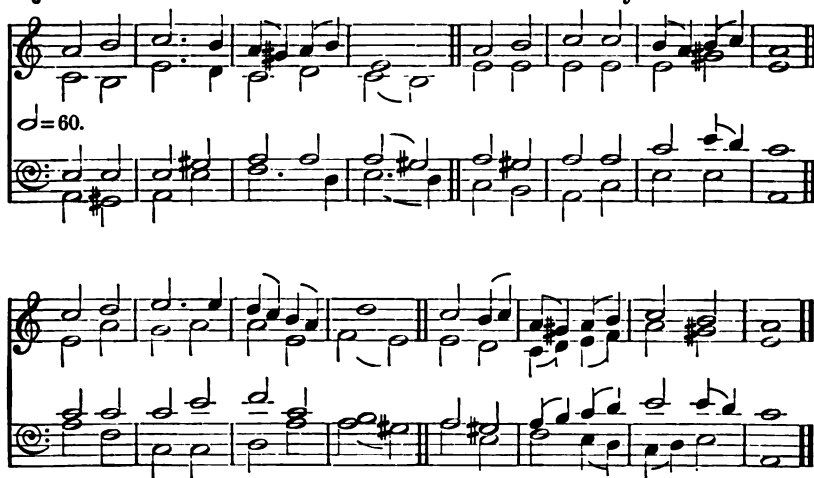
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 BROTHER,* now thy toils are o'er,
Fought the battle, won the crown,
On life's rough and barren shore
Thou hast laid thy burden down:
Grant <i>him</i>, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.</p> | <p>5 Choirs of Angels over us,
Bear Christ's weak and trembling lamb,
Give thee peace with Lazarus,
In the breast of Abraham.
Grant <i>him</i>, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.</p> |
| <p>2 Through death's valley, dim and dark,
Jesus guide thee in the gloom,
Show thee where His Footprints mark
Tracks of glory through the tomb.
Grant <i>him</i>, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.</p> | <p>6 Rest in peace: the gates of Hell
Touch thee not till He shall come
For the souls He loves so well,
Dear Lord of the Heav'nly Home.
Grant <i>him</i>, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.</p> |
| <p>3 Angels bear thee to the Land
Where the Towers of Sion rise,
Safely lead thee by the hand
To the Fields of Paradise.
Grant <i>him</i>, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.</p> | <p>7 Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Clay we give to kindred clay;
In the sure and certain trust
Of the Resurrection Day.
Grant <i>him</i>, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.</p> |
| <p>4 White-robed at the Golden Gate
Of the New Jerusalem,
May the host of Martyrs wait,
Give thee part and lot with them.
Grant <i>him</i>, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.</p> | <p>8 Christ the Sower sows thee here:
When th' Eternal Day shall dawn,
He will gather in the ear
On that Resurrection Morn:
Grant <i>him</i>, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.</p> |

* Or Sister.

(379)

QUADRAGESIMA.

Air by DE MONTFORT.



1.

CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on High.

2.

Day by day the voice saith, "Come,
Enter thine Eternal Home ;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

3.

Had He ask'd us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow !"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love *him*, let *him* stay."

4.

But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And, since He hath order'd this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His Will.

5.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah ! was all too inly dear ;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

VESPER HYMN.

Slow.

- 1 God the Father, Who in mercy
Didst th' immortal soul bestow,
Who Thy servant hence hath summon'd,
Bidding *him* this world forego ;
We entreat Thee, Father Blest,
Grant *him* Everlasting Rest.
- 2 God the Son, our Loving Saviour,
God made Man our souls to save ;
Who hast borne the pains of dying,
That we might not fear the grave ;
We entreat Thee, Saviour Blest,
Grant *him* Everlasting Rest.
- 3 God the Holy Ghost most patient,
Who hast made our souls Thy home,
Who the faithful never leavest
Here, or in the world to come ;
We entreat Thee, Spirit Blest,
Grant *him* Everlasting Rest.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Ever Gracious One in Three,
Who hast made us, bought us, loved us,
Sanctified and seal'd to Thee ;
We entreat Thee, God All-Blest,
Grant *him* Everlasting Rest.

SLEEP ON, BELOVED.

H. L. HARTMAN.



- 1 SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's Breast;
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best;
Good-night!
- 2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure, and deep;
Good-night!
- 3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom is overpast,
Good-night!
- 4 Until the Easter Glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good-night!
- 5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine;
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
Good-night!
- 6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "Farewell";
A little while, and all His Saints shall dwell
In hallow'd union, indivisible;
Good-night!
- 7 Until we meet again before His Throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known,
Good-night!

670

Burial of the Dead.

SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

UNISON. $\text{C.} = 30$; $\text{D.} = 90$.

1 Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor-row; . .
2 Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad-ness; . .

Rest, where none weep, Till the E-ter-nal Mor-row; . .
Bright-ly at last Dawns a Day of Glad-ness. . .

Though dark waves roll O-ver the si-lent riv-er, . .
Un-der thy sod, Earth, re-ceive our trea-sure, . .

Thy faint-ing soul Je-sus can de-liv-er. . .
To rest in God, Wait-ing all His plea-sure. . .

- 3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest
Soon shall Thy Voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

ROMNEY.

J. T. COOPER.



- 1 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb :
 Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom !
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide Arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died !
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide :
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
 And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !

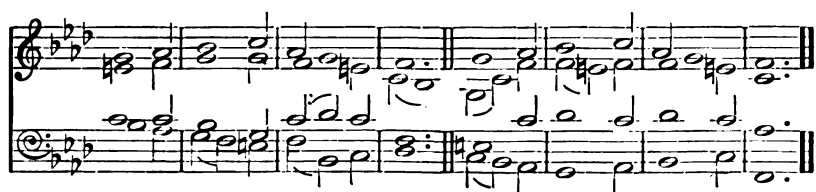
Burial of the Dead.

672

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

IN NATALI DOMINI.

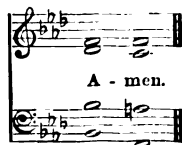
Air probably of the 14th Century.
(With the last line repeated.)



1 SAFELY, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life so young and fair
Now hath pass'd from earthly care;
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved sleep.

2 Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin,
Pass'd beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain;
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the Home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
Now it waits for us Above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
Jesu, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy Feet.



Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

673

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

MEINHOLD (First Tune).

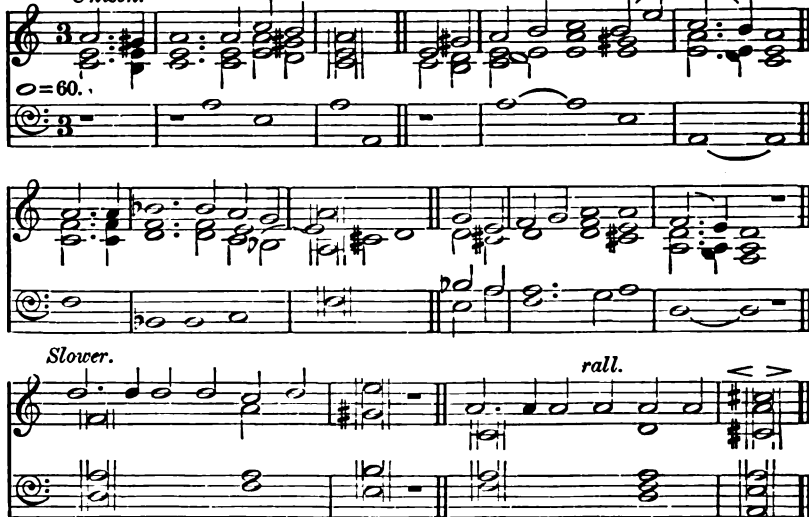
Lüneberg Gesangbuch, 1686.



S. HUBERT (Second Tune).

From The Children's Service Book.

Unison.



1 TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In a world of pain and care,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in Light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its Heavenly Food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

(386)

Burial at Sea.

674

BURIAL AT SEA.

For Male voices, Alto, Tenor (*in loco*), Bass I. and Bass II. The Air may be sung an Octave lower by Bass Voices or Baritones.

DEEP DOWN BENEATH THE UNRESTING SURGE. C. J. RIDSDALE.



1 DEEP down beneath th' unresting surge
There is a peaceful tomb;
Storm raves above, calm reigns below;
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe,
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
The peaceful find a home.

2 Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
Though on the lonely main:
As soft the pillow of the deep,
As tranquil the uncurtain'd sleep,
As on the couch where fond ones weep;
And they shall rise again.

3 The cold sea's coldest, hidden depths
Shall hear the trump of God:
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er;
God's treasured ones he must restore;
God's buried gems he holds no more
Beneath or wave or clod.

4 O'er this loved clay God sets His watch;
The Angels guard *him* well;
Till summon'd by the trumpet loud,
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its shelt'ring shroud,
He leaves *his* ocean-cell.

5 O Jesu Christ! O Risen Lord!
Let life, not death, prevail:
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste;
Call up the dead of ages past;
Gather Thy precious gems at last
From ocean's deepest vale.

675

ROSE OF SHARON (*First Tune*).

French Air.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked as '♩ = 110.' The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the piece, maintaining the same key signature and tempo. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody starts on D4, moves to E4, then F#4, and continues with various intervals. The bass line starts on D3, moves to E3, then F#3, and continues with various intervals. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the bottom staff. The music is in 4/4 time and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

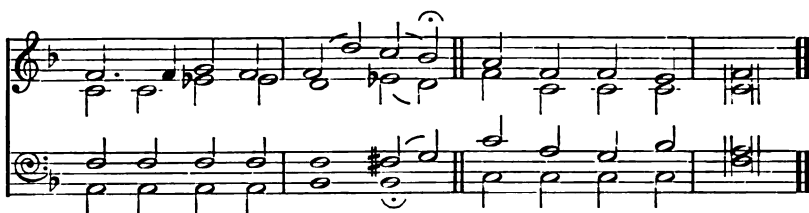
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody starts on a whole note D4, followed by a half note E4, a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note G4. This is followed by a half note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C#5. The melody then descends: a half note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. This is followed by a half note F#4, a quarter note E4, and a quarter note D4. The melody ends with a whole note D4. The accompaniment consists of a steady bass line of eighth notes: D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C#4, D4. The bass line is repeated throughout the piece.

LITTLE BARDFIELD (*Second Tune*).

J. T. SIMMONS.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system contains the first line of the melody and the first line of the accompaniment. The second system contains the second line of the melody and the second line of the accompaniment. The melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The accompaniment is written in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked as '♩ = 80.' The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the accompaniment consists of quarter and eighth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

For Children.



- 1 Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word ;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.
- 2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true ;
And His little children
Must be holy too.
- 3 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.
- 4 But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.
- 5 For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.
- 6 Ye are Christian soldiers,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.
- 7 Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

*When "Rose of Sharon" is sung, the last verse to be sung to the latter half
of the Tune.*

INNOCENTS (*First Tune*).From *The Parish Choir*, 1850.S. WOLFGANG (*Second Tune*).

German.



1 God Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amid the throng would be.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round Thy Throne on High:
Lord of all the Heav'nly powers,
Be the same sweet anthem ours.

3 Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

4 With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes reveal'd
Things that to the wise were seal'd.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the Cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a Crown of Glory wear.

6 God Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

GALLIA.

MÉHUL.

(From *The Children's Service Book*.)

- 1 HEAR Thy children, gentle Jesus,
Hear Thy children cry to Thee;
Sin and self no more shall please us,
Hear our solemn Litany!
- 2 Thou didst suffer, gentle Jesus,
Bitter shame and agony;
From sin's bondage to release us
Thou didst hang upon the Tree.
- 3 Thou didst bear the nails and spitting,
Cruel scourge and Thorny Crown;
And the soldiers' mock'ry, sitting
Meekly on Thy mimic Throne.
- 4 Thou didst bear the Jews' deriding,
Judas' guilt, and Herod's pride,
And Thy Mother's grief abiding
Mute and tearful by Thy Side.
- 5 But my sins it was that stung Thee,
Not the scourge, and nails and spear;
'Twas my sins alone that hung Thee
On the Cross, my Saviour dear!
- 6 By Thy Childhood, gentle Jesus,
By the pains Thou didst endure,
Let not sin and Satan please us;
Make us gentle, good, and pure.
- 7 Thou wast pierc'd, O gentle Jesus,
Pierc'd that sinners might not die;
'O let sin no longer please us,
Make us Thine eternally.
- 8 Gentle Jesus! Thou hast won us
By Thy Passion and Thy Love;
Gentle Jesus! deign to own us
In the Land of Rest above!

I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

English Air.



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

2 I'm glad my Blesséd Saviour
Was once a Child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His Angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

LYRÆ (First Tune).

♩. = 60 : ♩ = 180.

French Melody.

(From *The Children's Service Book*.)

CASWALL (Second Tune).

German.

- 1 Jesus, High in Glory,
Lend a list'ning ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.
- 2 Though Thou art so Holy,
Heav'n's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

- 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the Heav'nly way.
- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day:
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

- 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our Heav'nly Home,
We would gladly answer
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

When sung to "Lyræ" begin at ♪ for verse 5.

680

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

EVENING.

French Melody.

(From *The Children's Service Book*.)

$\text{♩} = 76.$

A - men.

- 1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May mine eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

- 5 Comfort ev'ry sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 6 Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.
- 8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

681

DEUS-HOMO.

Trier Gesangbuch.

 $\text{♩} = 120.$

Attacca.

1 O Je - sus, Je - sus! God and Man!
5 O God .. most great, most great and good!

For love of chil - dren once a Child; . . O Je - sus!
At work or play, by night or day, . . Make us re -

(394)

For Children.

God and Man! . . . We hail Thee, Sa-viour, sweet and mild.
- mem - ber Thee, . . . Who dost re - mem - ber us . . al - way. A-men.

2 O Jesus! God and Man!
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for Eternity.

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

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

5 O God most great and good!
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who dost remember us always.

682

SICILIAN MARINERS.

$\text{♩} = 64.$

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For Thy lambs Thy folds prepare:
Blesséd Jesu,
Thou hast bought us—Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blesséd Jesu,
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blesséd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill.
Blesséd Jesu,
Thou hast loved us—love us still.

683

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

HORSLEY.

W. HORSLEY.



Or tune of 305.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.</p> <p>2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.</p> | <p>3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heav'n,
Saved by His Precious Blood.</p> <p>4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the Gate
Of Heav'n, and let us in.</p> |
|---|--|
- 5 Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His Redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

684

CANTEMUS JESU.

French.

Unison.(From *The Children's Service Book.*)

For Children.



1 **THERE's a Friend** for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend Who never changes,
 Whose love will never die ;
 Our earthly friends may fail us,
 And change with changing years ;
 This Friend is always worthy
 Of that dear Name He bears.

2 **There's a Rest** for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the Blesséd Saviour,
 And to the Father cry ;
 A rest from ev'ry turmoil,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 Where ev'ry little pilgrim
 Shall rest Eternally.

3 **There's a Home** for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in Glory,
 A Home of peace and joy ;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare ;
 For ev'ry one is happy,
 Nor could be happier, there.

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

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

6 **There's a Robe** for little children
 Above the bright blue sky ;
 And a Harp of sweetest music,
 And palms of victory.
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone ;
 Lord, grant Thy little children
 To know Thee as their own.

TREVES.

Trier Gesangbuch.

REFRAIN *ad lib.*

1 Up in Heaven, up in Heaven,
In the bright place far away,
He, Whom bad men crucified,
Sitteth at His Father's Side,
Till the Judgement Day.

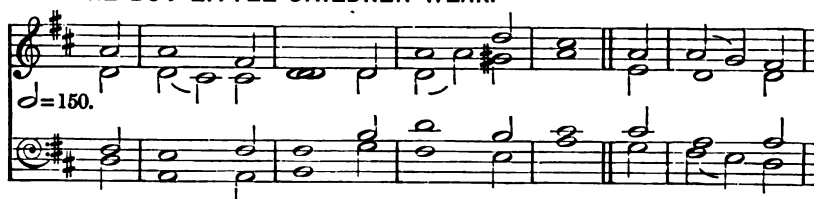
2 And He loves His little children,
And He pleadeth for them there,
Asking the great God of Heav'n
That their sins may be forgiven,
And He hears their prayer.

3 Never more a helpless Baby,
Born in poverty and pain,
But with Awful Glory crown'd,
With His Angels standing round,
He shall come again.

4 Then the wicked souls shall tremble,
And the good souls shall rejoice;
Parents, children, ev'ry one,
Then shall stand before His Throne,
And shall hear His Voice.

5 And all faithful holy Christians,
Who their Master's work have done,
Shall appear at His Right Hand,
And inherit the Fair Land
That His love has won.

WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK.



- 1 We are but little children weak,
Not born in any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great ?
- 2 We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And Martyrs brave and patient Saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.
- 3 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make :
We need not die ; we cannot fight ;
What may we do for Jesus' sake ?
- 4 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within ;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

- 5 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes ;
- 6 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 7 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.
- 8 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Children's Litany, see 860.

Many other Hymns throughout the Book are suitable for use at a Children's Service.

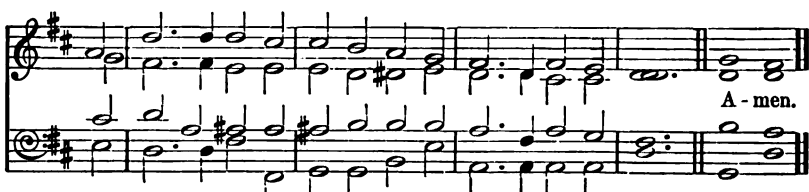
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

687

General Hymns.

LEOMINSTER (*First Tune*).

G. W. MARTIN.
Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



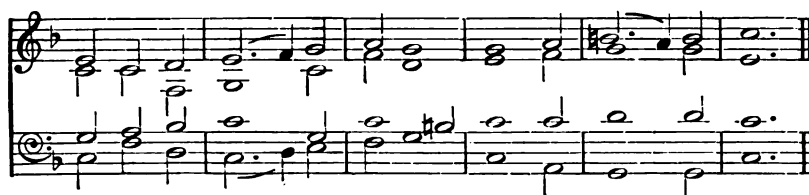
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THOU ART GONE UP (*Second Tune*).

TALLIS.



General Hymns.



1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Great Day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Blest Day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Calm Day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Bright Day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Glad Day ;
Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

S. MARY'S.

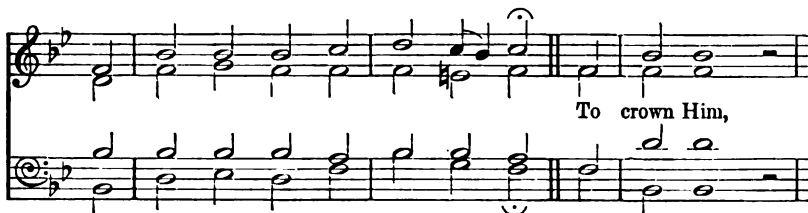
Dr. Blow.



- 1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The Blessed Saviour pass'd ;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender Heart, that felt for all,
For all its Life-Blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn ?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd His Brow with thorn ?
- 4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blesséd hill.
- 5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.
- 6 Dead to the world with Him Who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our Risen Head,
In spirit dwell Above.

MILES' LANE.

SHRUBSOLE.



Or tune of S. Anne, at 490.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name !
Let Angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the Royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all !
- 2 Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
Who from His Altar call ;
Praise Him Whose blood-stain'd path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the Fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call ;
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 5 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go ! spread your trophies at His Feet,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 6 Let ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

OLD HUNDREDTH (*First Tune*).

From BOURGEOIS.



NOTE.—The small notes may be sung to certain verses, especially when male voices join in the melody.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.</p> <p>2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.</p> |
|---|---|

LAUDATE DOMINUM, OMNES

GENTES (*Second Tune*).

Gallican Ascensiontide Melody.

This may be used as a Sequence on occasions of rejoicing, and on Sundays in Trinity-tide.

To be sung in Unison.

FIRST VERSE.

Vivace.

NOTE.—Each verse should be played over on the full organ without the voices and then sung in Unison to *m/* organ, and all without pause between either lines or verses, until the Doxology. The latter is not to be played over before being sung.

General Hymns.

SECOND VERSE.

The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed; Without our aid He did us make; We

This system contains the first line of music for the second verse. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.

This system contains the second line of music for the second verse. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

THIRD VERSE.

O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with

This system contains the first line of music for the third verse. It features a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

joy . . His Courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless His

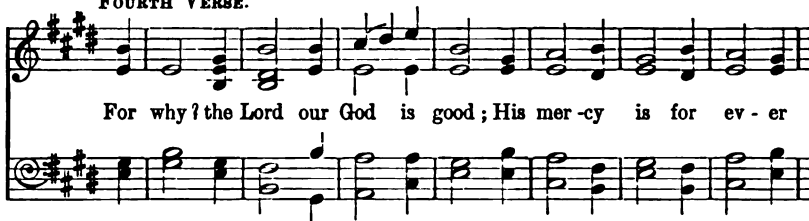
This system contains the second line of music for the third verse. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.

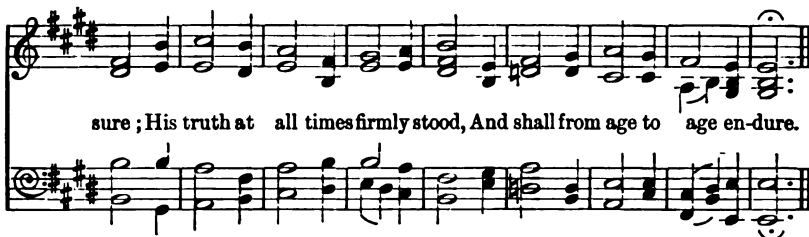
This system contains the third line of music for the third verse. It concludes the melody and accompaniment for this verse. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

FOURTH VERSE.



For why? the Lord our God is good; His mer-cy is for ev-er



sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.

DOXOLOGY.



$\text{♩} = 140$. To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God



Whom Heav'n and earth . . a-dore, From men and from the



Slower.
An-gel-host Be praise and glo-ry ev-er-more. A-men.

WINCHESTER OLD.

ALISON'S *Psalter*.

- 1 ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble or distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress ;
- 2 Jesus, Who gave Himself for you,
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His Sacred Heart,
Oh, 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."
- 4 O Heart ! Thou joy of Saints on High,
Thou hope of sinners here !
Attracted by those loving words,
Through Thee I make my prayer.
- 5 Wash Thou my soul in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow

STEPHANOS (*First Tune*).

H. W. BAKER.

VENITE POST ME (*Second Tune*).

Anon.



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

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

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

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

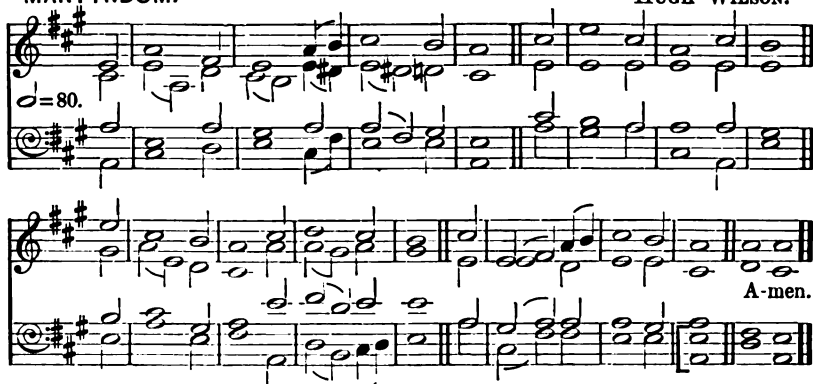
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past."

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

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

MARTYRDOM.

HUGH WILSON.



- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the Living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh when shall I behold Thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is Thy God,
Thy health's Eternal spring.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

694

O AMOR QUAM EXTATICUS.

Gallican.

UNISON.

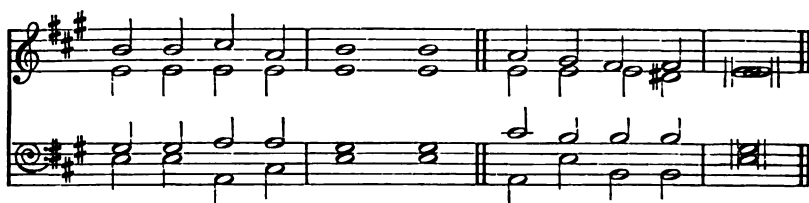
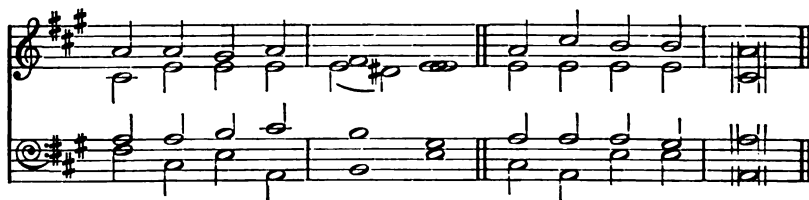


- 1 ASHAMED of Thee! O dearest Lord,
I marvel how such wrong can be:
And yet how oft in deed and word
Have I been found ashamed of Thee!
- 2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
Whose Feet the Way of Sorrows trod
To bring me to Thy Home Above:
- 3 Ashamed of Thee!—of that Blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free!

- Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.
- 4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love Divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place:
- 5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:
And in Thy last great Advent-day
O be not Thou ashamed of me!

JESU REX.

German.



1 At the Name of Jesus
Ev'ry knee shall bow,
Ev'ry tongue confess Him
King of glory now ;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the Mighty Word.

General Hymns.

- 2 At His Voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the Angel faces,
All the Hosts of light,
Thrones and Dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the Heav'nly Orders,
In their great array.
- 3 Mighty and Mysterious
In the highest Height,
Word from Everlasting,
Very Light of Light ;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipp'd,
Trusted, and adored.
- 4 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He pass'd :
- 5 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height ;
To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father's Breast,
Fill'd it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.
- 6 In your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let His Will enfold you
In its light and power.
- 7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His Angel train :
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

WIE SOLL ICH DICH EMPFANGEN.

CRÜGER.



1 AWAKE, awake, O Zion!

Put on thy strength Divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress, be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored!
Meek Bride, all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord!

2 From henceforth pure and spotless,

All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from ev'ry sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bow'd in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The New Mysterious Name.

3 Jerusalem the Holy

In light and peace behold;
Her glowing Altar flaming,
Her candlesticks of gold:
The Heav'nly Bridegroom's dwelling,
The place of David's Throne;
Her solemn anthems swelling,
Her pavement, precious stone.

4 Jerusalem victorious

In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close:
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While Hell and Satan tremble,
And earth and Heav'n adore.

5 The Lamb, Who bore our sorrows,

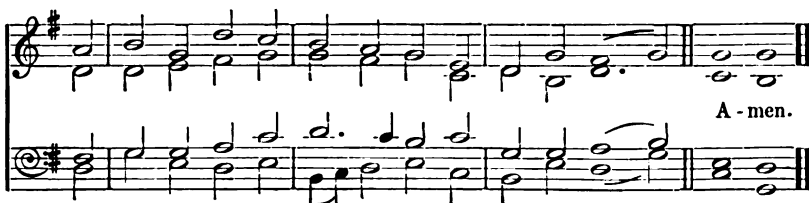
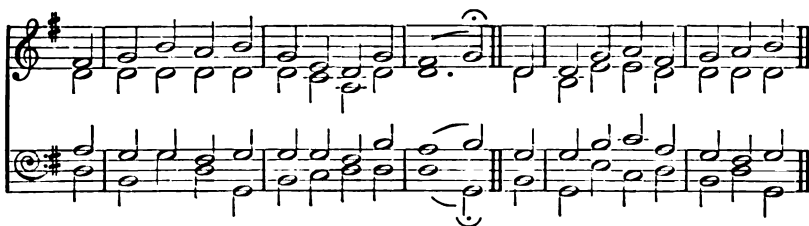
Comes down to earth again;
No Suff'rer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign,—
To reign in ev'ry nation,
To rule in ev'ry zone;
O world-wide coronation,
In ev'ry heart a throne.

6 Awake, awake, O Zion!

Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on High;
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord!

S. JOHN.

Old Melody adapted.



1.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God !
 O Thou for sinners slain,
 Let it not be in vain
 That Thou hast died :
 Thee for my Saviour let me take,
 My only refuge let me make
 Thy piercé Side.

2.

Behold the Lamb of God !
 Into the sacred flood
 Of Thy most precious Blood
 My soul I cast :
 Wash me and make me clean within,
 And keep me pure from ev'ry sin,
 Till life be past.

3.

Behold the Lamb of God !
 All hail, Incarnate Word,
 Thou Everlasting Lord,
 Saviour most Blest !
 Fill us with love that never faints,
 Grant us with all Thy blesséd Saints
 Eternal rest.

4.

Behold the Lamb of God !
 Worthy is He alone
 To sit upon the Throne
 Of God Above ;
 One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Paraclete in praise,
 All Light and Love.

DEDICATION.

E. GILDING.



- 1 Bless'd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God.
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord, Who left the Heav'ns
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King :

- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A Temple meet for Thee.

699

BREAK FORTH, O EARTH.

German.



- 1 BREAK forth, O earth, in praises,
Dwell on the wondrous story :
The Saviour's Name and love proclaim,
The King Who reigns in glory :
See on the Throne beside Him,
O'er all her foes victorious,
His royal Bride for whom He died,
Like Him for ever glorious.
- 2 Come, O ye kings, ye nations,
With songs of gladness hail Him,
Ye Gentiles all, before Him fall,
The Royal Priest in Salem :

O'er Hell and Death triumphant,
Your conqu'ring Lord hath risen,
His praises sound Whose power hath bound
Your ruthless foe in prison.

- 3 Hail to the King of Glory !
Head of the New Creation !
Thy ways of grace we love to trace,
And praise Thy great salvation ;
Thy Heart was press'd with sorrow,
The bonds of death to sever,
To make us free, that we might be
Thy Crown of joy for ever.

REDHEAD, No. 48.

R. REDHEAD.



- 1 BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer ;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the Prophet's ear.
- 2 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill'd His Temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn :
- 3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."
- 4 Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, Lord God most High."
- 5 With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :
- 6 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

EDINA.

H. S. OAKLEY.



1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wand'ers onward
 To their home on High:
 Journeying o'er a desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 And, with hearts united,
 Take our Heav'nward way.
 Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wand'ers onward
 To their home on High.

2 Lo, sweet Jesu, Master,
 At Thy sacred Feet,
 Here, with hearts rejoicing,
 See Thy children meet.

Often have we left Thee,
 Straying far away,
 Keep us, Blesséd Saviour,
 In the narrow way.
 Brightly gleams, &c.

3 Mary, God's dear Mother,
 Israel's Lily, hail!
 Pattern for Christ's children
 In this sinful vale:
 'Mid life's surging ocean
 Whither can we flee,
 Save to our sweet Saviour
 Who was born of thee?
 Brightly gleams, &c.

General Hymns.

4 All our days direct us,
Make us meek and mild,
By Thy Childhood's Pattern,
Mary's Holy Child:
Bid Thine Angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou—protect us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

5 Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy Throne of Love:
When the march is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, &c.

702

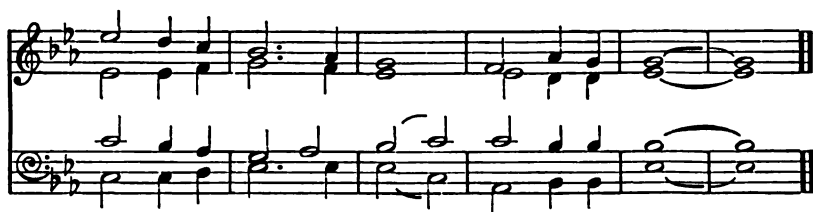
PANGBOURNE.

S. J. ROWTON.



- 1 "CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy Guardian Angel say,
"Thou art in the midst of foes ;
Watch and pray."
- 2 Principalities and powers,
Must'ring their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours ;
Watch and pray.
- 3 Gird thy Heav'nly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Ambush'd lurks the Evil One ;
Watch and pray.
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way,
All with one clear voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."
- 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."
- 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray that help may be sent down ;
Watch and pray.

AD SEPULCRUM.

From *The Children's Service Book*.

1.

Cling to the Mighty One,
 Cling in thy grief;
 Cling to the Holy One,
 He gives relief;
 Cling to the Gracious One,
 Cling in thy pain;
 Cling to the Faithful One,
 He will sustain.

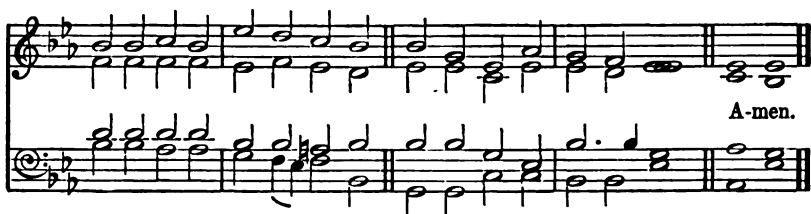
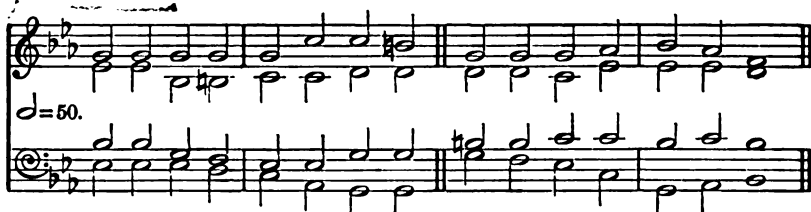
2.

Cling to the Living One,
 Cling in thy woe;
 Cling to the Loving One,
 Through all below;
 Cling to the Pard'ning One,
 He speaketh peace;
 Cling to the Healing One,
 Anguish shall cease.

3.

Cling to the Bleeding One,
 Cling to His Side;
 Cling to the Risen One,
 In Him abide.
 Cling to the Coming One,
 Hope shall arise;
 Cling to the Reigning One,
 Joy lights thine eyes.

AD INFEROS.



1 Close beside the Heart that loves me
 Would I rest in sorrow's hour,
 With a Father's smile above me,
 And beneath an Arm of Power.

2 Weak and worthless, worn and weary,
 Welcome bids my faith be strong.
 Sorrow's hour is short, if dreary,
 Joy shall last through ages long.

3 Dark the hour, but comes the morrow,
 Dawn shall waken by and by ;
 Light shall gild the clouds of sorrow,
 When the sun is in the sky.

4 Rest, my soul ; that Love unfailing
 Strengthens in the hour of woe ;
 For the pain, thy life assailing,
 Found Him when He dwelt below.

5 'Tis a Heart that knows the sorrow,
 Trust it when the night comes down ;
 Tears shall yield to song to-morrow,
 Night to Morn, and Cross to Crown.

SCHUMANN (*First Tune*).

From R. SCHUMANN.

♩ = 60.

A-men.

BRESLAU (*Second Tune*).

Chorale as set by MENDELSSOHN.

Slow. ♩ = 50: ♩ = 100.

A-men.

1 COME, let us sing the Song of songs,
The Saints in Heav'n began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs :
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

2 Slain to redeem us by His Blood,
To cleanse from ev'ry sinful stain,
And make us Kings and Priests to God :
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

3 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in Heav'n and earth proclaim,
Honour, and majesty, and might ;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from on High,
Our Faith, our Hope, our Love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

5 Yea, in Eternity of bliss,
If call'd through grace with Him to reign,
Our song, our song of songs, be this,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

VIGILATE.

Anon.



1 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wand'ers,
And I will give you light."
O loving Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

UNSER HERRSCHER.

JOACHIM NEANDER.



1.

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
 Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
 Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
 Ancient of Eternal Days,
 God Eternal, Word Incarnate,
 Whom the Heav'n of Heav'ns obeys.

2.

Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
 Form'd the sea, or built the sky,
 Love eternal, free, and boundless,
 Moved the Lord of Life to die,
 Fore-ordain'd the Prince of princes
 For the throne of Calvary.

3.

There, for us and our redemption,
 See Him all His Life-blood pour!
 There He wins our full salvation,
 Dies, that we may die no more;
 Then, arising, lives for ever,
 Reigning where He was before.

4.

High on those Eternal Mountains
 Stands His sapphire Throne, all bright,
 'Midst unending Alleluias,
 Bursting from the sons of light;
 Sion's people tell His praises,
 Victor, after hard-won fight.

5.

Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
 Sweep the string, and pour the lay;
 Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
 King of that Celestial Day;
 He the Lamb, once slain, is worthy,
 Who was dead, and lives for aye.

6.

Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims,
 Who shall pluck you from His Hand?
 Pledged He stands for their salvation,
 Who are fighting for His Land:
 O that we, amidst His true ones,
 Round His Throne one day may stand.

General Hymns.

708

LILLE.

French Melody.

(From *The Children's Service Book.*)

UNISON.



- 1 Comes, at times, a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love,
As when the glow is sinking out of Heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.
- 2 Comes at length a sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the shore ;
As when at dawn the feather'd choir rejoices,
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.
- 3 Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,
On the dying breath of evening borne,
Sinks the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,
"Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."
- 4 Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day ;
Saying, "The Lord shall make an end of sadness,"
Saying, "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."



- 1 Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His Throne;
Hark! how the Heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all Eternity.
- 2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His Hands and Side,
Those Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:

No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

- 4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorb'd in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierc'd Feet
Fair flow'rs of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 5 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably Sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout Eternity.

DAILY, DAILY.

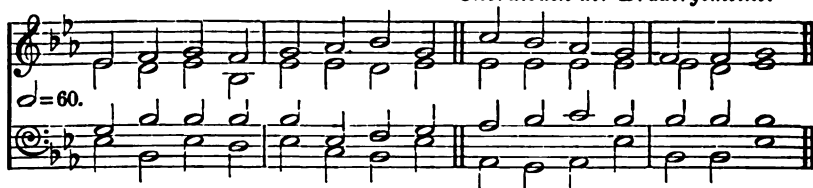
German.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 DAILY, daily, sing the praises
Of the City God hath made ;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.
O that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and Heav'nward fly,
I would seek the gates of Zion
Far beyond the starry sky !</p> <p>2 All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnish'd gold,
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
O that I had wings, &c.</p> <p>3 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the Angels swing their censers
In a ring about His Feet.
O that I had wings, &c.</p> <p>4 From the Throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a sudden beam of light.
O that I had wings, &c.</p> | <p>5 There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair,
Thousand, thousand are the colours
Of the waving flowers there.
O that I had wings, &c.</p> <p>6 There the forests ever blossom,
Like our orchards here in May ;
There the gardens never wither,
But eternally are gay.
O that I had wings, &c.</p> <p>7 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
And the great Redeem'd Throng.
O that I had wings, &c.</p> <p>8 O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain !
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain !
O that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and Heav'nward fly,
I would seek the gates of Zion
Far beyond the starry sky !</p> |
|---|---|

BATTY (RINGE RECHT).

*The current form of the tune in the
Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*



1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God, Who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight ;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can, we might !

3 Jesu ! Infinite Redeemer !
Maker of this mighty frame !
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came.

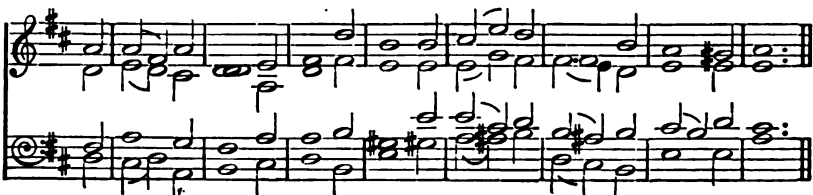
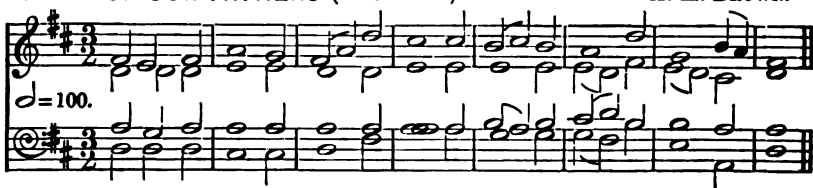
4 Whence we came, and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

5 Soon before the Judge most Glorious
We with all the dead shall stand,
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then at Thy Right Hand.

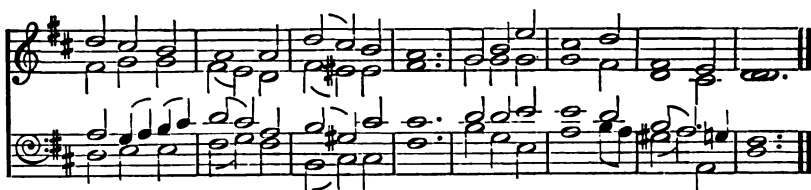
712

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS (*First Tune*).

A. H. BROWN.



General Hymns.



HURSLEY (Second Tune).



1.

FAITH of our fathers ! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word ;
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

2.

Faith of our fathers ! Faith and prayer
Shall win our country back to thee ;
And, through the truth that comes from God,
England shall then indeed be free :
Faith of our fathers ! &c.

3.

Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife :
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life :
Faith of our fathers ! &c.

4.

Faith of our fathers ! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word ;
Faith of our fathers ! &c.

713

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LYTE.

J. WILKES.



- 1 FAR from my Heav'nly Home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, 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.

714

HAVANNAH.

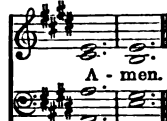
HARRINGTON.



- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy Throne of Grace
Let this petition rise;

- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My daily path attend;
Thy Presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.



FIERCE WAS THE WILD BILLOW (*First Tune*).

A. H. BROWN.

f 1 Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars laboured hea - vi-ly,

mf Foam glimmered white, Trembled the ma - rin-ers, Per - il was high ;

pp Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I."

pp e rall. Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I." A - men.

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

SEA OF GALILEE (*Second Tune*).

Anon.



1 FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmer'd white,
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was high ;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I."

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest !
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest !
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me ;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea ;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

RATHBUN.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



- 1 FIRMLY I believe and truly
 God is Three, and God is One;
 And I next acknowledge duly
 Manhood taken by the Son.
- 2 And I trust and hope most fully
 In that Manhood crucified;
 And each thought and deed unruly
 Do to death, as He has died.
- 3 Simply to His grace and wholly
 Light and life and strength belong,
 And I love, supremely, solely,
 Him the Holy, Him the Strong.
- 4 And I hold in veneration,
 For the love of Him alone,
 Holy Church as His creation,
 And her teachings as His own.
- 5 Adoration aye be given,
 With and through th' Angelic Host,
 To the God of Earth and Heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CARLISLE.

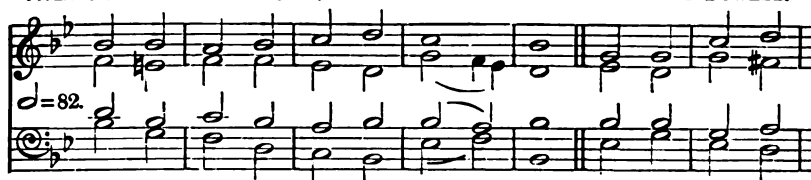
C. LOCKHART.



- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's House on High,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the Land I love,
The bright inheritance of Saints,
Jerusalem Above.
- 5 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil;
- 6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail!
- 7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And Life Eternal gain.
- 8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

HIERUSALEM LUMINOSA.

CLEMENT POWELL.



1 For the fount of Life Eternal
Longs the soul with eager thirst ;
As th' imprison'd restless spirit
Seeks her fleshly gates to burst ;
Struggling, yearning for the Country
Whence she has been banish'd erst.

2 Who can tell the perfect gladness
Of the peace within the skies ?
Where, of living pearls upbuilded,
Mansions for the Bless'd rise ;
Where the vaulted halls of feasting
Gleam with gold and radiant dyes.

3 Twelve dear gems of countless value
Form the walls' foundation stone ;
Polish'd gold, like beaming crystal,
Paves the glorious streets alone ;
No pollution, no defilement,
Rain, nor melting snow, are known.

4 There no stormy winter rages ;
Summer's heat no harm can bring ;
Everlasting roses blooming
Make an everlasting spring ;
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

5 Pasture groweth, flow'ret bloweth,
Honey streameth rivers fair ;
While with aromatic perfume
Gloweth all the grateful air ;
Flowery fruits, that never wither,
Hang in ev'ry thicket there.

TOURS.

From the *Tours Paroissien*.

PART II.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>6 There no waxing moon nor waning,
Sun nor stars in courses bright ;
For the Lamb to that glad City
Is the Everlasting Light ;
There the daylight shines for ever,
All unknown are time and night.</p> <p>7 There the Saints in beauty vested,
As the sun in glory pure,
Crown'd with triumph's flushing honours,
Knit in unison secure,
Now in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.</p> <p>8 Freed from ev'ry stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done ;
For the flesh made spiritual,
And the soul agree in one ;
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment ;
Sin and scandal are unknown.</p> | <p>9 To their first estate return they,
Freed from ev'ry mortal sore,
And the Truth for ever present,
Ever lovely, they adore,
Drawing, from that living Fountain,
Living sweetness evermore.</p> <p>10 There they live in endless being,
Passingness hath passed away ;
There they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decay'd is all decay ;
And immortal vigour endeth
Darkling Death's malignant sway.</p> <p>11 Though each Saint's respective merit
Hath his varying palm assign'd,
Love takes all as his possession,
Where his power has all combined ;
So that all, that each possesses,
All partake in unconfined.</p> |
|---|--|

WHERE THE SACRED BODY LIETH.

H. E. HODSON.



General Hymns.



PART III.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>12 Where the Sacred Body lieth,
Eagle souls together speed;
There the Saints and there the Angels,
Seek refreshment in their need,
And the sons of earth and Heaven
On that One Bread ever feed.</p> | <p>14 Christ, Thy Soldiers' palm of honour
To this City bright and free
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me,
A partaker in Thy bounty
With Thy blessed ones to be!</p> |
| <p>13 Lovely voices make a concert
Ever new and ever clear;
And in never ceasing Festal
Organs soothe the ravish'd ear;
Worthily the King they honour,
Who hath won them vict'ry's cheer.</p> | <p>15 Grant me vigour, while I labour
In the ceaseless battle press'd;
That Thou may'st, the conflict over
Give me Everlasting Rest;
And that I at length inherit
Thee, my Portion, ever blest.</p> |

The following Doxology may be sung at the end of each part :—

Glory let us give, and blessing
 To the Father and the Son,
 Honour, might and praise addressing,
 While Eternal Ages run;
 Ever, too, His love confessing,
 Who, from Both, with Both is One.

ICH FREUE MICH IN DIR.

J. S. BACH's Setting.

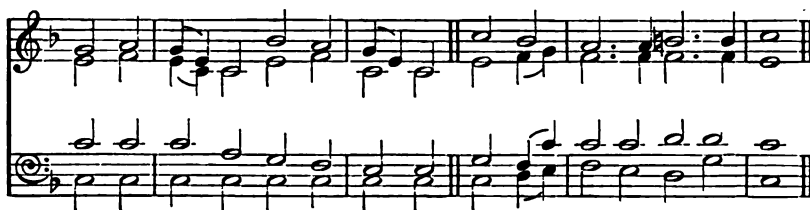


1 Give us our Daily Bread,
 O God, the Bread of Strength !
 For we have learnt to know
 How weak we are at length ;
 As children we are weak,
 As children must be fed,
 Give us Thy Grace, O Lord,
 To be our Daily Bread.

2 Give us our Daily Bread,
 The Bread of Angels, Lord,
 By us so many times
 Broken, betray'd, adored ;
 His Body and His Blood ;
 The Feast that Jesus spread ;
 Give Him, our Life, our All,
 To be our Daily Bread.

AUSTRIA.

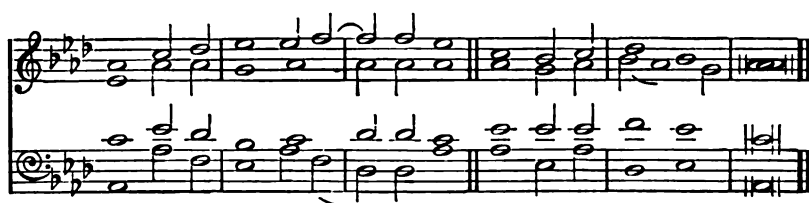
HAYDN.



1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken
 Zion, City of our God :
 He, Whose word cannot be broken
 Form'd thee for His own abode
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes

2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from Eternal Love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove ;
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage :
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age ?

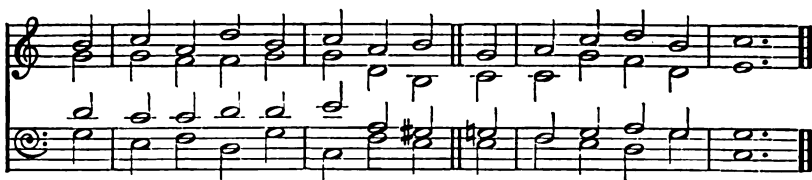
3 Saviour, if of Zion's City
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know

OLD CXXXVII. (*First Tune*).CRESPIN, 1557.
ALLISON's Setting.8. ANN (*Second Tune*).

CROFT.



General Hymns.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.</p> <p>2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.</p> <p>3 Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.</p> | <p>4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling Face.</p> <p>5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.</p> <p>6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.</p> |
|---|--|

722

DEUS MISERICORS.

I. PLEYEL.



Or tune of 302.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy Face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light Divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.</p> <p>3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford :
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all Above,
One in joy, and light, and love.</p> | <p>2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord :
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy Feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.</p> |
|---|--|

(439)

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

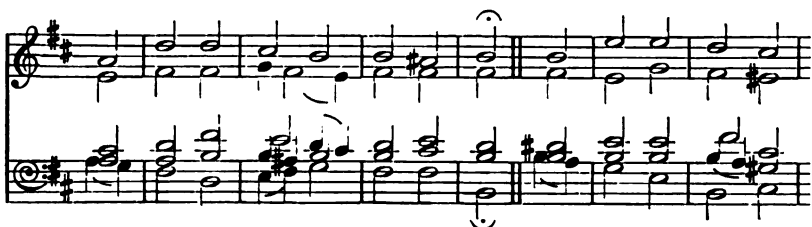
723

REGNAT DEUS (*First Tune*).

Chorale in Five Parts.

From MENDELSSOHN'S Fifth Sonata for the Organ.

Slow. $\text{♩} = 50. : \text{♩} = 100.$



ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER (*Second Tune*). 15th Century.

Slow.



$\text{♩} = 50.$

General Hymns.



1.

God reigns Above, He reigns Alone,
He sits upon the great White Throne ;
Fair mists of Seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all—
Ancient of Days, Whose days go on.

2.

For us, whatever 's undergone,
He knoweth, willeth what is done ;
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;
None but the Good discerns the good ;
I trust Thee, while my days go on.

3.

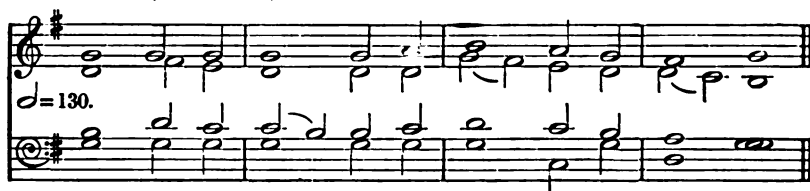
By anguish, which made dark the sun,
I hear Him charge His Saints, that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blaspheem against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

4.

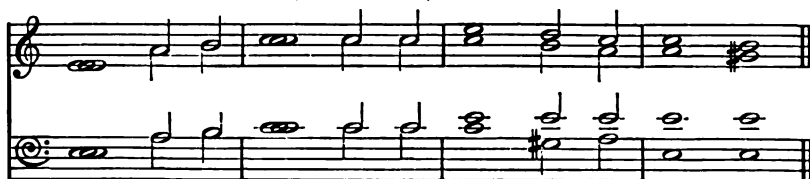
I praise Thee, while my days go on ;
I love Thee, while my days go on ;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee, while my days go on.

S. NINIAN (*First Tune*).

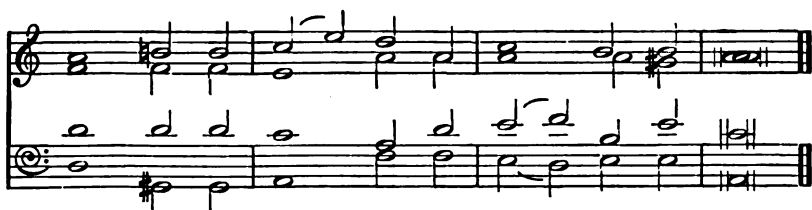
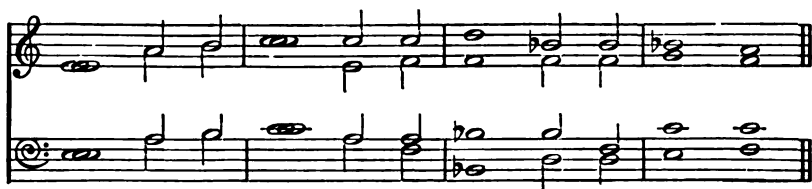
J. B. DYKES.

THE MARTYRS' TUNE (*Second Tune*).

GAUNTLETT.



General Hymns.



- 1 God the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on High where Thou reignest;
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.
- 2 God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.
- 3 God the All-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee,
Yet to Eternity standeth Thy Word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee,
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.
- 4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

725

HAIL THE SIGN.

The 8th Psalm Tone.

Arranged with accompaniment of voices in four parts. C. J. R.

Boys. *f*

$\text{♩} = 90.$

mf

MEN. *f*

mf

f

f

NOTE.—At the last three lines the plain-song should be reinforced by strong voices from both Tenors and Basses.

1 HAIL the Sign, the Sign of Jesus,
Bright and Royal Tree !
Standard of the Monarch, planted
First on Calvary !
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail !

2 Sign to Martyrs strength and refuge,
Sign to Saints so dear !
Sign of evil men abhorred,
Sign which Devils fear.
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail !

General Hymns.

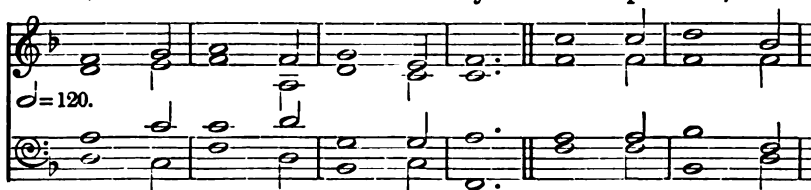
3 Sign, which, when the Lord returneth,
In the Heav'ns shall be ;
Sinners quail, while Saints with rapture
Shall the Vision see ;
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail !

4 Lo, I sign the Cross of Jesus
Meekly on my breast ;
May it guard my heart when living,
Dying, be its rest.
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail !

5 In the Name of God the Father,
Name of God the Son,
Name of God the Blessed Spirit,
Ever Three in One.
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail !

726

HARK, MY SOUL ! IT IS THE LORD. By an Archbishop of Sens, 1222.

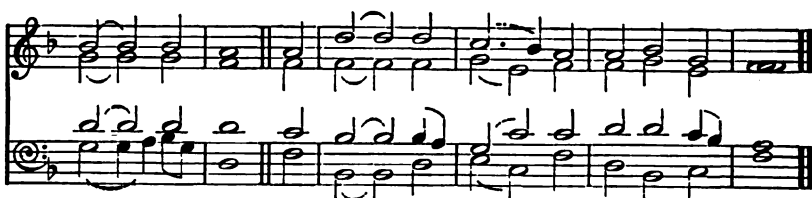
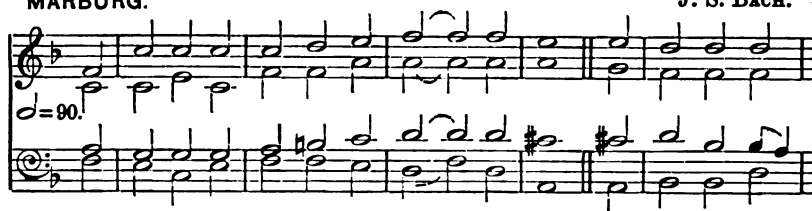


1 HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"
2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5 " Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My Throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;
Oh for grace to love Thee more.

MARBURG.

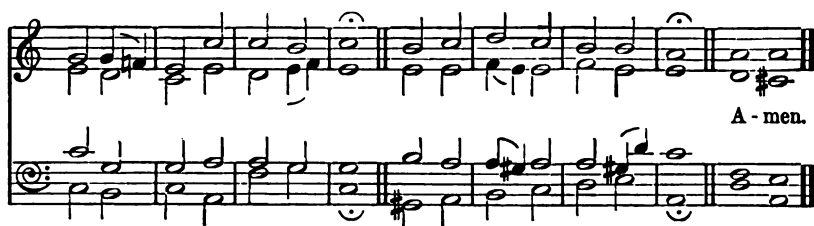
J. S. BACH.



- 1 He comes with the swell of the Angels' song,
He comes with the shout of the Shepherds' praise;
He comes the Messiah, the Promised so long,
The God in the Man His glory displays.
- 2 Hosanna! Our Prince, our Saviour, is come,
Whom Prophets and Kings desired to see;
The splendour He leaves of His Heav'nly Home,
To visit the souls that destitute be.
- 3 Behold Him, ye blind, in the Light He pours!
Leap, leap to receive Him, ye halt and lame!
Ye captives, burst forth from your prison-doors!
Rejoice, ye deaf, in the sound of His Name!
- 4 He comes to illumine the dark in mind,
To free the soul from the bondage of fear;
He comes that the guilty pardon may find,
Hosanna! Our Saviour, our Lord, is here.

AUS DER TIEFEN RUFE ICH.

German.



A - men.

1.

HOLY Father, hear my cry,
 Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear,
 Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh ;
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2.

Father, save me from my sin,
 Saviour, I Thy mercy crave,
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3.

Father, let me taste Thy love,
 Saviour, fill my soul with peace,
 Spirit, come my heart to move ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4.

Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
 One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All Thy grace within me now ;
 Be my Father and my God.

HOLY OFFERINGS.

R. REDHEAD.

$\text{♩} = 100.$ Ho - ly of - frings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and prayer,

Pu - rer life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,

Low - ly acts of a - dor - a - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion,

On His Al - tar laid we leave them; Christ present them! God re - ceive them!

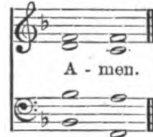
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought;
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy Holy Altar pour them,
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!</p> | <p>3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee.
That, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings,
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!</p> |
|--|---|

General Hymns.

4 Pleasant food and garb of pride
Put for conscience' sake aside ;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended,
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them ! God receive them !

5 Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy House depart ;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy ;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender,
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them ! God receive them !

6 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One !
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bow'd down most lowly,
Crying, Holy ! Holy ! Holy !
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them ! God receive them !



730

NICHT SO TRAURIG (B).

From HILLER's *Choralbuch*.



1 HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

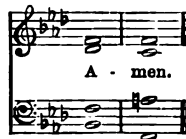
2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine,
Kindle ev'ry high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

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

4 Holy Spirit, Law Divine,
Reign within this soul of mine ;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stay'd in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I'll sing,
"Spring, O well, for ever spring."



WIE SCHÖN LEUCHT' T UNS
DER MORGENSTERN.

Harmonised mostly by J. S. BACH.

Allegro $\text{♩} = 74.$

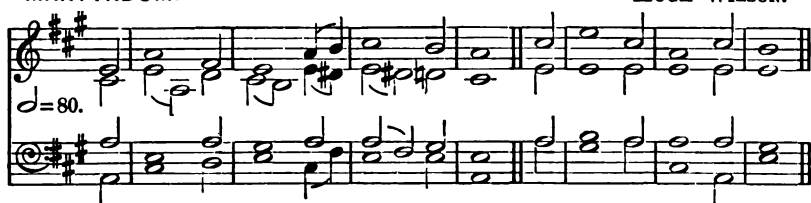
A little slower.

A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How brightly beams the Morning Star,
With mercy coming from afar !
The Host of Heav'n rejoices ;
O righteous Branch ! O Jesse's Rod !
Thou Son of Man and Son of God !
We too will lift our voices.
Jesu ! Jesu !
Holy, Holy, yet most lowly,
Draw Thou near us :
Great Emmanuel, stoop and hear us.</p> <p>2 Though circled by the Hosts on High,
He deign'd to cast a pitying eye
Upon His helpless creature ;
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest Seraphim adored,
Assumed our very nature :
Jesu, grant us,
Through Thy merit, to inherit
Thy salvation ;
Hear, O hear our supplication.</p> | <p>3 Then will we to the world make known
The love Thou hast to outcasts shown,
In calling them before Thee,
And seek each day to be more meet
To join the throng who at Thy Feet
Unceasingly adore Thee.
Living, dying,
From Thy praises, mighty Jesus,
Shrink we never,
Sing we forth Thy love for ever.</p> <p>4 Rejoice, ye Heav'n's, and earth reply :
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For love so condescending ;
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Thy glory wide extending.
Amen, Amen !
Alleluia, Alleluia !
Praise be given
To Thy Name by earth and Heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

MARTYRDOM.

HUGH WILSON.



- 1 How shalt thou bear the Cross, that now
So dread a weight appears ?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon th' Eternal Years.
- 2 Full many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres ;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of those Eternal Years.
- 3 Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears ;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of th' Eternal Years.
- 4 One cross can sanctify a soul ;
Late Saints and ancient Seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon th' Eternal Years.
- 5 Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil Hope still trims her lamp
At those Eternal Years.
- 6 A single practice long sustain'd
A soul to God endears ;
This must be thine—to weigh the thought
Of those Eternal Years.
- 7 He practises all virtues well
Who his own cross reveres,
And stores within his heart the thought
Of those Eternal Years.

733

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

BRISTOL.

In RAVENSCROFT.



- 1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away 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 treas'ry fill'd
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 ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

TENEBRÆ.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead ;
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,
And follow Thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day, but peace Divine
Like quiet night ;
Lead me, O Lord, till Perfect Day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

735

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

OLD XLIVTH PSALM.

DAY'S Psalm.



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

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 to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that Life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

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

S. NICHOLAS.

Traditional.



1 I LOVED the beauty of the earth,
The brightness of the skies ;
Life wooed me with its careless mirth,
My birthright and my prize.

2 The lights of Heav'n shone pale and dim
On eyes that would not see ;
The wisdom of the Cherubim
Was foolishness to me.

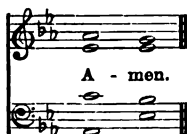
3 But youth is short, and life is frail,
And human praise untrue,
Created beauty but a veil
To hide Thee from my view.

4 'Twas not for these Thou madest me,
But for Thyself, O Lord ;
Thou bad'st me rest alone in Thee,
My Prize and my Reward !

5 All earthly joy shall fail at last,
All earthly love grow cold,
Save loves by that one Love made fast
To Jesus and His fold.

6 One aim there is of endless worth,
One sole sufficient Love,
To do Thy will, my God, on earth,
And reign with Thee Above.

7 From joys that fail'd my soul to fill,
From hopes that all beguil'd,
To changeless rest in Thy dear will,
O Jesus, call Thy child.



BLEST JESU.

M. HAYDN.



Or tune at 402.

1 I NEED Thee, Precious Jesu,
 For I am very poor ;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store ;
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay. (*bis.*)

2 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
 I need a Friend like Thee,
 A Friend to soothe and pity,
 A Friend to care for me ;
 I need the Heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my ev'ry trial,
 And all my sorrows share. (*bis.*)

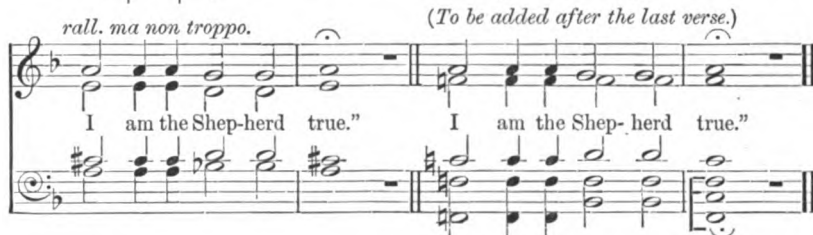
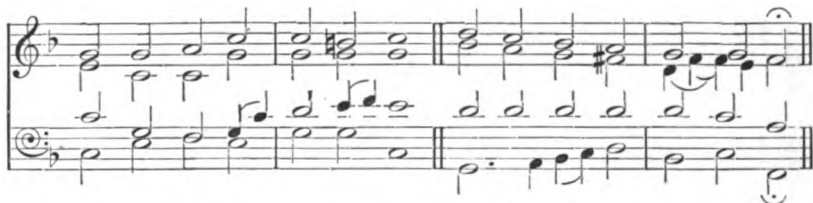
3 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
 I need Thee day by day,
 To fill me with Thy Fulness,
 To lead me on my way ;
 I need the cleansing Fountain
 Where I can always flee,
 The Blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea. (*bis.*)

4 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy Throne ;
 There, with Thy Blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be,
 To sing Thy praises, Jesu,
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. (*bis.*)

MEINEN JESUM LASS ICH NICHT.

ULICH.

With an added Refrain.

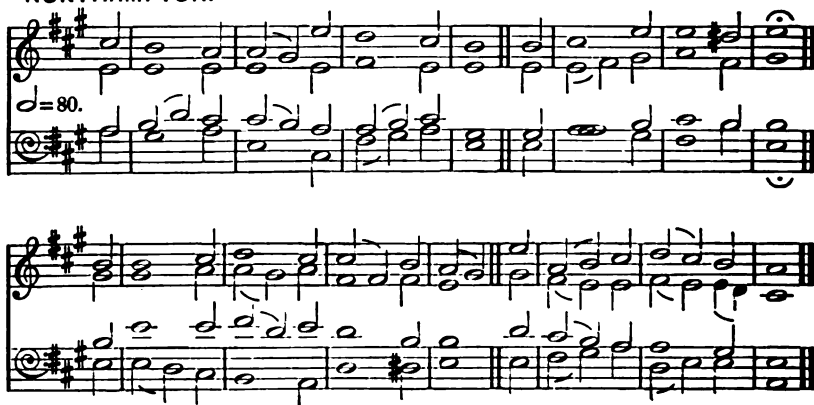


- 1 I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me ;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.
- 2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow ;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.
- 3 At last I stopp'd to listen,
His Voice could not deceive me ;
I saw His kind Eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me ;

- And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.
- 4 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me ;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me ;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.
- 5 Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us ;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus ;
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.

NORTHAMPTON.

CROFT.



- 1 I WISH to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee ;
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be.
- 2 And these two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muse :
But, Lord, I have a death to die,
And not a death to choose
- 3 Why should I choose ? for in Thy love
Most surely I descry
A gentler death than I myself
Should dare to ask to die.
- 4 But Thou wilt not disdain to hear
What those few wishes are,
Which I abandon to Thy Love
And to Thy wiser care.
- 5 All graces I would crave to have
Calmly absorb'd in one,—
A perfect sorrow for my sins,
And duties left undone.
- 6 I would the light of reason, Lord,
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my soul,
Until it pass'd to Thine.
- 7 All Sacraments, and Church-blest things
I fain would have around ;
A Priest beside me, and the hope
Of consecrated ground.
- 8 But I would pass in silence, Lord,
No brave words on my lips,
Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I
Should die in the eclipse.
- 9 But when, and where, and by what pain,
All this is one to me ;
I only long for such a death
As most shall honour Thee.

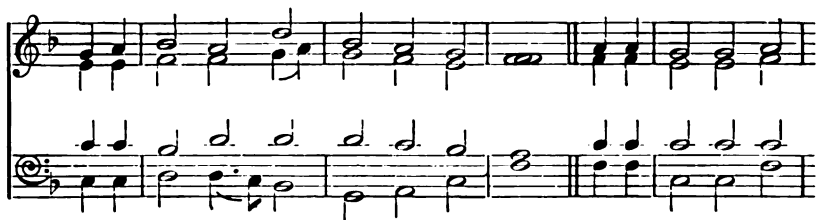
WINCHESTER OLD.

ALISON'S Psalter.



- 1 I worship thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore ;
And ev'ry day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.
- 2 Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
Of Jesu's toils and tears !
The passion of His yearning Heart
Those three and thirty years.
- 3 And He hath breath'd into my soul
A special love of thee ;
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.
- 4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.
- 5 I have no cares, O blessed Will !
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 6 Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More Angel-like than this.
- 7 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost :
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.
- 8 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will !

IF WE COME TO OUR LORD.

Trier Gesangbuch.

1 If we come to our Lord, and in penitence bend,

There is *pardon* for you and for me ;

If we come with repentance, resolve to amend,

There is *pardon* for you and for me ;

If we come with confession, contrition of soul,

There is *pardon* for you and for me ;

If we come with desire, as the sick to be whole,

There is *pardon* for you and for me ;

General Hymns.

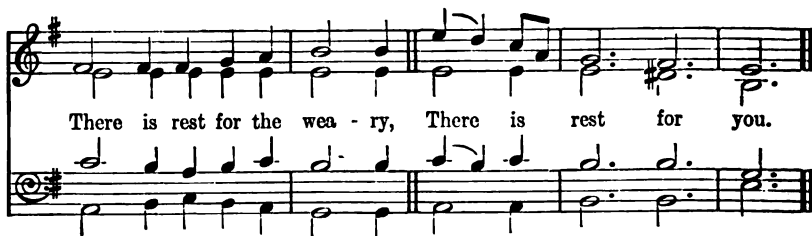
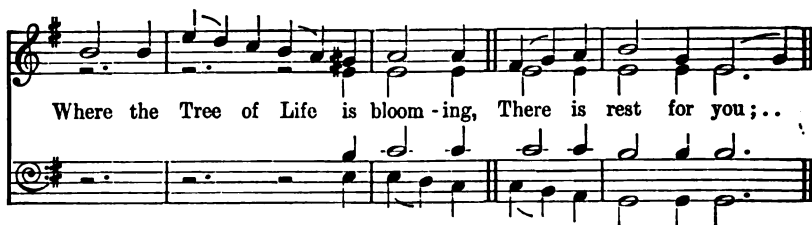
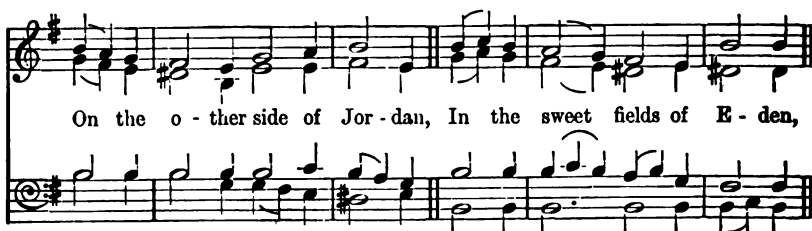
- 2 If we come with humility ; lowly in heart,
There is *mercy* for you and for me ;
If we come, in the Kingdom of Heav'n to have part,
There is *mercy* for you and for me ;
If we come with a hunger for Heavenly Food,
There is *mercy* for you and for me ;
If we come with a love of the true and the good,
There is *mercy* for you and for me.
- 3 If we come in infirmity, stating our need,
There is *succour* for you and for me ;
If we come when we suffer, and sorrow, and bleed,
There is *succour* for you and for me ;
If we come in exhaustion, refreshment to find,
There is *succour* for you and for me ;
If we come in afflictions of body and mind,
There is *succour* for you and for me
- 4 If we come in necessity, help to obtain,
There are *riches* for you and for me ;
If we earnestly labour salvation to gain,
There are *riches* for you and for me ;
If we tread the right path, that is thorny and strait,
There are *riches* for you and for me ;
If in faith on our Lord we but patiently wait,
There are *riches* for you and for me.
- 5 If we run in the race with desire for the prize,
There's *salvation* for you and for me ;
If the world and its pleasures and pomps we despise,
There's *salvation* for you and for me ;
If we commune with God, and are instant in prayer,
There's *salvation* for you and for me ;
If we wrestle in hope and not yield to despair,
There's *salvation* for you and for me.
- 6 When the tempest assails, when the Devil has power,
There is *shelter* for you and for me ;
In the stress of the strife, and at life's latest hour,
There is *shelter* for you and for me ;
In the Heav'nly harbour, the Home of delight,
There is *shelter* for you and for me ;
In the Garden of Eden, the Mansion of light,
There is *shelter* for you and for me.

742

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

Old Melody.

Slow. $\text{♩} = 36 : \text{♩} = 108.$ 

General Hymns.

1 In the Christian's Home in glory
There remains a Land of Rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request :
On the other side, &c.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand ;
My abode will not be transient
In that holy, happy Land.
On the other side, &c.

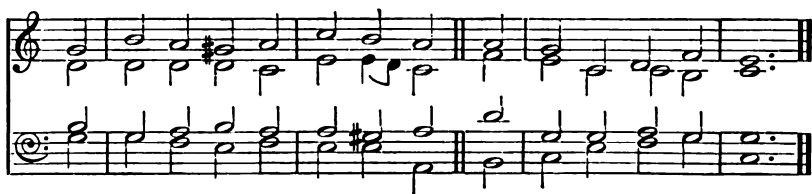
3 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And its sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd !
Hail with joy the happy morn :
On the other side, &c.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go !
Sion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through :
On the other side, &c.

743

WESTMINSTER.

TURLE.



PART I.

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

2 O happy harbour of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil !

3 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night ;
There ev'ry soul shines as the sun ;
There God Himself gives light.

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

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

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

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

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

SOUTHWELL.

H. S. IRONS.



PART II.

- 9 Ah ! my sweet Home, Jerusalem,
 Would God I were in thee !
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy joys that I might see !
- 10 Thy Saints are crown'd with glory great,
 They see God face to face ;
 They triumph still, they still rejoice :
 Most happy is their case.
- 11 Our sweet is mix'd with bitter gall,
 Our pleasure is but pain ;
 Our joys scarce last the looking on,
 Our sorrows still remain.
- 12 But there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure and such play,
 As that to them a thousand years
 Doth seem as yesterday.
- 13 Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
 Most beautiful and fair,
 Full furnish'd with trees and fruits,
 Most wonderful and rare.
- 14 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
 Continually are green ;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.
- 15 There cinnamon, there sugar grow,
 There nard and balm abound :
 What tongue can tell, or heart contain,
 The joys that there are found ?

General Hymns.

JERUSALEM.

J. KARL.



PART III.

16 Quite through the streets, with silver
The Flood of Life doth flow, [sound,
Upon whose banks, on ev'ry side,
The Wood of Life doth grow.

17 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

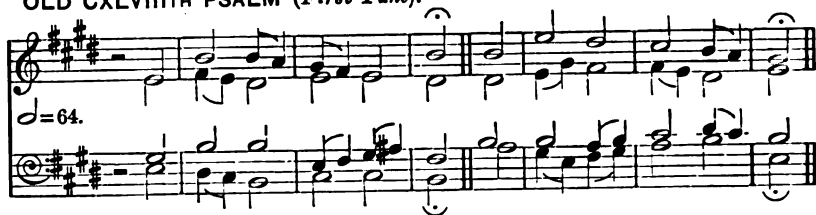
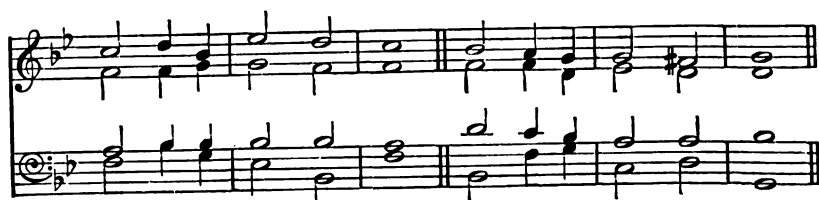
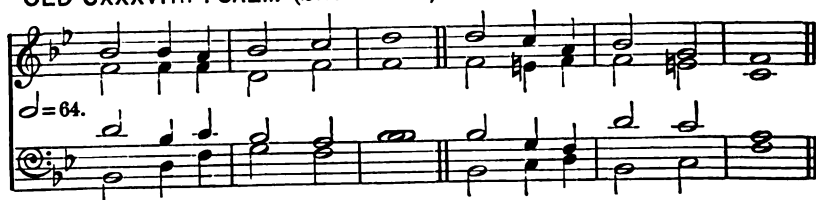
18 There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the Quire;
Ten thousand times that man were
That might this music hear! [bless'd

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

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

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

22 Jerusalem! my happy Home!
Would God I were in thee;
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

OLD CXLVIIITH PSALM (*First Tune*).OLD CXXXVITH PSALM (*Second Tune*).

General Hymns.



- 1 JERUSALEM on High
 My song and City is,
 My home whene'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss :
 O happy 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 ! &c.

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

- 4 The Lamb's Apostles there
 I might with joy behold,
 The harpers I might hear
 Harping on harps of gold :
 O happy place ! &c.

- 5 The bleeding Martyrs, they
 Within those courts are found,
 Clothed in pure array,
 Their scars with glory crown'd :
 O happy place ! &c.

- 6 Ah me ! ah me ! that I
 In Kedar's tents here stay ;
 No place like that on High ;
 Lord, thither guide my way :
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

745

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

CANTERBURY.

ORLANDO GIBBONS (Melody and Bass).



1 Jesu, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy Heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in Thy wounded 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.

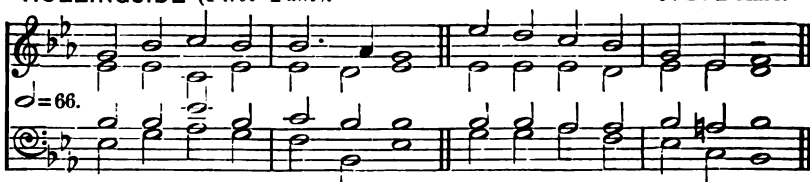
3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Nought I fear when I abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

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.

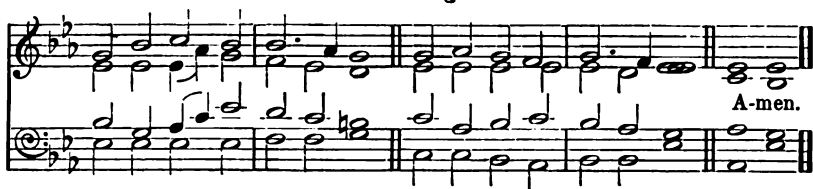
746

HOLLINGSIDE (First Tune).

J. B. DYKES.



General Hymns.



IN NATALI DOMINI (*Second Tune*).

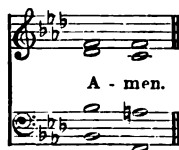
Air probably of the 14th Century.
(With the last line repeated.)



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

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

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from ev'ry sin ;
Let the Healing Streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the Fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all Eternity.



LITTLE BARDFIELD.

J. T. SIMMONS.



1 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the Realms Above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To Celestial Day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

CAREY'S (*First Tune*).

HENRY CAREY.

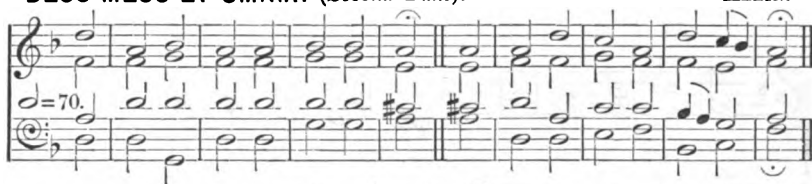


General Hymns.



DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA! (Second Tune).

KLEIN.



1 JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

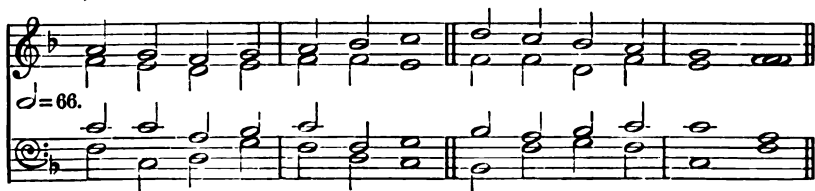
2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, &c.

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought;
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, &c.

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, LEIDEN, KREUZ UND PEIN (*First Tune*).

M. VULPIUS.

SUSPIRIA (*Second Tune*).

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Slow.

General Hymns.



1 **JESU**, Solace of my soul,
Gentle Mediator,
King of kings from pole to pole,
Heav'n and earth's Creator,
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
Thee, the world-wide Wonder,
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
Rending Thee asunder ?

2 Love, it drew Thee from the sky,
Love of souls that perish'd,
Leaving, here on earth to die,
All Thy glories cherish'd :
Born life's saddest paths to tread,
Thou, the world's Salvation ;
Hungry, Thou, the Living Bread,
In its desolation ;

3 Ours the while the joys of life,
Thine its tribulation ,
Ours the glory of the strife,
Thine the consternation ;
Ours the banquet's sweetness all,
Thine the self-devotion,
Thine the vinegar and gall,
For Thy bitter potion.

4 O the depth, the breadth, the height,
Of Thy love's extension !
Jesus, O the wondrous might
Of Thy condescension !
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
Thee, the world-wide Wonder,
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
Rending Thee asunder ?

750

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

KING'S NORTON.

JER. CLARK (Melody and Bass).

*Or tune of 365.*

- 1 JESU ! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than Thy Blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O Hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, 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, may all confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore ;
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 6 Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

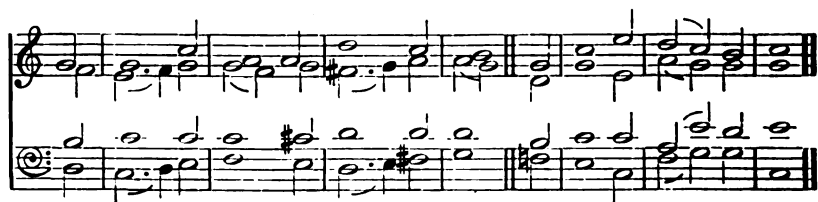
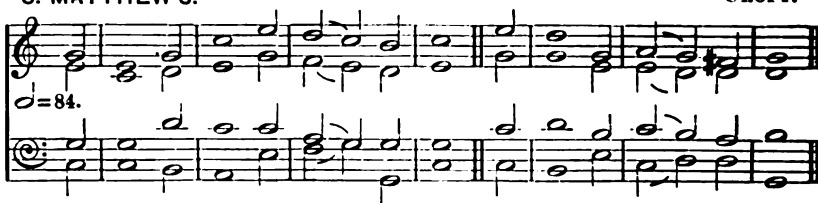
From *S. Alban's Hymnal*.*Or tune of 485.*

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shall be;
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heav'n are still my own.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy Breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest:
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
- 3 Let the world despise and leave me,
It has left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not like them untrue:

- I have call'd Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stay'd my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Take, my soul, Thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of Heav'n, shouldst thou repine?
 - 5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's Eternal Day's before thee,
God's own Hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

S. MATTHEW'S.

CROFT.



NOTE :—The original and greatly superior form is given in Appendix.

1 Jesus is God ! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

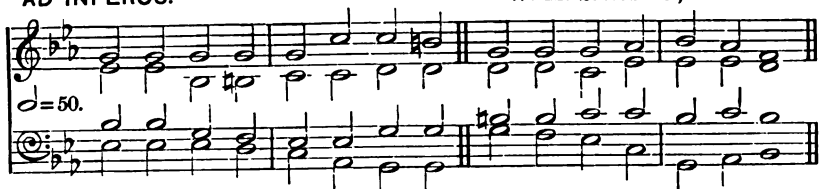
2 Jesus is God ! The glorious bands
Of golden Angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King :
He was True God in Beth'hem's Crib,
On Calvary's Cross True God ;
He, Who in Heav'n Eternal reign'd,
In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God ! There never was
A time when He was not ;
Boundless, Eternal, Merciful,
The Word, the Sire begot ! [stretch,
Backward our thoughts through ages
Onward through endless bliss,
For there are two Eternities,
And both alike are His !

4 Jesus is God ! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise :
We are not Angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

AD INFEROS.

W. H. SANGSTER, Mus. Bac.



- 1 Jesus! Refuge of the weary!
Object of the spirit's love!
Fountain in life's desert dreary!
Saviour from the World Above!
- 2 O how oft Thine eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall!
Yet Thou, on the Cross extended,
Bore the penalty for all.
- 3 Yet no vow repentant breathing,
Still we pass Thy sacred Cross;
Though, 'neath thorns Thy Forehead wreathing,
Dropp'd the Bloody Sweat for us.
- 4 Yet Thy sinless Death hath bought us
Life Eternal, peace, and rest;
What Thy grace alone hath taught us,
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.
- 5 Jesu! Would our hearts were burning
With more fervent love for Thee,
Would our eyes were ever turning
To Thy Cross of Agony.
- 6 From the Saviour parted never,
Clinging to His shelt'ring Side,
Graven on our hearts for ever
Be the Cross and Crucified.
- 7 Then the Wounds with which He bought us
We shall worship evermore;
And the Shepherd Good Who sought us
With enraptur'd hearts adore.

754

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LUX BENIGNA (*First Tune*).

J. B. DYKES.



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LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT (*Second Tune*).

Anon.



General Hymns.



* NOTE.—At the third verse the pause in the last line should be transferred to the first chord of the next bar.

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

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

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

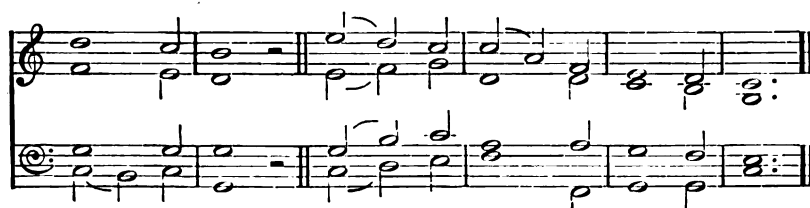
LET ALL THE WORLD IN EVERY CORNER SING. C. J. RIDSDALE.



1 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
 My God and King !
 The Heav'ns are not too high,
 His praise may thither fly ;
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow ;
 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
 My God and King !

2 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
 My God and King !
 The Church with Psalms must shout ;
 No door can keep them out ;
 But, above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part ;
 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
 My God and King !

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

Trier Gesangbuch.

- 1 Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !
- 2 Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God ;
For His mercies, &c.
- 3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness,
For His mercies, &c.
- 4 He hath with a pitying eye
Seen us in our misery ;
For His mercies, &c.
- 5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need ;
For His mercies, &c.
- 6 Let us therefore warble forth
His great Majesty and worth ;
For His mercies, &c.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD!

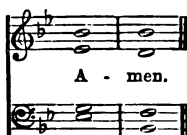
From HILLER's *Choralbuch*.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Light of the world! O shine on us,
Thy little flock below;
Shine on this path we daily tread,
Shine on each poor, defenceless head,
Shine through the shadows dark and dread,
That hover round us now.</p> | <p>4 Light of the world! be merciful,
And lead us safely on;
On through the rough and bleak highway,
Where perils wait in dread array,
To snare each pilgrim-soul away
When he is once alone.</p> |
| <p>2 Light of the world! O shine on us,
Thy little pilgrim band;
Shine on the way once trod before
By Thine own Feet in sorrow sore,
That leads us onward to the shore
Of Zion's Sabbath-land.</p> | <p>5 Light of the world! reveal—reveal,
And turn from us all harm;
Make clear the road to Jordan's side,
And meet us by its rushing tide,
For never evil may betide
Those shelter'd by Thine Arm.</p> |
| <p>3 Light of the world! be visible,
In ev'ry cloud be seen;
In ev'ry taste of soul-distress,
In ev'ry step of weariness,
Shine backward o'er this wilderness
That stretches out between.</p> | <p>6 Light of the world! O shine on us,
As through that vale we flee;
That in the City, fair and bright,
That lies beyond—beyond our sight,
We each, in robes of bridal white,
May stand at last with Thee.</p> |

OBERLIN.

From *Sacred Harmony*.*Or tunes at 89, 90, or 576.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 LIGHT'S abode, Celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King ;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the Prophets sing !</p> | <p>4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally !</p> |
| <p>2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-pour'd ;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the Feast-day of the Lord ;
All is pure, and all is holy,
That within thy walls is stored.</p> | <p>5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid ;
And in Everlasting Glory
Thou with joy may'st stand array'd.</p> |
| <p>3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air ;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there ;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.</p> | <p>6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.</p> |

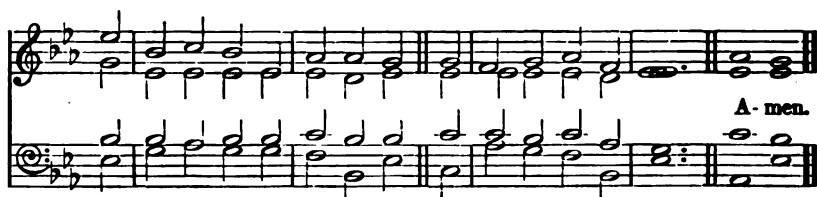


759

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. FULBERT.

GAUNTLETT.



1 LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy Life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heav'n.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like Thee, to do our Father's Will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
" Father, Thy Will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heav'n.

760

S. MAGNUS.

JER. CLARK.



General Hymns.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace can give.</p> <p>2 If life be long, O make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.</p> <p>3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before,
He that unto God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.</p> | <p>4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy Blesséd Face to see; [meet
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy Glory be?</p> <p>5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant Saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.</p> <p>6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.</p> |
|--|--|

761

LORD OF MERCY.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



Or tune of 391.

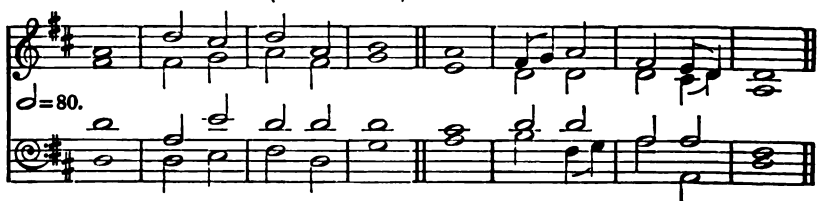
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher Infinite,
Jesu, hear and save.</p> <p>2 Who, when sin's primeval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesu, hear and save.</p> | <p>3 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesu, hear and save.</p> <p>4 Throned above Celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesu, hear and save.</p> <p>5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of Angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesu, hear and save.</p> |
|--|---|

CHRISTCHURCH (*First Tune*).

C. STEGGALL.

CROFT'S OLD 148TH (*Second Tune*).

CROFT.



General Hymns.



1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly Temples are !
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires,
 To see my God.

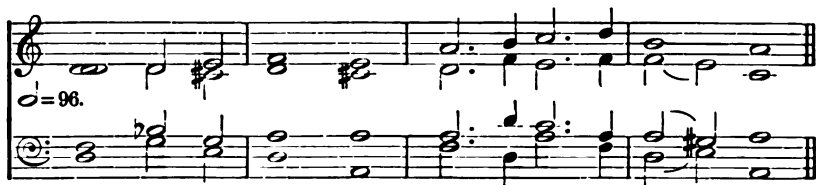
2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in Heav'n appears :
 O glorious seat !
 When God, our King,
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

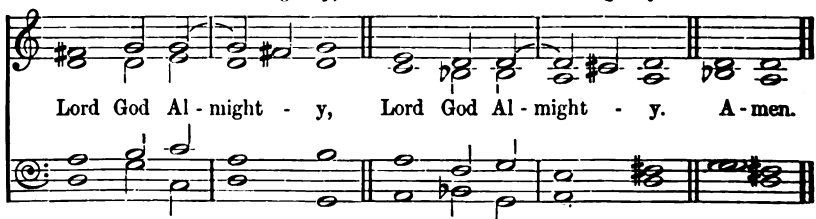
4 God is our Sun and Shield,
 Our Light and our Defence ;
 With gifts His hands are fill'd ;
 We draw our blessings thence :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of Hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in Thee.

763

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

CHRISTE DU BEISTAND (*First Tune*). APÉLLES VON LÖWENSTERN, 1644.

Lord God Al - mighty, Lord God Al - mighty.



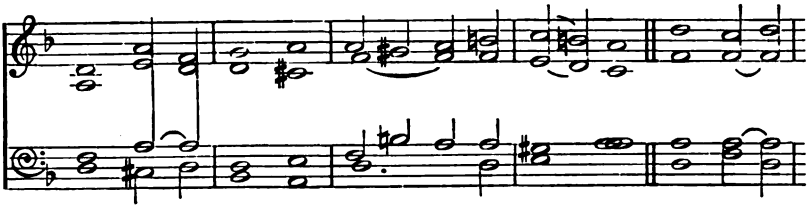
Lord God Al - mighty - y, Lord God Al - mighty - y. A - men.

ISTE CONFESSOR (*Second Tune*).

Gallican.

UNISON. *Vivace*.

General Hymns.



- 1 LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of ev'ry nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.
- 2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor Death nor Hell prevaieth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
- 4 Grant us Thy help, till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven.

AUF, AUF, MEIN HERZ.

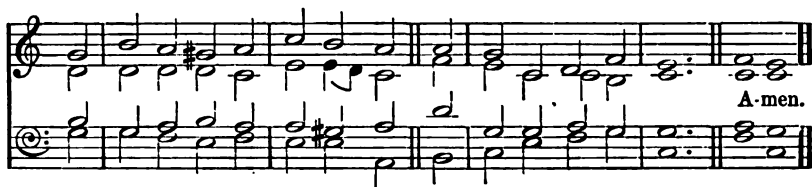
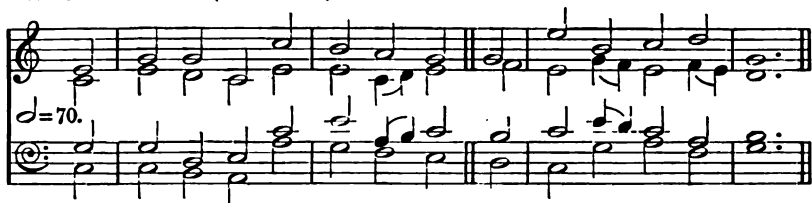
J. CRÜGER.
(Arr. by EICKHOF).*Vivace.*

- 1 My Father's Home Eternal,
Which all dear pleasures share,
Hath many divers mansions,
And each one passing fair ;
They are the victors' guerdon,
Who, through the hard-won fight,
Have follow'd in My Footsteps,
And reign with Me in light.
- 2 Amidst the happy number
The Virgins' Crown and Queen,
The Ever-Virgin Mother,
Is first and foremost seen ;
The Patriarchs in triumph
My praises nobly sing,
The holy Prophets worship
Their long-expected King.
- 3 The Apostolic cohort,
My valiant and My Own,
As royal Co-assessors,
Are nearest to My Throne ;

- My Martyrs reign in glory
Who triumph'd as they fell,
And by a thousand tortures
Defeated Death and Hell.
- 4 The brave and true Confessors
Put on their meet array,
Who bare the heat and burden
Of many a weary day ;
The Virgins walk in beauty
Amidst their lily-bowers,
The coronals assuming
Of never-fading flowers.
 - 5 And ev'ry faithful servant,
Made perfect in My grace,
Hath each his fitting station
Midst those that see My Face ;
Victorious over sorrow,
From dread temptation free,
They sit with Me, and banquet,
And dwell for aye with Me.

WESTMINSTER (*First Tune*).

TURLE.

NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT (*Second Tune*).

CRÜGER.



1 My God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine Eternal Years,
O Everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest, tend'rest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 O then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.

7 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

766

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. FLAVIAN.

BARBER'S *Psalm Tunes*.

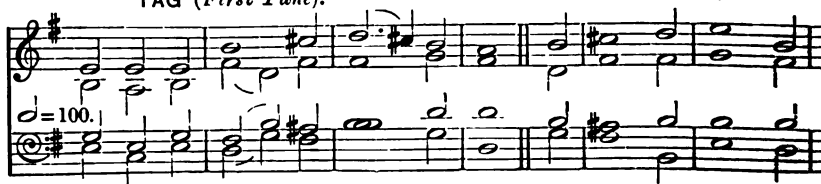
- 1 My God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the Nails, and Spear,
And manifold disgrace;
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And Sweat of Agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O Blesséd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning Heav'n,
Nor of escaping Hell;
- 5 Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O Ever-loving Lord.
- 6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King.

767

ERSCHIENEN IST DER HERRLICH

TAG (*First Tune*).

NICOLAS HERMANN (?), 1560.



General Hymns.



Repeat here the third line of the words.



THE RADIANT MORN (*Second Tune*).

Trier Gesangbuch

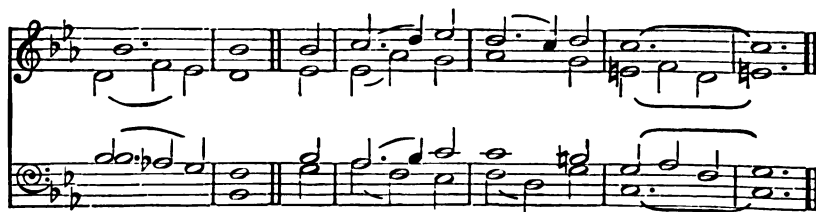
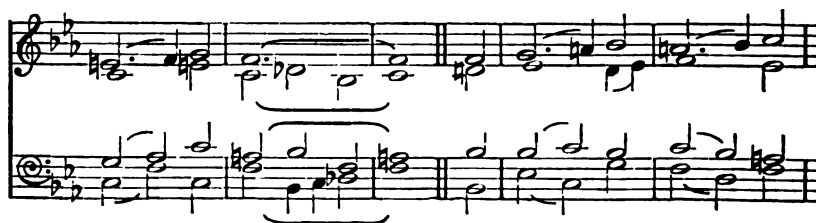
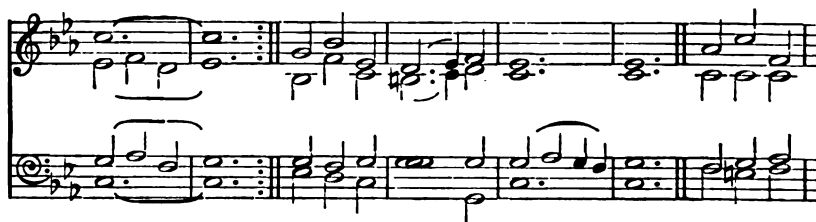


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 My God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.</p> <p>2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.</p> <p>3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.</p> <p>4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will be done.</p> | <p>5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.</p> <p>6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.</p> <p>7 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.</p> <p>8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.</p> |
|---|--|

AUF, AUF, MEIN HERZ.

J. CRÜGER.

(Arr. by EICKHOF).

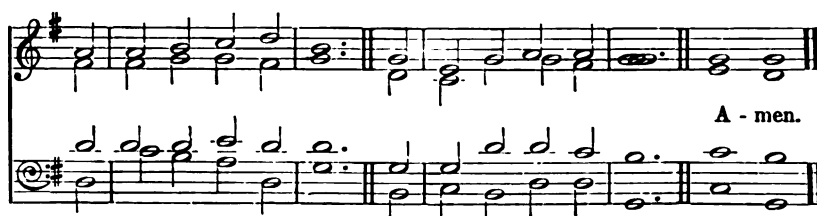
Vivace. $\text{♩} = 100.$ 

General Hymns.

- 1 My Lord in glory reigning
Upon the Glassy Sea,
By Angel Hosts surrounded,
Is thinking still on me :
My heart for joy is dancing,
My lamp is burning clear,
The Bridegroom bids me enter,
If I but persevere.
- 2 My Lord a Land is ruling,
The Land of pure delight,
Whence hate and night are banish'd,
And all is love and light :
What though my lot be lowly,
What though my way be drear,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that Kingdom,
If I but persevere.
- 3 My Lord a Home is building,
A Mansion passing fair,
Of orient pearl, and burnish'd gold,
Of jewels costly, rare :
A Home where naught is wanting ;
Away with doubt and fear
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that Mansion.
If I but persevere.
- 4 My Lord a Song is teaching
The Angel Choirs on High,
They strike their harps and cymbals,
And sound the psaltery :
A Song to greet that wand'rer,
To Heav'n's Gate drawing near,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that welcome,
If I but persevere.

S. CECILIA.

L. G. HAYNE.



A - men.

1.

My spirit longs for Thee
 Within my troubled breast,
 Though I unworthy be
 Of so Divine a Guest;

2.

Of so Divine a Guest
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet has my heart no rest,
 Unless it come from Thee;

3.

Unless it come from Thee,
 In vain I look around;
 In all that I can see
 No rest is to be found:

4.

No rest is to be found
 But in Thy blessed love;
 Oh, let my wish be crown'd,
 And send it from Above!

HORBURY.

DYKES.



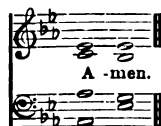
1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

2 Though night steal over me,
My rest a stone,
As o'er the Patriarch
Weary and lone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

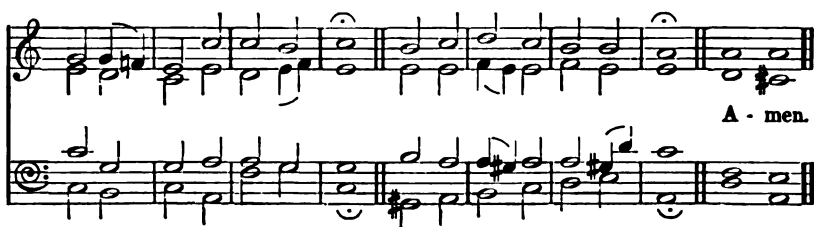
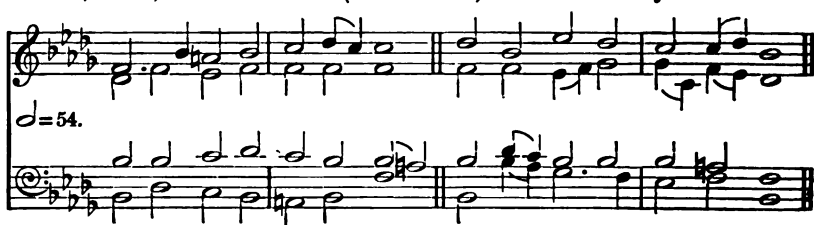
4 Then, all my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Till in my Father's House
Perfectly blest,
After my journeyings
Safe and at rest,
All my delight shall be
Ever, my God, with Thee,
Ever with Thee.

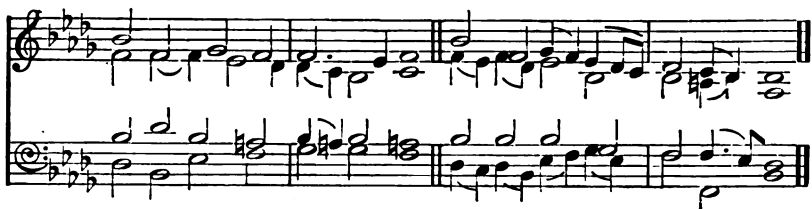


: AUS DER TIEFEN RUFE ICH (*First Tune*).

German.

JESU, JESU, DU BIST MEIN (*Second Tune*). Harmonised by J. S. BACH.

General Hymns.



1 NEVER further than Thy Cross,
Never higher than Thy Feet ;
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus ;
Sin which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love which bore the Cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny ;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

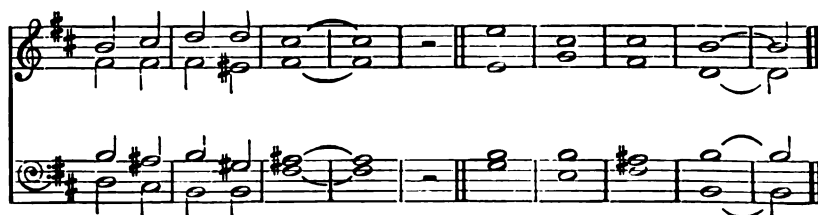
4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite ;
Captives, by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross, we fight.

5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend ;
When our earliest hopes began,
Then our last aspirations end.

6 Till amid the Hosts of light
We in Thee redeem'd complete,
Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy Feet.

NONE OTHER LAMB.

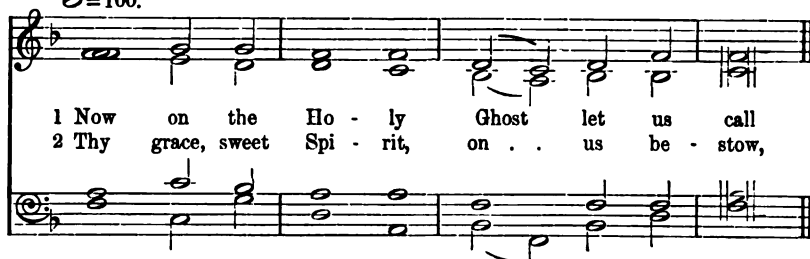
C. J. RIDSDALE.

Vivace.

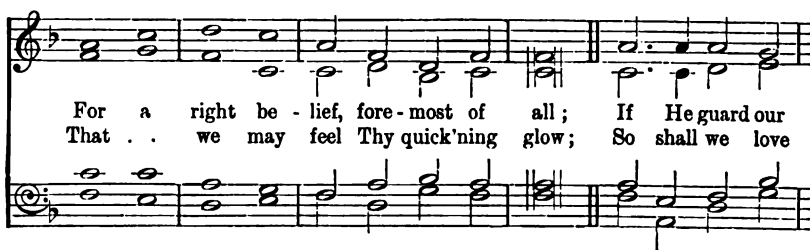
- 1 None other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in Heav'n or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.
- 2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.
- 3 Lord, Thou art Life though I be dead,
Love's fire Thou art however cold I be ;
Nor Heav'n have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

NUN BITTEN WIR DEN HEILIGEN GEIST.

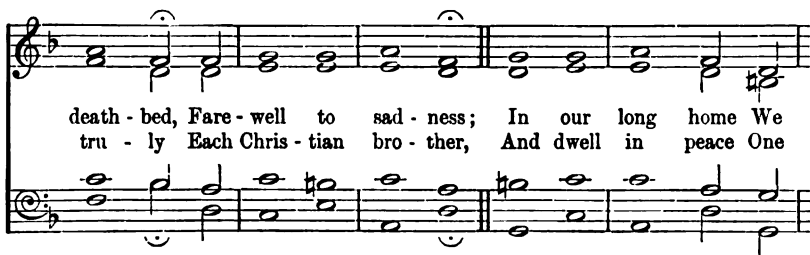
German, 18th Century.

 $\text{♩} = 100.$


1 Now on the Ho - ly Ghost let us call
2 Thy grace, sweet Spi - rit, on . . us be - stow,



For a right be - lief, fore - most of all ; If He guard our
That . . we may feel Thy quick'ning glow ; So shall we love



death - bed, Fare - well to sad - ness ; In our long home We
tru - ly Each Chris - tian bro - ther, And dwell in peace One



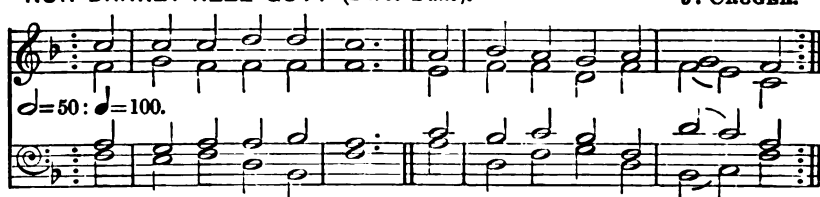
shall have glad - ness ; Ky - ri - e . . E - lei - son.
with an - oth - er : Ky - ri - e . . E - lei - son.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

774

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT (*First Tune*).

J. CRÜGER.



NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT (*Second Tune*).

Arranged for Two Trebles, Alto,
Two Tenors and Bass
by MENDELSSOHN.



General Hymns.



- 1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.
- 2 Oh ! may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in Highest Heav'n !
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heav'n adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !

ROMNEY.

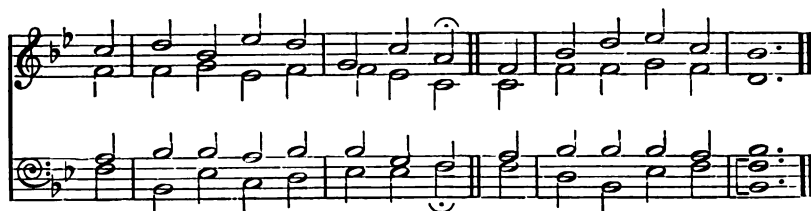
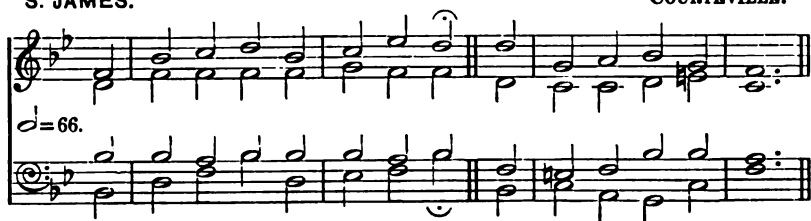
J. T. COOPER.

*Or tune of 343.*

- 1 O come to the merciful Saviour that calls you,
O come to the Lord, Who forgives and forgets ;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright Home above where the sun never sets.
- 2 O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace !
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face !
- 3 Have you sinn'd as none else in the world sinn'd before you ?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt ?
O fear not, and doubt not ! the mother that bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour, Whose Blood you have spilt.
- 4 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His Feet you will keep in His grace ;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.
- 5 Then come to His Feet, and lay open your story
Of suff'ring and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.
- 6 O come then to Jesus, and drink of His fountains !
Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love ?
Believe me that earth's fairest valleys and mountains
Are dull to the bright Land that waits you above.

S. JAMES.

COURTEVILLE.



- 1 O God of Hosts, the Mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy Face!
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the Living God.
- 3 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy Temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display.
- 4 For in Thy Courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.
- 5 For God, Who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.
- 6 Thou God, Whom Heav'nly Hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on Thee!

777

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. ANN.

CROFT.



1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home ;

2 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 received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

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

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

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our Eternal Home.

778

WIE SOLL ICH DICH EMPFANGEN (*First Tune*).

J. CRÜGER.



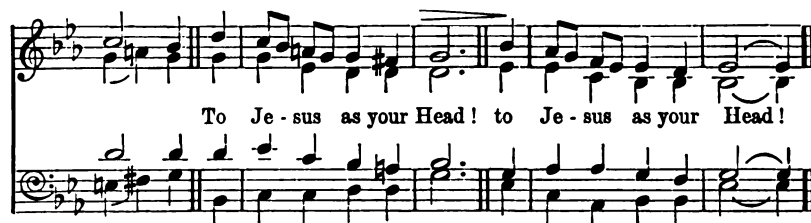
General Hymns.

Begin here for verse 7.



GOUNOD (*Second Tune*).

C. GOUNOD.



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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head !</p> <p>2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men ;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then !</p> <p>3 The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due ;
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.</p> | <p>4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn ;</p> <p>5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure ;</p> <p>6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heav'n on earth ?</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

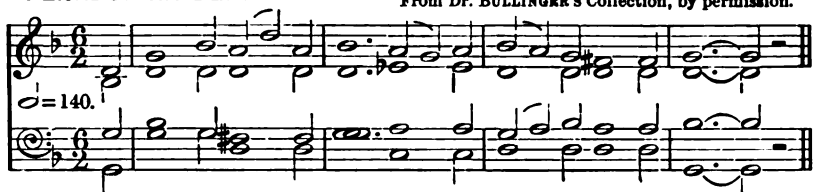
TALLIS.
With the original harmony.

- 1 O HOLY Spirit, Lord of grace,
Eternal Fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from Heav'n above.
- 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.

PLIJADUR AN DEN.

Breton Air.

From Dr. BULLINGER'S Collection, by permission.



1 O Jesu, Thou art standing,
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er,
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep Him standing there !

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking ;
And lo ! that Hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marr'd ;
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
" I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ? "
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

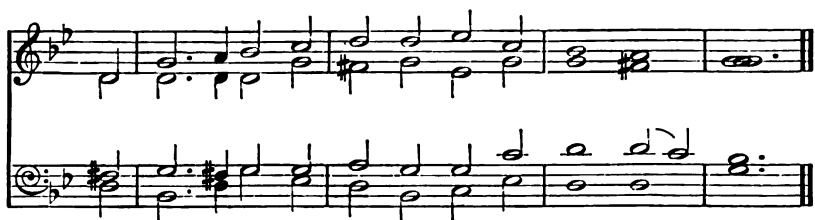
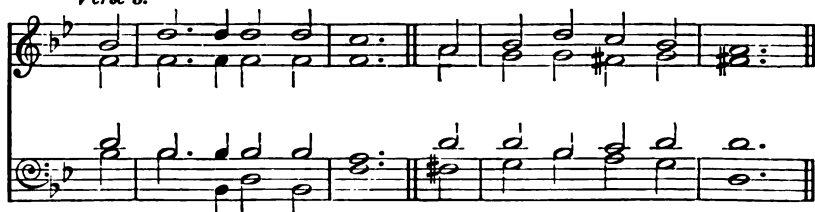
781

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LEONI (*First Tune*).

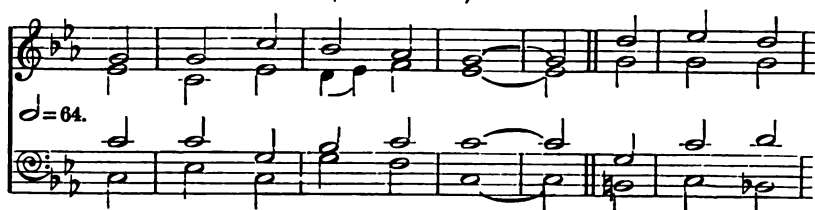
Hebrew Air.

(Said to be the most correct form of the melody.)

Verses 1 & 2.*Verse 3.*

General Hymns.

O JESUS! LAMB OF GOD (*Second Tune*).



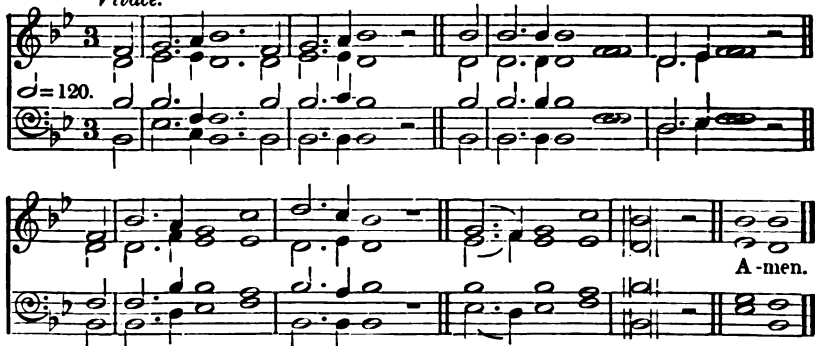
- 1 O Jesus ! Lamb of God,
Who, us to save from loss,
Didst taste the bitter cup of death
Upon the Cross.
- 2 Most merciful High Priest,
Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
'Tis in Thy love alone we trust,
Until the end.
- 3 Thou wilt our souls sustain,
Our Guide and Strength wilt be,
Until in glory, Lord, Above,
Thy Face we see.

O LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH AND SEA (*First Tune*).

Anon.

Vivace.AR JOA (*Second Tune*).

Breton Air.

From Dr. BULLINGER's Collection, by permission,
with added 4th line.*Vivace.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O LORD of Heav'n and earth and sea
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee
Giver of all?</p> <p>2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all.</p> <p>3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings Earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.</p> <p>4 Thou didst not spare Thine Only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blesséd One
Thou givest all.</p> | <p>5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His Sev'nfold Graces shower
Upon us all.</p> <p>6 For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of Heav'n,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?</p> <p>7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.</p> <p>8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all.</p> |
|---|--|

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all!

WATER UNSER IN HIMMELREICH.

MENDELSSOHN'S Setting.
Reduced to Four Parts.

Slow.
♩ = 50.

1 O Love, Who formedst me to wear
The Image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wand'rings wild and
drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only 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 like to us in all things made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

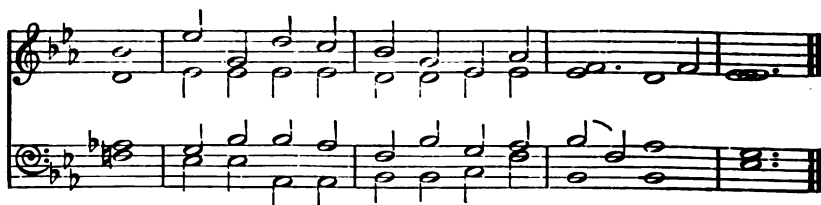
3 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierc'd through and through with
bitter woe ;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we Eternal Joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead,
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 above yon skies,
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O PARADISE (*First Tune*).

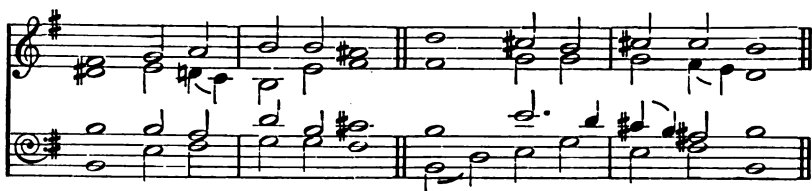
BARNBY.



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WELT ADE, ICH BIN DEIN MÜDE (*Second Tune*). ROSENMÜLLER, 1610.

General Hymns.



1 O PARADISE ! O Paradise !

Who doth not crave for rest ?
 Who would not seek the Happy Land,
 Where they that loved are blest ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight ?

2 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

The world is growing old ;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight ?

3 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

I want to sin no more ;
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on Thy spotless shore ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is furnishing for me ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

5 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

I know 'twill not be long ;
 Patience ! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O SACRED HEART.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



- 1 O SACRED Heart,
Our home lies deep in thee;
On earth thou art an exile's rest,
In Heav'n the glory of the Blest,
O Sacred Heart.
- 2 O Sacred Heart,
Our trust is all in thee;
For though earth's night be dark and drear,
Thou breathest rest where thou art near,
O Sacred Heart.
- 3 O Sacred Heart,
When shades of death shall fall,
Receive us 'neath thy gentle care,
And save us from the Tempter's snare,
O Sacred Heart.
- 4 O Sacred Heart,
Lead exiled children home,
Where we may ever rest near thee,
In peace and joy Eternally,
O Sacred Heart.

KING'S NORTON.

JER. CLARK'S Melody and Bass.



- 1 O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 And, oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 6 And when before Thy Throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then with the Saints at Thy Right Hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

787

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

AINSI QUE LA BICHE RÉE.

BOURGEOIS.
(GOUDIMEL'S Harmony.)

NOTE.—In the last line Bourgeois has the slur not as here, but between the two G's.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O Thou sweetest Source of gladness,
Faith and Hope, and Heav'nly Light,
Who in joy, as in our sadness,
Dost convince us of Thy Might;
Holy Spirit, God of Peace,
Great Distributor of grace,
Life and joy of all Creation,
Hear, O hear, our supplication.</p> <p>2 O Thou Best of all Donations
God can give or we implore!
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We can wish for nothing more;
Come, Thou Lord of Love and Pow'r,
On our hearts Thy graces show'r;
Work in us a new Creation
Make our hearts Thy habitation.</p> | <p>3 From the Height that knows no measure
As a show'r Thou dost descend;
Bringing down the richest Treasure
Man can wish, or God can send;
O Thou Glory shining down
From the Father and the Son!
Grant us Thy communication,
Which makes all a new Creation.</p> <p>4 Be our Friend on each occasion,
God Omnipotent to save!
When we die be our Salvation,
When we're buried, be our grave!
And when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with Thy Saints in Glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

788

O TO HAVE DWELT IN BETHLEHEM.

Pastorale. UNISON.

General Hymns.



1 O to have dwelt in Bethlehem,
 When the Star of the Lord shone bright!
 To have shelter'd the holy Wanderers
 On that blessed Christmas night,
 To have kiss'd the tender way-worn feet,
 Of the Mother Undeiled,
 And, with reverent wonder and deep
 delight,
 To have tended the Holy Child.

2 Hush! such a glory was not for thee,
 But that care may still be thine;
 For are there not little ones still to aid
 For the sake of the Child Divine?
 Are there no wandering pilgrims now
 To thy heart and thy home to take?
 Are there no mothers whose weary hearts
 You can comfort for Mary's sake?

3 O to have knelt at Jesu's Feet,
 And have learnt His Heav'nly lore!
 To have listen'd the gentle lessons He
 taught,
 On mountain and sea and shore!
 While the rich and the mighty knew Him
 To have meekly done His will! [not,
 Hush! for the world rejects Him, yet
 You can serve and love Him still.

4 O to have seen what we now adore,
 And, though veil'd to faithless sight,
 To have known in the Form that Jesus
 The Lord of Life and Light! [bore
 Hush! for He dwells among us still,
 For His Word can ne'er deceive;
 Go where His lowly Altars rise,
 And worship and believe.

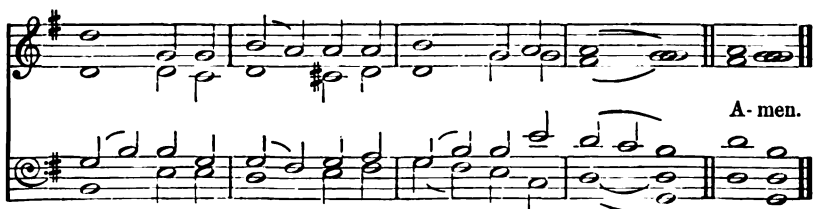
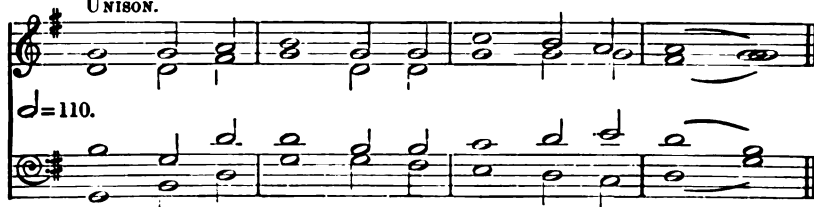
789

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

O QUANTA, QUALIA.

La Feillée.

UNISON.



General Hymns.

- 1 On, what their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see ;
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest
God shall be All, and in all ever Blest.
- 2 What are the Monarch, His Court, and His Throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own ?
Tell us, ye blest ones, who in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare !
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can sever'd be ne'er,
Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the prayer.
- 4 We, where no troubles distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.
- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore ;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh ;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear Native Land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and through Whom, and in Whom are all,
Of Whom, the Father ; and through Whom, the Son ;
In Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH
LASSEN (*First Tune*).Older form of the tune "Innsbruck,"
as in *Musæ Sionica* of M. Praetorius.INNSBRUCK (O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH
LASSEN) (*Second Tune*).

Set by J. S. BACH.



General Hymns.



1 O world, I must forsake thee,
And far away betake me
To seek my Native Shore ;
So long I've dwelt in sadness,
I wish not now for gladness,
Earth's joys for me are o'er.

2 Sore is my grief and lonely,
And I can tell it only
To Thee, my Friend most sure !
God, let Thy Hand uphold me,
Thy pitying Heart enfold me,
For else I am most poor.

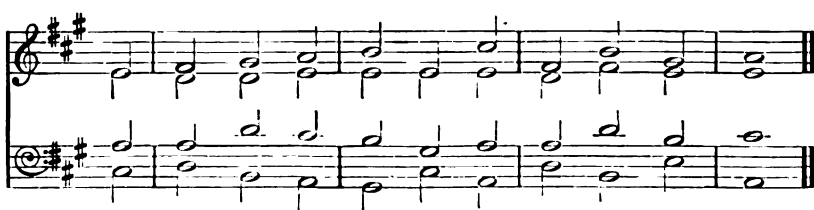
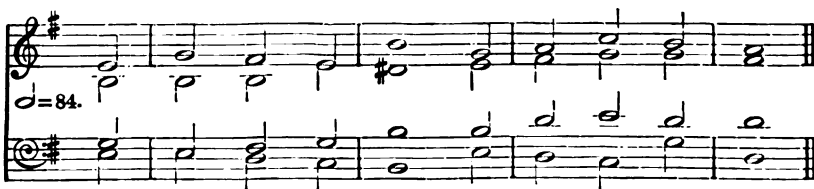
3 My Refuge, where I hide me,
From Thee shall nought divide me,
No pain, no poverty ;
Nought is too hard to bear it,
If Thou be there to share it ;
My heart asks only Thee.

791

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

HANOVER (*First Tune*).

HANDEL (or CROFT (?)).

OLD 104TH (*Second Tune*).

General Hymns.



- 1 O worship the King
 All Glorious Above ;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and His love ;
 Our Shield and Defender,
 The Ancient of Days,
 Pavilion'd in splendour
 And girded with praise !

- 2 O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space ;
 His chariots of wrath
 The deep thunder-clouds form.
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.

- 3 The earth with its store
 Of wonders untold,
 Almighty, Thy power
 Hath founded of old,
 Hath 'stablished it fast
 By a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.

- 4 Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air ;
 It shines in the light ;
 It streams from the hills ;
 It descends to the plain ;
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.

- 5 Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender !
 How firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend !

- 6 O measureless Might !
 Ineffable Love !
 While Angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 Thy ransom'd creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall sing to Thy praise.

O WORSHIP THE LORD (*First Tune*).

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

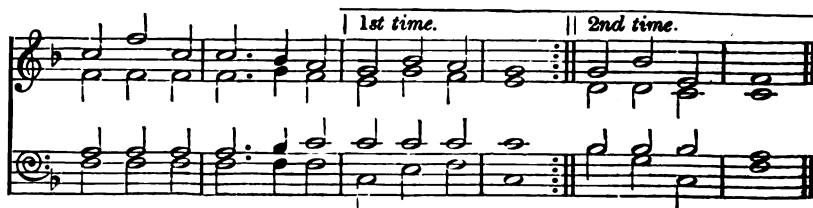


Small notes for verses 1 & 5.

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GERMANIA (*Second Tune*).

Trier Gesangbuch.

Stately.

General Hymns.

NOTE.—For verses 1 and 5 add the chords printed in small notes. For verse 5 begin at X

- 1 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name !
- 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His Heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter His Courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou would'st reckon as thine ;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the off'rings to lay on His Shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear ;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
- 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim,
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name !

S. WOLFGANG.

German.



- 1 Off in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life !
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not ! Much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians ! Will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the painful field ?
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?
- 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March, in Heav'nly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.
- 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 6 Onward then to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

Founded on the Melody

GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN. *Schmücke dich*, by CRÜGER.

1 ONE there is above all others,
 Oh, how He loves !
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
 Oh, how He loves !

2 'Tis Eternal Life to know Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Think, O think how much we owe Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 With His Precious Blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us,
 Oh, how He loves !

3 We have found a Friend in Jesus,
 Oh, how He loves !
 'Tis His great delight to please us,
 Oh, how He loves !
 How our hearts delight to hear Him
 Bid us dwell in safety near Him ;
 Why should we distrust or fear Him ?
 Oh, how He loves !

4 Through His Name we are forgiven,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Backward shall our foes be driven,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Best of blessings He'll provide us,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
 Safe to Glory He will guide us,
 Oh, how He loves !

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

795

DOMUS SANCTORUM.

From *The Children's Service Book*.



General Hymns.



Or tune 701.

1 **ONWARD**, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before ;
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go !

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the Sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory ;
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of Hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

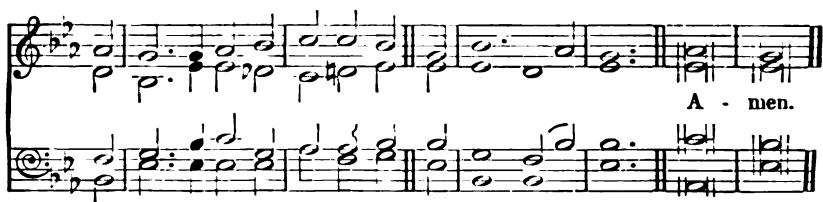
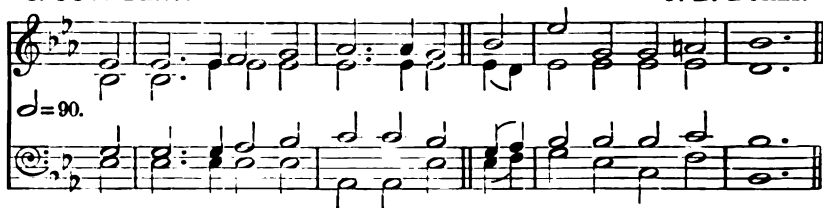
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

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

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

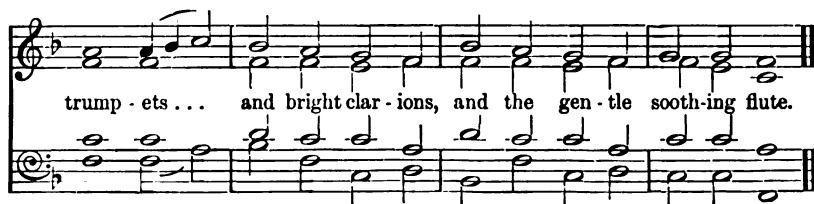
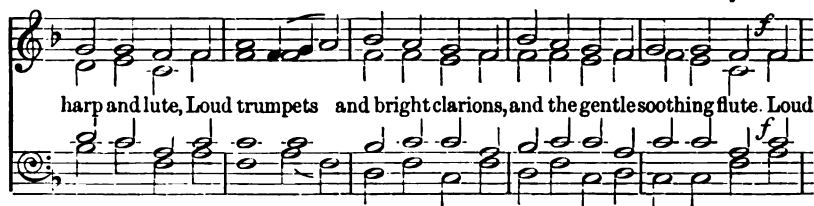
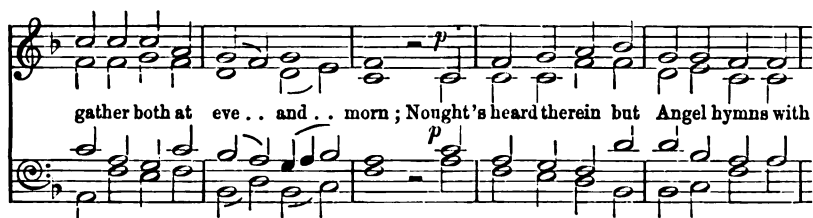
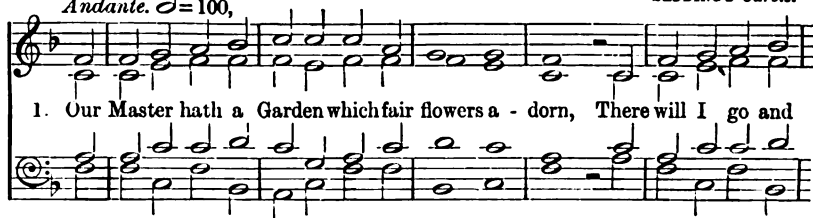
S. CUTHBERT.

J. B. DYKES.



- 1 OUR Blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle Voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heav'n.
- 4 And ev'ry virtue we possess,
And ev'ry conquest won,
And ev'ry thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

OUR MASTER.

THIJM.
SEDDING'S Carols.*Andante.* $\text{♩} = 100$,

- 2 The Lily white that bloometh there is Purity,
The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility ;
Nought's heard therein, &c.
- 3 The lovely damask Rose is here called Patience,
The rich and cheerful Marygold Obedience ;
Nought's heard therein, &c.
- 4 One plant is there with crown bedight, the rest above,
With crown imperial, and this plant is Holy Love ;
Nought's heard therein, &c.
- 5 But still of all the flowers, the Fairest and the Best,
Is Jesus Christ, the Lord Himself, His Name be blest ;
Nought's heard therein, &c.
- 6 O Jesus, my chief Good and sole Felicity,
Thy little garden make my ready heart to be ;
So may I once hear Angel hymns with harp and lute,
Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gentle soothing flute.

798

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

PEACE.

From BEETHOVEN'S Symphony No. 7.



- 1 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin ?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?
On Jesus' Bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough ; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heav'n's perfect peace.

799

CORINTH (*First Tune*).

(534)

General Hymns.



LOOK, YE SAINTS (*Second Tune*).

German.



1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise the Everlasting King!

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

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Widely yet His mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from ev'ry race;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise with us the God of grace!

LIEBSTER GOTT (*First Tune*).

J. S. BACH.

1 Praise the Lord! ye Heav'n's a - dore Him; Praise Him,
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him, Praise Him

♩ = 64.

1 Praise the Lord! ye Heav'n's a - dore Him;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him,

An - gels, in the Height;
all ye stars and light:

1. 2.
Praise Him, An - gels, in the Height;
Praise Him all ye stars and light: Praise the Lord! for
Praise the
Praise Him, light: Praise the Lord! for He hath

Laws, which
He hath spo - ken; Worlds His Mighty Voice o - bey'd;
Lord! for He hath spoken;
spo - ken; Worlds His Might - y... Voice o - bey'd; ..

nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their
Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid -
guid - ance
Laws, which nev - er . . shall be bro - ken, For their

General Hymns.

guid-ance He . . . hath . . . made.

ance He *rall. al fine.* . . . hath . . . made. A - men.

He . . . hath . . . made.

guid-ance He . . . hath made.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye Heav'n's adore Him;
 Praise Him, Angels, in the Height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
 Praise Him all ye stars and light:
 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
 Worlds His Mighty Voice obey'd;
 Laws, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail;
 God hath made His Saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail;
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on High, His power proclaim:
 Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His Name!

ALLA TRINITA BEATA (*Second Tune*).

From *Laudi Spirituali*.

$\text{♩} = 110.$

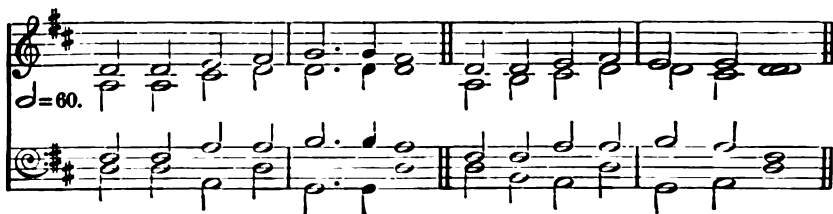
A - men.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

801

REDHEAD No. 76 (*First Tune*).

R. REDHEAD.



NORWICH (*Second Tune*).

Dr. Buck of Norwich (?).



General Hymns.



A-men.

Or tune of 443 or 528.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy Riven Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes are closed in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgement-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

SECURITY.



- 1 **SAFE** in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle Breast,
 There by His love o'ershadow'd,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest :
 Hark ! 'tis the voice of Angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the Crystal Sea.
 Safe in the arms of Jesus !
 Safe on His gentle Breast !
 There, by His love o'ershadow'd,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sins cannot harm me there ;
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears ;

- Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears.
 Safe in the arms of Jesus !
 Safe on His gentle Breast !
 There, by His love o'ershadow'd,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
 Jesus has died for me !
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,
 Ever my trust shall be :
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er,
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.
 Safe in the arms of Jesus !
 Safe on His gentle Breast !
 There, by His love o'ershadow'd,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

EXAUDI NOS.

H. OSWALD.

*Or tune of 395.*

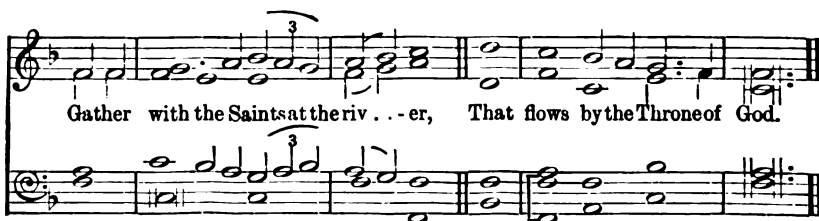
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 SAVIOUR, Blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing ;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King :
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.</p> <p>2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee :
Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die ;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on High.</p> <p>3 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here ;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there ;
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care, is known ;
Where the Angel-legions
Circle round Thy Throne.</p> <p>4 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past ;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast ;
Ev'ry day that passeth,
Ev'ry hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned,
Love that never dies.</p> | <p>5 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from Heav'n,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven ;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within ;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.</p> <p>6 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done ;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last !</p> <p>7 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by Saints before us,
Journeying on to God ;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.</p> <p>8 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransom'd soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal ;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.</p> |
|--|---|

(541)

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

Vivace.

UNISON.



1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright Angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever,
Flowing by the Throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the Saints at the river,
That flows by the Throne of God.

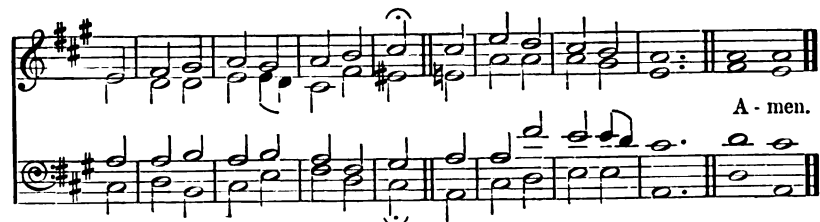
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk, and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace,
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the Saints at the river,
That flows by the Throne of God.

LANCASTER.

HOWARD.



Or tune of 472 or 714 or 640.

1.

SHINE on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine !
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

2.

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself can give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

3.

With Thee let ev'ry day begin,
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And Heav'n refresh our weary souls
With Everlasting Peace.

(543)

OPTATUS VOTIS OMNIUM.

By permission of
Rev. G. R. WOODWARD, from *Songs of Syon*.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 SOLDIERS of Christ ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son ;</p> <p>2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror !</p> <p>3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;</p> | <p>And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.</p> <p>4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day ;</p> <p>5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And victor stand at last.</p> |
|--|---|

807

LASSET UNS DEN HERREN PREISEN.

J. SCHOP, 1641.



NOTE.—The small notes are for the organ to give effect to the redoubled chord in certain lines.

General Hymns.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Songs of praise the Angels sang,
Heav'n with Alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.</p> <p>2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.</p> <p>3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new Heav'ns, new Earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.</p> | <p>4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.</p> <p>5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above:</p> <p>6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst Eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.</p> |
|--|--|

808

SOULS OF MEN.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?</p> <p>2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet?</p> <p>3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.</p> | <p>4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heav'n;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.</p> <p>5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.</p> <p>6 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His Blood.</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

809

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR.

For Solo or Men's voices only.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Quasi recitativo.

1 Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me, And
2 Twiligh and eve-ning bell, And af-ter that the dark ! And

The first system of the musical score for 'Sunset and Evening Star'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/2 time signature. The vocal line is marked 'Quasi recitativo'. Below the vocal line are two piano accompaniment staves, one in treble and one in bass clef, both with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

may there be no moan-ing of the bar, When I put out to
may there be no sad-ness of fare-well, — When I em-

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the same key signature and time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

sea, But such a tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too
bark ; For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the same key signature and time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is present above the vocal line.

General Hymns.

mf *rall.*
 full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless
 flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pi - lot face to

rall.

1st Stanza. 2nd Stanza.
 deep Turns a - gain home. face When I have crost the bar.

- 1 SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
 Turns again home.
- 2 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark !
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark ;
 For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

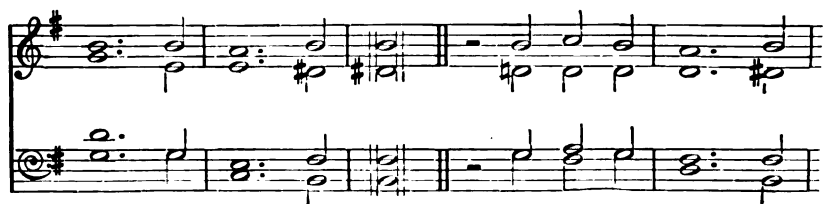
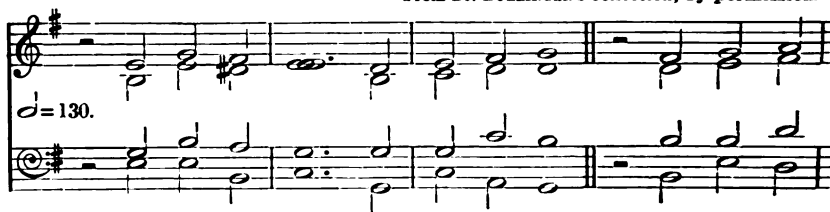
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

810

GRAS JESUS (*First Tune*).

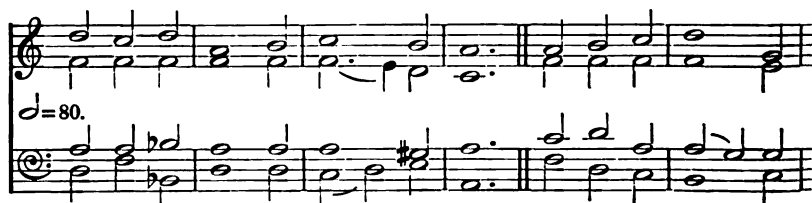
Breton Air.

From Dr. BULLINGER'S Collection, by permission.

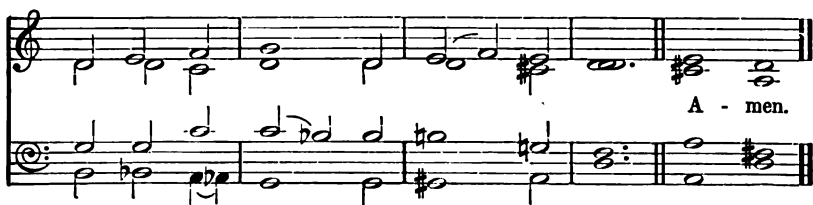
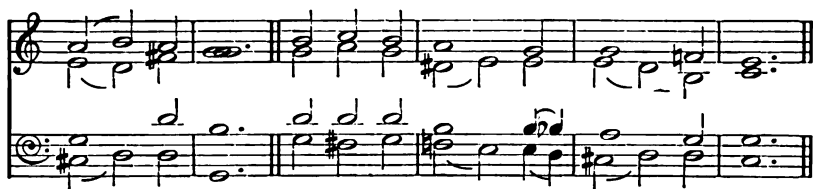


TAKE UP THY CROSS (*Second Tune*).

ALLAN COATES.



General Hymns.



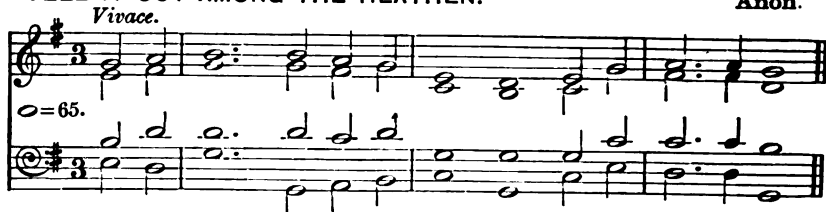
- 1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My Disciple be ;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.
- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and Hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly sin's temptations brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he, who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious Crown.
- 6 To Thee, Great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend ;
O grant us in our Home to see
The Heav'nly life that knows no end.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

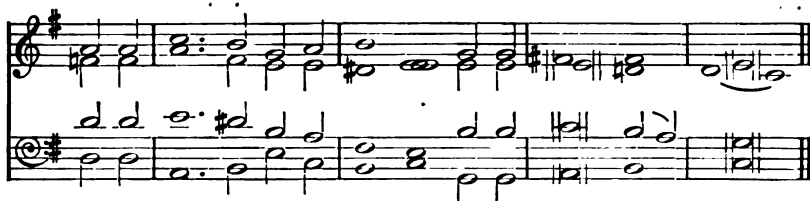
811

TELL IT OUT AMONG THE HEATHEN.

Anon.



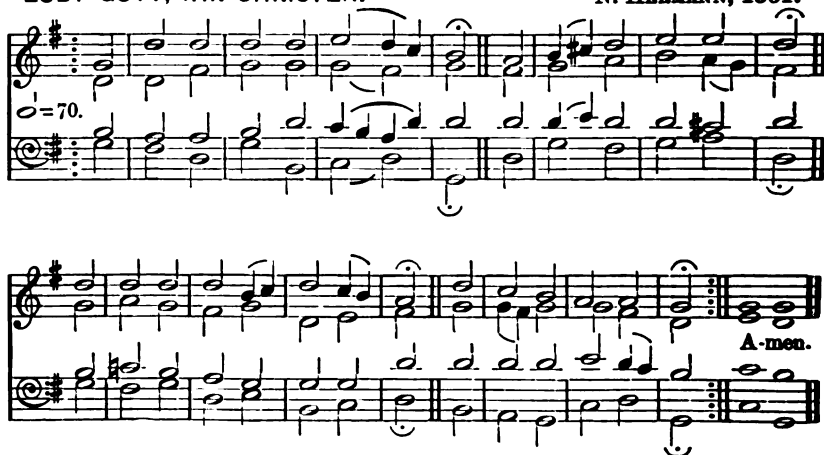
General Hymns.



- 1 TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing ;
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace ;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for evermore.
- 2 Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns,
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains,
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives ;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save ;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumph'd o'er the grave.
- 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns Above,
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love ;
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home ;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam ;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the Islands of the sea.

LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN.

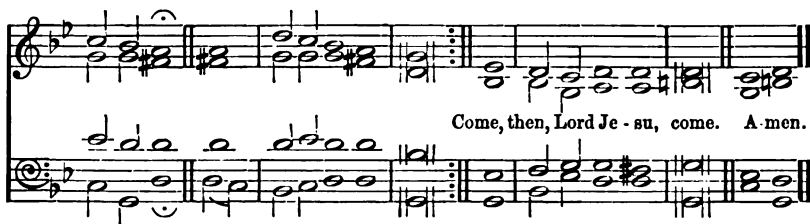
N. HERMANN, 1561.



- 1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd Saints
Throng up the steeps of light ;
'Tis finish'd ! all is finish'd,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O Day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all our former woes
A thousand-fold repaid !
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great Salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign ;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home ;
Show in the Heav'n's Thy promised Sign ;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

WIRKSWORTH.

E. GREEN.



1.

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see ;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she :
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet ;
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

2.

Saint after Saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died ;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side ;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn ;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn ;
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

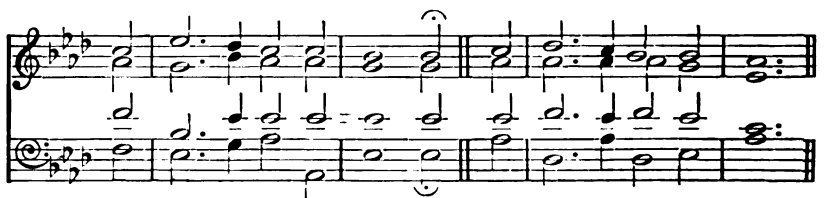
3.

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of Hell grow bold ;
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold :
How long, O Lord, our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood ?
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

4.

We long to hear Thy Voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy Crown and Glory then,
As now we share Thy grace :
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again ;
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

UNICUM FUNDAMENTUM.

Aachen Gesangbuch. 17th Century.

- 1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word;
From Heav'n He came and sought her
To be His Holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from ev'ry nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With ev'ry grace endued.

- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distress;
Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of the war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

General Hymns.

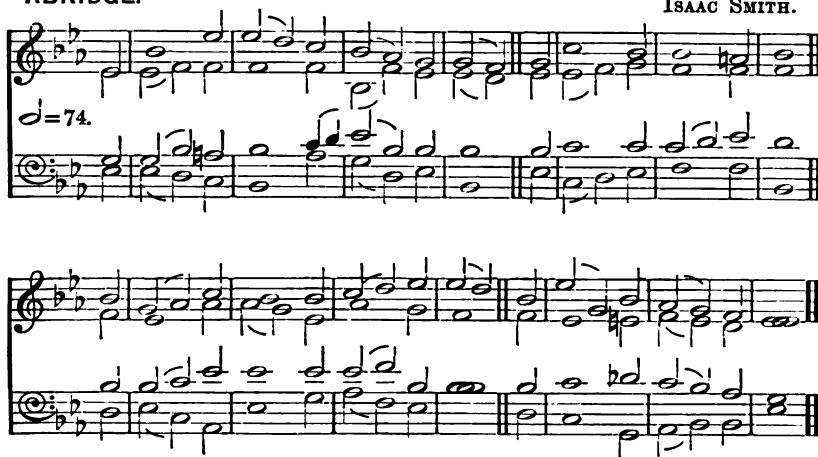
5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One;
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won,
 With all her sons and daughters,
 Who, by the Master's Hand
 Led through the deathly waters,
 Repose in Eden-land.

6 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On High may dwell with Thee:
 There past the border mountains,
 Where, in sweet vales, the Bride
 With Thee, by living fountains,
 For ever shall abide.

815

ABRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.



- 1 THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns
 Is crown'd with glory now;
 A Royal Diadem adorns
 The Mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that Heav'n affords
 Is His, is His by right,
 The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
 And Heav'n's Eternal Light.
- 3 The Joy of all who dwell Above,
 The Joy of all below,
 To whom He manifests His love,
 And grants His Name to know.
- 4 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.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with Him Above;
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The mystery of His love.
- 6 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.

(555)

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Allegro.

♩ = 90.

When shall we
When shall we come
come to thee, Calm . . Land beyond the Sea?
to Thee.

- 1 THE Land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and
When shall we come to thee, [roar!
Calm Land beyond the Sea?
- 2 The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems, [gleams;
When flush'd with evening's peaceful
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait,
It longs to fly to thee, [and dreams!
Calm Land beyond the Sea!
- 3 The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear, [mere;
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike
We seem half way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

- 4 The Land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretch'd to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!
- 5 The Land beyond the Sea!
Why farest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear Land! look always plain, look always
That we may gaze on thee, [bright,
Calm land beyond the Sea!
- 6 The Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest;
But sweeter far that Father's Breast
Upon thy shores eternally possess'd;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

CAREY'S.

HENRY CAREY.



1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His Presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

OLD 77TH.

♩ = 110.

A-men.

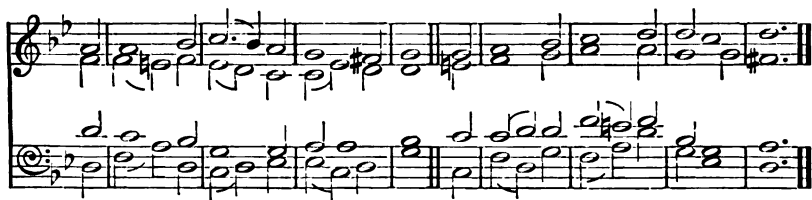
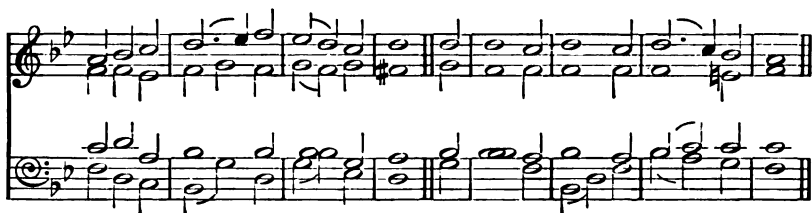
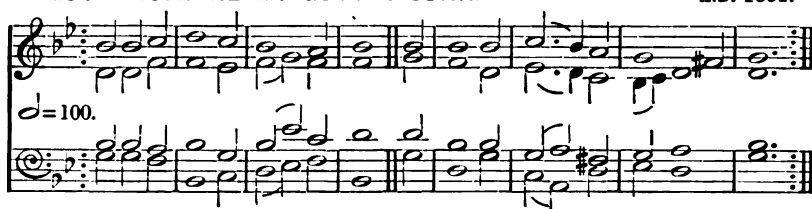
1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh! for the pearly gates of Heav'n,
Oh! for the golden floor,
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh! for a heart that never sins,
Oh! for a soul wash'd white,
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

3 Here faith is ours, and Heav'nly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire:
Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
Oh! by Thy life laid down,
Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

HEUT TRIUMPHIERET GOTTES SOHN.

A.D. 1601.



1 THE spacious firmament on High,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled Heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim :
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

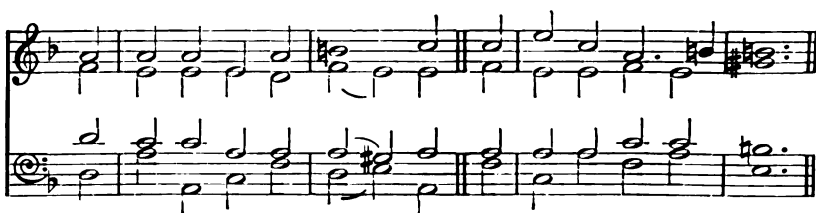
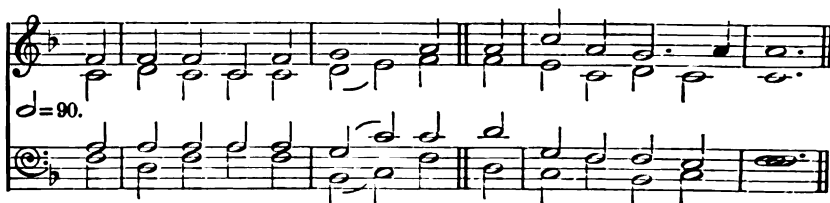
3 What, though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What, though no real voice or sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 " The Hand that made us is Divine."

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

820

VIGILATE (PART I.)

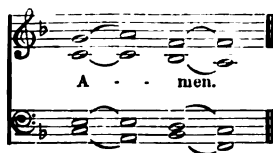
Anon.



General Hymns.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THE world is very evil ;
 The times are waxing late ,
 Be sober and keep vigil,
 The Judge is at the gate ;</p> <p>2 The Judge That comes in mercy,
 The Judge That comes with might,
 To terminate the evil,
 To diadem the right.</p> <p>3 Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed ;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To Heav'nly gladness lead ;</p> <p>4 To light that hath no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.</p> <p>5 O Home of fadeless splendour,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children,
 Who here as exiles mourn ;</p> <p>6 'Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
 The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the Saints around.</p> | <p>7 The peace of all the faithful,
 The calm of all the blest,
 Inviolatè, unvaried,
 Divinest, sweetest, best :</p> <p>8 Yes, peace, for war is needless,
 Yes, calm, for storm is past,
 And goal from finish'd labour,
 And anchorage at last.</p> <p>9 O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty,
 Sweet cure of all distrest !</p> <p>10 Strive, man, to win that glory ;
 Toil, man, to gain that light ;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight ;</p> <p>11 Till Jesus gives the portion
 Those blessed souls to fill,
 Th' insatiate, yet satisfied,
 The full, yet craving still ;</p> <p>12 That fulness and that craving
 Alike are free from pain,
 Where thou, midst Heav'nly citizens,
 A Home like theirs shall gain.</p> |
|--|--|

*If followed by verse 10
of Part IV.*



Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

820 (PART II.)

JERUSALEM EXULTING (*First Tune*).

E. SEDDING.

JERUSALEM EXULTING (*First March*). E. SEDDING.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece is in 4/4 time. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a prominent triplet of eighth notes in the second measure. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the melody. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

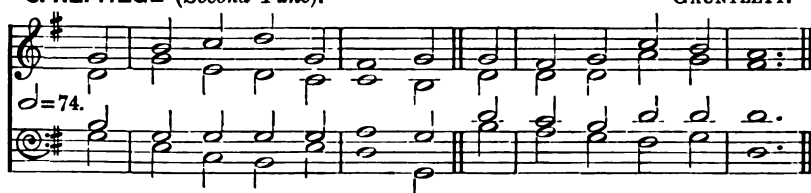
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many chords and some melodic lines. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A - men.

General Hymns.

S. ALPHEGE (*Second Tune*).

GAUNTLETT.



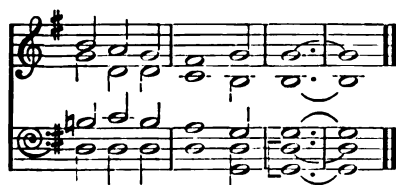
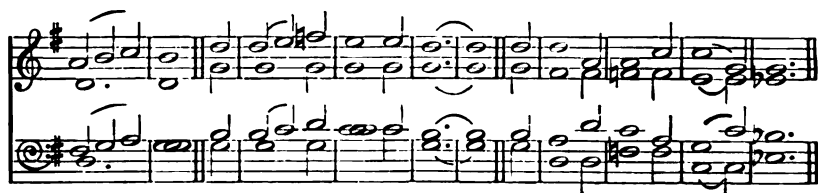
PART II.

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The Life that knows no ending,
The tearless Life, is *there*.
- 2 O happy retribution !
Short toil, Eternal Rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
- 3 There grief is turn'd to pleasure ;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know ;
- 4 And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And, after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
- 5 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the Crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;
- 6 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.
- 7 But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own ;
- 8 Yes ! God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face

820 (PART III.) Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

URBS SYON AUREA.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



This tune is set in A7 at 531.

PART III.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear Country
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep ;
- 2 The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 3 O one, O only Mansion !
O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy ;
- 4 Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
- 5 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;

- 6 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced ;
The saints build up thy fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ.
- 7 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise ;
- 8 Jesus, the Crown of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing ;
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring.
- 9 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
- 10 Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
- 11 And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow ;
- 12 Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
For, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

EWING.

A. EWING.



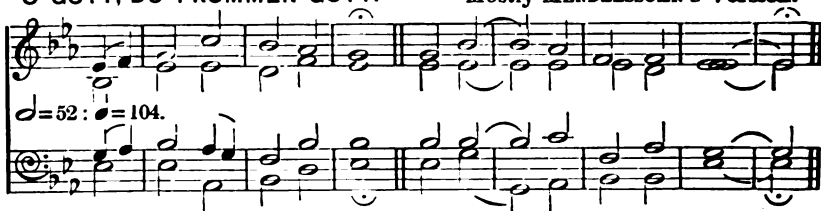
PART IV.

- 1 JERUSALEM the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd ;
- 2 I know not, O ! I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
- 3 They stand, those halls of Syon,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng ;
- 4 The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the bless'd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
- 5 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;

- 6 And they, who, with their Leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white !
- 7 Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of th' elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect ;
- 8 E'en now, by faith I see thee ;
E'en here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.
- 9 O mine, my golden Syon !
O lovelier far than gold !
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold ;
- 10 In mercy, Jesu, bring us
To that dear Land of Rest ;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever Blest.

O GOTT, DU FROMMER GOTT.

Mostly MENDELSSOHN's Version.

*Or tune of 719.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THERE is a blessed Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And Everlasting Light
Its glory throws around.</p> | <p>3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred Wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;
To give to Him the praise
Of ev'ry triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.</p> |
| <p>2 There is a Land of peace,
Good Angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.</p> | <p>4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you Above.</p> |

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND (*First Tune*).
Unison.

Old Air.

DESIRE (*Second Tune*).

H. SMART.

*Or Tune of 836.*

- 1 **THERE** is a happy Land,
Far, far away,
Where Saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye!
- 2 Come to this happy Land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?

- O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy Land
Beams ev'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
On then to glory run,
Be a Crown and Kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

823

THE WANDERING SHEEP.

Anon.

The Trebles may double the Tenor air, if it is thought desirable.

♩ = 100.
MALE VOICES. (Slow.)

The first system of musical notation for 'The Wandering Sheep'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains several measures of rests. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. The tempo is marked '♩ = 100.' and the instrumentation is 'MALE VOICES. (Slow.)'.

The second system of musical notation. The top staff continues with rests. The bottom staff continues the melody from the first system, featuring various note values and rests.

CHORUS.

The third system of musical notation. The top staff has rests followed by a section marked 'CHORUS.' which contains chords. The bottom staff continues the melody, with some notes beamed together.

The fourth system of musical notation. The top staff contains chords. The bottom staff features a continuous line of small, rapid notes, likely for organ accompaniment.

Small notes for the Organ.

(568)

General Hymns.

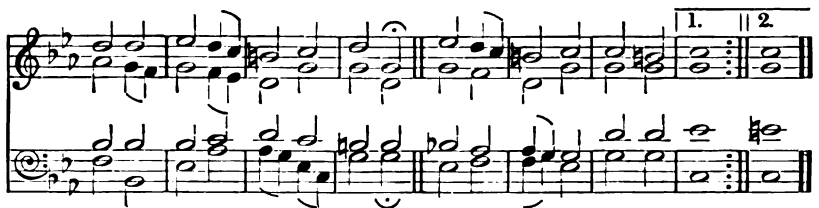
1. **THERE** were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 "Lórd, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wander'd away from Me;
And altho' the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd ;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost :
Oút in the desert He heard its cry,
Sícck, and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those Blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back :"
"Lord, whence are Thy Hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierc'd to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of Heav'n,
"Rejoice ! I have found My sheep!"
And the Angels echo'd around the Throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own !"

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

824

SIEH, HIER BIN ICH.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.



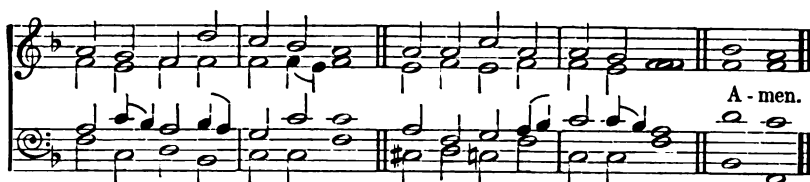
- 1 **THEY** are waiting for our coming,
 Angels on the other shore ;
 Waiting to receive the ransom'd
 When the storms of life are o'er :
 Watching at the shining portals
 Of our Father's Mansion fair ;
 They will strike their harps of glory,
 They will bid us welcome there.
 They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
 Angels on the other shore,
 Waiting to receive the ransom'd,
 When the storms of life are o'er.
- 2 They are waiting for the aged,
 Those who long the way have trod ;
 Waiting for the poor in spirit,
 Rich in faith and love to God ;
 For the young and valiant soldiers,
 Who have nobly borne their part ;
 For the self-denying Christian,
 For the meek, the pure in heart.
 They are waiting, &c.

- 3 They are waiting for the heralds,
 Who in distant lands proclaim
 Life Eternal with salvation
 Through a dying Saviour's Name ;
 Waiting for the silent mourner,
 For the weary and oppress'd,
 Who have borne their cross with patience,
 And are going home to rest.
 They are waiting, &c.
- 4 In the sunny vales of Eden,
 By the river clear and bright,
 Where the Tree of Life is planted,
 And our faith is lost in sight,
 We shall join the Church triumphant,
 Free from sorrow, toil, and care ;
 Ev'ry tie again united,
 There will be no parting there.
 They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
 Angels on the other shore,
 Waiting to receive the ransom'd,
 When the storms of life are o'er.

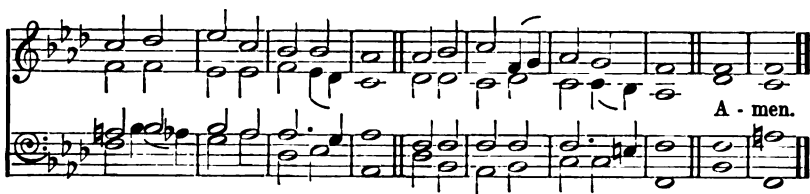
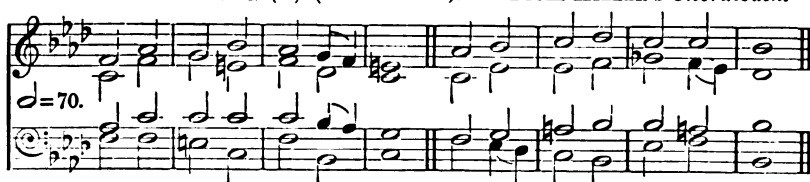
(570)

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (*First Tune*).

GAUNTLETT.

NIGHT SO TRAURIG (B) (*Second Tune*).

FROM HILLER'S Choralbuch.



- 1 THEY whom many a land divides,
Many a mighty sea besides,
Have they with each other part?
Have they fellowship in heart?
- 2 Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lot be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong and one be weak.
- 3 Doubt it not; the living share
Each with each in praise and prayer;
Share in Sacraments and sigh,
And in far-spread litany.

PART II.

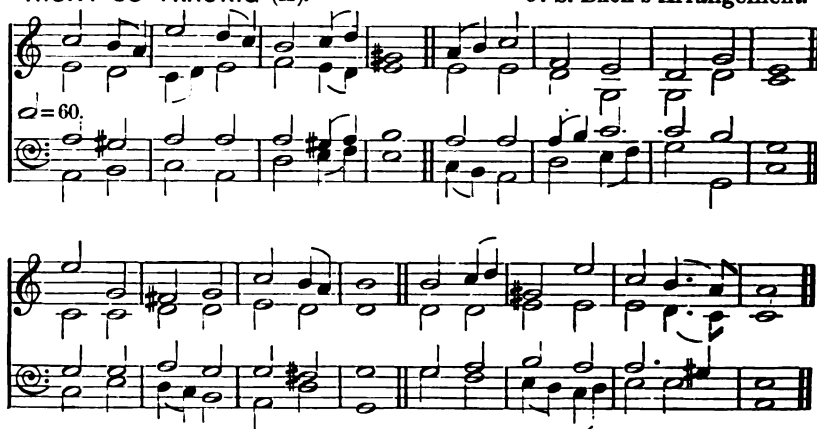
- 4 They whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the Throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?
- 5 We, by enemies distress,
They, in Paradise at rest;
We, in battle sharp and sore,
They, at peace for evermore.
- 6 Doubt it not; the Saints Above
Bend on earth the eye of love;
By their prayer and living word,
Help us, guide us, Blessed Lord!

826

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

NIGHT SO TRAUERIG (A).

J. S. BACH's Arrangement.

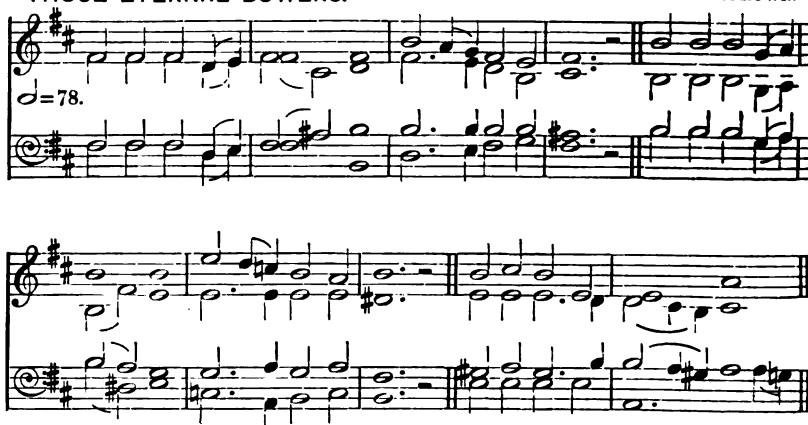
*Or tune at 579.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in Eternity.</p> <p>2 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest:
Saviour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.</p> | <p>3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the Realms of Day.</p> <p>4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.</p> <p>5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to Heav'n.</p> |
|--|--|

827

THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS.

A. H. BROWN.



(572)

General Hymns.



Or tune of 695.

1 **THOSE** Eternal Bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the Throne of God;
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them
Clad in robes of white?

2 He, who gladly barter
All on earthly ground;
He, who, like the Martyrs,
Says, "I *will* be crown'd":
He, whose one oblation
Is a life of love;
Clinging to the nation
Of the Blest above.

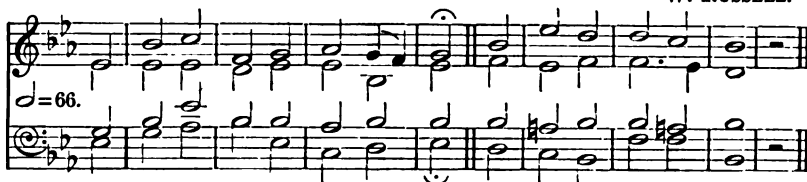
3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the Heav'nly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with lute and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, "Fight."

4 While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side:
Tell who will the story
Of our *now* distress;
Oh, the future glory!
Oh, the loveliness!

828

ALDERMARY.

W. RUSSELL.



A-men.

1 **THOU** art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

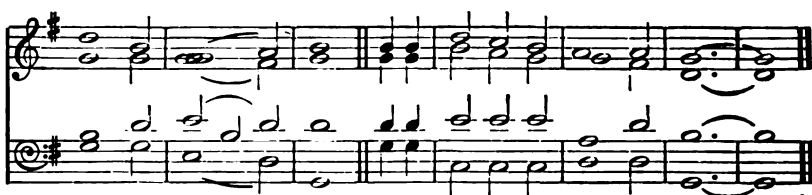
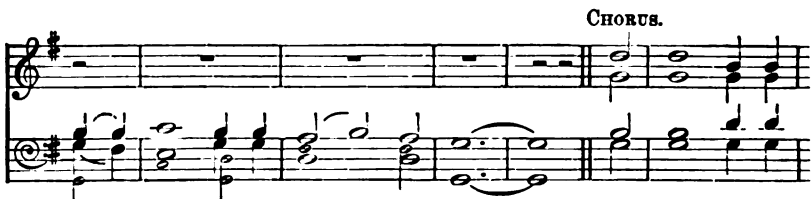
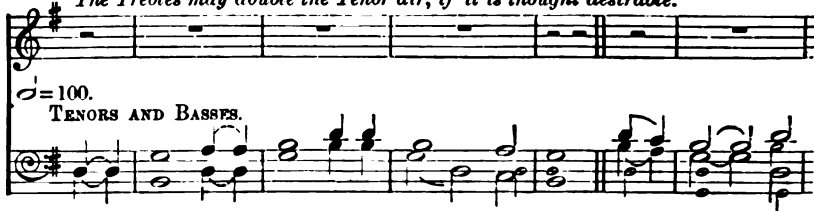
2 **THOU** art the Truth; Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 **THOU** art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor Hell shall harm.

4 **THOU** art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose Joys Eternal flow.

THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

Anon.

The Trebles may double the Tenor air, if it is thought desirable.

Small notes for the Organ.

- 1 THOU didst leave Thy Throne and Thy kingly Crown,
 When Thou camest to earth for me;
 But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
 For Thy Holy Nativity.
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
 Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
 But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
 And in great humility.
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

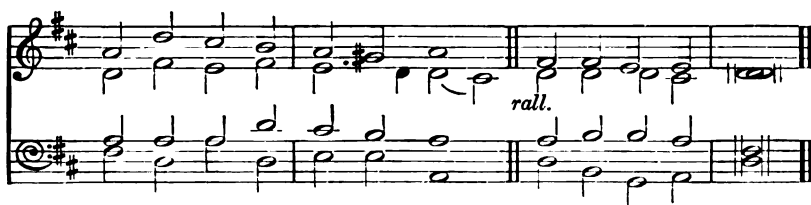
General Hymns.

- 3 The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
 In the shade of the forest tree ;
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
 In the deserts of Galilee.
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
 There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
 That should set Thy children free ;
 But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
 They bore Thee to Calvary.
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
 Thy Cross is my only plea.
- 5 When Heav'n's arches shall ring, and her Choirs shall sing
 At Thy coming to victory,
 Let Thy Voice call me home, saying, " Yet there is room—
 There is room at My side for thee !"
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
 When Thou comest and callest for me.

830

CAPETOWN.

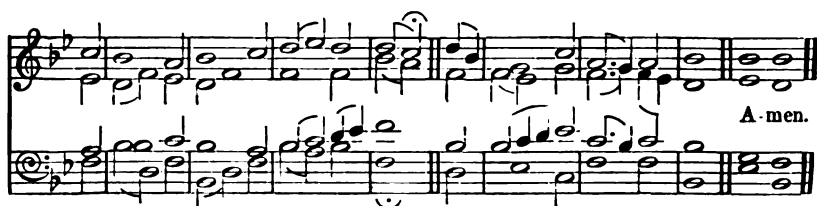
German.



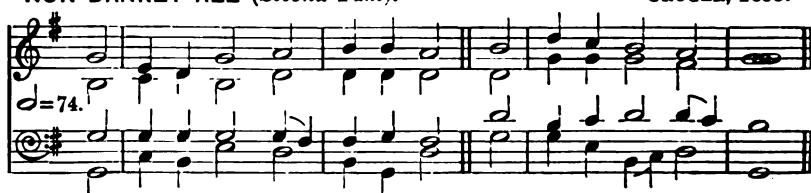
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|--|---|
| <p>1 THREE in One and One in Three,
 Ruler of the earth and sea,
 Hear us, while we lift to Thee
 Holy chant and psalm.</p> | <p>3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
 Let it close on sin forgiven;
 Fold us in the peace of Heav'n,
 Shed a holy calm.</p> |
| <p>2 Light of lights! with morning-shine
 Lift on us Thy Light Divine;
 And let charity benign
 Breathe on us her balm.</p> | <p>4 Three in One and One in Three,
 Dimly here we worship Thee;
 With the Saints hereafter we
 Hope to bear the palm.</p> |

WILTSHIRE (*First Tune*).

G. SMART.

NUN DANKET ALL (*Second Tune*).

CRÜGER, 1653.



1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

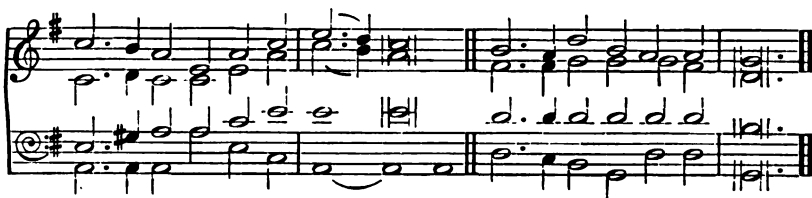
2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

3 The Hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MATER SANCTORUM (*First Tune*).*The Children's Service Book.*S. OSWALD (*Second Tune*).

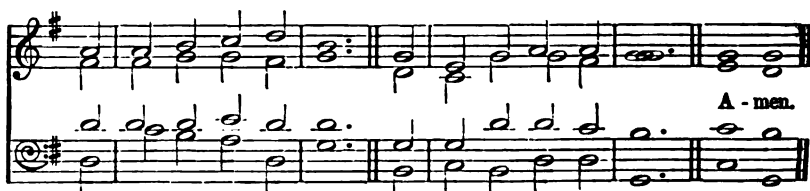
J. B. DYKES.

*Or Tune of 716.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.</p> <p>2 Clear before us, through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.</p> <p>3 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransom'd people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Bright'ning all the path we tread;</p> <p>4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;</p> | <p>5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;</p> <p>6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far Eternal Shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.</p> <p>7 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.</p> <p>8 Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scatt'ring of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.</p> |
|---|---|

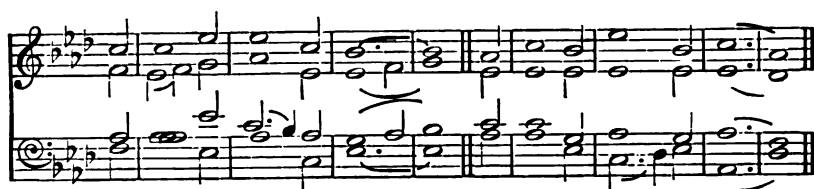
S. CECILIA.

L. G. HAYNE.



- 1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own Hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.
- 8 To Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal Glory be.

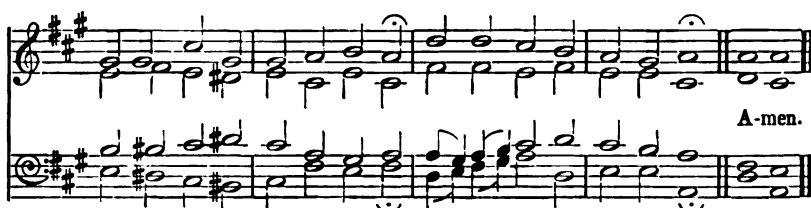
AUS MEINES HERZEN'S GRUNDE.

An Old Melody.
Remodelled by SCHERIN.

- 1 To Jesus' Heart all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyful strain.
While Ages course along,
Blest be, with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus,
By ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 O Heart for sinners riven
By sheer excess of love,
The spear through thee was driven,
'Twas sin of mine that drove.
While Ages course along, &c.
- 3 Too true I have forsaken
Thy love by wilful sin;
Yet let me now be taken
Back to my home again.
While Ages course along, &c.
- 4 As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.
While Ages course along, &c.
- 5 When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done,
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all thine own.
While Ages course along, &c.

ORIEL.

ESTR.



1.

To the Name that brings Salvation
 Laud and honour let us pay,
 Which for many a generation
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
 But to ev'ry tongue and nation
 Holy Church proclaims to-day.

2.

Jesu is the Name we treasure,
 Name beyond what words can tell ;
 Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
 Ear and heart delighting well ;
 Name of sweetness passing measure,
 Saving us from sin and Hell.

3.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
 'Tis the Name of victory ;
 'Tis the Name for meditation
 In this vale of misery,
 Name for joyful veneration
 By the Citizens on High.

4.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
 Finds it music to the ear ;
 Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
 Sweetest comfort findeth near ;
 Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
 Heav'nly joy possesseth here.

5.

'Tis the Name by right exalted
 Over ev'ry other name ;
 In this Name, when'er assaulted,
 We can put our foes to shame ;
 Strength to them that else had halted,
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6.

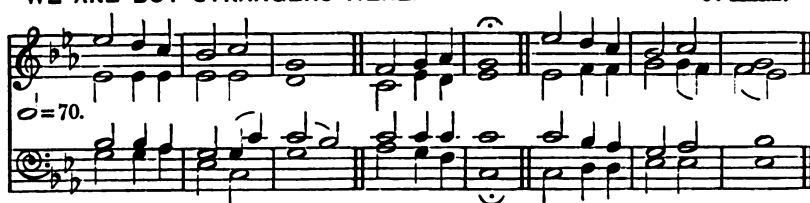
Jesu, we, Thy Name adoring,
 Long to see Thee as Thou art ;
 Of Thy clemency imploring
 So to write it in our heart,
 That, hereafter, upward soaring,
 We with Angels may have part.

General Hymns.

836

WE ARE BUT STRANGERS HERE.

J. KARL.



Or tune of 822.

- 1 We are but strangers here,
Heav'n is our Home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is our Home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on ev'ry hand,
Heav'n is our Fatherland,
Heav'n is our Home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is our Home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heav'n is our Home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heav'n is our Home.

- 3 There at our Saviour's Side,
Heav'n is our Home;
May we be glorified;
Heav'n is our Home;
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heav'n is our Home.
- 4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heav'n is our Home;
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heav'n is our Home;
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own Right Hand,
Jesu, in Fatherland;
Heav'n is our Home.

IF WE COME TO OUR LORD.

Trier Gesangbuch.

- 1 We are soldiers of Christ, Who is mighty to save,
And His Banner the Cross is unfurl'd ;
We are pledged to be faithful, and steadfast, and brave,
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.
- 2 We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same ;
And we think of the Cross on which Jesus has died,
When we bear the reproach of His Name.
- 3 At the font we were mark'd with the Cross on our brow,
Of our grace and our calling the Sign ;
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,
For the armour we wear is Divine.
- 4 We will watch ready arm'd, if the Tempter draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile ;
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.
- 5 We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,
And our spirits their freedom shall win.
- 6 For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
And we will not be led by the throng ;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on High.
And the Bright World to which we belong.

General Hymns.

PART II.

7 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where Christ leads the way;
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

8 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
In the Might of our God we will stand;
Oh! what joy to be crown'd, and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own Fatherland.

838

BRADFIELD.

S. J. ROWTON.



1 We know not a voice of that River,
If vocal or silent it be,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows to no sea.

2 More deep than the seas is that River,
More full than their manifold tides,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and abides.

3 Pure gold is the bed of that River,—
The gold of that land is the best—
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows on at rest.

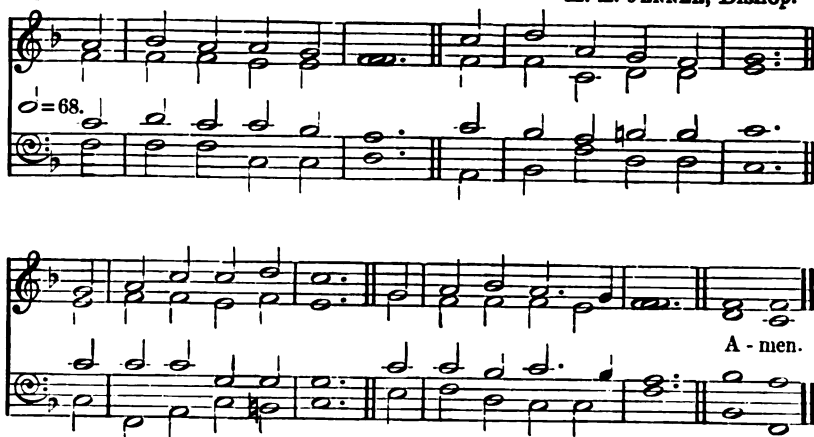
4 Oh goodly the banks of that River,
Oh goodly the fruits that they bear,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows, and is fair.

5 For lo! on each bank of that River
The Tree of Life life-giving grows,
Where for ever and ever and ever
The pure River flows.

(583)

QUAM DILECTA.

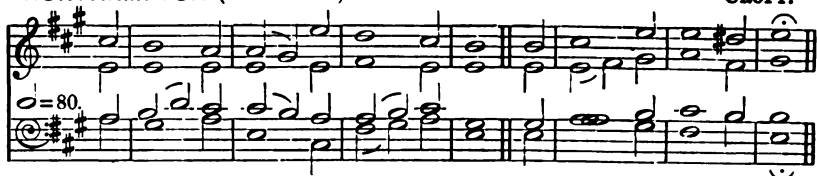
H. L. JENNER, Bishop.



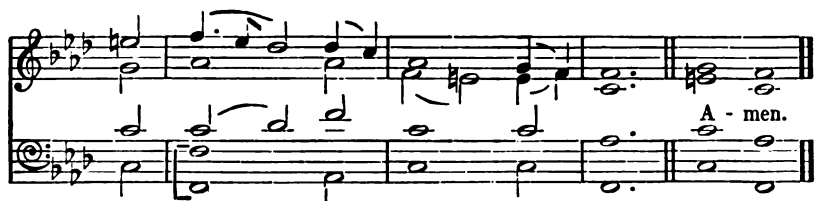
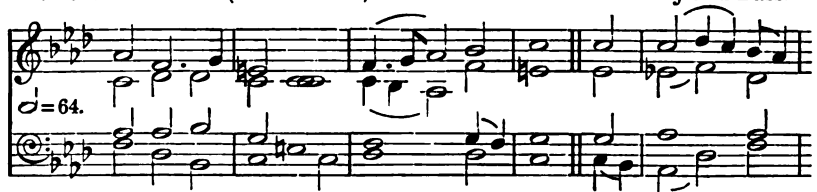
- 1 We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All other joy excels;
- 2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen ones to greet.
- 3 We love the sacred Font;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessings from above.
- 4 We love Thine Altar, Lord;
Its Mysteries revere;
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy Presence near.
- 5 We love the Word of life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.
- 6 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But oh! we long to know
The triumph-song of Heav'n.
- 7 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In Heav'n to see Thy Face,
And with Thy Saints adore.

NORTHAMPTON (*First Tune*).

CROFT.

KING'S NORTON (*Second Tune*).

JER. CLARK's Melody and Bass.

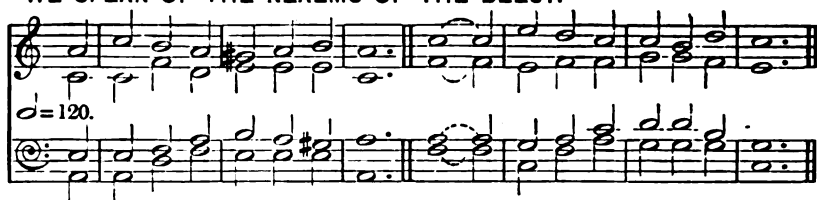


- 1 We praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry soul
That leaves this world in peace;
Haste the full number of Thy Saints,
That all may find release.
- 2 We thank Thee for the struggle past,
For grace so richly given;
We know Thy blessing still shall last,
We watch the op'ning Heav'n.
- 3 As, one by one, the souls we love
Are taken from our sight,

Our hearts rise up to praise the care
Which claims the spirit's flight.

- 4 Here in the dust the form is left
Which felt the touch of sin;
But Jesu! Thine indwelling grace
Shall life and glory win.
- 5 O Lord, how long shall death prevail
To check Thy Triumph Day?
O speed the trumpet's glorious call,
Which earth and Heav'n obey.

WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.



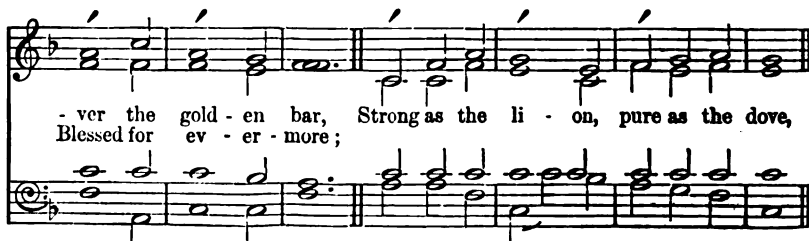
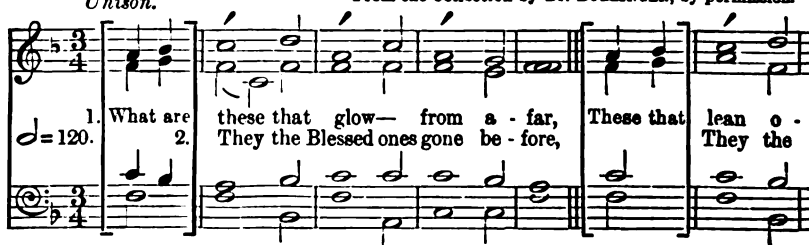
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|---|--|
| <p>1 We speak of the Realms of the Blest,
Of that Country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there?</p> <p>2 We speak of its pathways of gold, [rare,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels most
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?</p> <p>3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?</p> | <p>4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
But what must it be to be there?</p> <p>5 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the Ransom'd above;
But what must it be to be there?</p> <p>6 Let us then amidst pleasures or woe
Still for Heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.</p> |
|---|--|

GOAD JESUS.

Unison.

Breton Air.

From the Collection by Dr. BULLINGER, by permission.



General Hymns.



The accents are for a guide through the irregularities of the metre.

1.

WHAT are theſe that glôw fróm afar,
 Theſe that léan ovér the gólden bar,
 Stróng as the líon, púre as the dove,
 With ópen árms, and héarts of love?

2.

Théy the Bléſſed ones góne before,
 Théy the Bléſſed for évermore;
 Óút of great tríbulátion they went
 Home tó their hóme of Héav'n-content.

3.

What are theſe that flý áſ a cloud,
 With fláſhing héads and fáces bow'd;
 Ín their móuths a víctorious psalm,
 In their hánds a rôbe ánd a palm?

4.

Welcómíng Ángels theſe that ſhine,
 Yóur ówn Ángel, and yóurs, and míne;
 Whó have hédged us, both dáy and níght,
 Ón the left hánd and ón the right.

5.

Líght ábove líght, and blíſſ beyond blíſſ,
 Whom wórdſ cannot útter, lo, Whó ís thís?
 Áſ a Kíng with máný crówns He ſtands,
 And our námes are gráven upón Hís Hands.

6.

Áſ a Príeſt, with Gód-uplífted eyes,
 Hē óffers for úſ Hís Sácrífice,
 Áſ the Lám of Gód, for ſínners ſlain,
 That wé too may líve, He líves ágáín.

7.

Gód the FátHER gíve us gráce
 To wálk ín the líght of Jéſu's Fácé;
 Gód the Són gíve úſ a part
 In the híding-pláce of Jéſu's Héart.

8.

Gód the Spírít ſo hólđ us up,
 That wé may drínk of Jéſu's Cúp,
 Gód Almíghty, Gód Thrée ín Óne,
 Gód Almíghty, True Gód álone.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

843

S. BIRINUS.

German.

From *The Children's Service Book.*



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

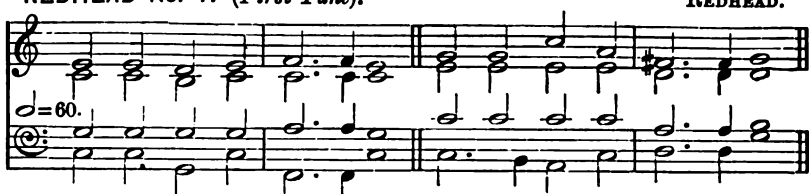
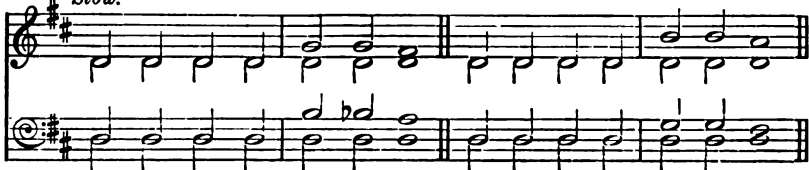
2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
Oh ! hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My Canticle Divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
Be this th' Eternal Song,
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

REDHEAD No. 47 (*First Tune*).

REDHEAD.

FILI MARIÆ! (*Second Tune*).From *The Children's Service Book*.*Slow.*

1 WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When the bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou, O Lord, our flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine Own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls;
When our final doom is near,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the Blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

845

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LORD OF MERCY.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

*Or Tune of 653.*

1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is still'd,
When the foe within is kill'd,
Be Thy gracious word fulfill'd,
Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy Day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels a length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

4 When for vanish'd days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours the Crown—
Life for evermore.

846

DURLOCKS.

The Children's Service Book.

1 WHERE the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

2 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

(590)

General Hymns.

- 3 Raise thine eyes to Heaven,
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.
- 4 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

- 5 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in Heav'n shall know.
- 6 Jesu, Gracious Saviour,
In the Realms Above
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

847

WHILE THE CROSS IS GLEAMING.

C. T. BOWEN.

Vivace.

By permission of W. Clowes & Sons, from Choep's Carols.

- 1 WHILE the Cross is gleaming,
Sign of vict'ry gain'd,
Banners o'er us streaming
Tell of war maintain'd :
Christ His strife hath ended
With the Powers of ill,
By His might defended,
We are striving still.
- 3 Through exceeding sorrow
Christ the battle won,
Ere a brighten'd morrow
Was for man begun ;
Though we work in sadness,
We must work His will,
Till the morn of gladness
Break o'er Zion's hill.
- 3 On His Body feeding,
We are strong to fight,
'Neath His Church's leading,
We shall strive aright :

- For the Faith of ages,
Given once for all,
Each true soldier wages
Warfare at her call.
- 4 With His Cross before us,
Foes in vain assail ;
With His banner o'er us,
We through love prevail ;
He came forth victorious
From the mortal strife ;
He will make us glorious,
Crown'd with Crowns of Life.
- 5 Happy then the meeting,
When we see His Face,
Welcome then the greeting
From the Throne of grace :
" Good and faithful servants
Of My Father Blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest."

QUIS ADEST P

Harmony by G. H. PALMER.



Or Tune of 382.

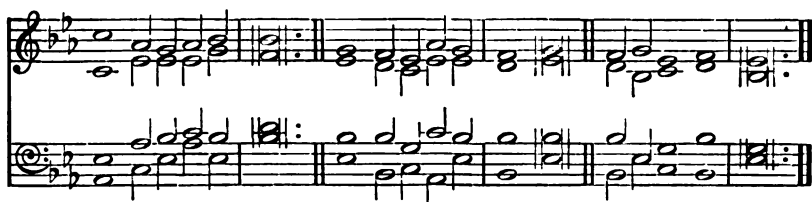
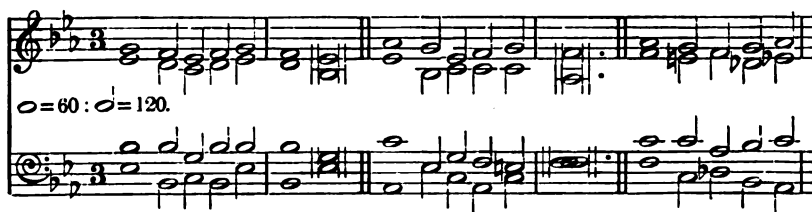
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|---|--|
| <p>1 Who is this, so weak and helpless,
 Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
 Rudely in a stable shelter'd,
 Coldly in a manger laid?
 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
 Who this wondrous path hath trod;
 He is God from Everlasting,
 And to Everlasting God.</p> | <p>3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
 Drops of Blood upon the ground?
 Who is this—despised, rejected,
 Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?
 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
 On His Church now poureth down;
 Who shall smite in holy vengeance
 All His foes beneath His Throne.</p> |
| <p>2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
 Walking sadly life's hard way,
 Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
 Over sin and Satan's sway?
 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
 Who above the starry sky
 Now for us a place prepareth,
 Where no tear can dim the eye.</p> | <p>4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
 While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
 Number'd with the malefactors,
 Pierc'd by nails, and crown'd with
 'Tis the God Who ever liveth [thorns?
 'Mid the shining ones on High,
 In the glorious golden City
 Reigning everlastingly!</p> |

General Hymns.

849

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

J. KARL.



1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work amid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

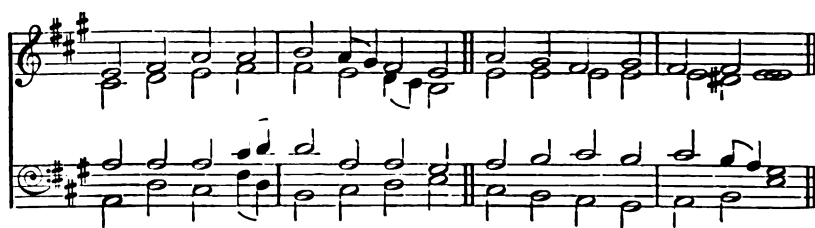
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill the bright hours with labour,
Rest cometh sure and soon:
Give to each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

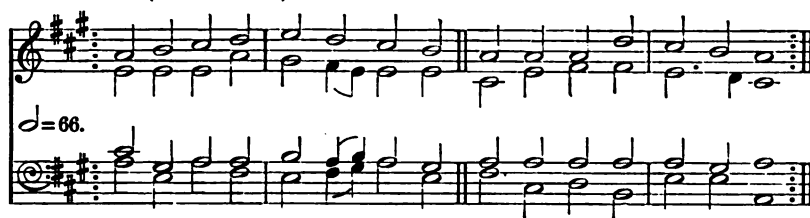
850

WORSHIP, HONOUR, GLORY, BLESSING (*First Tune*). C. J. RINDSDALE.



General Hymns.

CORINTH (*Second Tune*).



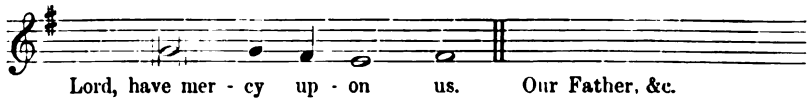
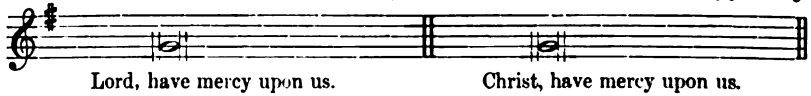
WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name;
Young and old, their thanks expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim:
As the Saints in Heav'n adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy Throne;
As Thine Angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

END OF PART III.

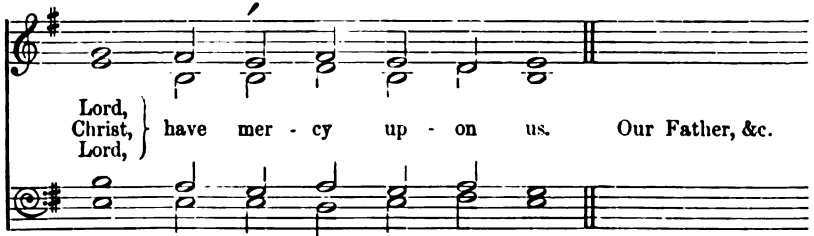
PART IV.

Litanies.

Music of the Versicles, &c., which may be transposed to any key in relation to the Litany just sung.



Or this—



NOTE.—When Alleluia is added (as at Eastertide), the inflection must be delayed till the penultimate of Alleluia.

851

LITANY OF PENITENCE.

From *The Children's Service Book*.



Litany of Penitence.

- 1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne ;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.
- 2 Father, hear Thy children's call ;
Humbly at Thy Feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent we breathe Thy Name ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 5 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the Tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART II.

- 6 We Thy call have disobey'd,
Into paths of sin have stray'd,
And repentance have delay'd ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 8 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stain'd, we pray for sanctity ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 9 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That with loving sorrow torn,
Truly contrite we may mourn ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 10 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

- 11 By Thy gracious saving call,
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared in Adam's fall,
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 12 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 13 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on High ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 14 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy Judgement fear,
And through trial persevere ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 15 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised Heav'nly prize ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 16 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 17 All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 18 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore ;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.

℟. Wash me thoroughly from my | wickedness.

℞. And cleanse me | from my | sin.

Let us pray.

Almighty and Everlasting God, Who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent ; Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF THE PASSION.

852

(First Tune.)

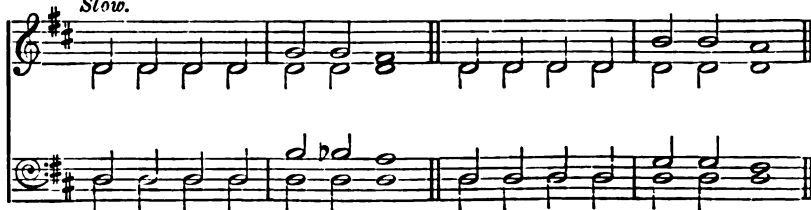
From *The Children's Service Book.*



(Second Tune.)

From *The Children's Service Book.*

Slow.



Litany of the Passion.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 God the Father, seen of none,
God the Sole-begotten Son,
God the Spirit, with Them One,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.</p> <p>2 Jesu, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> | <p>12 By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>13 By Thy nailing to the Tree,
By the Title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> |
|---|---|

PART II.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 By that hour of agony,
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumber'd in Gethsemane,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>4 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray,
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> | <p>14 By Thy Seven Words then said,
By the bowing of Thy Head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>15 By the piercing of Thy Side,
By the stream of double tide,
Blood and Water thence supplied,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> |
|---|--|

PART III.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 By the kiss of treachery,
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>6 By the words of Caiaphas,
Dooming Thee for all Thy race,
By the spitting on Thy Face,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> | <p>16 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
Save us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>17 Cleansing us from outward sin,
And from evil thoughts within,
That we may true pureness win,
Save us, Holy Jesu.</p> |
| <p>7 By those sad rebuking eyes,
Moving Peter's tears and sighs,
When he had denied Thee thrice,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>8 By Thy being bound in thrall,
When they led Thee, one and all,
Unto Pilate's Judgement-hall,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> | <p>18 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss,
But Thee only on Thy Cross,
Save us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>19 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past,
We may see Thy Face at last!
Save us, Holy Jesu.</p> |

- 9 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and Crown of Thorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 10 By the insult of the Jews
When Barabbas they would choose,
And would Christ, their King, refuse,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 11 By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised their wicked cry,
"Crucify Him, Crucify!"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.
F. The chastisement of our peace was up- | -on
Him.
R. And with His stripes we are | healed.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, we beseech Thee graciously to behold this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the Cross. Who now liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever One God, world without end. Amen.

Part 4. Litanies.

853

LITANY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

(First Tune.)

R. WOODWARD.



(Second Tune.)

French Litany.



- 1 God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Ever Blessed Three in One,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.
- 2 Word Eternal, Uncreate,
Maker of the Universe,
God of God, and Light of Light,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Bruiser of the serpent's head,
Promised seed of Abraham,
Lion of Judah, Shiloh blest,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 4 Star of Jacob, Morning Star,
Healing Sun of Righteousness,
Glorious Day-spring from on High,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 5 Of our brethren, Prophet true,
Spoken of by Moses,
Angel of the Covenant,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 6 Rose of Sharon, spotless Flower,
Lily of the Valley,
Vine of Israel, Tree of Life,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Litany of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

- 7 Stem of Jesse, Righteous Branch,
David's Root and Offspring,
David's Son, and David's Lord,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 8 Seed of the woman, Virgin-born,
Son of blessed Mary,
Royal Babe of Bethlehem,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 9 Messiah, Prophet, Priest and King,
God with us Immanuel,
Very God and Very Man,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 10 Long-expected Prince of Peace,
Desire of many nations,
Great Physician of our souls,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 11 Guide of the wanderer, sinner's Friend,
Rest of the heavy-laden,
Spouse of Virgins, Crown of Saints,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

- 12 From all sin and fleshly lusts,
From the assaults of the Devil,
From the world's deceitful pomp,
Deliver us, O Jesu.
- 13 From all envy and pride of heart,
Hatred and maliciousness,
From all evil and deadly sin,
Deliver us, O Jesu.
- 14 From the vengeance of Thy wrath,
Sword, or fire, or pestilence,
Pining hunger, or sudden death,
Deliver us, O Jesu.
- 15 From all heresy and unbelief,
Hardness and impenitence,
From all doubt or distrust in Thee,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

PART III.

- 16 By Thy Virgin Mother pure,
Giving birth to Thee, her God,
Maiden-Mother, Mother-Maid,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 17 By Thy suffering Infancy,
By Thy manger-cradle,
Swaddling bands, and bed of straw,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 18 By Thy journey, long and drear,
Flying from King Herod's wrath,
Outcast Exile from Thy Home,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

- 19 By Thy foster-father's care,
By Thy holy Childhood,
By Thy meek humility,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 20 Child of labour, by Thy toil
In the shop of Nazareth,
Working for Thy daily bread,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 21 By Thy pain and hunger keen,
Fasting in the wilderness,
By Thy thirst at Jacob's well,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 22 By Thy weary walk of love,
Seeking Thy lost sheep to save,
Saviour, Redeemer, Shepherd true,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 23 By Thy crying, grief, and tears,
Bloody sweat and agony,
By the kiss of treachery,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 24 By Thy look on Peter turn'd
In the dreadful Judgement-hall,
Look of pardon, look of love,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 25 By the reed in mockery given,
By the purple robe of shame,
Cruel scourge and Crown of Thorns,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 26 By Thy precious Death and Burial,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Mighty God, Ascended Lord,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.
- 27 When the Archangel's trump shall
And the dead again shall rise, [sound,
Oh in that dread Judgement Day,
Good Lord, remember me.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.

✠. The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt a-
mong us. (Alle- | -luia.)

✠. And we have seen His | glory. (Alle- | -luia.)

Let us pray.

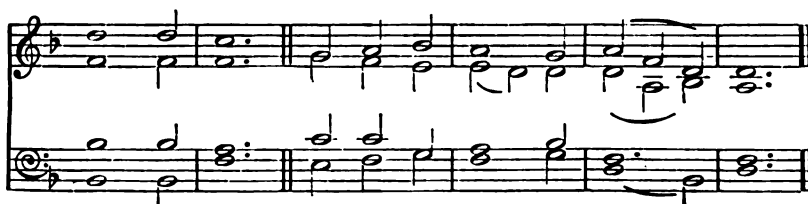
O God, Whose Blessed Son was manifested
that He might destroy the works of the Devil,
and make us the sons of God, and heirs of Eternal
Life; Grant us, we beseech Thee, that, having
this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as He is
pure; that, when He shall appear again with
power and great glory, we may be made like unto
Him in His Eternal and Glorious Kingdom; where
with Thee, O Father, and Thee, O Holy Ghost, He
liveth and reigneth, ever One God, world without
end. Amen.

Part 4. Litanies.

854

LITANY OF THE ROGATION DAYS.

LITANY OF S. AGATHA.



1 O God the Father, God the Son,
Eternal Spirit, Three in One,
Blest Trinity, while ages run,
In loving kindness, hear us.

2 Lord, to our humble prayers attend,
Oh may Thy peace from Heav'n descend,
And to our souls salvation send;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

3 Rule in our hearts, Thou Prince of Peace,
The welfare of Thy Church increase,
And bid all strife and discord cease;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

(602)

Litany of the Rogation Days.

- 4 To all who meet for worship here,
Do Thou in faithfulness draw near ;
Inspire with faith and godly fear ;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- 5 Oh let Thy Priests be clothed with might,
To rule within Thy Church aright,
That they may serve as in Thy sight ;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- 6 The sovereign ruler of our land
Protect by Thine Almighty Hand,
And all around the throne who stand ;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- 7 In time of war be near to aid,
Strong be the arm for battle made,
Prostrate be ev'ry foeman laid ;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- 8 Let clouds and sunshine bless the earth,
Give fruits and flowers a timely birth,
Our harvests crown with peaceful mirth ;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- 9 Let voyagers by land and sea
In danger's hour in safety be ;
The suffering and the captive free ;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- 10 Around us let Thine arm be cast,
Till wrath and danger are o'erpast,
And tribulation's bitter blast ;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.

℟. Ask and ye | shall receive.

℣. That your joy | may be full.

Let us pray.

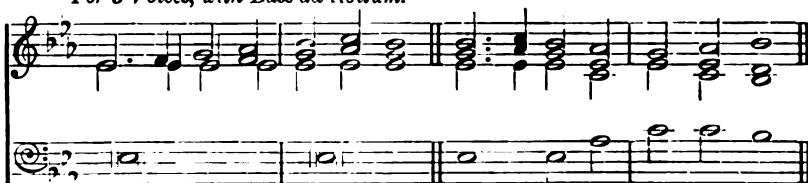
Almighty God, Lord of Heaven and earth, in Whom we live, and move, and have our being, Who dost cause Thy sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendest rain both upon the just and the unjust ; We beseech Thee at this time favourably to behold Thy people, who call upon Thee, and send Thy blessing down from Heaven to give us a fruitful season ; that, our hearts being continually filled with Thy goodness, we may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

855

For 3 Voices, with Bass ad libitum.



1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne :
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, guiding us aright,
Spirit, making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Litany of the Holy Spirit.

PART II.

- 5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 6 Thou Whom Jesus from His Throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect Will,
Making Jesus present still,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 8 Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on Baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

PART III.

- 9 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 10 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthal,
Lead us back with gentle call ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 11 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 12 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of Truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 13 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 14 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
All Thy Sev'nfold Gifts impart ;
Never more from us depart ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.

℣. Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful people. (Alle- | -luia.)

℟. And kindle in them the Fire | of Thy love. (Alle- | -luia.)

Let us pray.

God, Who didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people by the sending to them the light of Thy Holy Spirit ; Grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgement in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His Holy Comfort ; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the Unity of the same Spirit, One God, world without end. *Amen.*

Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF THE CHURCH.

856



- 1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.
- 2 Jesu, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from ev'ry foe,
Comfort her in time of woe;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART II.

- 5 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a Judgement near,
Telling of a Saviour dear;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 All her fetter'd powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the Heav'nly gift of peace;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 All that she has lost restore,
May her strength and zeal be more
Than in brightest days of yore;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 8 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

(606)

Litany of the Church.

- 9 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 10 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold ;
Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 11 May her Priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

- 12 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 13 For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 14 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Listen to her warning cry ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 15 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 16 May her scatter'd children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 17 Arm her soldiers with the Cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 18 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 19 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 20 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the Home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessed there ;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.

¶ Christ is the Head of the Body. (Alle- | -luia.)

¶ The Church. (Alle- | -luia.)

Let us pray.

Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy governance, that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Part 4. Litanies.

857 LITANY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

(First Tune.)

Rouen Melody.



(Second Tune.)



1 God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever-Blessed Three in One,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Bread of Life, from Heav'n come down,
Hidden God and Saviour,
Sacrifice for ever One,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

3 Bread of Fatness, Royal Food,
Wine, whose fruit are Virgins,
Ever living Sacrifice,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

4 Spotless Lamb of God most High,
On the Heav'nly Altar seen,
Priest and Victim, both in One,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

Litany of the Blessed Sacrament.

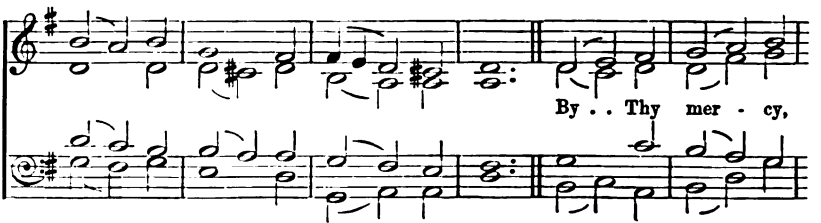
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 Hallow'd Corn of God's elect,
Cup of Blessing fill'd for us,
Hidden Manna, Angels' Food,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.</p> <p>6 Son of God, and Son of Man,
Atonement of the guilty soul,
Marvel of exceeding Love,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.</p> <p>7 Pledge of Thine Eternal Gifts,
Memorial of Thy Passion,
Heav'nly Antidote for death,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.</p> <p>8 Word-made-flesh, 'neath earthly veils,
Gift surpassing all our hopes,
Food, and Sharer of the Feast,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.</p> <p>9 Medicine of Eternal Life,
August and Holy Mystery,
Purest Offering, Paschal Lamb,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.</p> <p>10 Fountain-head of Life and Love,
Pledge of future Glory,
Nourishment of holy souls,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.</p> | <p>16 By the Sacred Testament
Of Thine Own most Precious Blood,
To our altars left by Thee,
Deliver us, O Jesu.</p> <p>17 By Thy Body's Five Blest Wounds,
Thy torn Hands and piercéd Feet,
And Thy Heart which bled with love,
Deliver us, O Jesu.</p> <p>18 That it may please Thee to increase
Faith in us, and reverence
Towards this Blesséd Sacrament,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>19 That it may please Thee grace to give,
That, with souls absolved and free,
We may oft approach the Feast,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>20 That it may please Thee to forgive
All the unworthy Communions
Made by Christians unprepared,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>21 That it may please Thee to preserve
All Thy flock from heresy,
And from blindness of the heart,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>22 That it may please Thee to impart
All the rich and Heav'nly Fruits
Of this Holy Sacrament,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>23 That it may please Thee life to give,
In the strength of that blest meat,
Safe to tread the path of death,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> |
|--|--|
-
- PART II.
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>11 From all frail and worldly thoughts,
From the unworthy reception
Of Thy Body and Thy Blood,
Deliver us, O Jesu.</p> <p>12 From the lust of sinful flesh,
From the lust of wandering eyes,
From the o'erweening pride of life,
Deliver us, O Jesu.</p> | <p>Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.
V. Thou gavest them Bread from Heaven.
(Alle- -luia.)
R. Containing in Itself all sweetness. (Alle- -luia.)</p> |
|---|--|
-
- PART III.
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>13 By the Desire wherewith, ere death,
Thou desiredst with the Twelve
Thy last Paschal Feast to eat,
Deliver us, O Jesu.</p> <p>14 By that deep Humility
Wherewith Thou didst wash their feet,
Giving the New Law of Love,
Deliver us, O Jesu.</p> <p>15 By that burning Love of Thine,
Moving Thee to institute
This most Holy Sacrament,
Deliver us, O Jesu.</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">Let us pray.</p> <p>O God, Who in this wonderful Sacrament hast
left unto us a Memorial of Thy Passion : grant us,
we beseech Thee, so to reverence the Sacred
Mysteries of Thy Body and Blood, that we may
ever perceive within ourselves the fruit of Thy
Redemption. Who livest and reignest, One God,
world without end. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

Part 4. Litanies.

858

LITANY OF TIMES OF TROUBLE.

From HAYDN.



1 God the Father throned in Heaven,
God the Everlasting Son,
God the Spirit freely given,
Ever Blessed Three in One;
By Thy mercy,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Lord, we kneel before Thee:
Bend from Heav'n Thy gracious Ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

(610)

Litany of Times of Trouble.

3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hard'ning power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the time of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful Judgement-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay ;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

7 Jesu, may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford ;
May we, now Thy love possessing,
Reap at length our full Reward ;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.

The Lord hear thee in the day of | trouble.

The Name of the God of Jacob de- | fend thee.

Let us pray.

O, God, Merciful Father, that desisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful ; Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before Thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us ; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought ; and by the providence of Thy goodness they may be dispersed ; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Part 4. Litanies.

859 LITANY OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN (*First Tune*). J. SCHOP, 1640.

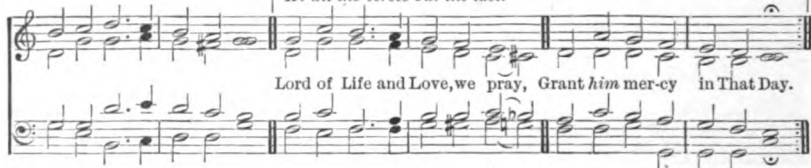


(*Second Tune*.)

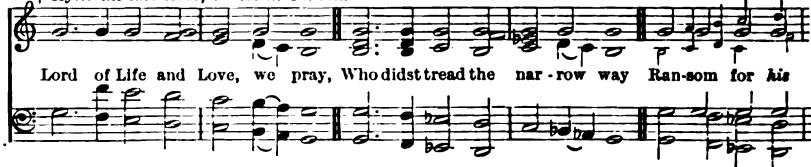
J. BADEN POWELL.



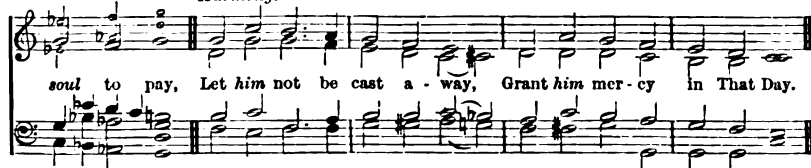
At all the verses but the last.



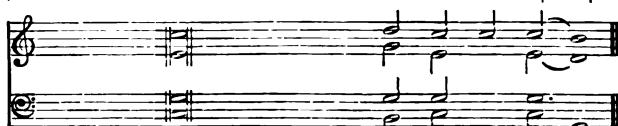
After the last verse, Voices in Unison.



Harmony.



*The
V. & Rv.*



V. I heard a voice from Heaven say - ing un - to me, . .
Rv. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . .

The rest is to be said in Monotone.

(612)

Litany of the Faithful Departed.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever Blessed Three in One ;
Hearken to our humble prayer ;
Hear us when we call to Thee,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Hear us, Son of God, O hear !
We approach Thee for our dead ;
Lead *him*, in the vale of fear,
Be Thy wings around *him* spread ;
Lord of Life and Love we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

3 Grant Thy faithful rest and light
In Thy Paradise of calm,
Lying, till be past the night,
In the breast of Abraham ;
Lord of Life, &c.

PART II.

4 Child of Mary, Who didst bear
Mortal flesh, for man to die ;
Child of sorrow, toil and care,
Grant *him* rest eternally ;
Lord of Life, &c.

5 Dweller in the Vale of Death,
Second Adam, Source of Life,
Wearer of the thorny wreath,
Victor in the deadly strife ;
Lord of Life, &c.

6 Thou Who didst let fall the tear
On the grave of Bethany ;
Who at Nain didst stay the bier
That lone mother's tear to dry ;
Lord of Life, &c.

7 Thou Whose Voice could wake the
"Maid ! I say to thee, arise !" [dead,
Who didst bow Thy dying Head
On the day of Sacrifice ;
Lord of Life, &c.

8 Thou Who passedst through the gloom
Which enshrouds the Vale of Death,
Guide *his* footsteps through the tomb,
Shelter *him* Thine arms beneath ;
Lord of Life, &c.

PART III.

9 By Thy Flesh with scourges torn,
By Thy suffering human Soul,
By the Crown of woven thorn,
By the mocking title-scroll ;
Lord of Life, &c.

10 By Thy Last and awful word—
"Father I commend my Soul
To Thine hands" : O God and Lord,
By Thy Manhood pure and whole ;
Lord of Life, &c.

11 By the quiet rock-hewn cave
Where Thy Body slept so well,
When Thy Spirit, through Thy grave,
Enter'd to the realms of Hell ;
Lord of Life, &c.

12 By Thy preaching of the Christ
To the souls in prison bound,
When was roll'd away the mist
Which had hung their vision round ;
Lord of Life, &c.

13 By th' Eternal Sacrifice
Which Thou pleadest at the Throne,
Only Gift which can suffice,
For that Gift is all Thine Own :
Lord of Life, &c.

14 By the Off'ring which we plead,
One with Thine in Heav'n above ;
By the Lamb, Whose Five Wounds
To fill full our cup of Love ; [bleed
Lord of Life, &c.

15 In the fell and fearful day,
Day of fury and of ire,
When the earth shall melt away
In the thunder-blast of fire ;
Lord of Life, &c.

16 When to hear the doom are met
Saints and sinners, quick and dead,
And the great White Throne is set,
And the books are open spread ;
Lord of Life and Love, we pray,
Who didst tread the narrow way
✠ Ransom for *his* soul to pay,
Let *him* not be cast away,
Grant *him* mercy in That Day.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.

℣. I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me,
℟. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

Let us pray.

O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all them
that believe, grant unto the soul of Thy servant
the remission of all *his* sins ; that through devout
supplications *he* may obtain the pardon *he* has
always desired. Who livest and reignest, One God,
world without end. Amen.

℣. The Lord be with you.

℟. And with thy spirit.

℣. May the Almighty and Merciful God graciously
hear us.

℟. Amen.

℣. And may the souls of the faithful, through
the mercy of God, rest in peace.

℟. Amen.

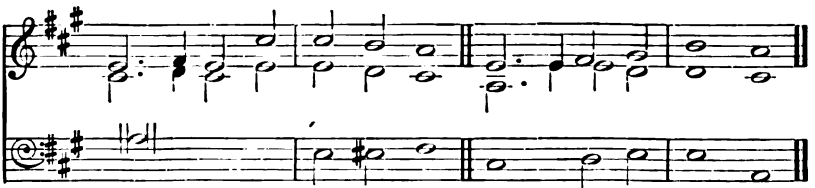
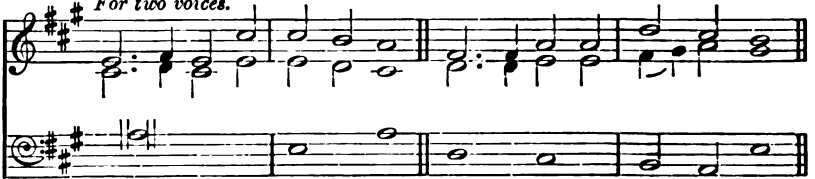
Part 4. Litanies.

860 LITANY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

(First Tune.)



(Second Tune.)
For two voices.



1 God the Father, God the Word,
God the Holy Ghost adored,
Blesséd Trinity, One Lord,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes array'd,
And within Thy Manger laid,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Jesu, at Whose infant Feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Litany of the Holy Childhood.

5 Jesu, unto Whom of yore
Wise Men, hasting to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Jesu, to Thy Temple brought,
Whom the aged Simeon sought,
By the Holy Spirit taught,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Whom Thy mother found
With the Doctors sitting round,
Wond'ring at Thy lore profound,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, Lord of life and death,
Who to her that gave Thee breath
Subject wast in Nazareth,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

9 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

10 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness,
Save us, O Jesu.

11 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

12 By Thy Birth and childish years,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy Pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy Wounds and thorn-crown'd
By Thy Blood for sinners shed, [Head,
By Thy Rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

15 By the Name we bow before,
Saving Name, which evermore
All the hosts of Heav'n adore,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

16 By Thine own unconquer'd might,
By Thy glory in the Height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil.

¶ All Thy children shall be taught | of the Lord.
(Alleluia.)

¶ And great shall be the peace of Thy | children.
(Alleluia.)

Let us pray.

O God, Who didst reveal Thyself to Thy
Prophet Samuel while he was yet a child; grant
unto us, Thy children, the knowledge of Thy Will,
that we may ever walk in Thy commandments;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Litany Tune that may be used instead of any of the former.



END OF PART IV.

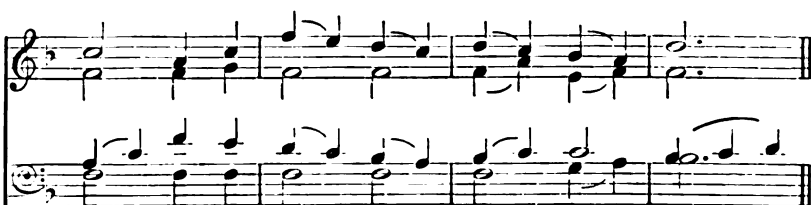
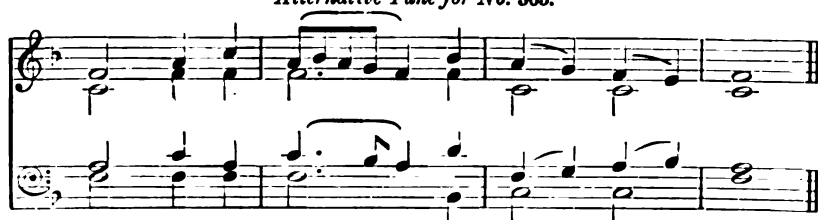
APPENDIX.

I.

WHILE SHEPHERDS.

Cornish Air.

Alternative Tune for No. 365.

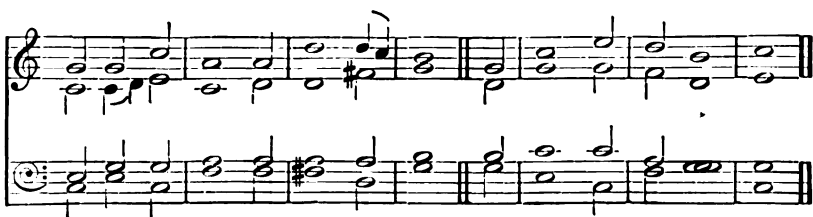
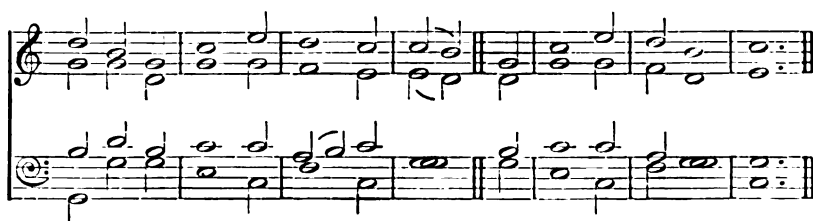
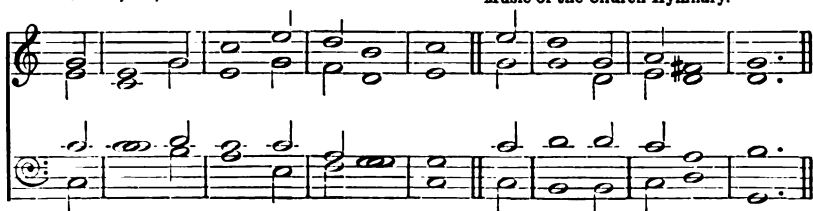


APPENDIX.

II.

S. MATTHEW'S.
See Nos. 539, 542, and 752.

The form of the tune (Melody and Bass) at its first
appearance in 1708. See Cowan and Love,
"Music of the Church Hymnary."



CHILDREN'S SERVICES

FORM I.

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

OUR FATHER, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

O Almighty God, look, we beseech Thee, upon the Face of Thy Beloved Son, and for His sake mercifully hear the prayers which we offer unto Thee :

For our parents and all our relations and friends : That through Thy most mighty protection both here and ever, they may be preserved in body and soul,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For the Clergy and all who minister in this Church (or place) : That they may be faithful dispensers of Thy Word and Holy Sacraments,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For all the children : That with meek heart and due reverence they may hear and receive Thy Holy Word, truly serving Thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of their life,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For all in this land who are living in unbelief or sin : That they may be led into the way of truth, and hold the Faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For Jews, Mohammedans, and the Heathen : That it may please Thee to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For the sick and dying, and for all who are in trouble or distress : That it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear : That by Thy mercy they may rest in peace, and that light perpetual may shine upon them,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

And grant unto us, Thy servants, Unity, a true Faith, and a life agreeable to Thy Holy Will, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(All stand up.)

HYMN.

*(All sit.)**Here follows THE LESSON—a short passage from Holy Scripture.**(All stand up.)*

HYMN.

CATECHISING or ADDRESS.

HYMN, or THE MAGNIFICAT.

Then shall be said THE CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth :

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead and buried, He descended into Hell ; The third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty : From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The Holy Catholick Church ; The Communion of Saints ; The forgiveness of sins ; The Resurrection of the body, And the Life Everlasting. Amen.

The Lord be with you.

And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

(All kneel.)

COLLECTS AND BLESSING.

FORM II.

Litany 860 *(or some other Litany).*

HYMN.

Here follows THE LESSON—a short passage from Holy Scripture.

HYMN.

CATECHISING.

HYMN.

A short Address on some point in the previous Catechising.

HYMN.

COLLECTS

FORM III.

Litany 860 *(or some other Litany).*

HYMN.

Here follows THE LESSON—a short passage from Holy Scripture.

HYMN.

CATECHISING or ADDRESS.

HYMN.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

COLLECTS.

FORM IV.

CHILDREN'S VESPERS.

OUR FATHER from evil. **Amen.**

O God, make speed to save us.

O Lord, make haste to help us.

(All stand up.)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Praise ye the Lord.

The Lord's Name be praised.

PSALM CXIII.

PRAISE the Lord, ye servants : O praise the Name of the Lord.

2 Blessed be the Name of the Lord : from this time forth for evermore.

3 The Lord's Name is praised : from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same.

4 The Lord is high above all heathen : and His glory above the Heavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath His dwelling so high : and yet humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in Heaven and earth ?

6 He taketh up the simple out of the dust : and lifteth the poor out of the mire ;

7 That He may set him with the princes : even with the princes of His people.

8 He maketh the barren woman to keep house : and to be a joyful mother of children.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel came out of Egypt : and the house of Jacob from among the strange people,

2 Judah was his Sanctuary : and Israel his dominion.

3 The sea saw that and fled : Jordan was driven back.

4 The mountains skipped like rams : and the little hills like young sheep.

5 What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest : and thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back ?

6 Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams : and ye little hills, like young sheep ?

7 Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord : at the presence of the God of Jacob.

8 Who turned the hard rock into a standing water : and the flint-stone into a spring well.

PSALM CXV.

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the praise : for Thy loving mercy, and for Thy truth's sake.

2 Wherefore shall the heathen say : Where is now their God ?

3 As for our God, He is in Heaven : He hath done whatsoever pleased Him.

4 Their idols are silver and gold : even the work of men's hands.

5 They have mouths, and speak not : eyes have they, and see not.

6 They have ears, and hear not : noses have they, and smell not.

7 They have hands, and handle not ; feet have they, and walk not : neither speak they through their throat.

8 They that make them are like unto them : and so are all such as put their trust in them.

9 But thou, house of Israel, trust thou in the Lord : He is their succour and defence.

10 Ye house of Aaron, put your trust in the Lord : He is their helper and defender.

11 Ye that fear the Lord, put your trust in the Lord : He is their helper and defender.

12 The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He shall bless us : even He shall bless the house of Israel, He shall bless the house of Aaron.

13 He shall bless them that fear the Lord : both small and great.

14 The Lord shall increase you more and more : you and your children.

15 Ye are the blessed of the Lord : Who made Heaven and earth.

16 All the whole Heavens are the Lord's : the earth hath He given to the children of men.

17 The dead praise not Thee, O Lord : neither all they that go down into silence.

18 But we will praise the Lord : from this time forth for evermore. Praise the Lord.

Here follows THE LESSON from Ephesians iv. 29—end ; or some other passage from Holy Scripture ; after which a Hymn may be sung, followed by THE MAGNIFICAT.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Then shall be said THE APOSTLES' CREED.

The Lord be with you.

And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

THE COLLECT FOR THE DAY.

Laus Deo.