

• HYMNS •

• BENSON •



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1925



Phillips

HYMNS

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

BY

LOUIS F. BENSON, D.D.

SET TO THE MUSIC OF VARIOUS COMPOSERS

PHILADELPHIA

1925

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DEDICATION

All-Souls' Day

A road soon lost in shadow either way ;
Bared boughs above against the darkening gray ;
The hush of a November afternoon,
Too late for sunshine and for stars too soon :

Soft breaths of twilight that unspoken fall
About God's House, beyond the roadside wall
Guarding inviolate its graves ; a gate
Where they who come keep tryst with them that wait :—

Peace to all souls remembered or forgot ;
And to all friends the love that changes not,
If they have caught the sunrise from the hill
Or at my side are pressing forward still.

November 14th, 1922

PREFACE

BY common consent a preface is permitted to be human and personal: in a publication so restricted as this it may be allowed even a note of intimacy.

For a great many years the writing of hymns has been to me something less than a vocation, and yet something more than an avocation. It has provided a natural form of religious expression, and I have tried to make it a form of service. Fully aware of the attitude of literary critics toward our hymns and hymn books, my conviction remains unshaken that the hymn, with all its limitations, is still a legitimate type of lyrical verse. And so I have ventured to cultivate hymn writing as a form of art also. It may be best to say so frankly, lest the hymns themselves should falter in bearing witness to such an aim.

As the years passed a thought has been taking shape to gather up these hymns, or at least the better of them, from their scattered sources into a little book all their own,—“that’s for remembrance.” The casual discovery of an interval of forty-seven years between the dates of the earliest hymn and the latest suggested that the time to fulfill such a purpose may have arrived.

In a period prolific of extended “Autobiographies,” “Reminiscences” and “Recollections of a Lifetime,” it may be that so unpretentious a keepsake needs no apology. If one be needed it will be found in the large number of original tunes to which from time to time gracious and accomplished friends have set my

hymns. Most of these tunes have remained, treasured but unheard, in the manuscript scores in which they were received; some of them for more than the quarter of a century.

And it is right that a selection of those that are at once beautiful and serviceable should be put into print. I have covered the tunes with the copyright of the book because of a fancy that for a while at least they should be used in connection with the words which called them forth. That, I think, is what their composers would have liked, so many of whom are gone ahead of me into the silence that wraps us round.

L. F. B.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1925

2014 De Lancey Place

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When I a - wake from slum - ber To greet the gold - en day,

Then teach me, Lord, to num - ber Its hours in wis - dom's way. A - MEN.

A Morning Hymn

I
WHEN I awake from slumber
 To greet the golden day,
 Then teach me, Lord, to number
 Its hours in wisdom's way.

II
 When clouds at dawn are gleaming,
 Lift up mine answering eyes
 To where Thy light is streaming
 On faith's high enterprise.

III
 While all the heights are calling,
 And skies are blithe and blue,
 Keep Thou my feet from falling,
 My heart's ambitions true.

IV
 Let simple pleasures cheer me
 When every goal seems far;
 Reveal Thyself as near me
 As life and duty are.

V
 And when the light is fading,
 If dreams have not come true,
 Yet breathe Thy peace pervading
 The twilight through and through.

VI
 When life's long day is ended
 And shadows closer creep,
 Lord, let me feel befriended
 Before I go to sleep.

The sun is on the land and sea, The day begun;

Our morning hymn begins with Thee, Blest Three in One:

Our praise shall rise continually Till day is done. A-MEN.

A Morning Hymn of Praise

I
THE sun is on the land and sea,
 The day begun;
 Our morning hymn begins with Thee,
 Blest Three in One:
 Our praise shall rise continually
 Till day is done.

II
 Thy love was ever in our view,
 Like stars, by night;
 Thy gifts are every morning new,
 O God of light;
 Thy mercy, like the heavens' blue,
 Fills all our sight.

III
 We do not know what grief or care
 The day may bring:
 The heart shall find some gladness
 That loves its King; [there
 The life that serves Thee everywhere
 Can always sing.

IV
 All glory to the Father be,
 With Christ the Son,
 And, Holy Spirit, unto Thee,
 For ever One;
 All glory to the Trinity
 While ages run.

SANTA BARBARA 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8

Composed for this hymn by Bradley Keeler, January 30, 1922
first printed in this book

Our King's own child, the morn - ing, Up - lifts its gold - en head;

The gems its crown a - dorn - ing Are pearls and ru - bies red: And film - y

fold - s in cloud - land made Are on its shoul - ders light - ly laid. A - MEN.

I At Lauds III

OUR King's own child, the morning,
Uplifts its golden head;
The gems its crown adorning
Are pearls and rubies red:
And filmy folds in cloudland made
Are on its shoulders lightly laid.

II

Our King's best gift, the morning,
Lies lavish o'er the land,
But fades beneath the scorning
Of an unwilling hand.
Lord, make us wise the best to choose,
And to Thy praise Thy gifts to use.

The royal lights of morning,
How quickly paled and gray!
And falls, with scarce a warning,
The light of common day:
Perchance the common day may be
The golden opportunity.

IV

To God, the light's Creator,
To Christ, the Light of Light,
To God, Illuminator,
Be praise from dawn to night.
To God, enthroned above the skies,
Our morning song shall ever rise.

Christmas in the Air

MARGARETTA 5. 6. 5. 6. 8. 8. 6: with Refrain.
(With accompaniment for the Piano)

Composed for this hymn by Alfred Reginald Allen,
January, 1915: first printed in this book

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

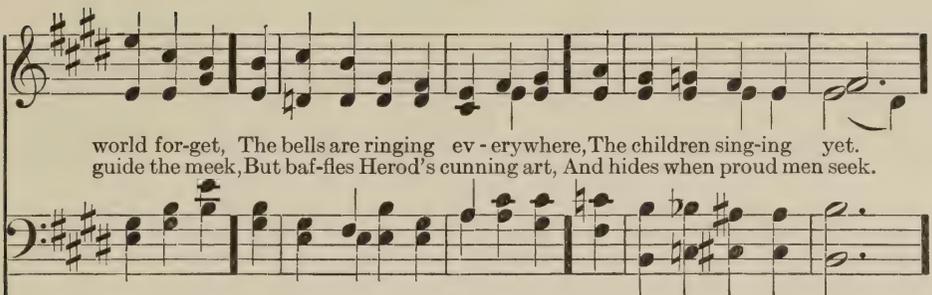
1. Christ-mas in the air! Hear all an-gels sing - ing;
 2. Christ-mas in the heart If the heart be low - ly!

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a rest, and the piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The piano part includes a prominent bass line with dotted rhythms.

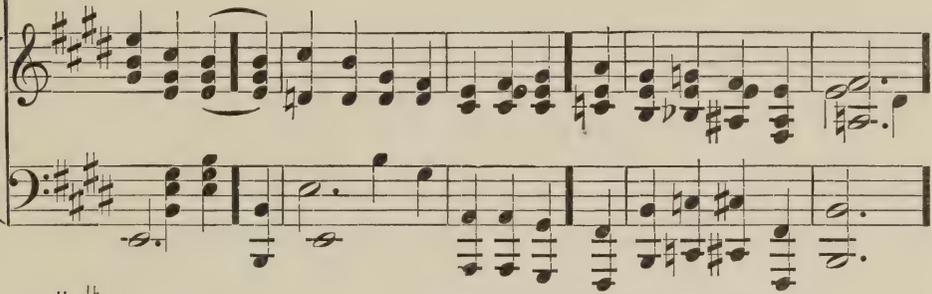
The third system shows the vocal line re-entering with a new melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues to provide harmonic support.

Love and peace up there! Peace their hands are bring-ing; And lest the bus-y
 Pride can have no part In what makes Christmas ho - ly; God lends a star to

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a final melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The piano part features a complex texture with many chords and moving lines.



world for-get, The bells are ringing ev - erywhere, The children sing-ing yet.
guide the meek, But baf-fles Herod's cunning art, And hides when proud men seek.



God grant us peace on Christmas Day; God send the con-science rest, . . .
God grant us peace on Christmas Day; God give us hearts re - born; . . .



God drive the wolves of want a - way, And suc-cor the oppressed.
God lis - ten when the hum - ble pray, And com-fort hearts for-lorn. A-MEN.

THE SEVEN JOYS OF MARY C. M. D.

A traditional English carol

Tenderly

The win - ter night was dark and still, The vil - lage lay a - sleep;

In mead - ows un - der-neath the hill The shep - herds watched their sheep:

The shep - herds watched their sheep, good Lord, But an - gels watched o'er Thee,

While Ma - ry held Thee to her heart, And they sang ju - bi - lee. A - MEN.

A Carol for Christmas Eve

I

THE winter night was dark and still,
The village lay asleep;
In meadows underneath the hill
The shepherds watched their sheep:
The shepherds watched their sheep, good Lord,
But angels watched o'er Thee,
While Mary held Thee to her heart,
And they sang jubilee.

II

As now the Yule-log glows aflame,
And winds without run wild,
We softly speak the blessed Name
They gave Thee as a child,
They gave Thee as a child, good Lord;
O winter winds, be still!
O Christmas star, shine down again
On meadow and on hill!

III

Lord Jesus, look from Heaven above,
And come, Lord Jesus, here;
To fill our home with Christmas love
Our hearts with Christmas cheer,
Our hearts with Christmas cheer, good Lord;
And happy may we be,
All lads and maidens in our homes
And sailor boys at sea.

IV

O Mary's Son, for her sweet sake
All womankind is blest;
We praise Thy Name when first we wake,
And when we go to rest:
And when we go to rest, good Lord,
Our nightly thanks are given
For all good mothers, — some on earth,
And some with Thine in Heaven.

BETHLEHEM ROAD 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Composed for this hymn
by the Rev. Calvin W. Laufer, February, 1925
first printed in this book

A King might miss the guid-ing star, A Wise Man's feet might stumble;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

For Beth-le - hem is ve - ry far From all ex - cept the hum - ble.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

'Tis Christmas Day! 'Tis Christmas Day! And Christmas hearts are hum - ble. A-MEN.

The third and final system of musical notation for the hymn. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

A Carol of Christmas at Bethlehem

(The Narrator)

I
A KING might miss the guiding star,
A Wise Man's foot might stumble;
For Bethlehem is very far
From all except the humble.

(Chorus of Children)

*'Tis Christmas Day! 'Tis Christmas Day!
And Christmas hearts are humble.*

II
Some pilgrims seek a hallowed shrine;
Some soldiers march to danger;
Some travellers seek an inn — its sign,
"The Baby in a Manger."

*When Christ was born on Christmas morn,
They laid Him in a manger.*

III
There is no palace in that place,
Nor any seat of learning,
No hill-top vision of God's face
No altar candles burning.

*O come and see our Christmas tree
And Christmas candles burning.*

IV
But he who gets to Bethlehem
Shall hear the oxen lowing;
And, if he humbly kneel with them,
May catch far trumpets blowing:

*From far away, on Christmas Day,
May hear God's trumpets blowing.*

ANGELS OF PEACE C. M. with Refrain

Composed for this hymn by William G. Fischer, 1898
first printed in a Sunday School Service, 1902

A glo - ry lit the win - try sky Be - fore the break of day,

And in a lit - tle house near by The Lord of Glo - ry lay:

An-gels of peace the ti-dings bring, An - gels of Je - sus sing. A - MEN.

The Lord of Glory

I

A GLORY lit the wintry sky
Before the break of day,
And in a little house near by
The Lord of Glory lay:
Angels of peace the tidings bring,
Angels of Jesus sing.

II

Our common ways with anxious feet
The Lord of Glory trod,
But met not one in lane or street
That knew the Son of God:
Angels of peace their greetings bring,
Angels that may not sing.

III

“I come to bring the weary rest,”
The Lord of Glory said,
Yet found no place to east or west
Where He might lay His head:
Angels of peace above Him still,
Angels await His will.

IV

And when they led Him forth to die,
Around His cross of shame
The men He came to save stood by
And mocked their Saviour's Name:
Angels of peace their stations keep,
Angels of sorrow weep.

V

O Son of Man whom angels know!
O heart of man, how cold,
How dull to see, to praise how slow,
Now as in days of old!
Angels of peace their hymns upraise,
Angels of glory praise.

CARMINA CHRISTI C. M. D.

Composed for this hymn by U. C. Burnap, 1899
first printed in a Children's Day Service, 1901

O sing a song of Beth - le - hem, Of shep-herds watching there,

And of the news that came to them From an-gels in the air:

The light that shone on Beth - le-hem Fills all the world to - day;

Of Je - sus' birth and peace on earth The an-gels sing al - way. A-MEN.

☉ Sing a Song of Bethlehem

I

O SING a song of Bethlehem,
Of shepherds watching there,
And of the news that came to them
From angels in the air:
The light that shone on Bethlehem
Fills all the world to-day;
Of Jesus' birth and peace on earth
The angels sing alway.

II

O sing a song of Nazareth,
Of sunny days of joy,
O sing of fragrant flowers' breath,
And of the sinless Boy:
For now the flowers of Nazareth
In every heart may grow;
Now spreads the fame of His dear Name
On all the winds that blow.

III

O sing a song of Galilee,
Of lake and woods and hill,
Of Him who walked upon the sea
And bade its waves be still:
For though, like waves on Galilee,
Dark seas of trouble roll,
When faith has heard the Master's word,
Falls peace upon the soul.

IV

O sing a song of Calvary,
Its glory and dismay;
Of Him who hung upon the tree
And took our sins away:
For He who died on Calvary
Is risen from the grave,
And Christ our Lord, by Heaven adored,
Is mighty now to save.

O HEAVENLY LOVE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

Composed for this hymn by Bradley Keeler, May 17, 1922
first printed in this book

O Heav-en-ly love that was so high, So low-ly now for love of me!

The Son of God hath stooped to die The death of shame up - on the tree.

For me the Lord that loved me died; The Son of God is cru - ci - fied. A-MEN.

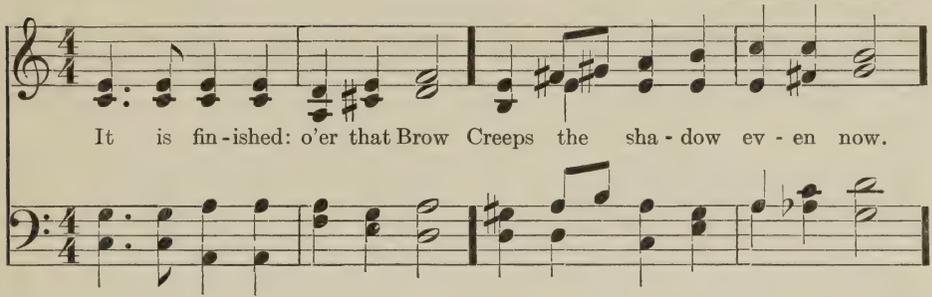
Before the Cross

O HEAVENLY love that was so high,
So lowly now for love of me!
The Son of God hath stooped to die
The death of shame upon the tree.
For me the Lord that loved me died;
The Son of God is crucified.

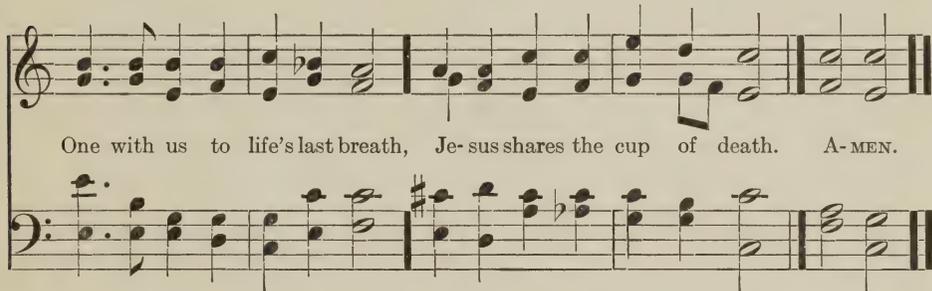
Is crucified! Those hands impaled
The sins of other hands to bear;
Those feet, for feet that wandered,
nailed; [there.
For my transgressions wounded
For me the Lord that loved me died;
The Son of God is crucified.

The Son of God, the Lord of Life;
That royal head uncrowned for me!
The Prince of Peace amid the strife;
His lifted cross my victory!
Here weep, my sin; here kneel, my
pride;
The Son of God is crucified.

Before His cross the heart is hushed,
The eyes that see their Lord grow
dim;
And all the works of pride lie crushed
Beneath the weight it laid on Him.
No thought, no prayer, no plea, beside
"The Son of God is crucified."



It is fin-ished: o'er that Brow Creeps the sha-dow ev-en now.



One with us to life's last breath, Je-sus shares the cup of death. A-MEN.

“It is Finished”

I
IT is finished: o'er that Brow
 Creeps the shadow even now.
 One with us to life's last breath,
 Jesus shares the cup of death.

II
 Through the gloaming long ago
 Prophets saw Messiah's woe.
 Now their visions are fulfilled,
 And that lonely Heart is stilled.

III
 “Lo! I come to do Thy will,”
 Rings the old evangel still.
 “It is finished!” says the Son,
 When the Father's will is done.

IV
 They who followed to the cross,
 Mindful only of their loss,
 Bow their stricken heads and say,
 “It is finished: come away.”

V
 “It is finished!” As the cry
 Echoes from the hills on high,
 They who sang on Christmas Day
 Fold their sinless hands and pray.

VI
 Take that pierced Body down;
 Now unbind the thorny crown;
 Lay that Head on earth's cold breast;
 It is finished: Jesus, rest.

Now the win-ter days are o'er, And the spring is come; Now the trees and

REFRAIN

flow'rs once more Call the song birds home. Ring the bells! ring the bells! Ring the bells on
Yes, ring the bells!

Eas-ter Day! Ring the bells! ring the bells! Hap-py Eas-ter Day! A - MEN.
Yes, ring the bells!

A Child's Easter Hymn

I

Now the winter days are o'er,
And the spring is come;
Now the trees and flowers once more
Call the song birds home.

II

Now the faithful heart awakes
From its night of gloom;
While the light of morning breaks
On the empty tomb.

III

Shining angel forms appear
Where the Saviour lay;
"He is risen; He is not here,"
Angel voices say.

IV

Brighter light than dawn may bring
From that grave is poured;
Gladder songs than birds can sing
Greet the risen Lord.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'To the Good Shepherd'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a style typical of late 19th-century hymnals, with a focus on harmonic accompaniment. The first system covers the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system covers the remaining four lines.

To the Good Shepherd

I

NOT of this fold, Thine other sheep obey Thee,
 And follow on by paths we do not know,
 Out in the world, in other worlds it may be,
 Which God can find and where His free winds blow.

II

Free blow His winds, although our path is narrow;
 Warm shines His sun, although our hearts are cold;
 His heavens arch the fall of every sparrow;
 And all Thy sheep, O Christ, may find a fold.

III

One Shepherd's voice on hills where dusk is falling!
 One flock beneath the sunlight and the star!
 If any sheep has wandered from Thy calling,
 I pray Thee, Christ, it wander not too far.

IV

So many folds! So many sheep-bells chiming!
 One fold at last; one Shepherd evermore!
 And some that hardly know Thy voice are climbing
 To enter in, O Christ, the open door.

How pa - tient - ly they trod with Him The hills of Gal - i - lee,—

His sheep who knew their Shepherd's voice And heard His "Fol - low Me!"

O Mas - ter, we are Thine, Thou call - est us to - day;

Thy life and truth still shine Up - on Thy Church's way. A - MEN.

“My Church”

I

HOW patiently they trod with Him
The hills of Galilee, —
His sheep who knew their Shepherd's voice
And heard His “Follow Me!”
O Master, we are Thine,
Thou callest us to-day;
Thy life and truth still shine
Upon Thy Church's way.

II

Nor house nor hut the Shepherd had,
Nor shelter for His flock,
When He exulting said, “My Church
I build upon this rock.”
Lord Jesus, guard it well
When faith and courage fail;
Let not the gates of hell
Against Thy Church prevail.

III

No gifts were in that empty hand,
His cross alone in view
From out the shadows, when He said,
“My peace I leave with you.”
O Saviour, at Thy side
All strife and discord cease;
Where Thou wast crucified
Thy Church shall find her peace.

IV

And now when troubled hearts are turned
Toward Heaven's distant hill,
The Spirit of Remembrance speaks, —
“Lo! I am with you still:
Remember Jesus Christ
Arisen from the dead;
The Lamb once sacrificed,
The Church's only Head.”

COMRADES 8. 7. 8. 7. D. (Iambic)

Arranged for this hymn from a German song
by Bradley Keeler, April 25, 1924
first printed in this book

The lamps of Heaven are burn-ing still Be-yond the wind and wea-ther;

Then lift your heart and brace your will To breast the hill to - geth - er.

It's hill and hol - low, mist or rain, It's fail - ure and en - deav - or,

It's struggle al-ways, sometimes pain, And then it's home for ev - er. A - MEN.

The Brotherhood of the Way

I

THE lamps of Heaven are burning still
Beyond the wind and weather;
Then lift your heart and brace your will
To breast the hill together.
It's hill and hollow, mist or rain,
It's failure and endeavor,
It's struggle always, sometimes pain,
And then it's home for ever.

II

So share your hope of Heaven to-day,
If any heart will heed you;
And give, along the narrow way,
A hand to those who need you:
Till some spent pilgrim in his woe,
Who feels your arm around him,
Will dream that Heaven is bending low
And bless the love that found him.

III

O who would scale life's topmost hill
Alone amid the heather,
Where he might lead a comrade still
To enter Heaven together?
God lend more kindness to the brave,
God make faint hearts more daring;
From pride defend, in weakness save,
And prosper our wayfaring.

Philadelphia, December 12, 1913
first printed in *The Continent*, April 9, 1914

HORA NOVISSIMA 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 II.

Arranged from André's
Chants de l'Archiconfrérie, 1844

For-ward! sing-ing "Glo - ry To our Lord the King;" For-ward! trust-ing

on - ly In the Name we sing. See! the day is break-ing And the

road points far; March with eyes up - lift - ed To the Morning Star.

REFRAIN

For - ward! sing - ing "Glo - ry To our Lord the King;"

For - ward! trust - ing on - ly In the Name we sing. A - MEN.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Into All the World". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

“Into All the World”

I

FORWARD! singing “Glory
To our Lord the King;”
Forward! trusting only
In the Name we sing.
See! the day is breaking
And the road points far;
March with eyes uplifted
To the Morning Star.

II

All the world for Jesus
To its utmost rim!
Heralds of salvation,
All the heart for Him!
While we bear a gospel
To a world of sin,
But a gage of battle
To the world within.

III

Blessed is the kingdom;
Blessed be the King!
Crowned is every duty
His commandments bring.
Now to serve like soldiers,
Now to work like men;
O to love as God loves,
And to conquer then!

IV

All the world for Jesus!
Brothers, hand in hand!
All of life a highway
Through Immanuel’s land.
Hark! from God’s white towers
Bells of evening ring:
Forward! to the palace
Of our Lord the King.

LAUFER 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Composed for this hymn by Emily S. Perkins, March, 1924
first printed in this book

The light of God is fall - ing Up - on life's com - mon way;

The Mas - ter's voice still call - ing, "Come, walk with Me to - day;"

No du - ty can seem low - ly To him who lives with Thee,

And all of life grows ho - ly, O Christ of Gal - i - lee. A - MEN.

A Brotherhood Hymn

I

THE light of God is falling
Upon life's common way;
The Master's voice still calling,
"Come, walk with Me to-day:"
No duty can seem lowly
To him who lives with Thee,
And all of life grows holy,
O Christ of Galilee.

II

Who shares his life's pure pleasures,
And walks the honest road,
Who trades with heaping measures,
And lifts his brother's load,
Who turns the wrong down bluntly,
And lends the right a hand;
He dwells in God's own country,
He tills the Holy Land.

III

Where human lives are thronging
In toil and pain and sin,
While cloistered hearts are longing
To bring the kingdom in,
O Christ, the Elder Brother
Of proud and beaten men,
When they have found each other,
Thy kingdom will come then.

IV

Thy ransomed host in glory,
All souls that sin and pray,
Turn toward the cross that bore Thee;
"Behold the man!" they say:
And while Thy Church is pleading
For all who would do good,
We hear Thy true voice leading
Our song of brotherhood.

QUEBEC L. M.

Composed by Henry Baker
first printed in *The Penny Post*, 1862

Our Lord, our Life, Thy paths di - vine Are call - ing us to seek the goal

Where truth, undimmed at last, will shine Full - orb'd to greet the rev'rent soul. A - MEN.

Hymn in a Time of Theological Controversy

<p>I OUR Lord, our Life, Thy paths divine Are calling us to seek the goal Where truth, undimmed at last, will shine Full-orbed to greet the reverent soul.</p>	<p>IV We trace Thy hand in ancient creeds That bloom above time's trampled dust; We front them with our living needs, And face Thee with our fathers' trust:</p>
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<p>II Thy law, Thy prophets' words that burn, Yet more the Master's upward look, Constrain us from Thy Book to learn To worship Thee and not Thy Book.</p>	<p>V For Thou hast many things to say, Withholden long: Thou makest plain How words outworn must fall away, That truth unshaken may remain.</p>
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<p>III Through realms of law untrod of old New prophets call to heights un- dreamed: Thy thoughts, O Lord, are manifold, Our systems smaller than they seemed.</p>	<p>VI Forgive the eyes that shun the light In fear of what the light may bring; Sustain us through the doubtful night Until the stars of morning sing.</p>
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Introit

I

FATHER, once more within Thy Holy Place
We bring the sins which, kneeling, we confess;
Not worthy yet to look upon Thy face,
Yet loath to rise until Thy hand doth bless.

II

Father, once more within Thy House of Hope
We turn from sin to find a glad release:
In Thy forgiveness there is strength to cope
With all that robs the spirit of Thy peace.

III

Father, once more within Thy House of Prayer
We kneel before Thee at the open way;
And, leaving both our hopes and burdens there,
We wait till Thou shalt teach us how to pray.

IV

Father, once more within Thy House of Praise
We bring our gifts to Thee from whom they came;
We lift our hearts and our hosannas raise
To welcome Him who cometh in Thy Name.

Thy laws, O God, im-pe-ri-al shall stand Un-til they are ful-filled; The

scep-tre is not fall-en from Thy hand, Nor Si-nai's trumpet stilled. A - MEN.

The Commandments

I	<p>THY laws, O God, imperial shall stand Until they are fulfilled; The sceptre is not fallen from Thy hand, Nor Sinai's trumpet stilled.</p>	III	<p>No strength of soul can that clear height attain, Where Justice sits alone: The smoke of sacrifice ascends in vain To veil Thy judgment throne.</p>
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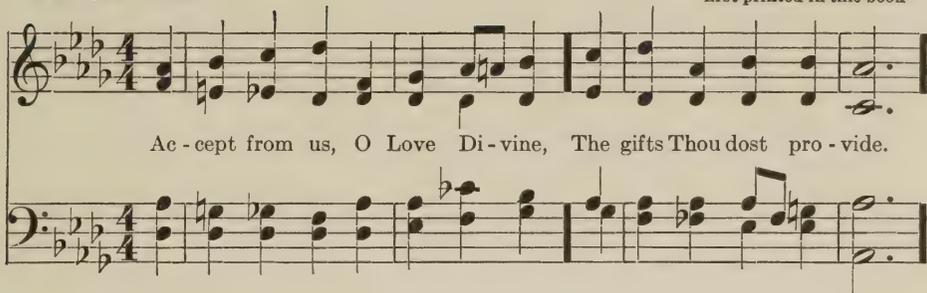
II	<p>The tides of change reveal Thy changeless will Unshaken at its base: Who shall ascend into Thy holy hill, And stand before Thy face?</p>	IV	<p>Thou would'st have mercy and not sacrifice: Thine only priest is he Whose feet ask not the way to Paradise While they are serving Thee.</p>
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V

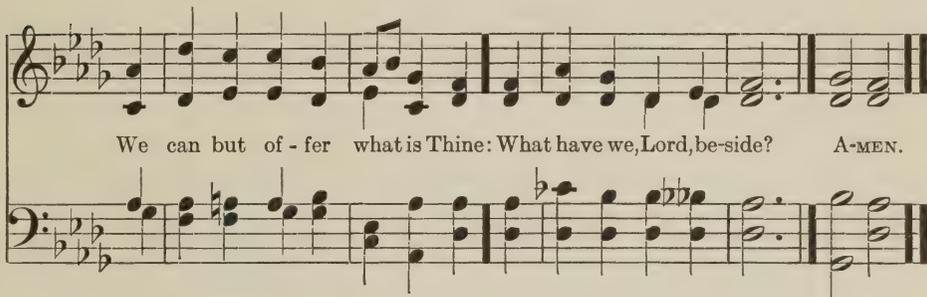
He shall ascend into Thy holy hill,
And dwell with Thee above;
For, though Thy statutes are imperious still,
Thy perfect law is love.

DONUM C. M.

Composed for this hymn by U. C. Burnap, May 9, 1898
first printed in this book



Ac - cept from us, O Love Di - vine, The gifts Thou dost pro - vide.



We can but of - fer what is Thine: What have we, Lord, be - side? A - MEN.

Offertory

I

A CCEPT from us, O Love Divine,
The gifts Thou dost provide.
We can but offer what is Thine:—
What have we, Lord, beside?

II

Or whither, Saviour, but to Thee,
Could cloistered pity go
To find the well of charity,
Since Thou hast loved us so?

III

O Holy Spirit, Thou best Gift
Sent down from Heaven above,
By Thy sweet inspirations lift
Our lives to Heaven's love.

Philadelphia, October 27, 1897
first printed in *Hymns and Verses*, 1897

ST. SACRAMENT S. M.

Composed for this hymn by U. C. Burnap, March 29, 1898
first printed in this book

Lo! Thou art with us still: Here, Lord, our quest may end. Why turn we

back to Zi - on's hill To find Thee, near - est Friend? A - MEN.

Communion

I
LO! Thou art with us still:
 Here, Lord, our quest may end.
 Why turn we back to Zion's hill
 To find Thee, nearest Friend?

II
 Far is Jerusalem;
 Long vanished is the place
 Where Thou didst keep the feast with
 them
 That loved Thee face to face.

III
 Thou, Lord, art still the same,
 Where'er that feast is spread;
 Not now a Memory or a Name
 As Thou dost break the Bread.

IV
 Here still Thy life is poured,
 Once for our sins assailed;
 And here Thy Presence is adored,
 Thy face how thinly veiled!

V
 O dying, living Lord,
 Each wondering heart's own Guest,
 Thy sorrows bind in sweet accord
 All hearts that in Thee rest.

LOWTON 8. 7. 8. 7

Composed by Albert Lowe
first printed in *The Hymnary*, 1872

For the Bread, which Thou hast bro - ken; For the Wine, which Thou hast poured;

For the Words, which Thou hast spoken; Now we give Thee thanks, O Lord. A - MEN.

Post-Communion

<p>I FOR the Bread, which Thou hast broken; For the Wine, which Thou hast poured; For the Words, which Thou hast spoken; Now we give Thee thanks, O Lord.</p>	<p>III With our sainted ones in glory Seated at our Father's board, May the Church that waiteth for Thee, Keep love's tie unbroken, Lord.</p>
<p>II By this pledge that Thou dost love us, By Thy gift of peace restored, By Thy call to Heaven above us, Hallow all our lives, O Lord.</p>	<p>IV In Thy service, Lord, defend us, In our hearts keep watch and ward, In the world where Thou dost send us, Let Thy kingdom come, O Lord.</p>

Philadelphia, November 18, 1924
first printed in this book

Note. The first verse of this hymn was suggested by Bonar's "For the bread and for the wine"

O Ho - ly One, Our prayers are done, And with Thy bless - ing may our
wor - ship cease. To all that waits Beyond the shel - ter of Thy gates
Now let - est Thou Thy ser - vants go in peace. A - MEN.

Dismission

I
O HOLY One,
Our prayers are done,
And with Thy blessing may our wor-
ship cease.

To all that waits
Beyond the shelter of Thy gates
Now lettest Thou Thy servants go in
peace.

II
O Glorious One,
Our songs are done;
The world is calling and its cares
increase.

With lips that praise
And hearts that softly sing always,
Now lettest Thou Thy servants go in
peace.

III
O Changeless One,
When day is done
Breathe through the dark Thy pardon
and release.
Thou wilt forget,
But lest some shame may linger yet,
Now lettest Thou Thy servants go in
peace.

Still by constant love sur - round-ed, Lord, on Thee my trust is stayed:

Let me nev-er be con - founded When the faith-less are dis-mayed. A-MEN.

Thoughts from the 25th Psalm

I
STILL by constant love surrounded,
 Lord, on Thee my trust is stayed:
 Let me never be confounded
 When the faithless are dismayed.

II
 Show the paths where Thou wouldst
 lead me,
 All Thy ways unfold to me,
 With Thy full salvation feed me,
 While my spirit waits on Thee.

III
 By Thy mercies ever tender,
 By Thy kindness yet untold,
 Be my Help and my Defender
 Now as in the days of old.

IV
 Think not of my past transgressions
 When Thou lookest from above,
 Let the voice of my confessions
 Waken memories of love.

V
 Thou the sins of men abhorrest
 Yet wouldst save the sinner still,
 With the pride of sin Thou warrest,
 But wilt teach the meek Thy will.

VI
 Ever-Merciful, All-Holy,
 God in whom is all my trust,
 Lead me as Thou dost the lowly
 Stoop to lift me from the dust.

HIGHWAYS C. M. D.

Composed by the Rev. Calvin W. Laufer, December, 1921
first printed in this book

I would not climb with earth-bound feet High air - y ways un - trod,

Where an - gels, hith - er com - ing, meet Those go - ing back to God:

I would not strain my wear - ied eyes To see the paths they took,

Nor blind them in the light that lies Where an-gels fear to look. A - MEN.

A Hymn of Faith

I

I WOULD not climb with earth-bound feet
High airy ways untrod,
Where angels, hither coming, meet
Those going back to God:
I would not strain my wearied eyes
To see the paths they took,
Nor blind them in the light that lies
Where angels fear to look.

II

I have not sought with human span
To measure ways like Thine,
Nor dreamed, O God, that mortal man
Could think Thy thoughts divine:
In vain our futile patience waits
Till knowledge turns the key
That opens wide the sealèd gates
Into eternity.

III

And yet, as high as faith may go,
As far as knowledge see,
The heart would seek its Lord to know,
The mind discover Thee:
Would know Thee, unto truth drawn nigh
By loving what is true;
Would see Thee, as the climber's eye
Anticipates the view.

IV

I rest upon Thy fatherhood,
While round and over me
Outspreads the awful amplitude
Of Thine infinity.
There gleam the paths where angels meet,
High, airy and untrod,
And here the roads where earth-bound feet
May humbly walk with God.

HOMeward 8. 8. 8. 6

Composed for this hymn by U. C. Burnap, May 8, 1893
first printed in this book

Our wil-ful hearts have gone a-stray; Our feet have wandered far a-way;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Homeward'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time and the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

O God, re-mem-ber not the day When we for-sook Thy love. A-MEN.

The second system of musical notation for 'Homeward'. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'O God, re-mem-ber not the day When we for-sook Thy love. A-MEN.' are printed below the treble staff.

LYNWOOD 8. 8. 8. 6

Composed for this hymn by Josiah Booth, 1905
first printed in *Sunday School Hymnary*, London, 1905

Our wil-ful hearts have gone a-stray; Our feet have wandered far a-way;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Lynwood'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time and the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

O God, re-mem-ber not the day When we for-sook Thy love. A-MEN.

The second system of musical notation for 'Lynwood'. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'O God, re-mem-ber not the day When we for-sook Thy love. A-MEN.' are printed below the treble staff.

When We Came Back to Love

I

O UR wilful hearts have gone astray;
Our feet have wandered far away;
O God, remember not the day
When we forsook Thy love.

II

O patient Eyes that saw us go!
O careless hearts to grieve Thee so!
O feet how swift to leave, how slow
When we came back to Love!

III

We followed far the wayward will;
Our eyes turned home from every hill;
They saw Thee waiting, watching still
When we looked back to Love.

IV

We found no home to east or west;
We bore no peace within the breast,
Until once more we were at rest
When we came back to Love.

V

“Our Father!” Hallowed be the Name
That all within Thy house proclaim;
Their prayer and ours at last the same, —
Thy will be done, O Love.

EVENING STAR 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6

Composed for this hymn by John H. Gower, July 19, 1905
first printed in this book

Good Shepherd! Theirs, who heard Thy call; Con - tent to walk with Thee,

While sun-light stays, when shad-ows fall, And then—we could not see—

Be - yond life's eve - ning star, In - to the pal - ing west,

Where they who fol-lowed far Have end - ed now their quest. A - MEN.

Beyond Life's Evening Star

I

GOOD Shepherd! Theirs, who heard Thy call;
Content to walk with Thee,
While sunlight stays, when shadows fall,
And then — we could not see —
Beyond life's evening star,
Into the paling west,
Where they who followed far
Have ended now their quest.

II

Good Shepherd! Ours, with feet less bold
To choose the way they took;
Half longing for that distant fold,
And half afraid to look
Beyond life's evening star,
Beyond the things that seem,
Nor shade nor sunlight are, —
The twilight and the dream!

III

Good Shepherd! When we leave Thy side
In doubtful dreams to stray,
Our wayward eyes refuse their Guide,
Who only knows the way
Beyond life's evening star
And through the paling west,
Where they who follow far
Are with Thee still in rest.

WIDER WAYS C. M.

Composed for this hymn by U. C. Burnap, April 27, 1898
first printed in this book

Why lin - ger yet up - on the strand? Why (4) And His

hug the shel - tered lee? O heart of mine, wouldst (2) for the strength of a

thou with - stand The sum - mons of the sea? A - MEN.
sail - or's heart And a love of the o - pen sea!

A Song of the Open Sea

I
WHY linger yet upon the strand?
 Why hug the sheltered lee?
 O heart of mine, wouldst thou with-stand
 The summons of the sea?

II
 The mists of morning drift apart,
 The turning tide runs free;
 And O for the strength of a sailor's heart
 And a love of the open sea!

III
 What wider ways that God has planned
 Bode any ill to thee,
 If in the hollow of His hand
 He holds the unknown sea?

IV
 When winds are wild and waters riven,
 And His waves gone over thee,
 Unshaken is the throne of Heaven;
 Thy God still rules the sea.

Bar Harbor, August 8, 1897
 first printed in *Hymns and Verses*, 1897
 revised for this book

VITTEL WOODS C. M.

Composed for this hymn by Bradley Keeler, May, 1924
first printed in this book

O Love that lights the east-ern sky And shrouds the eve - ning rest, From

out whose hand the swal-lows fly, With - in whose heart they nest! A - MEN.

A Melody of Love and Life

I
O LOVE that lights the eastern sky
 And shrouds the evening rest,
 From out whose hand the swallows fly,
 Within whose heart they nest!

II
 O life, content beneath the blue!
 Or, if God will the gray,
 Then tranquil yet, till light breaks
 through
 To melt the mist away!

III
 O death that sails so close to shore
 At twilight! From my gate
 I scan the darkening sea once more,
 And for its message wait.

IV
 What lies beyond the afterglow?
 To life's new dawn how far?
 As if an answer, spoken low,
 Love lights the evening star.

Philadelphia, February 11, 1923
 first printed in *Contemporary Verse*, December, 1924

ST. ASAPH 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Composed by William S. Bambridge
published in 1872 as "Thanksgiving Hymn"
for the Recovery of the Prince of Wales

Calm, un-vexed when men de - fy it, Brood - eth Heaven's si - lent arch;

Let us hold our souls in qui - et, Let us join God's sol - emn march;

With the wit to find our pla - ces, With the will to play our parts,

With God's sunshine on our fa - ces, And life's sha - dow in our hearts: A - MEN.

God's Solemn March

I

CALM, unvexed when men defy it,
 Broodeth Heaven's silent arch;
Let us hold our souls in quiet,
 Let us join God's solemn march;
With the wit to find our places,
 With the will to play our parts,
With God's sunshine on our faces,
 And life's shadow in our hearts:

II

Strong to bear and prompt to follow
 Where the cross shall point the way,
Toward the highland of to-morrow
 Through the dull resisting day:
Till we win our halting-places
 And fulfil our little parts,
With life's shadow on our faces
 And God's sunshine in our hearts.

III

From the silence where He liveth
 Slowly yet God's plans unroll,
But to fading eyes He giveth
 Clearing visions of the goal
Where the Day of God is streaming,
 And the flags of war are furled,
While the Cross of Christ is beaming
 From the summit of the world.

HAPPY TOWN OF SALEM 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Composed for this hymn
by the Rev. George E. Martin
first printed in *Sunday Songs for Little Children*, 1899

Hap - py town of Sa - lem, Set on Zi - on's hill!

Hap - py hearts of pil - grims, Could they see it still! .

He that fol - lows Je - sus, He that dares the right,

Sees the lights of Sa - lem Gleam a - cross the night. A-MEN.

Happy Town of Salem

*“Urbs beata Ierusalem
Dicta pacis visio.”*

I

HAPPY town of Salem,
Set on Zion's hill!
Happy hearts of pilgrims,
Could they see it still!
He that follows Jesus,
He that dares the right,
Sees the lights of Salem
Gleam across the night.

II

Happy town of Salem,
With the jasper wall!
In its many mansions
There is room for all.
“Come to Me,” says Jesus,
“I will give you rest;”
And the town of Salem
Gathers all the blest.

III

Happy town of Salem!
Happy little feet
Of the children playing
In the golden street!
“Let them come,” says Jesus,
“And forbid them not;”
But the proud in Salem
Have no part nor lot.

IV

Happy town of Salem,
With its open gates!
Happy are the pilgrims
Whom a welcome waits!
In the Name of Jesus
They an entrance claim,
And the guards of Salem
Answer, “In His Name.”

V

Happy town of Salem,
Vision true of peace,
Seen above earth's strivings,
Steadfast when they cease!
“Take thy cross,” says Jesus;
And the narrow way
Brings the feet to Salem
At the break of day.

Bar Harbor, August 6, 1897
first printed in *Hymns and Verses*, 1897

“And There Shall Be No Night There”

I

THERE'S a red burst of dawn, and a blue-vaulted noon,
[And the hues of the rainbow are seven;]
But they need not the sun or the silvery moon
In the light of God's glory in Heaven.

II

There's a break in the clouds, and a sheen on the rain,
[And the hues of the rainbow are seven;]
But there's none other light that can brighten our pain
Than the light which shines steadfast in Heaven.

III

There's a calm of the heart through the long afternoon,
[For the gifts of the Spirit are seven,]
While there floats on the dusk, like a leaf-whispered tune,
“Did you know that it's ne'er night in Heaven?”

IV

There's a gleam through the night of a throne set afar,
[And the hues of its rainbow are seven;]
But it stands not more sure than God's promises are,
When He saith, “There is no night in Heaven.”

O RISEN LORD L. M.

Composed for this hymn by U. C. Burnap, May 10, 1898
first printed in this book

O Ris - en Lord up - on the throne, For ev - er mind - ful of Thine own,
Now seal with Thy right hand of power The cov'nants of this ho - ly hour. A - MEN.

At the Installation of a Pastor

I

O RISEN Lord upon the throne,
For ever mindful of Thine own,
Now seal with Thy right hand of power
The covenants of this holy hour.

II

Regard Thy flock with loving eyes,
And weave Thy life through these new ties;
Our faith renew, our hearts reclaim;
Recall Thy wayward sheep by name.

III

O lead us, Saviour; only Thou
Canst be the shepherd's Shepherd now;
Reveal the path of life, and we
Will follow where he walks with Thee.

IV

By Thee alone our toils are blest;
Thine arms enfold Thy flock at rest;
When day begins, till labors cease,
Refresh us from Thy wells of peace.

Written for and printed in *The Hymnal*, 1895
revised in *The Hymnal revised*, 1911

TEST C. M.

Composed by Emily S. Perkins
first printed in *Stonehurst Hymn Tunes*, 1921

O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill, And trod the path of youth, Our

The first system of musical notation for 'TEST C. M.' consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is primarily composed of chords and simple eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are positioned between the two staves.

Sav-iour and our Broth-er still, Now lead us in - to truth. A - MEN.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble and bass staff with the same 4/4 time and one-flat key signature. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

Copyright, 1921, by Emily S. Perkins

LOG COLLEGE C. M.

Composed for this hymn by George William Warren, December 5, 1894
first printed in *The Hymnal*, 1895

O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill, And trod the path of youth,

The first system of musical notation for 'LOG COLLEGE C. M.' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps. The melody is primarily composed of chords and simple eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are positioned between the two staves.

Our Sav-iour and our Broth-er still, Now lead us in - to truth. A - MEN.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble and bass staff with the same 4/4 time and two-sharp key signature. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

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Hymn for Schools and Colleges

I

O THOU whose feet have climbed life's hill,
And trod the path of youth,
Our Saviour and our Brother still,
Now lead us into truth.

II

The call is Thine: be Thou the Way,
And give us men, to guide;
Let wisdom broaden with the day,
Let human faith abide.

III

Who learn of Thee, the truth shall find;
Who follow, gain the goal:
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

IV

Awake the purpose high which strives,
And, falling, stands again;
Confirm the will of eager lives
To quit themselves like men:

V

Thy life the bond of fellowship,
Thy love the law that rules;
Thy Name, proclaimed by every lip,
The Master of our schools.

Philadelphia, February 2, 1894
first printed in *The Hymnal*, 1895
revised for *The Hymnal revised*, 1911

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Composed by George James Webb, 1837
[The familiar tune was chosen for the war-
time *For God and Country*, and is retained
in *The Army and Navy Hymnal*]

Let free-men's hearts grow bold - er; Let free-dom's ban - ner fly

Where God's four winds un - fold her To God's un - chart - ed sky.

His word and not an - oth - er's Is pledged to lib - er - ty;

His hand hath made men broth - ers, His truth shall make men free. A - MEN.

In Lands Across the Sea

I

LET freemen's hearts grow bolder;
Let freedom's banner fly
Where God's four winds unfold her
To God's uncharted sky.
His word and not another's
Is pledged to liberty;
His hand hath made men brothers,
His truth shall make men free.

II

Where freedom's flag is flying
In lands across the sea,
On Thee we are relying,
Great God, we count on Thee!
For right is right for ever,
Though men have crowned the wrong,
And truth shall perish never —
Great God, how long? how long?

III

When our brave lads are dying
In lands across the sea,
On Thee we are relying,
Great God, they die for Thee:
And if we lay them sleeping
In lands beyond the sea,
God have them in Thy keeping —
We leave them there with Thee.

DERRY 8. 8. 8. 6

Composed by the Rev. John B. Dykes
first printed in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1875

From hands that would our land de-flower, From self-ish greed and grasping power,

From wil-ful waste of free-dom's dower, From pleasure's flooding wave; A - MEN.

A National Litany

I
FROM hands that would our land
 deflower,
 From selfish greed and grasping power,
 From wilful waste of freedom's dower,
 From pleasure's flooding wave;

II
 From all unrest by envy bred,
 From all assaults by passion led,
 From anarchy with banners red,
 Good Lord, defend and save.

III
 Let power and justice side by side
 Bring civil peace and civic pride;
 Still may the ancient order bide
 Of law and liberty.

IV
 Keep firm the bond of brotherhood,
 Keep green the memory of the good,
 Defend the ramparts, where they
 stood,
 With men who trust in Thee.

Written for and first printed in
The Hymnal revised, 1911

NOTE. This hymn was suggested by Bishop Heber's for the "Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity," whose first line it follows quite closely.

Bright - er glows the sum - mer day Since the Mas - ter came this way;

Down the lane and up the hill Sound the Master's footsteps still. A - MEN.

Hymn for Arbor Day

I	IV
<p>BRIGHTER glows the summer day Since the Master came this way; Down the lane and up the hill Sound the Master's footsteps still.</p>	<p>Feed them, then, in Jesus' Name: It was winter when He came; It was spring-time while He stayed In the world His Father made.</p>

II	V
<p>All the flowers of the field Now a sweeter fragrance yield; Holy is the woodland shade Where the Master knelt and prayed.</p>	<p>Scatter flowers here and there, Where the earth is stripped and bare; Or to make some window sweet Up above the dusty street.</p>

III	VI
<p>All the birds that sail the air Tell us of His Father's care; Safer now to come and go Since the Master loved them so.</p>	<p>By the roadside plant a tree, Saying, "Lord, it waits for Thee;" Making ready day by day, Should the Master come this way.</p>

PAX DULCISSIMA 8. 8. 8. 4. 8. 4

Composed by the Rev. S. J. P. Dunham
first printed in *The Methodist Sunday School
Hymn and Tune Book*, London, 1879

Out of the skies, like an - gel eyes, Myr - i - ad stars were look - ing down;

O - ver the roofs of Ma - ry's town Their watch they kept

Be - tween the twi - light and sun - rise, While Je - sus slept. A - MEN.

Out of the Skies, Like Angel Eyes

I

OUT of the skies, like angel eyes,
Myriad stars were looking down;
Over the roofs of Mary's town
Their watch they kept
Between the twilight and sunrise,
While Jesus slept.

II

Little one, rest on Mother's breast!
Myriad stars are shining still;
Over the crest of every hill
Their watch they keep,
And God does always what is best
While children sleep.

III

Softly and low, as south winds blow,
Angels of God came day by day;
Over the home where Jesus lay
Their watch they kept
From dark to daybreak, long ago,
While Jesus slept.

IV

Little one, sleep! for angels keep
Tenderest watch above thy bed;
Laying their hands upon thy head,
Asleep, awake,
And loving thee with love more deep
For Jesus' sake.

LUCIUS C. M.

Composed by George Kingsley
first printed in *Templi Carmina*, 1853

The sun is up! Now, broth-ers, come; And, kneeling, let us pray:—

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with accompaniment in the lower staff.

Or go-ing forth or turn-ing home, God send us safe to - day. A-MEN.

The second system of the musical score also consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The melody continues in the upper staff, and the lower staff provides accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Ꝟam lucis orto sidere

I

THE sun is up! now, brothers, come;
And, kneeling, let us pray:—
Or going forth or turning home,
God send us safe to-day.

II

His hand be like a bridle-rein
Held firm but lovingly;
His grace enfold us, to restrain
Our eyes from vanity.

(I)

JAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

(II)

Linguam refrænans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet:
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

III

God cleanse our lives from innermost,
God guard them from outside;
For fear life's simpler ways be lost
In luxury or pride.

IV

That when the day is done, and night
Comes down by His decree,
His praise be still our heart's delight,
Our hearts from care still free.

V

Now let us rise, for it is meet
That all together say,
Praise Father, Son, and Paraclete,
For ever and alway.

Philadelphia, April 7, 1924
first printed in this book

(III)

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia:
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas.

(IV)

Ut cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

(v)

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc, et per omne sæculum.

Ambrosian: fifth century

WALDEN C. M.

Composed by James Edmund Jones, 1896
first printed in *Song and Hymn Book*
of *Aura Glee Club*, 1896

Our prais - es, Lord, Thou dost not need; 'Tis rath - er

The first system of musical notation for 'Walden C. M.' consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Our prais - es, Lord, Thou dost not need; 'Tis rath - er'.

that Thy love Would have Thy chil - dren come to plead

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: 'that Thy love Would have Thy chil - dren come to plead'.

For bless-ings from a - bove, For bless-ings from a bove. A - MEN.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'For bless-ings from a - bove, For bless-ings from a bove. A - MEN.' The piece ends with a double bar line.

By permission of the Composer

Nil laudibus nostris eges

I

OUR praises, Lord, Thou dost not
need;
'Tis rather that Thy love
Would have Thy children come to plead
For blessings from above.

II

The secrets of Thy dark decrees
Deep night in silence sings;
Thy mercy's light, in golden seas,
The flooding sunshine brings.

III

Nor thought nor voice fulfil their part,
When by such wonders thrilled;
Yet love that pulses through the heart
Refuses to be stilled.

IV

So let it speak our Father's praise
To Thee, whose grace affords
A present help in evil days,
And hope of great rewards.

V

To them our dearest wishes rise,
Though earthly thoughts contend:
O Jesus, draw us toward the skies,
And guide us till the end.

Philadelphia, November, 7, 1896
first printed in *The Sunday School Times*,
January, 30, 1897

(I)

NIL laudibus nostris eges,
Sed filios amas, Pater;
Multâque cœlestem prece
Vis provocari gratiam.

(II)

Tui profunda consili
Noctis canat silentium:
Tuæ jubar clementiæ
Splendor diei prædicat.

(III)

Tantis minor miraculis
Mens obstupet, vox deficit:
Tacere sed totis nequit
Amor medullis æstuaus.

(IV)

Erumpat ergo: te memor
Clamet parentem, qui mala
Præsentis ævi mitigas,
Spondes futuri præmia.

(V)

Huc vota tendunt cordium;
Infirma sed tardat caro:
Quæ ducit ad te, da sequi,
Dux ipse Jesu, semitam.

Charles Coffin
in *The Paris Breviary*, 1736

ST. OSWALD 8. 7. 8. 7

Composed by the Rev. John B. Dykes
first printed in the Rev. John Grey's
Manual of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, 1857

Splen - dor of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Light e - ter - nal, bring - ing light,

Light of lights that pale be - fore Thee, Day that ma - kes days more bright! A - MEN.

Splendor paternæ gloriæ

I
SPLENDOR of the Father's glory,
 Light eternal, bringing light,
 Light of lights that pale before Thee,
 Day that makest days more bright!

II
 Very Sun, for ever spending
 All Thou canst to earth impart,
 May the Spirit's rays descending
 Lighten every human heart.

III
 Now the Father too implore we,
 Kneeling at the throne of grace,
 That the vision of His glory
 May our love of sin efface:

(I)
SPLENDOR paternæ gloriæ,
 De luce lucem proferens,
 Lux lucis et fons luminis,
 Diem dies illuminans:

(II)
 Verusque sol illabere,
 Micans nitore perpeti:
 Jubarque sancti Spiritus
 Infunde nostris sensibus.

(III)
 Votis vocemus et Patrem,
 Patrem potentis gratiæ,
 Patrem perennis gloriæ:
 Culpam reletget lubricam.

IV

Helping us in all well-doing,
Shielding us from envy's blight,
In dismay our hope renewing,
Giving grace to choose the right.

V

May our minds rest in His keeping,
And our bodies grow more pure;
May our faith abide unsleeping,
And our knowledge grow more sure.

VI

Feed us with the Bread of Heaven,
While faith's chalice, lifted up,
Waits the joyous bounty given
When the Spirit fills the cup.

VII

Give glad hearts for this day's duty,
Thoughts unstained as morning light,
Faith aglow with noontide beauty,
Souls unshadowed by the night.

VIII

See! The shafts of dawn are golden;
Christ, appear! The night is done:
Word of God in God enfolden!
God the Father in the Son!

Philadelphia, April 2, 1924
first printed in this book

(IV)

Confirmet actus strenuos:
Dentes retundat invidi:
Casus secundet asperos:
Agenda recte dirigat.

(V)

Mentem gubernet et regat:
Sit pura nobis castitas:
Fides calore ferveat,
Fraudis venena nesciat.

(VI)

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

(VII)

Lætus dies hic transeat:
Pudor sit ut diluculum:
Fides velut meridies:
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

(VIII)

Aurora lucem provehit,
Cum luce nobis prodeat
In Patre totus Filius,
Et totus in Verbo Pater.

Ambrose: fourth century

HILARY 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Composed for this hymn
by Emily S. Perkins, June, 1924
first printed in this book

(1) Fa - ther un - be - got - ten, Sole - be - got - ten Son,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it, God the Three in One;

(2) Nev - er one who seeks Thee Breathes a fu - tile prayer:

When love's face is lift - ed, Heav - en's light falls there. A - MEN.

Deus Pater ingenite

I

FATHER unbegotten,
Sole-begotten Son,
With the Holy Spirit,
God the Three in One;

II

Never one who seeks Thee
Breathes a futile prayer:
When love's face is lifted,
Heaven's light falls there.

III

Hear, O God, the voices
Paying vows to Thee;
To their hearts' confessions
Listen graciously.

IV

Gleams of dawn remind us
Of the praise we owe,
Waken songs of gladness
As the shadows go.

V

Grant us now Thy blessing,
Hallow this new day,
Help us to be faithful,
Saviour, all the way.

VI

Glory to the Father,
And His Only Son,
With the Holy Spirit,
Till all days are done.

(I)

DEUS Pater ingenite,
Et Fili unigenite,
Quos Trinitatis unitas
Sancto connectit Spiritu.

(II)

Te frustra nullus invocat,
Nec cassis unquam vocibus
Amator tui luminis
Ad cælum vultus erigit.

(III)

Et tu suspirantem Deus
Vel vota supplicantium
Vel corda confitentium
Semper benignus aspice.

(IV)

Nos lucis ortus admonet
Grates deferre debitas,
Tibique laudes dicere
Quod nox obscura præterit.

(V)

[Et] diem precamur bonum
Ut nostros salvator actus
Sinceritate perpeti
Pius benigne instruas.

(VI)

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,
Nunc et per omne seculum.

STABAT MATER 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7

Composed by the Rev. John Bacchus Dykes
first printed in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1875

Still the Moth - er, worn with weep - ing, By the cross her ward was keep - ing,

The first system of musical notation for 'Stabat Mater'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 3/2 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: 'Still the Moth - er, worn with weep - ing, By the cross her ward was keep - ing,'.

While her Son was cru - ci - fied. Ev - ery grief and pang that tore Him

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'While her Son was cru - ci - fied. Ev - ery grief and pang that tore Him'.

Pierced the soul of her who bore Him With the sword once pro - phe - sied. A - MEN.

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'Pierced the soul of her who bore Him With the sword once pro - phe - sied. A - MEN.'

Stabat Mater dolorosa

I

STILL the Mother, worn with weeping,
By the cross her ward was keeping,
While her Son was crucified.
Every grief and pang that tore Him
Pierced the soul of her who bore Him
With the sword once prophesied.

II

O what sorrow and affliction, —
Hers who won God's benediction,
Mother of His Holy One!
How that burdened breast was heaving;
O those eyes bedimmed with grieving,
Lifted still to find her Son!

III

Of the men who stood beside her
Were there lips that could deride her?
Were there eyes that did not weep?
Whose that would not, only thinking
Of his Saviour's Mother drinking
With her Son a cup so deep?

IV

By His people there surrounded,
For whose sins she saw Him wounded,
Saw Him while those stripes He bore ;
Him her dearest, from her taken,
Dying desolate, forsaken,
Till at last He breathed no more.

V

Mother-love, love's depths revealing,
May thy sorrow's tide of feeling
Whelm me in that flood with thee:
All my heart to Christ returning,
And in Him my God discerning,
May His grace encompass me.

Philadelphia, January 27, 1923
first printed in *The Living Church*, March 24, 1923

(I)

STABAT Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem,
Pertransiuit gladius.

(II)

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.
Quæ crecebat et dolebat,
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inelyti.

(III)

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

(IV)

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum
Dum emisit spiritum.

(V)

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Of unknown date and authorship
not later than the fourteenth century

Hail, bless-ed Cross! Those arms of thine Have drawn from death its sting,
For they have borne the Lord Di-vine, My Sav-our and my King. A - MEN.

Crux ave benedicta!

I
HAIL, blessed Cross! Those arms of thine
Have drawn from death its sting,
For they have borne the Lord Divine,
My Saviour and my King.

II
Of all earth's trees the queenliest,
Of all earth's ills the cure,
Of burdened hearts thou art the rest,
Of griefs, the solace sure!

III
O hallowed wood! the pledge and sign
Of our new life thou art;
And on thee grows the fruit divine
That feeds the human heart.

IV
When those that love and those that hate
Thy cross shall answer Thee,
O Jesu, for whose call they wait,
I pray, remember me.

(I)
CRUX ave benedicta!
Per te mors est devicta,
In te pependit Deus,
Rex et Salvator meus.

(II)
Tu arborum regina,
Salutis medicina,
Pressorum es levamen,
Et tristium solamen.

(III)
O sacrosanctum lignum,
Tu vitæ nostræ signum,
Tulisti fructum Jesum,
Humani cordis esum.

(IV)
Dum crucis inimicos
Vocabis, et amicos,
O Jesu Fili Dei,
Sis, oro, memor mei.

PENTECOST L. M.

Composed by the Rev. William Boyd
first printed in *Thirty-Two Hymn Tunes*, 1868

Man's Vic - tim once, his Sav - iour now, Whose hand holds

o - pen Heav - en's door, The bat - tle press - es

hard: come Thou, Our Strength, and give us help once more. A - MEN.

Ⓞ Salutaris Hostia

I

MAN'S Victim once, his Saviour now,
Whose hand holds open Heaven's door,
The battle presses hard: come Thou,
Our Strength, and give us help once more.

II

Thine, Lord, the glory if we stand;
For ever Thine, blest Trinity:
Lord, bring us to our Fatherland,
God, grant us endless life with Thee.

Philadelphia, March 18, 1923
first printed in this book

(I)

O SALUTARIS Hostia,
Quæ cœli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robor, fer auxilium.

(II)

Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria:
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.

St. Thomas of Aquino
thirteenth Century

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS 7. 7. 7. D.

Composed by Samuel Webbe
first printed in *An Essay on the Church
Plain Chant*, 1782

Ho - ly Spir - it, come a - way; Spare from Heaven a sin - gle ray

Of the glo - ry that is Thine. Fa - ther of the poor, come low,

Riv - er of God's boun - ty, flow, Light of hearts, en - light - en mine. A - MEN.

Veni sancte Spiritus

I
HOLY Spirit, come away;
Spare from Heaven a single ray
Of the glory that is Thine.

II
Father of the poor, come low,
River of God's bounty, flow,
Light of hearts, enlighten mine.

(I)
VENI sancte Spiritus
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.

(II)
Veni pater, pauperum,
Veni dator munerum,
Veni lumen cordium.

III

Comforter of men, the best,
In our souls the welcome Guest,
Sweet Refreshment on the way!

IV

While we labor, our Repose,
Like a cooling wind that blows,
And our sorrow's only Stay!

V

Blessed Light, Thyself impart
To the fastness of the heart
Trusting Thee and penitent.

VI

Didst Thy power forsake us, then
There were nothing left in men,
Nothing that is innocent.

VII

Cleanse the life from every stain,
Make dry places bloom again,
All our wounded hopes renew:

VIII

Bend the stubborn will to Thee,
Till love's frosted stream runs free,
Till our fickle faith rings true.

IX

All whose hearts believe in Thee,
All the lives that cleave to Thee,
With Thy sevenfold grace defend:

X

Make us worthy Thy reward,
Crown Thy full salvation, Lord,
With the joy that has no end.

Philadelphia, March 16, 1923
first printed in this book

(III)

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.

(IV)

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

(V)

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

(VI)

Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine
Nihil est innoxium.

(VII)

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium:

(VIII)

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

(IX)

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium:

(X)

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

An anonymous Sequence
of the thirteenth century

MATER MISERICORDIAE L. M.

Composed by Sir Alfred S. Scott-Gatty, 1899
as arranged for *The Hymnal* revised, 1911

Spir - it Di - vine, Cre - a - tor, come; Dwell in our

kin - dred souls at home: Spir - it of grace in

light ar - rayed, Fill all the tem - ples Thou hast made. A - MEN.

Veni Creator Spiritus

I
SPIRIT Divine, Creator, come;
 Dwell in our kindred souls at home:
 Spirit of grace in light arrayed,
 Fill all the temples Thou hast made.

(1)
VENI Creator Spiritus,
 Mentis tuorum visita,
 Imple superna gratia,
 Quae tu creasti pectora.

II

Comforter! Still we name that Name;
Gift that from God the Highest came,
Fountain of life, its fire of love,
And its true hallowing from above.

III

Thou givest faith its sevenfold Dower;
Thine is God's finger-touch of power;
Promise of God, expected long,
Wakening silent tongues to song.

IV

Bathe every sense in Heaven's glow;
Bring Heaven's love to hearts below;
And, when our mortal flesh proves
frail,
Let Thine immortal strength prevail.

V

Drive all our foemen far away;
Grant us Thy gift of peace to-day;
Then lead us on! If Thou wilt guide,
Ill shall not come, nor fear abide.

VI

Show us the Father, Holy One;
Make us through Thee to know the
Son:
Spirit Divine, for evermore
Thee will we trust and Thee adore.

Philadelphia, March 28, 1924
first printed in this book

(II)

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

(III)

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextræ Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura:

(IV)

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

(V)

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus:
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

(VI)

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

Of unknown date and authorship

SPRINGTIME 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Composed for this hymn
by the Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, 1899
first printed in *The School Hymnal*, 1899

Bright - ly shine, ye heav - ens, Breathe soft - ly, smil - ing air;

Height to depth re - spond - ing In glad - ness ev - ery - where.

Now the storm and dark - ness Are changed to peace and calm;

Ten - der leaves are grow - ing Up - on the vic - tor's palm. A - MEN.

Plaudite cœli

I

BRIGHTLY shine, ye heavens,
 Breathe softly, smiling air;
 Height to depth responding
 In gladness everywhere.
 Now the storm and darkness
 Are changed to peace and calm;
 Tender leaves are growing
 Upon the victor's palm.

II

Come thou forth, O spring-time,
 With flowers in thy train;
 Scatter wide the blossoms
 Upon the grassy plain;
 Roses in their glory,
 With violets peeping through,
 Marigolds in plenty,
 And bring white lilies too.

III

Happy-hearted carols,
 Mount upward, strong of wing;
 Flow, glad tides of music,
 From every voice and string:
 For unharmed He liveth,
 He liveth who was dead;
 Christ our gracious Saviour
 Is risen, as He said.

IV

Hail His Name, ye mountains,
 And with it, valleys, ring;
 Leap for joy, ye fountains,
 Among the hills, and sing,
 "Joy! behold He liveth,
 He liveth who was dead;
 Christ our gracious Saviour
 Is risen, as He said."

(I)

PLAUDITE cœli!
 Rideat æther!
 Summus et imus
 Gaudeat orbis!
 Transivit atræ
 Turba procellæ
 Subiit almæ
 Gloria palmæ!

(II)

Surgite verni,
 Surgite flores,
 Germina pictis
 Surgite campis!
 Teneris mistæ
 Violis rosæ,
 Candida sparsis
 Lilia calthis.

(III)

Currite plenis,
 Carmina venis,
 Fundite lætum,
 Barbita metrum;
 Namque revixit
 Sicuti dixit
 Pius illæsus
 Funere Jesus.

(IV)¹

Plaudite montes,
 Ludite fontes,
 Resonant valles,
 Repetant colles:
 Io, revixit,
 Sicuti dixit,
 Pius illæsus
 Funere Jesus.

ST. MARK C. M.

Composed by Henry J. Gauntlett (1805-1876)



Our Her - ald-Christ at Heav-en's gate, Our King with - in its wall,



A-rouse us from our low es-tate, Our hearts to Heaven re - call. A - MEN.



⊙ **Christe qui noster poli**

^I
OUR Herald-Christ at Heaven's
 gate,
 Our King within its wall
 Arouse us from our low estate,
 Our hearts to Heaven recall.

^(I)
O CHRISTE, qui noster poli
 Præcursor intras regiam,
 Quos hic jacentes respicis,
 Sursum voca, sursum rape.

^{II}
 Help us to seek with love more bold
 Those joys that purer seem,
 Which earthly eyes may not behold,
 Nor faith's except in dream;

^(II)
 Ad illa fac nos currere,
 Amore casto gaudia,
 Terrena quæ mens non capit,
 Quæ sola perspicit fides:

III

Where hearts that strove yet feared to
fall,
And hands that toiled, have rest;
Where God Himself is All-in-all,
And all His own are blest.

IV

And lest we lose that glory's crown,
And lest we miss that prize,
O Christ, Thy Spirit's grace send down
To give us strength to rise.

V

All praise to Thee, our Herald-King,
With Him at whose right hand
Thou art, and Him whose power can
bring
Thy children to that land.

Bar Harbor, July 30, 1897
first printed in *Hymns and Verses*, 1897

(III)

Ubi laborum præmium
Dat ipse se suis Deus;
Et ut beatos expleat,
In omnibus fit omnia.

(IV)

Qui nos ad istam gratia,
Ducat potenti gloriam,
Tu, de supernis sedibus
Da, Christe, nobis Spiritum.

(v)

Qui Patris ad dextram sedes,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.

Of unknown authorship
in the *Cluniac Breviary*, 1686

RETURNED TO HEAVEN L. M.

Composed for this hymn
by Massah M. Warner, Dec. 1898
first printed in this book

Re-turned to Heaven and reign-ing there, Our place, O Christ, Thou

dost pre - pare: Now gen - tly draw with cords of love

Thine ex - iles to their home a - bove; A - MEN.

Nobis, Olympo redditus

I

RETURNED to Heaven and reign-
ing there,
Our place, O Christ, Thou dost pre-
pare:

Now gently draw with cords of love
Thine exiles to their home above;

II

Where dwell the blest, from cares how
free,
Secure in their felicity;
And there at life's full river's brink
Deep draughts of bliss immortal drink.

III

With all good gifts abounding, Lord,
Thou shalt be there our great Reward:
Beside those pleasures which remain,
How brief this passing day of pain!

IV

And when the veil is drawn apart,
And we behold Thee as Thou art,
Our love shall answer Thine always,
Our lips shall never cease Thy praise

V

Till then be mindful of Thine own,
And, like a dove from far heights flown,
The Spirit of adoption send
To pledge our welcome at the end.

Bar Harbor, July 13, 1897
first printed in *Hymns and Verses*, 1897

(I)

NOBIS, Olympo redditus,
Qui, Christe, sedes præparas,
Nos exules in patriam
Trahas amoris nexibus.

(II)

Illic beatos incolas
Curis solutos et metu,
Pure profusa nectaris
Inebriabunt flumina.

(III)

Bonis abundans omnibus
Ingens eris merces Deus.
Quam longa pro pœna brevi
Tuos manebunt gaudia!

(IV)

Tunc ore nudo qualis es,
Quantusque, te videbimus,
Amabimus te jugiter,
Te jugiter laudabimus.

(V)

Si quos amas, non desiris.
Nostræ salutis obsidem
Mittas ab altis sedibus,
Qui nos adoptet, Spiritum.

Jean-Baptiste de Santeuil
the text of 1698

DALEHURST C. M.

Composed by Arthur Cottman
first printed in *Ten Original Tunes*, 1874

Thou, Lord and Sav-iour of the world, Hast kept us safe to - day;

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are: "Thou, Lord and Sav-iour of the world, Hast kept us safe to - day;"

Be Thou our Cov-ert from the night, And thro' all time our Stay. A-MEN.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. The lyrics are: "Be Thou our Cov-ert from the night, And thro' all time our Stay. A-MEN."

Salvator mundi, Domine

I
THOU, Lord and Saviour of the world,
Hast kept us safe to-day;
Be Thou our Covert from the night,
And through all time our Stay.

II
Reveal Thy gracious presence now,
And spare us while we pray;
Lift off the burden of our sins,
And turn our night to day.

(I)
SALVATOR mundi, Domine,
Qui nos salvasti hodie,
In hac nocte nos protege,
Et salva omni tempore.

(II)
Adesto nunc propitius
Et parce supplicantibus,
Tu dele nostra crimina,
Tu tenebras illumina.

III

With slumber soft enfold the soul,
And let no foe surprise,
Nor any ill befall the flesh
While it unguarded lies.

IV

With sleep Thou dost our lives renew;
So, Lord, our souls remake,
That sleeping they may rest in Thee,
And in Thy likeness wake.

V

Now laud and glory unto Thee,
The Father, with the Son,
And God the Holy Comforter,
Till nights and days are done.

Bar Harbor, July 25, 1897
first printed in *Hymns and Verses*, 1897

(III)

Ne mentem somnus opprimat,
Nec hostis nos surripiat,
Nec ullis caro petimus,
Commaculetur sordibus.

(IV)

Te reformator sensuum
Votis precamur cordium,
Ut puri castis mentibus
Surgamus a cubilibus.

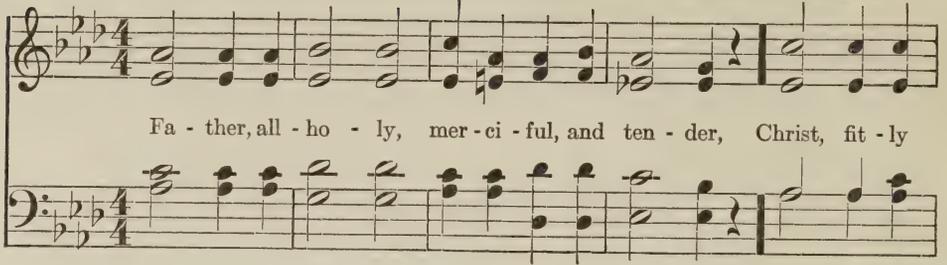
(V)

Sit laus, perennis gloria
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito
In sempiterna sæcula.

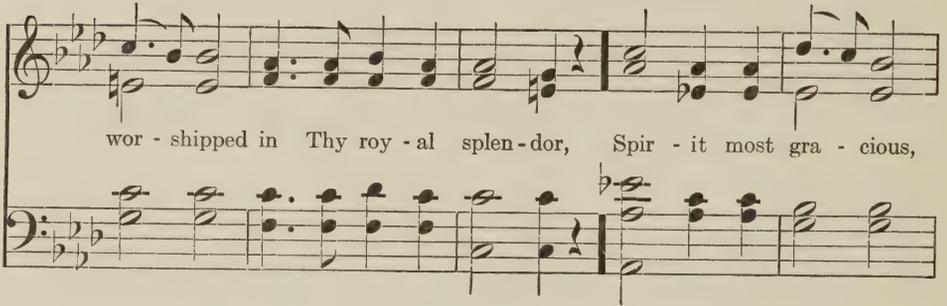
Of unknown authorship
of the sixth or seventh century, Mone thinks

FLEMMING 11. 11. 11. 5

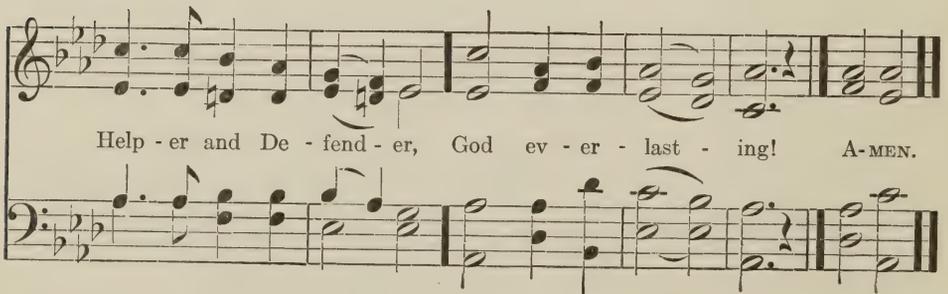
Composed by Friedrich F. Flemming, 1811
for Horace's "Integer vitae"



Fa - ther, all - ho - ly, mer - ci - ful, and ten - der, Christ, fit - ly



wor - shipped in Thy roy - al splen - dor, Spir - it most gra - cious,



Help - er and De - fend - er, God ev - er - last - ing! A - MEN.

⊙ Pater sancte mitis atque pie

I

FATHER, all-holy, merciful, and
tender,
Christ, fitly worshipped in Thy royal
splendor,
Spirit most gracious, Helper and De-
fender,
God everlasting!

II

Trinity holy, Unity unbroken,
God, of whose greatness goodness is
the token,
Joy of the angels, Balm of griefs
unspoken,
Hope all-surpassing!

III

All things to serve Thee, Lord, Thou
hast created;
All creatures' homage, Lord, on Thee
has waited;
Our hymns we offer, humbly dedicated:
Hear them ascending.

IV

Glory to Thee, O Sovereign God Al-
mighty,
Whose power and greatness Three-in-
One unite Thee;
Anthems and praises unto Thee most
rightly
Rise never ending.

Bar Harbor, August 7, 1897
first printed in *Hymns and Verses*, 1897

(I)

O PATER sancte mitis atque pie,
O Jesu Christe Fili venerande,
Paracliteque Spiritus O alme,
Deus æterne:

(II)

Trinitas sancta unitasque firma,
Deitas vera bonitas immensa,
Lux angelorum, salus orphanorum
Spesque cunctorum:

(III)

Serviunt tibi cuncta quæ creasti,
Te tuæ cunctæ laudant creaturæ,
Nos quoque tibi psallimus devote,
Tu nos exaudi.

(IV)

Gloria Patri sit omnipotenti,
Deo triuno magno et excelso,
Te decet hymnus honor laus et de-
cus,
Nunc et in ævum.

Of unknown authorship
eleventh century

ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

Composed by the Rev. Edward C. Walker
first printed in *The Bristol Tune Book*, 1876

Thrice - Ho - ly God, of three - fold might, The

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody in the treble staff consists of quarter notes and half notes, while the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of chords and single notes.

Trin - i - ty con - fessed, Thrice - glo - rious with e -

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a repeat sign in the bass staff after the first measure of the second line.

ter - nal light, With joys di - vine thrice - blest! A - MEN.

The third system concludes the hymn with a final cadence in both staves, marked with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Ter sancte, ter potens Deus

I
THRICE-HOLY God, of threefold
might,
The Trinity confessed,
Thrice-glorious with eternal light,
With joys divine thrice-blest!

II
O Unity for ever true,
O Truth for ever one,
Eternal Love for ever new,
Whose gifts are never done!

III
Thick clouds of darkness like a wall
Conceal Thy splendor's blaze,
Where angels on their faces fall,
And, trembling, fear to gaze.

IV
Thy flock sounds forth Thy threefold
Name
In which it is baptized;
Faith sights the Heaven from which it
came,
And love would grasp the prize.

V
Lord, give us grace to do Thy will;
O Christ, instruct the heart;
Thou Holy Spirit, help us still
To choose the better part.

VI
Let God the Father be adored,
With his coequal Son,
And with the Holy Ghost, one Lord,
Thrice-royal, ever One.

Bar Harbor, August 3, 1897
first printed in *Hymns and Verses*, 1897

(I)
TER sancte, ter potens Deus,
Incomprehensa Trinitas:
O lux perennis! propriis
O ter beata gaudiis:

(II)
O vera semper Unitas,
O una semper Veritas,
O sancta semper, quæ bonum
Diffundis omne, Caritas:

(III)
Te densa circum nubila,
Te circum inaccessum jubar,
Quod intus ardent angeli
Circum trementes cernere.

(IV)
Te confitetur in tuo
Et plebs renata nomine;
Firmaque prælibat fide
Amor quod ambit præmium.

(V)
Da posse quod jubes, Pater:
Da scire, Fili, quod doces:
Fac corde toto, Spiritus,
Nos velle quod probas bonum.

(VI)
Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,
Regnans per omne sæculum.

Claude de Santeuil
in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736

FARLIGHT L. M.

Composed for this hymn
by Massah M. Warner, Dec. 1898
first printed in this book

O God Most High, By mor - tal eye Un - seen, Thou hi - dest

in the light, Up - on whose brink E'en an - gels

shrink, And veil their fa - ces from the sight. A - MEN.

☉ *luce qui mortalibus*

O GOD Most High,
By mortal eye
Unseen, Thou hidest in the light,
Upon whose brink
E'en angels shrink,
And veil their faces from the sight.

O LUCE qui mortalibus
Lates inaccessa, Deus,
Præsente quo sancti tremunt
Nubuntque vultus angeli:

II

'Tis darkness here,
And, far or near,
Through deepest shadow lies the way
Unto the gate, —
And there to wait
The rising of eternal day.

III

The flash of dawn
So quickly gone,
The brightest blaze of noontide's ray,
Like twilight seem
Beside the gleam
And glory of that coming day.

IV

O golden day
So far away,
Why dost thou linger, yet how long?
From flesh set free
The soul must be
Ere it can join thy morning song.

V

Its chains put by,
How swift to fly,
O God, to look upon Thy face!
Of love to Thee
Its song shall be,
Its lasting joy to praise Thy grace.

VI

Blest Trinity,
May Thy gifts be
Our gracious helpers by the way,
Till our brief night
Shall catch the light
That heralds the eternal day.

(II)

Hic, ceu profunda conditi
Demergimur caligine:
Æternus at noctem suo
Fulgore depellet dies.

(III)

Hunc nempe nobis præparas,
Nobis reservas hunc diem,
Quem vix adumbrat splendida
Flammantis astri claritas.

(IV)

Moraris heu! nimis diu
Moraris, optatus dies:
Ut te fruamur, noxii
Linquenda moles corporis.

(V)

His cum soluta vinculis
Mens evolarit, O Deus,
Videre te, laudare te,
Amare te non desinet.

(VI)

Ad omne nos apta bonum,
Fœcunda donis Trinitas;
Fac lucis usuræ brevi
Æterna succedat dies.

Charles Coffin
in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736



