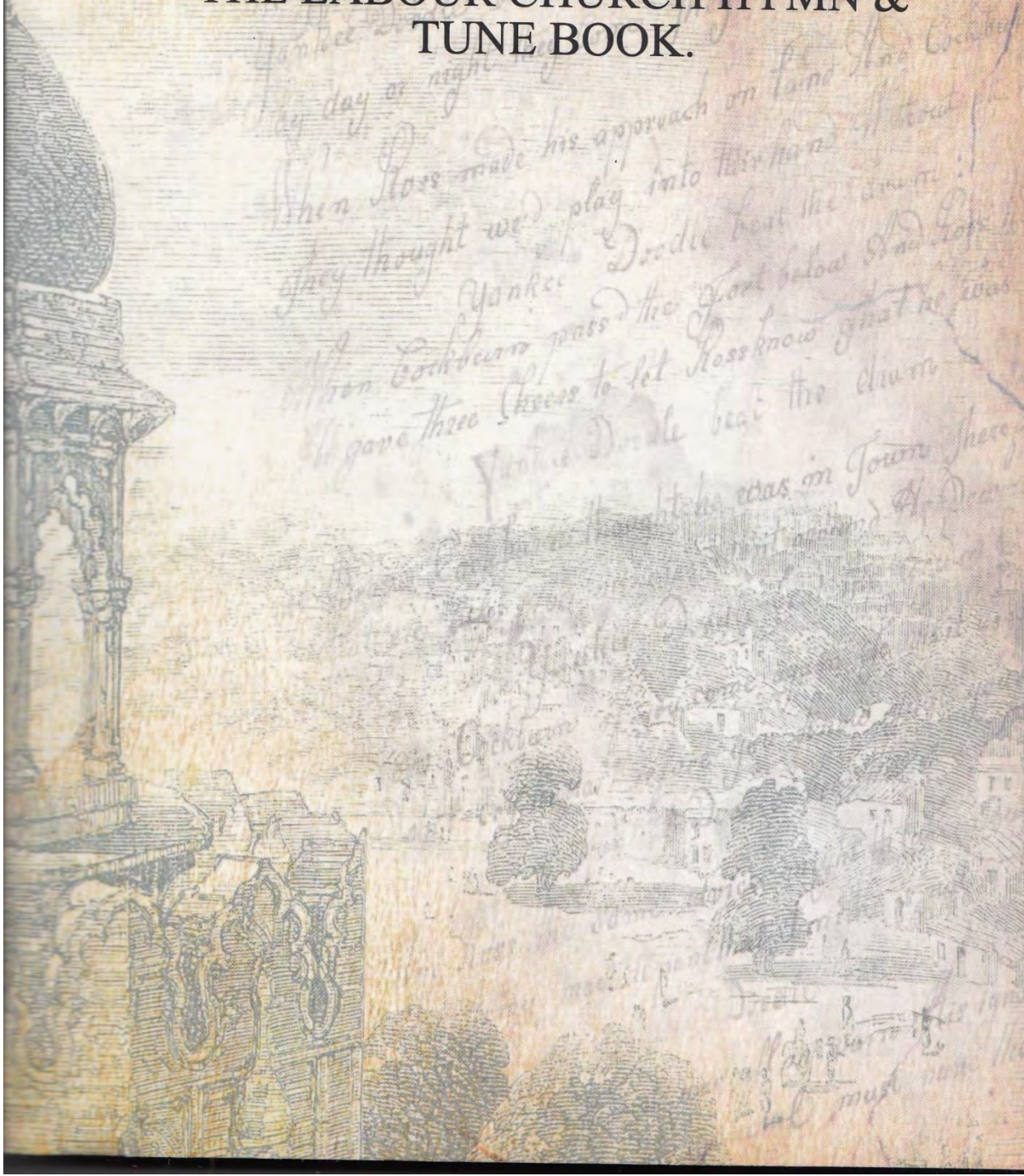


THE LABOUR CHURCH HYMN &
TUNE BOOK.



THE LABOUR CHURCH HYMN & TUNE BOOK

First Complete Edition of Tunes
in connection with the new
Labour Church Hymnal which
was published in August, 1906

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PREFACE.

The first Labour and Church Hymn and Tune Book was published by John Trevor, the founder of the Labour Church Movement, in 1893.

For some fourteen years that compilation stood the Movement in good stead. When, however, in 1906, we were able, with the assistance of the late John H. Belcher (of Plymouth) and Wm. Mitchell (of Nottingham) to issue a new book of words, a new Tune Book was found to be essential.

This present edition, therefore, whilst not the work of the whole of the intervening period, is nevertheless the fulfilment of our desires as far as it goes.

We desire to place on record the splendid work done by Mr. W. H. Bell, Fellow and late Professor of the Royal Academy of Music, A.R.C.O., etc., who undertook the compilation of this work. To him and to Mr. Robert Bullock, A.R.C.M., thanks are due for a number of new compositions.

Help in the way of transposing the Staff to Tonic Sol-fa has been rendered by Mr. S. Leech (of Stockport), Miss Ethel Lewis and Miss Christine Fletcher (of Birmingham), Mrs. Gertrude Gorle and Mr. A. C. Fellows (of London), and Miss E. Gutteridge, Nottingham.

We acknowledge with thanks an original tune by Mr. J. Beanland (of Manchester).

We tender thanks to Mr. J. B. McEwen (of London) and to Mr. Bullock (of Nottingham) for their services in correcting the proofs. For those friends who in the old days placed their services at the disposal of the founder of the Labour Church Union, Mr. Trevor, when the first Hymn and Tune Book was being prepared, namely Mr. R. T. Nicholson, M.A., Mr. Clement Templeton, Mr. Allen Clarke, Edward Carpenter, and others we give this word of acknowledgment.

Should we inadvertently have used any tunes without permission we tender our apologies, and should be indeed pleased to have the opportunity of giving acknowledgments in future editions.

T. A. PIERCE.

87 Burford Road,
The Forest,
Nottingham.

March 28th, 1912.

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THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Freedom.

(Copyright.)

1. Freedom.

(Copyright.)

S. S. S. S. S. S.

Key C.

W. H. Bell.

{ d' :- t :l s :m f :s m :- l :- t :d' r' :t }
 { m :- f :r m :d d :t, d :- d :- s :s fe :s }

f Lo! here we answer! see, we come Quick - ly at Freedom's

{ s :- s :t d' :d' l :s s :- f :- r' :d' l :s }
 { d :- r :f m :d r :s, d :- f :- f :m r :m }

{ d' t :l s :- - s l :- - t d' :- t :l }
 { m :d t, :- - r m :- r :r d :m fe s :fe }

ho - ly call. We come! we come! we

{ s :fe s :- - t d' :- - :se l :d' r' :r' }
 { l, :r s, :- - s s :- f :m l, :l s :r }

{ t :d' r' :- - s l :- t :d' r' :t d' t :l }
 { s :fe s :- - m m :- m :m fe :s s :fe }

come! we come! To do the glorious work of

{ r' :r' r' :- - t d' :- t :l l :s m' r' :d' }
 { s :l t :- - m l :- se :l r :m l, :r }

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{ s :- - | s ta :- - :ta | l :- s :f | r' :- }
 { s :- - | r s :- - :m | f :- m :f | f :- }

all; And hark! we raise from sea

{ t :- - | t d' :- - :d' | d' :- - :d' | r' :- }
 { s :- - | s m :- - :d | f :- s :l | ta :- }

{ - :d' t | s l :t | d' :- | m' :- | r' :- | - :d' d' :- }
 { fe :fe s | r m :f | m :- | s :- | f :- | - :m m :- }

to sea The sa-cred watch-word, Li - - ber-ty!

{ - :r' r' | t d' :r' | d' :- | d' :- | d' :- | t :-d' d' :- }
 { l :l s | f m :r | l :- | r :- | s :- | - :d d :- }

God is our guide! from field, from wave,
 From plough, from anvil, and from loom
 We come, our country's rights to save
 And speak a tyrant faction's doom.
ff And hark! we raise from sea to sea } *Repeat.*
 The sacred watchword, Liberty!

God is our guide! no swords we draw,
 We kindle not war's battle fires;
 By union, justice, reason, law,
 We claim the birthright of our sires.
ff We raise the watchword Liberty! } *Repeat.*
 We will, we will, we will be free!

2. Commonwealth.

By permission of the Composer.

Key G. Lah is E.

Josiah Booth.

l, :l, .l, | d :- d | m :-| d | :l, .t, | d | :l, .t, | d | :l, }
 l, :l, .l, | l, :- .l, | t, :-| l, | :l, .t, | d | :l, .t, | d | :l, }

When wilt Thou save Thy Peo - ple? O God of mer - cy!

d :d .d | m :- m | m :-| m | :l, .t, | d | :l, .t, | d | :l, }
 l, :l, .l, | l, :l, .l, | se, :-| l, | :l, .t, | d | :l, .t, | d | :l, }

m, :-| - :m, | l, :l, | d :- d | f :-| m | :d .r }
 m, :-| - :m, | m, :m, | l, :- .l, | d :-| d | :d .r }

when? Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not

m, :-| - :m, | m :m | m :m | l :-| s | :d .r }
 m, :-| - :m, | d :d | l, :l, | f, :-| d | :d .r }

m :l, .t, | d :t, | se, :-| - :- | l, d :d .r | f :m }
 m :l, .t, | d :f, | m, :-| - :- | l, d :d .d | d :d }

thrones and crowns, but men! Flowers of Thy heart, O

m :l, .t, | d :r | t, :-| - :- | dem :m .f | l :s }
 m :l, .t, | d :r, | m, :-| - :- | l, d :d .d | d :d }

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5

r : l | s : - | s : s f | m : r | d : r | t, : t, : }
 d : t, | d : - | r : r r | d : t, | l, : l, | s, : s, : }
cresc.

God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a-way— Their
cresc.

f : f | m : - | s : s s | s : f | m : f | r : f : }
 d : d | d : - | t, : t, | t, | d : s, | l, : f, | s, : s, : }

d : r | m : m | f : s | l | t | d' : - | l : f | r : - | d : - (d)
 s, : s, | s, : d | d : d | d : r | d : - | d : r | d : t, | d : - (d)

he-ri-tage a sunless day! God save the Peo-ple!

m : r | d : ta | l : s | d' : s | s : sell | l | f : - | m : - (ma)
 l, : t, | d : d | r : m | f : - | m : - | f : f, | s, : - | d : - (d)

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?
 "No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies;
 "Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs!"
 God save the People!

When wilt Thou save the People?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The People, Lord, the People!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 God save the People! Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
 Save them from bondage and despair!
 God save the People!

Con spirito.
Key B^b

3. Aldenham.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Verse 1.

{:s, {:s,	d :- r :d	t, :l, :s,	l, :- :t, d	r :-
{:s, {:s,	s, :- .s, :s,	s, :m, :s,	f, :- :f,	r, :-

Verse 1. The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand

{:s, {:s,	m :- .f :m	r :d :m r	d :- :r	t, :-
{:s, {:s,	d, :- t ₂ :d,	s, :l, :m,	f, :- :r,	s, :-

{:s, {:s,	m :- :m	m r :d	r :- :-	- :-
{:s, {:s,	s, :- :s,	fe, :- :fe,	s :- :-	- :-

Its storms roll up the sky

{:s, {:s,	m :- :r	d :- :d	t, :- :-	- :-
{:s, {:s,	d :- :t,	l, :- :l,	s, :- :-	- :-

{:s, {:s,	d :- r :d	t, :l, :s,	d :- r :d	t, :-
{:s, {:s,	s, :- .s, :s,	s, :m, :m,	m, :- :fe,	s, :-

The nations sleep starv-ing on heaps of gold

{:s, {:s,	d :- t, :d	r :d :t,	l, :- :l, r	r :-
{:s, {:s,	m, :- .f, :m,	s, :l, :m,	l, :- :r,	s, :-

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{:t, :s,	r :d :t,	d :- .t, :l,	s, :- :-	- :-
	s, :- :s,	m, :s, :fe,	s, :- :-	- :-

All dream - ers toss and sigh.

{:r :s,	r :- :r	d :m :d	t, :- :-	- :-
	t, :- :s,	l, :- :r,	s, :- :-	- :-

{:s, :r,	s, :- :l,	ta, :l, :s,	f, :- :s	l, :-
	d, :- :f,	m, :f, :m,	r, :- :r,	m, :-

The night is dark-est be - fore the morn

{:t, :s,	d :- :d	d :d :d	l, :- :r	de :-
	m, :- :f,	s, :f, :d,	r :- :ta ₂	l ₂ :-

{:l, .l, :m, .m,	r :- .m :r	r :s, :d	t, :- :d	r :-
	l, :- :l,	s, :s, :s,	s, :- :fe	s, :-

When the clouds are heav-y then breaks the dawn

{:de .de :l, .s,	r :- :r	t, :t, :d	r :- :r	r :-
	fe :- :fe	s, :s, :m,	s, :- :l,	t, :-

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{s, .s, | m :-f:m | r :-m:r | d :- :- | l, :- | l, | s, :d :m }
 {s, .s, | d :-d:d | t, :-t,t, | l, :- :s, | f, :m, | r, | m, :s, :d }

And the Day of the Lord is at hand, The Day of the

{s, .s, | s :-s:s | f :-s:f | m :- :- | r :d | t, | d :m :s }
 {s, .s, | d :-r:d | s, :-s,s, | l, :- :- | r, :- | r, | s, :s, :s, }

Verse 2.

{r :-m:r | d :- :- | - :- :- | d :-r:d | t, :l, :s, }
 {l, :-l,t, | d :- :- | - :- :- | s, :-s,s, | s, :m, :s, }

Lord is at hand. Verse 2. Gather you, gather you

{f :-f:f | m :- :- | - :- :- | m :-f:m | r :d :m:r }
 {s, :-s,s, | d :- :- | - :- :- | d, :-t, :d, | s, :l :m, }

{l, :l, :t, :d | r :- :s, | m :m :m | m :r :d | r :- :- | - :- }
 {f, :f, :f, | r, :- :s, | s, :s, :s, | fe, fe, fe, | s :- :- | - :- }

angels of God Freedom and mercy and Truth

{d :d :r | t, :- :s, | m :m :r | d :d :d | t, :- :- | - :- }
 {f, :f, :r, | s, :- :s, | d :d :t, | l, :l, :l, | s, :- :- | - :- }

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{s, d :-r:d | t, :l, :s, | d :-r:d | t, :- | t, | r :d :t, }
 {s, s, :-s,:s, | s, :m, :m, | m, :m, :fe, | s, :- | s, | s, :s, :s, }

Oh Come for the earth is grown cow-ard and old Come down and re-

{s, d :-t:d | r :d :t, | l, :l, :l,r | r :- | r | r :r :r }
 {s, m, :-f,:m, | s, :l, :m, | l, :l, :r, | s, :- | s, | t, :l, :s, }

{d :-t, :l, | s, :- :- | - :- :- | s, :s, :l, | ta, :l, :s, }
 {m, :s, :fe, | s, :- :- | - :- :- | d, :d, :f, | m, :f, :m, }

new us her youth. Wisdom, Self - sac-ri-fice,

{d :m :d | t, :- :- | - :- :- | d :d :d | d :d :d }
 {l, :l, :r, | s, :- :- | - :- :- | m, :m, :f, | s, :f, :d, }

{f, :f, :s, | l, :- :- | r :-m:r | r :s, :d | t, :t, :d | r :- }
 {r, :r, :r, | m, :- :- | l, :-l, :l, | s, :s, :s, | s, :s, :fe, | s, :- }

daring and Love Haste to the battle-field, stoop from a-bove

{l, :l, :r | de :- :- | r :-r:r | t, :t, :d | r :r :r | r :- }
 {r, :r, :ta, | l, :- :- | fe :-fe:fe | s, :s, :m, | s, :s, :l, | t, :- }

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{s, .s, m :-f:m	r :-m:r	d :- :- l, :-	l, s, :d :m }
{s, .s, d :-d:d	t, :- :t,	l, :- :s, f, :m,	r, m, :s, :d }

To the Day of the Lord at hand, The Day of the

{s, .s, s :-s:s	f :-s:f	m :- :- r :d	t, d :m :s }
{s, .s, d :-r:d	s, :- :s,	l, :- :- r, :-	r, s, :s, :s, }

Verse 3.

{r :-m:r	d :- :- :- :-	d :-r:d	t, :l, :s,	l, :- :t,d	r :- :s,
l, :- :t,	d :- :- :- :-	s, :-s, :s,	s, :m, :s,	f, :- :f,	r, :- :s,

Lord at hand. Verse 3. Gather you, gather you hounds of hell

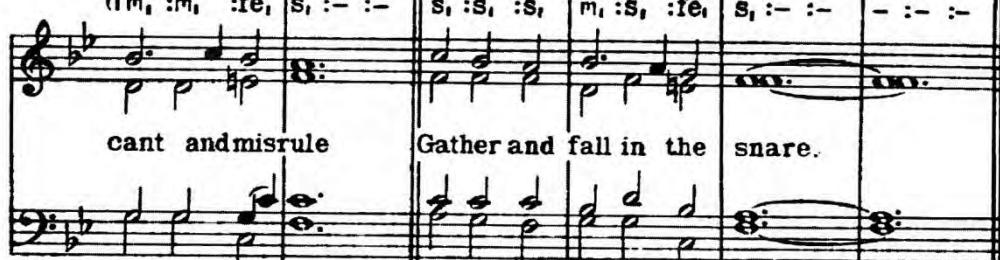
{f :- :f	m :- :- :- :-	m :-f:m	r :d :m,r	d :- :r	t, :- :s,
s, :- :s,	d :- :- :- :-	d, :-t, :d,	s, :l, :m,	f, :- :r,	s, :- :s,

{m :m :m	m :r :d	r :- :- :- :-	d :-r:d	t, :l, :s,
{s, :s, :s,	fe, :- :fe,	s, :- :- :- :-	s, :-s, :s,	s, :m, :m,

Famine and plague and war I - dleness, Bi-go-try,

{m :m :r	d :- :d	t, :- :- :- :-	d :- :t, :d	r :d :t,
{d :d :t,	l, :- :l,	s, :- :- :- :-	m, :- :f, :m,	s, :l, :m,

{ d :- r : d | t, :- :- || r : d : t, | d :- .t, : l, | s, :- :- | - :- :- }
 { m, : m, : fe, | s, :- :- || s, : s, : s, | m, : s, : fe, | s, :- :- | - :- :- }



cant and misrule Gather and fall in the snare.

{ l, : l, : l, : r | r :- :- || r : r : r | d : m : d | t, :- :- | - :- :- }
 { l, : l, : r, | s, :- :- || t, : l, : s, | l, : l, : r, | s, :- :- | - :- :- }

{ s, :- : l, | ta, : l, : s, | f, : f, : s, | l, :- :- || r :- .m : r | r : s, : d }
 { d, :- : f, | m, : f, : m, | r, : r, : r, | m, :- :- || l, :- .l : l, | s, : s, : s, }



Hire - ling chammarite Bi-got and Knave Crawl to the bat-tle-field

{ d :- : d | d : d : d | l, : l, : r | de :- :- || r :- .r : r | t, : t, : d }
 { m, :- : f, | s, : f, : d | r : r : ta₂ | l₂ :- :- || fe :- .fe : fe | s, : s, : m, }

{ t, : t, : d | r :- || s, : s, | m :- .f : m | r :- .m : r | d :- :- | l, :- }
 { s, : s, : fe | s, :- || s, : s, | d :- .d : d | t, :- : t, | l₁ :- : s, | f, : m, }



sneak to you grave In the Day of the Lord at hand,

{ r : r : r | r :- || s, : s, | s :- .s : s | f :- .s : f | m :- :- | r : d }
 { s, : s, : l, | t, :- || s : s, | d :- .r : d | s, :- : s, | l₁ :- :- | r, :- }

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK. Verse 4.

The Day of the Lord at hand. Verse 4. Who'd sit down and
 sigh for a lost age of gold While the Lord of all
 ag-es is here True hearts will leap
 up at the trum-pet of God And those who care suf-fer can

Musical notation for Verse 4, including treble and bass staves with lyrics and rhythmic notation.

Rhythmic notation for the first system:

 Treble: { l, s, :d :m | r :-m:r | d :- :- - :- | s, d :-r:d }

 Bass: { r, m :s :d | l, :- t, | d :- :- - :- | s, s, :-s,s, }

Rhythmic notation for the second system:

 Treble: { t, :l :s, | l, :l, :t, d | r :- | s, .s, m :m :m }

 Bass: { s, :m, :m, | f, :f, :f, | r, :- | s, .s, s, :s, :s, }

Rhythmic notation for the third system:

 Treble: { m :r :d | r :- :- - :- | s, d :-r:d }

 Bass: { fe, :fe, :fe, | s :- :- - :- | s, s, :-s,s, }

Rhythmic notation for the fourth system:

 Treble: { t, :l :s, | d :-r:d | t, :- | t, r :d :t, | d :-t:l, }

 Bass: { s, :m, :m, | m, :m, :fe, | s, :- | s, s, :s, :s, | m, :s, :fe, }

Rhythmic notation for the fifth system:

 Treble: { r :d :t, | l, :l, :l, r | r :- | r r :r :r | d :m :d }

 Bass: { s, :l, :m, | l, :l, :r, | s, :- | s, t, :l, :s, | l, :l, :r, }

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : - : - \\ s_1 : - : - \end{array} \right\} - : - \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 \\ r_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : s_1 : l_1 \\ d_1 : d_1 : f_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} ta_1 : l_1 : s_1 \\ m_1 : f_1 : m_1 \end{array} \right\}$

dare. Each old age of gold was an

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} t_1 : - : - \\ s_1 : - : - \end{array} \right\} - : - \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} t_1 \\ s_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : d : d \\ m_1 : m_1 : f_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : d : d \\ s_1 : f_1 : d_1 \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f_1 : - : s_1 \\ r_1 : - : r_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 : - \\ m_1 : - \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 . l_1 \\ m_1 . m_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : - . m \\ l_1 : - . l_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : s_1 : d \\ s_1 : s_1 : s_1 \end{array} \right\}$

iron age too And the meek - est of saints may find

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 : - : r \\ r_1 : - : ta_2 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} de : - \\ l_2 : - \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} de . de \\ l_1 . s_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : - . r \\ fe : - . fe \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} t_1 : t_1 : d \\ s_1 : s_1 : m_1 \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} t_1 : t_1 : d \\ s_1 : s_1 : fe \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : - \\ s_1 : - \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 . s_1 \\ s_1 . s_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - . f \\ d : - . d \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : - . m \\ t_1 : - : t_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : - \\ l_1 : - : s_1 \end{array} \right\}$

stern work to do In the Day of the Lord at hand,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : r : r \\ s_1 : s_1 : l_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : - \\ t_1 : - \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 . s_1 \\ s_1 . s_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : - . s \\ d : - . r \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} f : - . s \\ s_1 : - : s_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - : - \\ l_1 : - : - \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 : - \\ f_1 : m_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 \\ r_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : d \\ m_1 : s_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : d \\ l_1 : - : t_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : - . m \\ d : - : - \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : d \\ d : - : - \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} - : - \\ - : - \end{array} \right\}$

The day of the Lord at hand.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : d \\ r_1 : - \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} t_1 \\ r_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : m : s \\ s_1 : s_1 : s_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} f : - : f \\ s_1 : - : s_1 \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - : - \\ d : - : - \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} - : - \\ - : - \end{array} \right\}$

4. Truth is growing.

Smoothly.

Adapted from "Lasst uns erfreuen"

8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7 7.

Melody from: Geistliche Kirchengesänge.

Key E^b

(C61n 1623)

{:d - .r :m .d :m .f | s :s | d - .r :m .d :m .f }
 {:d - .d :d .d :d .d | r :r | d - .t, :d .d :d .d }

Truth is growing, hearts are glowing With the flame of Li-ber-

{:m - .f :s .m :l .l | d' :t | s .l s .f :s .s :l .l }
 {:d - .d :d .d, t, l, .r | s, :s .f | m .f m .r :d .t, :l, .d }

{s :- | d' .t | l :s :d' .t | l :s | d' .t }
 {r :- | s .s | s .f :m :d .r | m .r :t, | d .r }

ty; Light is break - ing Thrones are quak - ing, Hark! the

{d' :t | d' .d' | d' :d' :m .s | s .fe :s | s .s }
 {s, :s .f | m .m | f :d :l, .t, | d .r :s, | l, .t, }

{l :- .s :l .s | s :- | d' - .s :s .f :m .f }
 {m :r .t, :d .t, t, :- | s .f | m .r :d .r :d .d }

trum - pet of the free! Long, in low-ly whispers

{s :fe .s :fe .s | s :- | d' - .s :s .s :s .f }
 {d :r .m :r .s, | s, :- | m .r | d .t, :l, .t, :d .l, }

breath-ing, Free dom-wan-dered drea-ri-ly.

Still in faith, her lau-rel wreath-ing For the day when there should

be Freemen shout-ing—"Vic-to-ry!"

Now, she seeketh him that speaketh
 Fearlessly of lawless might;
 And she speedeth him that leadeth
 Brethren on to win the Right.
 Soon the slave shall cease to sorrow,
 Cease to toil in agony;
 Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow
 Over land and over sea.—
 "Brethren!" shout! "ye all are free!"

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth
 All day long and never tires;
 No more sadness - all is gladness
 In the hearts that she inspires:
 For she breathes a soft compassion
 Where the tyrant kindled rage;
 And she saith to every nation—
 "Brethren, cease wild war to wage!
 Earth is your blest heritage."
 From "Chartist Chant" by
 Thomas Cooper.

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

5. Salzburg.

Melody from J. Hintze (1622-1702)

Harmonised by J. S. Bach.

7.777777.

Key D.

|| s :d' | s :l | s :- f | m :-
 || d :d | d :d | d :t, | d :-

Men whose boast it is that ye
If there breathe on earth a slave,

|| m :m .f | s :f .m | r .d :r | d :-
 || d :l, | m, :f, | s, :s, | d :-

|| s :s | f :m | r :r | d :-
 || d :d .t, | l, .t, :l | d :t, | d :-

Come of fa - thers brave and free,
Are ye tru - ly free and brave? If ye do not

|| m :m | f :s | l :s | m :-
 || d :d | r :m | f .r :s | d :-

D.C.

|| r :r | m .fe :s }
 || t, :t, | d :t, }

|| s :s | s :s }
 || s, :s, | d :m .r }

|| s :fe | s :- | l :-t | d' :d'
 || m :r .d | t, :- | r .m :f | m :m

feel the chain When it works a bro - ther's pain,

|| t :t | l :- | m :m .r | d :-

|| l :l | s :- | f :-s | l :l | l :se | l :
 || d :r | s, :- | r :r | l, .t, :d .r | m :m | l,

{ m :m | l :s | s :fe | s :-
 { d :d | d :t, | d :d | t, :-

Are ye not base slaves in - deed,

{ s :s | f .m :r | d .m :r .d | r :-
 { d :d | f, :s, | l, :l, | s, :-

{ l :s | f :m | r :r | d :-
 { d :d .t, | l, .t, :d | d :t, | d :-

Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?

{ f :m | f :s | l :s .f | m :-
 { f, :d | r :m | f .r :s, | d :-

Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell.

6. England, arise.

By Permission of the Composer.

Key C.

Edward Carpenter.

|| d' : s . m | l : - s | s , l : s . f | f : m . | l : t . d' | d' : d }
 || m : m . m | f : - r | r , r : r . t , | r : d . | d : d . d | d : d }

England a rise! the long, long night is o - ver, Faint in the east be -

|| s : s . d' | d' : - s | s , s : s . s | s : s . | l : l . l | s : s }
 || d : d . d | f : - t , | t , , t , : t , . s , | d : d . | f : f . f | m : m }

|| r . r : m , r | r : - | d' : s . m | l : - s | s , l : s . f | f : m . }
 || l , l : d , r | r : - | m : m . m | f : - r | r , r : r . t , | r : d . }

hold the dawn appear; Out of your e - vil dream of toil and sorrow -

|| l . l : l , l | t : - | s : s . d' | d' : - s | s , s : s . s | s : s . }
 || f . f : fe , fe | s : - | d : d . d | f : - t , | t , , t , : t , . s , | d : d . }

|| l : t . d' | d' : s : l . d' | t : l | s : - | f . f : s . r | m : - . }
 || d : d . d | d . d : m . m | r : d | t , : - | r . r : r . t , | d : - . }

A - rise, O England, for the day is here; From your fields and hills,

|| l : l . l | s . d' : d' . d' | s : fe | s : - | t . t : t . s | s : - . }
 || f : f . f | m . m : d . l , | r : r | s , : - | s . s : f . f | m : - . }

f f : s , r | m :- . | l : t . d | d' . s : l . f' | m' : r' | d' :-
 t, . t, : t, , t, | d :- . | d : d . d | s . m : f . f | s : f | m :-

Hark! the answer swells_ A-rise. O England, for the day is here!

s . s : f , f | s :- . | l : l . l | d' . d' : d' . d' | d' : t | d' :-
 r . r : s, , s, | d :- . | f : f . f | m . d : f . l | s : s | d :-

People of England! all your valleys call you,
 High in the rising sun the lark sings clear.
 Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you?
 Will you disown your native land so dear?
 Shall it die unheard_

That sweet pleading word!
 Arise, O England, for the day is here!

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
 Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
 Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
 On its bent back sits Idleness enthroned.
 How long, while you sleep,
 Your harvest shall it reap?
 Arise, O England, for the day is here!

Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers!
 Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!
 Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother,
 Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!
 Come and swell the song.
 Silent now so long:
 England is risen!_ and the day is here.

Edward Carpenter.

7. Austrian Hymn.

8.7.8.7. D.

Key F.

F. J. Haydn.

1732-1809.

{	d :- .r m :r	f :m r.t,:d	l :s f :m	}
{	d :- .d d :t,	s, :s, s, :s,	l, .t,:d r :d	}

Sons of La-bour, keep ye mov-ing On-ward in the
Ev' - ry step your path im - prov-ing, Leav-ing ol - den

{	m :- .f s :s	r :m f.r:m	f :s s :s	}
{	d :- .d d :s,	t, :d s, :d	f :m t, :d	}

{	r :m.d s :-	r :m r.t,:s,	f :m r.t,:s,	}
{	r :d t, :-	s, :s, s, :s,	s, :s, s, :s,	}

march of mind, Ev' - ry soul-en - slav-ing fet - ter,
tracks be-hind.

{	l :l r :-	t, :d t, .r:t,	r :d t, .r:t,	}
{	f, :fe, s, :-	s, :s, s, :s,	t, :d s, :s,	}

{	s :f m :- .m	fe :- .fe s :-	d' :- .t l :s	}
{	s, :l, .t, d :- .d	d :- .d t, :-	d :- .d d :d	}

Burst and break and cast a-way, That the world may

{	m :r d :- .d	r :- .l s :-	s :- .s f :m	}
{	m, :f, .s, l, :- .l,	r :- .r s, :-	m :- .m f :d	}

{ l :- .s s.f : m	r : m.f s.l : f.r	d : m.r d :-
{ d :- .d r : d	t, : t, d : d.l,	s, : t, s, :-

be the bet-ter For your needs some o-ther day.

{ f :- .s s : s	s : s s.d : l.f	m : s.f m :-
{ f :- .m t, : d	s, : f m, : f,	s, : s, d :-

Sow good seed, that those who follow
 Future blessings yet may reap;
 Joy resound o'er hill and hollow,
 When we all have gone to sleep;
 Gems of truth and knowledge gather,
 On the varied way ye go;
 Know the present is the father
 Of the future weal or woe.

'Mid the strifes and tribulations,
 Toils and troubles of the day,
 Freedom speaks to stir the nations,
 Truth asserts her sovereign sway.
 Onward then my toiling brothers
 With the thoughtful and the true
 Sisters, ye as loving mothers,
 Have the noblest work to do.

Ever active, ever cheery,
 Hope the burden of our song,
 Let us help the weak and weary
 On the way we move along.
 Brighter days than we have seen yet,
 Dawn upon our Babels old,
 Changes greater than have been yet,
 Time's vast ocean will unfold.

John Macleay Peacock.

8. Fatherland.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key F.

{	d : d : r	m :- : l	s : m :- f	s :- :-	d : d : t,
{	s, : s, : l, t,	d :- : f. m	r : d :- d	d :- : t,	d : l, : s,

Where is the true man's fa - ther - land; Is it where

{	m : m : f	s : l. t. : d'	t : l :- l	s :- :-	m : m :- r
{	d : t, : l,	s, :- : f,	s, : l, :- r	s, :- :-	l, : l, : m,

{	l, :- : s,	l, : t, : d	m :- : r	r : r : m	f :- . m : r
{	s, : f, : s,	f, :- : s,	d :- : t,	ta, : ta, : ta d	r :- . de : r

he by chance is born? Doth not the yearn - ing

{	d :- : d	d : r : m. f	s :- :-	f : f : s	l :- . s : l
{	f, :- : m,	f, : r, : d,	s, :- :-	ta, : l, : s,	r, :- . m, : f,

{	m : f : s	l :- : s	m : m : fe	s :- . l : t	l : m : fe	s :-
{	d : d : d	d :- : t,	l, : l, : l,	s, l, t, : t,	d :- : d	t, :-

spi - rit scorn In such scant bor - ders to be span'd?

{	s : f : m	f : m : r	d : m : re	m. fe : s : s	m : l : l	s :-
{	d. t. l, : s,	f, :- : s,	l, : d : t,	m, : m : r	d : l, : r	s, :-

{ :r | f :-.m :r | m :- :f | s :m :- .f | s :-
 { :t, | t, :d :r | r :d :d | d :d :- .d | r :-
 O yes! his Fa- - ther - land must be
 { :s | r :s :s | s :d'.t :l | s :d' :l | t :-
 { :s, | s, :l, :t, | d :- :r | m :l :r | s :-

{ .l :t .s | d' :- :m | f :m :r | d :- :-
 { .m :r .t, | d :m .r :d | d :- :t, | d :- :-
 As the blue Heav - en wide and free!
 { .d' :s .s | s :d'.t :l | l :- .s :f | m :- :-
 { .s :f .f | m :- :l, | r :- :s, | d :- :-

Is it alone where Freedom is?
 Where God is God, and man is man?
 Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this?
 Oh yes! his Fatherland must be
 As the blue Heaven wide and free.

Where'er a human heart doth bear
 Joy's myrtle-wreath on sorrow's gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 There is the true man's birthplace grand
 His is a world-wide Fatherland!

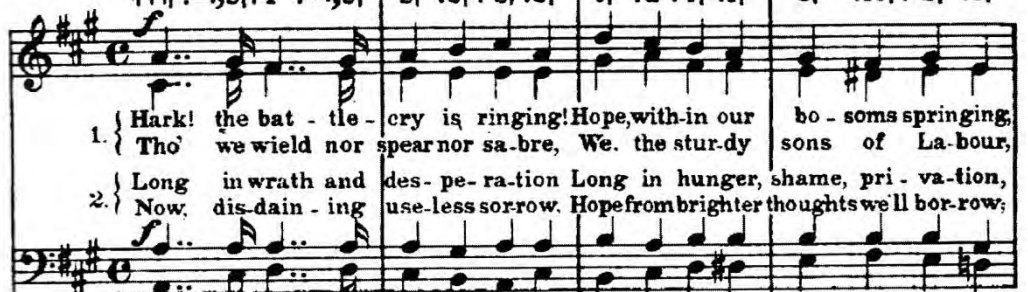
Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man can help another—
 Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
 That spot on earth is thine and mine!
 There is the true man's birthplace grand
 His is a world-wide Fatherland!

James Russell Lowell.

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

9. March of the Men of Harlech.

Key A. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : -, t, l, : -, t, \\ m, : -, s, l, : -, s, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : r | m : d \\ s, : s, | s, : s, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} f : m | r : d \\ t, : d | l, : l, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} t, : l, | t, : s, \\ s, : fe, | s, : s, \end{array} \right. \}$

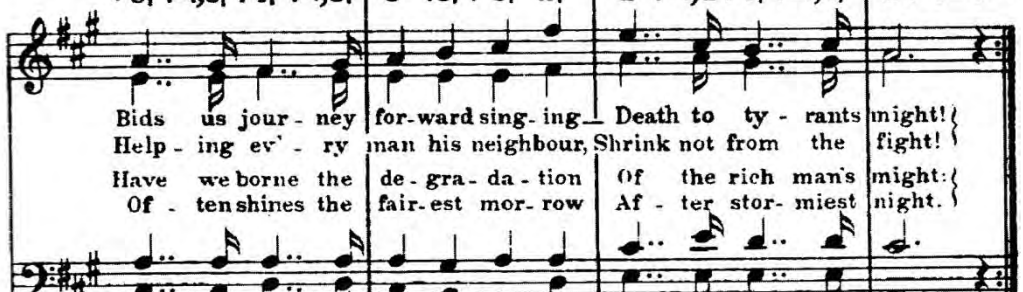


1. { Hark! the bat - tle - cry is ringing! Hope, with - in our bo - som's springing,
Tho' we wield nor spear nor sa - bre, We, the stur - dy sons of La - bour,

2. { Long in wrath and des - pe - ra - tion Long in hunger, shame, pri - va - tion,
Now, dis - dain - ing use - less sor - row. Hope from brighter thoughts we'll bor - row;

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : -, d | d : -, d \\ d, : -, m, | f, : -, f, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : t, | d : d \\ m, : r, | d, : m, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : d | r : r \\ r, : m, | f, : fe, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : r | r : t, \\ s, : l, | s, : f, \end{array} \right. \}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : -, t, | l, : -, t, \\ s, : -, s, | l, : -, s, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : r | m : l \\ s : s, | s, : l, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : -, m | r : -, m \\ d : -, d | t, : -, t, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : l - - \\ d : l - - : \end{array} \right. \}$



Bids us jour - ney for - ward sing - ing - Death to ty - rants might!
Help - ing ev' - ry man his neighbour, Shrink not from the fight!
Have we borne the de - gra - da - tion Of the rich man's might:
Of - tenshines the fair - est mor - row Af - ter stor - miest night.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : -, d | d : -, d \\ m, : -, m, | f, : -, f, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : t, | d : d \\ m, : r, | d, : f, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : -, s | f : -, f \\ s, : -, s, | s, : -, s, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : l - - \\ d, : l - - : \end{array} \right. \}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : -, d | t, : -, d \\ t, : -, l, | s, : -, l, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : r | : \\ t, : t, | : \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : -, f | m : -, f \\ m : -, r | d : -, r \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : s | : -, s \\ m : m | : -, m \end{array} \right. \}$



1. See our homes be - fore us! Wives and babes im - plore us; So
2. Ty - rant heart's take warning! No - bler days are dawning; He -

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : -, d | t, : -, d \\ t, : -, l, | s, : -, l, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : r | : \\ t, : t, | : \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : -, f | m : -, l \\ m : -, r | d : -, r \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : s | : -, s \\ m : m | : -, m \end{array} \right. \}$

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

s :-, f | m : , f s :-, f | m :-, f s , l : s , f | m , r : m , f s : s | :
 m :-, r | d : , r m :-, r | d :-, r m , f : m , r | d , t : d , r m : m | :

firm westand in heart and hand. And swell the daunt-less chorus.
 ro - ic deeds, su - bli - mercreeds. Shall her - ald Free - dom's morning!

s :-, f | m : , f s :-, f | m :-, f s , l : s , f | m , r : m , f s : s | :
 m :-, r | d : , r m :-, r | d :-, r m , f : m , r | d , t : d , r m : m | :

Chorus.

l : l | s : s f : f | m : m r : f | m | r : d t , l | t : s ,
 d : d | d : d t , t | d : d s , : s , | s , : s , s , f e | s : s ,

Men of La-bour, young or hoar-ry. Would ye win a name in sto-ry?
 Men of La-bour, young or hoar-ry. Would ye win a name in sto-ry?

f : l | m : s r : s | d : s s : s | s : s r : r | r : t ,
 f : f | m : m r : r | d : d t , : r | d | t , l , s , l | s , f ,

d :-, t , l | l , :-, t , d : r | m | l s , m , :- | r :-, m d :- | - :
 s :-, s , l | l , :-, s , s , : s , | s , l , d , d , :- | t , :-, t , d :- | - :

Fight for home, for life, for glo-ry! Ju-stice. Free - dom. Right!
 Fight for home for life, for glo-ry! God shall help the Right!
H. S. Salt.

d :-, d | d :-, d d : t , | d : d m , s , :- | f :-, f m :- | - :
 m , :-, m , | f , :-, f , m , : r , | d , f e , s , , s , :- | s , :-, s , { s } :- | - :
{ d }

10. Lugano.

8.7.8.7. D.

Key G.

Italian Melody.

{	d :- .d t, :d		l, :- .l, t, :t,		d :- .t, l, .t, :d .r	}
{	s, :- .s, s, :s,		f, :- .f, s, :s, .f,		m, :s, l, :s, .l,	}

Have you heard the Gol - den Ci - ty Men - tioned in the

{	m :- .m r :d		d :- .r r :r		d :d d .r :m .f	}
{	d :- .d s, :m,		f, :- .r, s, :s,		l, :m, f, :m, .r,	}

{	d :t, d :-		m :- .m r :m		d :d r :r	}
{	s, :s, s, :-		s, :- .s, s, :t,		l, .s, :fe, s, :s,	}

le - gends old Ev - er - last - ing light shines o'er it,

{	m :r m :-		d :- .d r :s		m :d t, :t,	}
{	s, :s, d, :-		d :- .d t, :s,		l, :l, s, :s,	}

{	m :r .m f :m .f		m :r d :-		m :- .m r :s	}
{	s, :s, f, :s, .l,		s, :t, d :-		s, :- .s, s, :s,	}

Won - drous tales of it are told; On - ly righteous

{	d :t, d :d		d .m :s .f m :-		d :- .d t, :r	}
{	d :s, l, :s, .f,		s, :s, d :-		d, :- .m, s, :t,	}

{ s :fe l s :s | s :- .s lf :m | r :r lm :-
 { l, :l, lt, :t, | t, :- .t, ld :d .t, | l, :l, lse, :-
 men and wo - men Dwell within its gleaming wall,
 { m :r lr :r | m :- .m ld .r :m | f :l lt, :-
 { d :r ls, :s, | m, :- .m, l, :l, .s, | f, :f, lm, :-
 { m :- .m r :s | s :- .fe l s :s | s :s lf :m | r :r ld :-
 { l, :fe, ls, r :d .t, | l, :- .l, lt, :t, | t, :l, l, t, :d | d :t, ld :-
 Wrong is banished from its borders, Jus - tice reigns su - preme o'er all.
 { d :d lr :m | m :- .r lr :r | m .r :de lr :s | l :s .f | m :-
 { l, :l, lt, :m .r | d :- .r !s, :s, | m, :l, lr, :m, | f, :s, ld :-

We are builders of that City;
 All our joys and all our groans
 Help to rear its shining ramparts,
 All our lives are building stones:
 But the work that we have builded,
 Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
 And in error and in anguish,
 Will not perish with our years.

It will be at last made perfect
 In the universal plan;
 It will help to crown the labours
 Oft the toiling hosts of man:
 It will last and shine transfigured
 In the final reign of right,
 It will merge into the splendours
 Of the City of the Light!

From "The City of the Light."

By Felix Adler.

11.

7.6.7.6. D.

Key G.

M. Prætorius 1571-1621.

{s, d :- d | r :- f | m :- r | m | r :- r | d :- d | f :- m | r :- l :-
 {s, s :- l | t :- d | d :- - | t :- t, | d :- l | l :- s, | t :- l :-

mf O beau-ti-ful, my coun - try! Be thine a no - bler care

{r m :- m | s :- l | s :- - | s :- s | s :- f | d :- r | m | s :- l :-
 {t, d :- l | s :- f, | d :- m | s :- s, f, | m :- f, | l :- t, | d | s :- l :-

{r l :- t, | d :- r | t :- l, | t, | s :- m | m :- s | f :- f | m :- l :-
 {l, f :- f, | s :- l, | s :- - | s :- s, | d :- r | d :- t, | se :- l :-

Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy harvests waving fair;

{f d :- r | d :- f | r :- d, | r | t :- d | s :- s | d :- r | t :- l :-
 {r, f :- r, | m :- f, | s :- - | s :- d, | d :- t, | l :- r, | m :- l :-

{m m :- s | r :- m | f :- s | f | m :- m | m :- s | f :- m | r :- l :-
 {t, l :- d | t :- d | r :- t, | d :- d | d :- ta, | l :- s, | f :- l :-

f Be it thy pride to lift up The manhood of the poor;

{m d :- s | s :- s | l :- f | s :- s | l :- r | r :- de | r :- l :-
 {s, l :- m, | s :- m, | r :- r | d :- t, | l :- s | r :- f, | l, | r :- l :-

{:m r:-:d|r:-:t, d:-:t,:d|r:-:m s:-:m|f:-:r d:-:-l:-:-
 {:s, l,-:l,t,-:s, s,-:fe|s,-:s, s,-:s,|d:-:t, d:-:-l:-:-

Be thou to the op - pres - sed Fair Freedom'so - pen door!

{:t, r:-:m|s:-:r d:-:-l,t,-:d r:-:m|l:s:f m:-:-l:-:-
 {:s, f,-:l,s,-:f, m,-:l,s,-:d t,-:d|f,-:s, d,-:-l:-:-

p For thee our fathers suffered,
 For thee they toiled and prayed!
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand memories on thee shine,
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.

f O beautiful, my country!
 Round thee in love we draw
 Thine be the grace of Freedom,
 The Majesty of Law.

ff Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem;
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be Peace the crowning gem.

F. L. Hosmer.

12. Onward.

Boldly.
8.7.8.7. D with Chorus.
Key C.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

<p>{ d :- .r m :s d :- .t, d :d }</p>	<p>{ l :d' t .l :s f :s r :s }</p>	<p>{ f :s m :d r :r d :d }</p>
<p>On - ward, bro - thers, march still on - ward Side by side and</p>		
<p>{ m :- .s s :s d :- .s, d :m }</p>	<p>{ d' :d' r'.t :d' f :m s, f :m }</p>	<p>{ l :s s :s r :t, d :m }</p>

<p>{ r .m :f s :- d :d r :- }</p>	<p>{ s :- .s d' :s d :r m :f }</p>	<p>{ s :- .s d' :f m :r d :d }</p>
<p>hand in hand; We are bound for man's true king-dom,</p>		
<p>{ l :l t :- f .m :r s :f }</p>	<p>{ d' :t d' :r' m :r d :t, }</p>	<p>{ d' :ta ta :l d :f m :f }</p>

<p>{ l :l s :fe .s m :m m :m }</p>	<p>{ t :l s :- s :r r :- }</p>	<p>{ l :- .l t :s r :f m :r .d }</p>
<p>We are an in - creas - ing band. Though the way seem</p>		
<p>{ d' :d' d' :d' l, :t, d :m }</p>	<p>{ r' :d' t :- r .m :fe s :s, }</p>	<p>{ l :- .l t :s f :l s :f .m }</p>

l :r' | t.l :s | d' :- .t | l :s | fe :s.l | t :- }
 t, d :r.m | f :m.r | d :r.m | m :m | m :m | l re :- }

of - ten doubt-ful, Hard the toil which we en - dure,

r.m :f.s | l.t :d' | s :fe.se | l :t | d' :l | fe :- }
 s, :s, | s, :s.f | m :- .r | d :t, | l, :d | t, :l }

r' :- .r' | d' :t | l :s.f | m.f :s | fe :s.l | t :r'.d' }
 m :- .m | m :m | f :t, | d :r | m :- .fe | s :s }

Though at times our cou - rage fal - ter, Yet the pro - mised

t :- .t | d' :d' | d' :s | s :s | d :t.r' | r' :r' }
 se :- .se | l :s | f :m.r | d :t, | l, :m.r | s :t.l }

t.s :l | s :- } CHORUS. | d :- .r | m :s | l :d' | t.l :s }
 r.m :fe | s :- } | d :- .t | d :d | f :s | r :s }

land is sure. *ff* On - ward, bro - thers, march still ou - ward,

r'.s :d' | t :- } | m :- .s | s :s | d' :d' | r'.t :d' }
 s.m :r | s :- } | d :- .s | d :m | f :m | s.f :m }

{ f :s lm :d | r.m:f ls :- | s :-:s ld' :s }
 { r :r ld :d | d :d lr :- | d :r lm :f }

Side by side and hand in hand, We are bound for

{ l :s ls :s | l :l lt :- | d' :t ld' :r' }
 { r :t, ld :m | f:m:r ls :f | m :r ld :t, }

man's true king-dom, We are an in-creasing band.

{ s :-:s ld' :d' | m' :-:r'ld' :l.s | f.m:r ld :- }
 { m :r ld :f | m :m lm :f.d | d :t ld :- }

{ d' :ta lta :l | t :t ld' :d'.s | l :f lm :- }
 { d :f lm :f | s :se ll :f.m | r :s, ld :- }

Olden sages saw it dimly,
 And their joy to madness wrought,
 Living men have gazed upon it,
 Standing on the hills of thought.
 All the past has done and suffered,
 All the daring and the strife,
 All has helped to mould the future,
 Make man master of his life.

Onward, brothers, *etc.*

Still brave deeds and kind are needed
 Noble thoughts and feelings fair;
 Ye too must be strong and suffer,
 Ye too have to do and dare.
 Onward, brothers, march still onward,
 March still onward hand in hand,
 Till ye see at last Man's Kingdom,
 Till ye reach the promised land.

Onward, brothers, *etc.*

Havelock Ellis.

8.7.8.7. D.

13. Hansannan.

Key E^b

Welsh Melody

m : l | s : l | s : m | d : r | m : l | s : m . r | d : t, | l, : - *D.C.*
 l, : d | d : d | r : d | d : t, | l, : d | r : d . t, | l, : s e, | l, : -

Live for something, be not i- dle, Lock-a- bout thee for em- ploy,
 Sit not down to use- less dream- ing, La- bour is the sweet- est joy.

d : d . r | m : m . f e | s : s | s . f e : s | m : m | r : m . f | m : r | d : -
 l, : l, t, | d : l, | t, : d | l, : s, | d : l, | t, : d . r | m : m, | l, : -

l, : t, | d : d | r : d | r : m | l : t | d' : l | s e : t | l, : -
 l, : s e, | l, : l, | t, : l, | t, : d | d : r | m : d . r | m : m . r | d : -

Fol- ded hands are e- ver wea- ry, Self- ish hearts are ne- ver gay.

m : r | m : m | s : m | s : s | l : s . f | m : l | t : m | m : -
 d : t, | l, : l, | s, : l, | s, : d | f : m . r | d : f | m : s e, | l, : -

l : l | s : l | s : m | d : r | m : l | s : m . r | d : t, | l, : -
 d : r | m : m | r : d | l, : t, | d : d | r : d . t, | l, : s e, | l, : -

Life for thee hath ma- ny du- ties; Active be, then, while you may.

l : t | d' : d' | s : s | l : s . f | m : m | r : m . f | m : r | d : -
 f, : f | m : l, | t, : d | l, f : m . r | d : l, | t, : d . r | m : m, | l, : -

Scatter blessings in your pathway,
 Gentle words and cheering smiles,
 Better far than gold and silver
 Are their grief- dispelling wiles.
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
 Ever on the grateful earth,
 So let sympathy and kindness
 Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
 Drop the tear of sympathy;
 Whisper words of hope and comfort;
 Give, and thy reward shall be
 Joy unto thy soul returning
 From this perfect fountain head.
 Freely, as thou freely givest,
 Shall the grateful light be shed.

14. "O Earth, thy past."

11. 10. 11. 10.

Tune "Northwood."

(Copyright.)

Music by R. Bullock.

A.R.C.M.

Words by John Ellis.

Key C.

{ : d' | t : - | l : - | s : - | - : s | f : m | l : f | m : - | r : - |
 { : m | f : - | r : - | s : - | - : m | d : m | d : r | d : - | t, : - |

mf O Earth, thy past is crown'd and con-se - cra - ted

{ : s | s : - | l : t | d' : - | - : d' | d' : d' | l : l | s : - | s : - |
 { : d | r : - | f : - | m : - | - : s | l : s | f : r | s : - | s : - |

|| r : - | m : f | m : - | s : - | d' : l | s : fe | s : - | - |
 || t, : - | d : t, | d : - | r : - | d : m | r : r | r : - | - |

With its Re - form - ers, Speaking yet, though dead;

|| s : - | s : s | s : - | s : - | l : l | t : l | t : - | - |
 || f : - | m : r | d : - | t, : - | l, : d | r : r | s : - | - |

{ : s | t : - | r' : - | d' : - | s : - | f : m | l : t | l : - | s e : - |
 { : s | f : - | f : - | m : - | f : m | d : m | f : f | m : - | m : - |

p Who un - to strife and toil and tears were fa - ted,

{ : t | r' : - | t : - | d' : - | r' : d' | d' : d' | d' : r' | d' : - | t : - |
 { : s | s : - | s : - | d' : - | t : d' | l : s | f : r | m : - | m : - |

{	l :- s :f	m :f s :d'	m :- r :-	d :- -
{	m :- r :r	d :d d :d	d :- t, :-	d :- -

Who un-to fie-ry mar-tyr-doms were led.

{	d :- s :s	s :s s :l	s :- - :f	m :- -
{	l, :- t, :t,	d :r m :f	s :- s, :-	d :- -

f O Earth, thy present, too is crowned with splendour
 By its Reformers battling in the strife;
 Friends of humanity, stern, strong, and tender,
 Making the world more hopeful with their life.

ff O Earth, thy future shall be great and glorious,
 With its Reformers toiling in the van,
 Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all victorious,
 And Earth be given to Freedom and to Man.

15. Courage.

6.6. 7.6.7.6. 8.8. 6.6.

(Copyright.)

Allegro.

W. H. Bell.

Key B \flat

	{ m : m . r m : s	l : - - : -	r : r . m f : l	r' : - - : -
	{ m : m . r m : s	l : - - : -	r : r . de r : m	s : - - : -

Small notes Org. Who is a braveman, who? Who is a braveman, who?

	{ m : m . r m : s	l : - - : -	l : l . l l : d'	r' : - - : -
	{ m : m . r m : s	l : - - : -	f : f . m r : d	t : - - : -

	{ m' : - . r' d' : t	l : t . d' s : m	f : - . m r : m . f	s : - - : -
	{ s : m f : s	l : f r : d	d : - . d t : t	d : - t : -

He who dares defend the right When right is mis-called wrong;

	{ d' : s l : t	d' : l t : d'	l : - . l t : l	s : - f : -
	{ d : - . d d : d	d : d d : d	r : - . r s : f	m : - r : -

	{ d' : - . r' d' : t	l : t . d' t : t	d' : - . d' t : l	t : - -
	{ d : - . m m : m	m : fe m : se	l : m : - . s fe : fe	s : - -

He who shrinks not from the fight When weak contend with strong;

	{ m : - . t l : se	l : l se : m'	m' : - . m' r' : r'	r' : - -
	{ l : - . se l : m	fe : re m : m	l : l r : r	s : - -

{ t d' : - l r' : - t : - l : s d' : - l r' : - m' : - l - m' f' : - . m' l r' : d' }
 { s m : - l l : - l : - s f m : t l l : t . l se : - l - se l : - . l l l : l }

Who, fear-ing God, fears none be - side, And dares do right, what

{ r' d' : - l f' : - f' : - l m' : r' d' : - l l : - t : - l - t r' : - . de' l r' : f' }
 { s l : - f : - s : - l : - s l : s f : s . f m : - l - m r : - . m l f : r }

{ t : l s d' : m l : - f : m r : m f : s : s l : f' l r' : . d' d' : - l : - }
 { f : r d : - d : - d : d d : r r m : l l f : - . m m : - l : - }

e'er be - tide; This man has courage true This man has courage true.

{ r' : t d' : - l : - l l : l l : l t : t d' : d' d' : t . d' d' : - l : - }
 { s : f m : l f : - r : m f : r l s : f m : r l s : s . d d : - l : - }

Who is a free man, who?
 Who is a free man, who?
 He who finds his chief delight
 In keeping God's commands;
 He who loves what e'er is right,
 And hath to sin no bands;
 From every law but one set free,
 The perfect law of liberty;
 This man hath freedom true,
 This man hath freedom true.

Who is a noble man?
 Who is a noble man?
 He who scorns all words or deeds
 That are not just and true!
 He whose heart for suffering bleeds
 Is quick to feel and do;
 Whose noble soul will ne'er descend
 To treacherous act towards foe or friend.
 This is a noble man,
 This is a noble man.

16: Difyrrwech Y. Brenin.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Key G.

Welsh Tune.

D.C.

{:s,	s, :s, d :d	r,m:f,r m :-m	f :l, t, :d,m	r :- d
{:s,	s, :s, l, :l,	l, :l,t, d :-d	d :l, f, :s,	l, :s,f, m,

Our fa-thers were high-mind-ed men, Who firm-ly kept the faith;
To free-dom and to conscience true, In dan-ger and in death.

{:s,	m :m m :m	f :f.s s :-s	f :d r :d	d :t, d
{:s,	d :t, l, :s,	f, m :r, s, d, :-d	l, :f, r, :m,	f, :s, d,

{:d	r :t, .d r :d .m	r .d :t, .d r :m .f
{:s,	s, :s, s, :s,	s, :s, s, :d .t,

Nor should their deeds be e'er for-got, For

{:m	r :r r :m .d	r :r r :s
{:d	t, :s, .l, t, :l, .d	t, .l, :s, .l, t, :d .r

{m :l, t, r:d,t, l, :- s,	s, s, .l :s.f m :d
{d.t, :l, s, :s, s, :f.e s,	s, d :d.t, d :d

no-ble men were they. Who strug-gled hard for

{s :f.m r,t, :d.r	m :r.d t,	s, s, .f :s s :s
{d :r s, :m.r,	d, :r, s,	s, m, .f :m.r d :m

{ r.m : f.r | m :- .m | f : l, | lt, : d.m | r :- | d
 { d : d.t, | d :- .d | d.t, : l, .s, | f, : s, .d | d : t, | d

sa - cred rights, And brave-ly won the day.

{ l.s : f | s :- .s | f : d | r : d.s | l : s.f | m
 { f.m : r | d :- .t, | l, .s, : f, .m, | r, : m, | f, : s, | d,

For all they suffered, little cared
 Those earnest men and wise;
 Their zeal for God, their love of truth,
 Made them the shame despise.
 Great names had they, but greater souls,
 True heroes of their age,
 That, like a rock in stormy seas,
 Defied opposing rage.

And such as our forefathers were,
 May we their children be,
 And in our hearts their spirit live,
 That baffled tyranny.
 Then we'll uphold the cause of right,
 The cause of mercy too;
 To toil or suffer for the truth
 Is the noblest thing to do.

H. M. Gunn.

17. Gloria.

7.6.7.6. D with Chorus.

R. L. De Pearsall.

Key E^b

(1795 - 1856) D.C

Brightly. { :s | r : m | f : l | s : - f | m : r | m . f e : s . l | t : l | s : - l -
 { :s | r : m | f : f . m | r : t , | d : r | d : r , m | r : r . d | t , : - l -

Come, friends, the world wants mend - ing, Let none sit down and rest,
 But seek to work like he - roes, And no - bly do your best.

{ :s | r : m | f : f | s : - | s : s | s . l : s | s : f e | s : - l -
 { :s | r : m | f . m : r . d | t , : s , | d : t , | d . l , : t , d | r : r | s , : - l -

{ :s | s : f . m | r : d e | m : - m | r : f | f : s . f | m : f | r : - l -
 { :d | d : d | r : s , | l , : - l , | l , : r | r : r | d : d | t , : - l -

Do what you can for fel - low-man With ho - nest heart and true;

{ :m | m : f . s | l : s | s : l . s | f : l | l : s | s : l | s : - l -
 { :d | d : l , d | f : m | d e : d e | r : r | r : t , | d : f , | s , : - l -

{ :s | r : m | f : l | s : - f | m : l | l : s . f | m : r | d : - l -
 { :s | r : m | f : f . m | r : t , | d : d | d : d | d : t , | d : - l -

Much may be done by ev' - ry one - There's work for all to do.

{ :s | r : m | f : f | s : - s | s : f | f : s . l | s : s . f | m : - l -
 { :s | r : m | f . m : r . d | t , : s , | d : f , | f , : m . f , | s , : s , | d : - l -

Chorus.

{:s r :m | f :l | s :-f | m :r | m.f.e.s.l | t :l | s :- | - |
 {:s r :m | f :f.m | r :t, | d :r | d :r.m | r :r.d | t, :- | - |

ff Come, friends, the world wants mend - ing, Let none sit down and rest,

{:s r :m | f :f | s :- | s :s | s.l | s | s :fe | s :- | - |
 {:s r :m | f.m :r.d | t, :s, | d :t, | d.l, :t, d | r :r | s, :- | - |

{:s s :f.m | r :de | m :- | r :l | l :s.f | m :r | d :- | - |
 {:d d :d | r :s, | l, :- | l, :d | d :d | d :t, | d :- | - |

But seek to work like heroes, And nobly do your best.

{:m m :f.s | l :s | s :l.s | f :f | f :s.l | s :s.f | m :- | - |
 {:d d :l.d | f :m | de :- | r :f, | f, :m, f, | s, :s, | d :- | - |

Though you can do but little,
 That little's something still;
 You'll find a way for something
 If you but have the will.
 Now bravely fight for what is right,
 And God will help you through;
 Much may be done by every one—
 There's work for all to do.
 Come, friends, etc.

Be kind to those around you,
 To charity hold fast;
 Let each think first of others,
 And leave himself till last.
 Act as you would that others should
 Act always up to you;
 Much may be done by every one—
 There's work for all to do.
 Come, friends, etc.

18. French Melody.

8.7.8.7. Double

Key F.

{ :s₁ ., s₁ | d :d :m ., d | r :r :f ., l }
 { :s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :d ., s₁ | l₁ :s₁ :d ., d }

Com-rades, hark! the air a-bout us, Emp-ty

{ :m ., m | m :m :s ., m | f :f :f ., f }
 { :d ., d | d :d :d ., d | d :t₁ :l₁ ., f₁ }

{ s₁ :- .m :f .r | d :- | s₁ ., s₁ | d :d :m ., d }
 { d :- .d :d .t₁ | d :- | s₁ ., s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ ., f₁ }

as it all ap-pears, Thrills and pul-ses with the

{ s₁ :- .l :l .f | m :- | f ., f | m :m :d ., d }
 { m₁ :- .l₁ :f₁ .s₁ | d :- | t₁ ., t₁ | d :d :l₁ ., l₁ }

{ r :r :f ., l | s₁ :- .m :f .r | d :- | m ., f }
 { s₁ :s₁ :l₁ ., l₁ | d :- .d :d .t₁ | d :- | d ., t₁ }

e-choes Of the long-de-part-ed years. There are

{ d :t₁ :d ., d | s₁ :- .l :l .f | m :- | s₁ ., s₁ }
 { s₁ :s₁ :f₁ ., f₁ | m₁ :- .l₁ :f₁ .s₁ | d :- | d ., r }

|| s :m :s .,s | f :r :f .,f | m :d :m .,m | r :-
 || d :d :m .,m | r :r :r .,r | d :s₁ :d .,l₁ | t₁ :-

foot-steps all a-round us; Loud the an-cient drum-beat rolls;

{ :s .,s₁ | d :d :r .,r | m :m :f .,l | s :- .m :f .r | d :-
 { :s .,s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :t₁ .,t₁ | d :ta₁ :l₁ .,t₁ | d :- .d :d .t₁ | d :-

Voi-ces call from out the con-flict Of the times that tries men's souls.

{ :t₁ .,t₁ | d :d :s .,s | s :s :f .,f | s :- .l :l .f | m :-
 { :s₁ .,s₁ | m₁ :m₁ :s₁ .,s₁ | d :d :f₁ .,f₁ | m₁ :- .l₁ :f₁ .s₁ | d :-

Listen! for the deathless voices
 Of the ages far away.
 Shape themselves to one clear echo,
 Ringing out above the fray—
 "Sons, be worthy of your fathers!
 They were men who dared to stake
 Life and fortune, and fair honour,
 For their perilled freedom's sake.

"Dare to be loyal unto duty;
 Barter not your soul for gain;
 Trade not principle for party;
 Seek the highest to attain.
 While to truth you are but faithful,
 Shun not e'en alone to stand,
 One with God, shall still be victor,
 And th' Omnipotent command."

M. J. Savage.

19. Kingsford.

8.6.8.6. D.

Key G.

English Traditional Melody.

{:d.t, {:l,	l, :l, ll, :s,	d :d r :d.r	m :m r.d:l,	s, :- l-
	m, :m, f, :r,	s, :m, s, :s,t,	d :d l, :f,	r, :- l-

mf Whenearth produ-ces, free and fair, The gol-den wav-ing corn;

{:m.r {:l,	d :d d :t,	d :d t, :d.f	m :s f :d	d :- t,
	l, :l, s f, :f,	m, :l, s, :m,r,	d, :d, r, :f,	s, :- l-

{:d.t, {:s,	l, :l, ll, :s,	d :d r :d.r	m :m r.d:l,	l, :- l-
	s, :f, f,m,r,	s, :fe, s, :s,f,	m, :s, f, :f,	m, :- l-

When fragrant fruits per-fume the air, And fleecy flocks are shorn;

{:d {:m,	d :d d :t,	d :d t, :d.t,	d :d ll, :l, t,	d :- l-
	f, :f, m r, :s,	m, :l, s, f, m, r,	d, :m, f, :r,	l, :- l-

{:m.f {:l,	s :m m.r:d	r :r m :d.r	m :m.r d :l,	s, :- l-
	t, :t, d.s:s,	l, :s, s, :s,t,	d :d.t, s, :f, m,	r, :- l-

Whilst thousands move with aching head And sing the ceaseless song-

{:d {:l,	m :s s.f:m	r.d:t, d :s.f	m :s.f m :d	d :- t,
	m, :m ll, t, :d	f, :s, d, :m, r,	d, :d, r, m, :f,	s, :- l-

{:d.t, l, :l, | l,r,s:l,t, d :d | r :d.r | m :m | r.d:l, | l, :- | - |
 {:s, s, :s, | f, :f, s, :s,fe|s, :s,f, m, :s, | l, :f, | m, :- | - |

p "We starve, we die; oh, give us bread! There must be something wrong.

{:d d :d | r :f | m.r:d | t, :d.t, d :t, | l, :l,t, d :- | - |
 {:m, f, :f,m|r, :r | d.t:l, | s, :m,r, d, :m, | f, :r, | l, :- | - |

mf When wealth is wrought, as seasons roll,
 From off the fruitful soil;
 When luxury, from pole to pole,
 Reaps fruit of human toil;
 When from a thousand, one alone,
 In plenty rolls along,
 And others ne'er a joy have known,
p There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away
 To barrenness and drought,
 There must be something in the way
 That's worth the finding out.
 When surfeit one great table bends,
 And numbers move along;
 While scarce a crust their board extends,
 There must be something wrong.

f Then let the law give equal right
 To wealthy and to poor;
 Let Freedom crush the hand of Might,
 We ask for nothing more.
 Until this system is begun,
 The burden of my song,
 It must and can be only done —
 There must be something wrong.

20. Haydn.

(6.5.6.5. ter)

Key G.

Adapted from J. Haydn.

{	m : m	l r : r		d :-	l s, :-		s : s	l l : l		r :-	l - :-
{	d : d	l t, : t,		s, :-	l s, :-		d : d	l d : l,		s, :-	l - :-

Life is on-ward-use it With a for-ward aim;
Life is on-ward-prize it, Sun-lit or in storm;

{	s : s	l s : f		m :-	l m :-		d : d	l d : d		t, :-	l - :-
{	d : d	l s, : s,		d :-	l d :-		m, : m,	l f, : f,		s, :-	l - :-

{	f : f	l m : m		r :-	l l, :-		d : d	l r : r		d :-	l - :-
{	f, : f,	l s, : s,		l, :-	l f, :-		m, : m,	l s, : s,		m, :-	l - :-

Toil is heavenly-choose it, And its wel-fare claim.
Oh, do not des-pise it, In its hum-blest form. *Fine.*

{	r : r	l de : de		r :-	l f :-		d : d	l d : t,		d :-	l - :-
{	r, : r,	l m, : m,		f, :-	l f, :-		l, : l,	l s, : s,		d, :-	l - :-

{	s : s	l f : f		m :-	l l, :-		f : f	l l : l		d :-	l t, :-
{	s, : l,	l l, : l,		s, :-	l l, :-		l, : l,	l l, : l,		s, :-	l - :-

Look not to an-o-ther To perform your will;

{	d : de	l r : r		t, :-	l d :-		r : r	l r : r		m :-	l r :-
{	m, : l,	l r, : r,		m, :-	l l, :-		r, : r,	l f, : f,		s, :-	l - :-

{ f :f r :r f, :l, s, :s,	s :- m :- s, :- l, :-	r :r t, :t, f, :f, s, :s,	d :- - :- s, :- - :-
----------------------------------	------------------------------	----------------------------------	-----------------------------

Let not your own bro - ther Keep your warm hand still. *D. C.*

{ d :d t, :t, l, :f, s, :f,	t, :- de :- m, :- l, :-	r :r r :r r, :r, s, :s,	m :- - :- d, :- - :-
------------------------------------	--------------------------------	--------------------------------	-----------------------------

Life is onward—heed it
 In each varied dress;
 Your own act can speed it
 On to happiness.
 His bright pinion o'er you
 Time waves not in vain,
 If Hope chant before you
 Her prophetic strain.
 Life is onward—prize it,
 Sun-lit or in storm;
 Oh, do not despise it
 In its humblest form.

21. Psalm 42.

8.7.8.7. 7.7.7.7.

Key G.

L. Bourgeois.

{ d . r : m . r : d . t , | l , : s , : d . r | m . f : m : r | d : - : -
 { d . t , : d , . s , : l , . s , | s , . f , : m , : l , . s , | d . l , : d : t , | d : - : -

There are lonely hearts to che - rish, While the days are go - ing by;

{ m . s : s . s : m . m | d : d : m . s | s . f : s : - f | m : - : -
 { d . s , : d . t , : l , . m , | f , : d , : l , . t , | d . r , : m , f , : s , | d , : - : -

{ d . r : m . r : d . t , | l , : s , : d . r | m . f : m : r | d : - : -
 { l , . s , : s , . s , : m , . s , | s , . f e , : s , : l , . t , | d . d : d : - . t , | d : - : -

There are weary souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;

{ m . r : d . t , : d . r | m . r : t , : d . f | m . l : l : - s | m : - : -
 { l , . t , : d . s , : l , . t , | d . r : s , : f , . r , | d , . f , : l , . s , : f , . s , | d , : - : -

{ m . m | s : f : m . r | m : - : s . s | l : s : f . m | r : - : -
 { d . d | d : l , : d . t , | d : - : ta , ta , | l , : te , : d . d | d : t , l , t ,

If a smile we can re - new, As our journey we pur - sue;

{ s . s | m : r : s . s | s : - : r . m | f : m : d . s | s : - : -
 { d . d | d , : r , : m , . s , | d , : - : s , . s , | f , : s , : l , . d | s , : - : -

$\{m.s : f$	$.m : d . r$	$m : d$	$: m . m$	$f . m : r . d : t,$	d	$:-$	$:-$
$\{d . t_1 : l_1$	$. s_1 : d . l_1$	$t_1 : d$	$: de . de$	$r . d : l_1$	$: r_1$	m_1	$:-$

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by!

$\{s . s : d . r$	$. m : m . l$	$l . se : l$	$: l . l$	$l . s : f . m : s$	s	$:-$	$:-$
$\{d . m_1 : l_1 . t_1$	$. d : l_1 . f_1$	$m_1 : l_1$	$: l_1 . l_1$	$r_1 . m : f_1 . l_1 : s_1$	d_1	$:-$	$:-$

There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by,
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by,
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes,
 Help your fallen brother rise,
 While the days are going by!

All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by,
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by;
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by.

8.7.8.7.D.

22. Hyfrydol.

Key F.

R. H. Pritchard.

d :- :r	d :- :r :m	f :- :m	r :d :r
s, :- :t,	d :- :d	r :- :d	t, :l, :t,

Borne a - down the dis - tant a - ges,
Voice of he - roes and of sa - ges,

m :- :r	m :- :f :s	l :s :s	s :m :s
d, :m, :s,	d :- :d	d :t, :d	s, :l, :s,

s :- :f	m :- :m	r :d :r	d :- : <i>DC</i>	s :- :s
d :s, :l, :t,	d :- :d, :t,	l, :- :t,	d :- :-	t, :- :t,

Comes the e - cho of a song,
How it swells and rolls a - long! Tones of

s :- :s	s :- :s	f :m :s	m :- :-	s :- :s
m :- :r	d :- :m,	f, :l, :s,	d :- :-	m :- :m

s :f :m	f :- :f	f :m :r	m :- :m	m :f :s
d :- :d	d :t, :l,	t, :d :s,	s, :- :d	d :r :m

those who ne - ver fal - tered, Ac - cents of the

d :r :m	r :- :r	r :s :f	m :- :s	l :- :s
l, :- :l,	r :- :r	s, :l, :t,	d :- :t,	l, :- :m,

{ s : f : m m : r : d	r :- :- d :- :t,	s : m : s d :- :m	f : r : f r :- :r	m : d : m d : s, : d	}
					
good and wise, — Those who ne - ver blenched or					
					
{ l :- :l r, :- :f,	r :- :- s, :- :-	s :- :l m :- :d	l :- :s d :t, .l, :t,	s : m : fe d :t, :l,	}

{ r.m:f.m:r r.t:d :s,	s :- :s s, :d :ta,	l :s :f l, :d :d	m :- :r d :- :t,	d :- :- d :- :-	
					
pal - tered, Ne - ver stooped to play with lies.					
					
{ s : f : f t, s : l : t,	m :- :s d :- :m,	f : s : l f, m, : f,	s :- :f s, :- :s,	m :- :- d :- :- d, :- :-	

Tyrants scourged them, but with patience
 Firm they stood nor turned the back;
 Strong midst fiery tribulations,
 At the stake and on the rack.
 On through agony and anguish,
 Toiling up the mountain height,
 Never did they faint or languish,
 Pressing upward to the light.

Now, adown the ages ringing,
 Comes their song of hope and cheer,
 As the voice of angels bringing,
 Hope to all who labour here.
 Forward, brothers! forward ever,
 Till at last the goal be won,
 Toiling still, and wearying never,
 Faint not, strive, and follow on.

Clara Thomson.

23. Ruser.

7.6.7.6.D.

Key E \flat Adapted from an English
Traditional Melody.

Allegro. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{d.r:m.d} \text{ is } :m.d \\ \underline{d} :d.d \text{ is, } :d \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :-r \text{ l}d :s, \\ \underline{d} :t, \text{ l}, :s, \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :d \text{ l}m :d \\ s, :s, \text{ l}, :ta, \end{array} \right. \}$

f Forward! the day is break - ing, Earth shall be dark no

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m.f:s .m \text{ l}d :s.l \\ \underline{d} :d.d \text{ l}m, :-f, \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s :-f \text{ l}m :r \\ s, :- \text{ l}, :t, \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :m \text{ l}d :r.m \\ d :d \text{ l}, :s, \end{array} \right. \}$

more, Millions of men are wak - ing On

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l :- \text{ l} :- \\ \underline{l}, :- \text{ l} :- \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} l :s.m \text{ l}m :r.d \\ t, :d.d \text{ is, } :t.l, \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :r \text{ l}d :s, \\ t, :- \text{ l}, :s, \end{array} \right. \}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f :- \text{ l} :- \\ \underline{f}, :- \text{ l} :- \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} f :m.m \text{ l}m :m \\ r :m.d \text{ l}d :l, \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :- \text{ l}m :r \\ se, :- \text{ l}, :t, \end{array} \right. \}$

ev'ry sea and shore. With trum-pets and with

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :m \text{ l}s :r .m \\ \underline{s, :d} \text{ l}d :d.t, \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :- \text{ l} - \\ d :- \text{ l} - \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \text{ d}' :-t \text{ l}s :s \\ t, \text{ d} :-d \text{ l}t, :d.r \end{array} \right. \}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :s \text{ l}s :l.s \\ \underline{d} :d \text{ l}m, :f.s, \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :- \text{ l} - \\ d :- \text{ l} - \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} f \text{ s} :-s \text{ l}s :l.t \\ m :-m \text{ l}f :f \end{array} \right. \}$

{ d' :- .t | s : r .m | f :- .f | s : d | l :- l- | l }
 { s : fe | r : t, .d | r :- .r | d, : d.ta, | l, :- l- | d }

ban ners The world is marching on; The

{ d' : r' | t : s | l :- .l | s : m | f :- l- | f }
 { m : r | s : f .m | r :- .r | m : d | f, :- l- | f }

{ s : m | m : r.d | m : r | d : s, | d : m | s : r.m | d :- l- }
 { d : d | s, : s, .l, | t, :- | l, : s, | s, : d | d : l.t, | s, :- l- }

air rings with ho san - nas, The field is fought and won.

{ s : s | d : r.m | m :- | m : r | m : s | s : l.s | m :- l- }
 { m : d | d : t, .l, | se, :- | l, : t, | d : d | m, : f.s, | d :- l- }

Forward! the world before us
 Listens to hear our treat;
 And the calm heavens o'er us
 Smile blessings on our head.
 Hope like an angel hovers
 Above the way we go;
 The shield of patience covers
 Our hearts from every foe.

♩ Forward! as near and nearer
 Draw we unto our rest;
 Joyous, the light shines clearer
 In every faithful breast.
 The past hath ceased to bind us,
 Its chains are hurled away,
 The deepest gloom behind us
 Melts in the dawn of day.

In March time. **24. March of the Workers.**

8.7.8.7.8.7.7. and Chorus.

(Copyright.)

R. Bullock A.R.C.M.

Key A. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s, :d \quad |d :t, \\ m, :m, |f, :f, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :m|d:t, :l, \\ s, :s, |f, :f, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s, :s, |s, :s, \\ s, :f, |m, :s, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :d \quad |t, :- \\ s, :fe, |s, :- \end{array} \right.$

f 1. What is this, the sound and rumour? What is this that all men hear,
2. Whither go they, and whence come they? What are these of whom ye tell?

 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :s, |s, :r \\ d, :d, |r, :r, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :d \quad |d :d \\ m, :m, |f, :f, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :r \quad |d :r \\ m, :t, |d :t, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :r \quad |r :- \\ l, :r, |s, :- \end{array} \right.$

Like the wind in hol-low val-leys When the storm is draw-ing near.
In what country are they dwelling? 'twixt the gates of heav'n and hell?

 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :l, |s, :d \\ s, :f, |s, :m, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r :m, |f, :m :d \\ l, :s, |s, :s, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r :t, |s, :d :t, \\ s, :s, |s, :s, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l, :l, |s, :- \\ s, :fe, |s, :- \end{array} \right.$

Like the roll-ing on of o - cean In the ev - en -
Are they mine or thine for mo - ney? Will they serve a

 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :d \quad |d :r \\ m :d, |f, :r, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r :r \quad |d :t, \\ s, :f, |m, :s, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :d \quad |m :m \\ d :l, |se, :se, \end{array} \right.$

- tide of fear 'Tis the peo - ple march-ing on.
mas - ter well? Still the rumour's march-ing on.

 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :r \quad |m :- \\ l, :l, |se, :- \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :r, |m :f :r \\ s, :s, |f, :l, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :t, |d \quad \text{D.C.} \\ s, :s, |s, :- \end{array} \right.$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :l, |t, :- \\ l, :f, |m, :- \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :r \quad |d :f \\ d :t, |l, :f, \end{array} \right.$ $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :r \quad |m :- \\ s, :s, |d :- \end{array} \right.$

Chorus

r s : s | d : s | l : l | l : s | s : m. r | d : f | f : m | m : r }
s, d : t, | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : t, | d : d | r : d | d : t, }

Hark the rolling of the thunder, Lo the sun! and lo there un-der

f, m : f | s : m | f : f | f : m | *mf* s : f | m : l | s : s | s : s }
d, r | m : d | f, s, : l, t, | d : d | m, : s, | l, : l, | t, : d, m | s : s }

mf t, : r | d : m | r : f | f : m | s : m. d | l, : f | m : r | d :-
d, s, : s, | s, : s, | s, : s, | s, : s, | s, : s, | f, : l, | s, : s, t, | d, s, :-
cresc.

Riseth wrath, and hope and wonder, And the host comes marching on.

cresc.

f r : t, | d : d | t : d, r | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : t, f | m :-
d, s, : s, f, | m, : d, | s, : l, t, | d : d | m, : m, | f, : f, | s, : s, | d, :-

f Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend towards health and mirth,
 All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth,
 Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth,
 For the days are marching on.

f These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,
 Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,
 All for thee this day— and ever. What reward for them is meet
 Till the host comes marching on. *Chorus:* Hark the rolling etc.

f Many a hundred years passed over have they laboured deaf and blind;
 Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find
cresc. Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the wind,
 And their feet are marching on.

f O ye rich men, hear and tremble, for with words the sound is rife:
 "Once for you and death we laboured: changed henceforward is the strife.
 We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life:
 And our host is marching on. *Chorus:* Hark the rolling etc.

f "Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?
 Is it peace? then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.
cresc. Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire;
 And the hope is marching on."

f "On we march, then, we the workers, and the rumour that ye hear
 Is the blended sound of battle and deliv'rance drawing near;
 For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,
 And the world is marching on!" *Chorus:* Hark the rolling etc.

25. German Air.

Key E \flat

{ :d.m | s :s |s.l:f.r | d :m |m :-m | r :-m |f :s }
 { :d | d :d |t, :t, | d :d |d :-d | t, :-d |r :r }

Our fa-thers' faith, we'll sing of thee, Dear faith which still we

{ :d | m :m |r :-r |f m :s |s :-s |s :-s |s :s }
 { :d | d :d |s, :s, | d :d |d :-d |s, :-s, |s, :t, }

{ f :m | :s | s :-m |d' :-t | t :l |l :l }
 { r :d | :m | m :-d |d :-d | d :d |d :d }

cher-ish; Nor may their chil-dren's chil-dren see That

{ s :s | :d' | d' :-s |s :-s | f :f |f :f }
 { d :d | :d | d :-d |m :-m | f :f |f :f }

B \flat t.

{ s :-l |f :r | r :d | :m | s, :d |d :m }
 { d :-d |t, :t, | t, :d | :d | f, :f |m, :s, }

faith de-cay and per-ish. 'Tis faith in God, 'tis

{ m :-f |s :f | f :m | :s |d | t, :d |d :d }
 { s, :-s, |s, :s, | d :d | :d |d | s, :s, |m, :d, }

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

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f Eb.

m.r : f.m r : s, s, : s, s, : s,	s, : r r : f s, : s, s, : s,	f : m : : s s, : s, : : r	}
--	---------------------------------------	----------------------------------	---

faith in man, 'Tis faith in truth and beau-ty, In

d.t : r.d t, : r s, : t, d s, : t,	r : t, t, : r t, l, : s, s, : t,	d : d : : mt d : d : : s.f	}
--	---	-----------------------------------	---

s : -m d' : -t t : l l : l	s : -l f : r r : d	d : -d m : -r r : d d : f	d : -d t, : t, t, : d
----------------------------------	------------------------	---------------------------------	---------------------------

free-don's might, and reason's right, and all controll-ing du-ty.

d' : -s s : -se se : l l : d'	m : -f s : f f : m	m : -d d : -m m : l, l, : f,	s, : -s, s, : s, d : d
-------------------------------------	------------------------	------------------------------------	----------------------------

We may not think our father's thought;
 Their creed our lips may alter;
 But in the faith they dearly bought
 Our hearts shall never falter.
 'Tis faith in God, etc.

O may that faith our hearts inspire
 To earnest thought and labour,
 That we may share its heavenly fire
 With every friend and neighbour.
 'Tis faith in God, etc.

J. W. Chadwick.

26. Failey Castle.

H. Lawes.

(1596 - 1662)

10.10.10.10.

Key

{:d	m :f	ls :m	f :s	ll :t	d' :-	l-
{:s,	d :d	lr :d	d :d	lf :f	m :-	l-

In sa-cred books we read how God did speak,

{:m	s :l	lt :s	l :s	lf :f	s :-	l-
{:d	d :l,	ls, :d	f :m	lr :r	d :-	l-

{:d'	t :l	ld' :s	l :m	ls :fe	s :-	l-
{:m	m :d	lm :d	d :d	lr :r.d	t, :-	l-

To ho-ly men in ma-ny different ways;

{:d'	s :l	ls :d'	f :s	lt :l	s :-	l-
{:l	m :f	ld :m	f :d	lt, :r	s, :-	l-

{:s	m :l	ls :f	m :f	ls :d	r :-	l-
{:r	d :d	ld :r	s, :d	ld :d	t, :-	l-

But hath the pre-sent age no God to seek?

{:s	s :f	ls :l.t	d' :d'	ls :fe	s :-	l-
{:t,	d :f	lm :r	d :l,	lm, :l,	s, :-	l-

{:r	s :m lf :l	s :d' ld' :t	d' :- l-
{:t,	r :d ld :t,	d :m ls :s	m :- l-

Or is God si-lent in these lat-ter days?

{:s	s :s ll :f	s :l lr' :r'	d' :- l-
{:s,	t, :d lf :r	m :l ls :s	d :- l-

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
 If he that spake it were not speaking still,
 If all the light and all the shade around,
 Were naught but issues of Almighty will.

So, then, believe that every bird that sings,
 And every flower that stars the fresh, green sod,
 And every thought the happy summer brings,
 To the pure spirit is a world of God.

Hartley Coleridge.

L.M.

27. Angels-Song.

O. Gibbons
(1583 - 1625)

Key F.

{	d :-	ld :d		r :-	lm :-		f :r	ls :-	
{	s, :-	ls, :s,		t, :-	ld :-		d :t,	ld :-	

Go forth to life, O child of earth!

{	m :-	lm :m		s :-	ls :-		f :f	lm :-	
{	d :-	ld :d		s :-	lm :-		r :r	ld :-	

{	d :m	:f		s :-	:r		s :-	:fe		s :-	: -
{	d :d	:d		r :-	:r		l, :-	:l,		t, :-	: -

Still mind-ful of thy heaven-ly birth:

{	m :s	:l		t :-	:s		<u>m</u> :r	:l		s :-	: -
{	d :d	:l,		s, :-	:t,		<u>d</u> :r	:r		s, :-	: -

{	m :f	:s		l :-	:s		f :-	:m		r :-	: -
{	d :d	:r.m		f :-	:m		<u>m</u> :r	:d		t, :-	: -

Thou art not here for care or sin.

{	s :d'	:ta		l :-	:t		<u>d'</u> :s	:s		s :-	: -
{	d :l,	:s,		f, :-	:s,		<u>l,</u> :t,	:d		s, :-	: -

{ s :f :m	r :- :d	m :r :r	d :- :-
{ d id :d	t, :- :l,	d :- :t,	d :- :-

But man-hood's no - ble crown to win.

{ s :l :s	s :f :m	s :- :s.f	m :- :-
{ m, :f, :d	s, :- :l,	m, :s, :s,	d :- :-

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
 Thy spirit can their flame control;
 Though tempters strong beset thy way,
 Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
 To manly pureness, manly truth:
 God's angels still are near to save,
 And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth,
 Be worthy of thy heavenly birth;
 For noble service thou art here,
 Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

Samuel Longfellow.

7.6.7.6.D.

28. Annue Christe.

Key G.

.La Feillée.

{:d	d	:r	lm	:m	m	:r	lm	:f	}
.:s,	s,	:s,	ld	:t,	l,	:l, .t,	ld	:d	}

1. A - rise, my soul! nor dream the hours Of
2. Oh dream-er wake! your bro - ther man Is

{:m	m	:s	ls	:s	d	:r	ls	:l	}
:d,	d	:t,	ld	:s,	l,	:f,	lm,	:r,	}

{m :- lr	:-.d	d :- l-	d	m :f ls :s	}
d :- lt,	:-.d	d :- l-	s,	l, :l, ld :t,	}

life a - way; A rise, and do thy
still a slave; And thousands go heart -

{s :- lf	:-.m	m :- l-	m	d :d ls :s	}
m, :f, ls,	:-.d	d :- l-	d	l, :f, lm, :s,	}

{d :l, it, :d	t, :- ll, :- .s,	s, :- l-	}
l, :l, ls, :s,	s, :m, lf, :- .s,	s, :- l-	}

be-ings' work While yet 'tis day.
crushed this morn Un - to the grave.

{m :fe ls :d	r :- ld :- .t,	t, :- l-	}
l, :r ls, :m,	r, :- l- :- .s,	s, :- l-	}

{:d	l,	:t,	ld	:d	r	:d	lr	:m
{:s,	f,	:s,	ll,	:l,	l,	:s,	lt,	:d

1. The do - er, not the dream - er, breaks The
 2. The brow of wrong is lau - rel crown'd, Not
 3. From out Time's urn your gol - den hours Flow

{:m	d	:m	lm	:m	f	:s	ls	:s
{:d,	f,	:m,	ll,	:s,	f,	:m,	ls,	:d

{f :- lm :- r	r :- l-	s	m :d lf :m
{d :t, ld :- r	r :- l-	r	d :d lt, :d

might - y spell, Which binds the i - ron
 girt - with shame, And love and truth and
 fast a way - Then dream - er up! and

{f :- ls :l	t :- l-	s	s :l lf :s
{r :- ld :- s,	s, :- l-	t,	d :l, lr, :m,

{d :r lm :f	m :- lr :- d	d :- l-
{d :l, ld :d	d :l, lt, :- d	d :- l-

bands to earth On which we dwell.
 right as yet Are but a name.
 do, life's work While yet 'tis day.

{l :r ls :l	s :- lf :- m	m :- l-
{f, :f, lm, :r,	s, :- ls, :- d,	d, :- l-

7.6.7.6.D.

29. Morning Light.

G. J. Webb.

Key A.

{s, d :-d| m :d d :- ll, :d s, :d | r :m r :- l-
 {m, m, :-m, | s, :s, l, :- l f, :l, s, :s, | s, :s, s, :- l-

f Lift up the People's ban - ner, Now trailing in the dust;

{d s, :-s, | d :d d :- | d :d d :d | t, :d t, :- l-
 {d, d, :-d, | d, :m, f, :- l f, :f, m, :m, | r, :d, s, r, :- l-

{s, d :-d| m :d d :- ll, :d s, :d | m :r d :- l-
 {s, m, :-m, | s, :s, l, :- l f, :l, s, :m, | s, :f, m, :- l-

A mil - lion hands are rea - dy To guard the sa - cred trust.

{s, s, :-s, | d :d d :- | d :d d :d d :d | t, d :- l-
 {s, d, :-d, | d, :m, f, :- l f, :f, m, :d, | s, :s, d, :- l-

{s, r :-r | d :r m :- | m :m f :m | ll, :r d :- | t,
 {s, s, :-s, | s, :s, s, :- s, :s, f, :s, | ll, :l, s, :- l-

With steps that ne - ver fal - ter, And hearts that grow more strong,

{t, t, :-t, | ll, :t, d :- | d :d d :d d :d | d :f m :- | r
 {s, s, :-s, | s, :s, d :- | d :d :d, t, l, :s, | f, :r, s, :- l-

{s, : d :-d | m : d | d :- l, : d | s, : d | m : r | d :- l -
 {s, : m, :-m, | s, : s, | l, :- l f, : l, | s, : m, | s, : f, | m, :- l -

ff Till vic-tory ends our war-fare, We sternly march a-long.

{s, : s, :-s, | d : d | d :- | d : d | d : d | d : t, | d :- l -
 {s, : d, :-d, | d, : m, | f, :- | f, : f, | m, : d, | s, : s, | d, :- l -

p Through ages of oppression
 We bore a heavy load,
 While others reaped the harvest
 From seeds the people sowed.
 Down in the earth we burrowed,
 Or fed the furnace heats:
 We felled the mighty forests,
 We built the mighty fleets.

But after bitter ages
 Of hunger and despair,
f The slave has snapped his fetters
 And bids his foes beware.
 We will be slaves no longer,
 The Nations soon shall know
 That all who live must labour,
 That all who reap must sow.

ff So on we march to battle,
 With souls that shall not rest
 Until the world God gave us
 Is by the world possessed;
 And, filled with perfect manhood,
 In beauty it shall move,
 One heart, one home, one nation,
 Whose king and lord is love.

Joseph Whittaker.

Key F. **30. Shepton-Blanchamp.** Old English.

L.M.

{:d :t.,t, id :m | r :r.,m lr :- | r :r.,m lr :s, }
 {:s, :s.,s, l, m, :d | d :d id :t, | t, :t.,d t, :s, }

He liv-eth long who liv-eth well; All else is life but

{:m :r.,r id :s | l :l | r :- | s :s.,s is :t.,d }
 {:d :s.,s, l, :m, | f, :fe, is :- | s, :s.,d is, :s.,l, }

flung a-way; He liv-eth long-est who can tell

{:r :m.,d lr :- | s :s.s il :-s | f :m.r | m.f }
 {:s, :s, | t, :- | d :d.t, | l, :-d | d :t, id }

Of true things tru-ly done each day.

{:s | d :- .l, | f :m | r .d :t, | id :- }
 {:d .t, | l, :- .l, | l, .t, :d | l, :s, | s, :- }

{:s | m :- .d | f :s | f .m :r | m :- }
 {:m, | l, :- .l, | r, :m, | f, :s, | id :- }

Then fill each hour with what will last;	Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap, —
Buy up the moments as they go;	Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
The life above when this is past	Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.	From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest home of light.

Horatio Bonar.

7.7.7.7.

31. Innocents.

Key D.

J. Smith.

|| m :-.f | s :d' | t :l | s :- | d :-.r | m :s | f :m | r :- |
 || d :-.t, | d :m | r :d, | r | m :- | s, :-.t, | d :r | d :d | t, :- |

Life of A-ges, rich-ly poured, Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flowing in the Prophet's word, And the people's li-ber-ty.

|| s :-.f | m :s | f :s :l, | t | d' :- | m :-.f | s :t | l :s | s :- |
 || d :-.r | m :d | r :m :f | d :- | m :-.r | d :s, | l, | d | s, :- |

|| m :-.f | s :d' | t :l | s :- | d :-.r | m :f | m :r | d :- |
 || d :-.t, | d :m | r :- | d | t, :- | d :-.t, | d :r | d :t, | d :- |

|| s :-.f | m :m | s :fe | s :- | s :-.f | s :l | s :s | m :- |
 || d :-.r | m :l, | t, | d :r | s :f | m :-.r | d :f, | s, :s, | d :- |

Never was to chosen race
 That unstinted tide confined;
 Thine is every time and place,
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Secret of the morning stars,
 Motion of the oldest hours,
 Pledge through elemental wars
 Of the coming spirit's powers.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,
 Freshening time with truth and good.

Consecrating heart and song,
 Holy book and pilgrim track,
 Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
 From the sacred limits back.

Life of Ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flow still in the Prophet's word,
 And the People's liberty!

Samuel Johnson.

32. The Harp that once.

Key D.

Irish Air.

{ :d	s :-l is :m	l :-t id' :l	s :-m lr :m
{ :d	d :-d id :d	d :-d id :d	d :-d lt, :t,

It sing-eth low in ev' - ry heart, We hear it each and

{ :d	m :-f m :s	f :-s ll :f	m :-s lf :f
{ :d	d :-d id :d	f :-f lf :f,	s, :-s, s, :s,

{ d :- l- :s	d' :-t id' :r'	d' :t ll :s
{ d :- l- :d	m :-r id :f	r :r lt, :d

all, - A song of those who an-swer not, How-

{ m :- l- :m	s :-s s :l	s :s s :s
{ d :- l- :d	d :-r m :f	s :s f :m

{ l :s id' :m	s :- l- :s	d' :-t id' :r'
{ d :d m :d	t, :- l- :s	s :-f m :f

e-ver we may call. They throng the si - lence

{ f :s s :s	s :- l- :t	d' :-s s :l
{ f :m d :d	s, :- l- :s .f	m :-r d :f

{ d' : t | l : s | l : s | f : m | l : - | l - : t | }
 { r : r | t, : d | d : d | t, : d | d : - | l - : r | }

of the breast; We see them as of yore, — The

{ s : s | s : s | f : s | s : s | f : - | l - : f | }
 { s : s | f : m | f : m | r : d | f : - | l - : f | }

{ d' : - . t | l : s | l : t | d' : l | s : m | r : - . m | d : - | l | }
 { d : - . d | d : d | d : r | d : d | d : d | t, : - . t, | d : - | l | }

kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.

{ s : - . s | f : s | f : f | m : f | m : s | f : - . f | m : - | l | }
 { m : - . m | f : m | f : r | l, : f, | s, : s, | s, : - . s, | d : - | l | }

'Tis hard to take the burden up
 When these have laid it down;
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
 When we are troubled sore;
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more !

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
 Our God for evermore !

John W. Chadwick.

33. Bedford.

C. M.

W. Call, d. 1727.

Key Eb.

{:s	m	:d	ll	:s	f	:m	lr
{:m	d	:d	ld	:d	t,	:d	lt,

O Pure Re - for - mers, not in vain

{:s	s	:s	ll	:d'	f	:s	ls
{:d	d	:m	lf	:m	r	:d	ls,

{:s	d'	:t	ll	:l	s	:-	l-
{:r	m	:m	lm	:r .d	t,	:-	l-

Your trust in hu - man - kind;

{:s	s	:s	ls	:fe	s	:-	l-
{:t,	d	:m	ld	:r	s,	:-	l-

{:m	f	:s	ll	:s	f	:m	lr
{:d	d	:m	lf	:r	d	:d	lr

The good which blood - shed could not gain,

{:s	f	:d'	ld'	:ta	l	:s .l	lt
{:d	l,	:d	lf,	:s,	l,	:d	ls,

{:s	d'	:m	lf	:r	d	:-	l-
{:t,	d	:d	ld	:t,	d	:-	l-

Your peace-ful zeal shall find.

{:s	s	:m	ll	:s .f	m	:-	l-
{:s,	m,	:l,	lf,	:s,	d	:-	l-

The truths you urge are borne abroad
 By every wind and tide;
 The voice of Nature and of God
 Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
 Are those which Heaven hath wrought —
 Light, Truth, and Love; your battleground
 The free, broad field of Thought.

Oh may no selfish purpose break
 The beauty of your plan,
 Nor lie from throne or altar shake
 Your steady faith in man!

Press on! and if we may not share
 The glory of your fight,
 We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
 God's blessing on the right.

J. G. Whittier.

34. "Pe cawn I. hon."

Key J.

Welsh Tune.

{ :d.r | m.m:m :r.d | t,r:r :d.r | m.l:s :-f | f :m
 { :d. | d.d:d :l,l, | l,t,t, :l,t, | d.m:r :-t, | r :d

Oh! call not this a vale of tears, A world of gloom and sor- row,

{ :m.f | s.s:s :l.s | f.s:s :s | s.d's :-s | s :s
 { :d | d.d:d :f.m | r.f:f :m.r | d.l,t, :-s, | d :d

{ :d.r | m.m:m :r.d | t,r:r :d.r | m.l:s :-f | m :d
 { :l,t, | d.d:t, :-l, | l,l,s, :s, | s,l,d :l,d | t, :d

One half the grief that o'er us comes From self we of - ten bor-row.

{ :m.s | s.l:m :-m | f.f:f :f | m.f:m :d.l | s.f:m
 { :l,s, | d.l,se, :-l, | r.d:t, :l,t, | d.f,s, :-r, | s, :d

{ :m.f | s.s:s :ta | l.s,f:m :d.r | m.l:s :-f | f :m
 { :d | d.t,d :r | m.r:d,t,l,s, | d.d:d :t,d | r :d

The earth is beau-ti - ful and good, How long will man make it?

{ :s | s.s:s :f | m.l:l,se:l,r | s.f:m :r.d | s :s
 { :d.r | m.f:m :r | de.r:m :l,t, | d.f,s, :-l, | t, :d

{ :d.r | m.m:m :r.d | l.r :ṙ :d.r | m.l:s :- f | m :d
 :l,t | d.d:d :l.s, | f.f:s, :s,t, | d.d:d :l,d | t,l:s,

The folly is with- in ourselves. The world is what we make it.

{ :s.f | s.s:l :r.m | r.d:t, :d.s | s.f:m :d.l | s.f:m
 :m.r | d.t, :l.s, :f.m, | f, f, f, :m,s, | d.f, s, :- r, | s, :d

Did we but strive to make the best
 Of troubles that befall us,
 Instead of meeting cares half-way,
 They would not so appal us.
 Earth has a spell for loving hearts —
 Why should we seek to break it?
 Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns,
 The world is what we make it.

If truth and love and gentle words
 We took the pains to nourish,
 The seeds of discontent would die,
 And peace and concord flourish.
 Oh! has not each some kindly thought?
 Then let's at once awake it;
 Believing that, for good or ill,
 The world is what we make it.

35. Eisenach.

Key D.

J. S. Bach.

{:d .r {:s,	m :f s :s	f :m r
	d :d d :d	d .t, :d t,

Out of the dark the circ-ling sphere,

{:m .f {:d	s :l t a :l .s	l :s s
	d :l, m, :l,	r :m .f s

{:s {:r	l :t d' :t	l :l s
	m :fe s .r :r	m :fe r

Is round-ling on-ward to the light;

{:t {:s	l :r' s .l :t	d' .t :l t
	fe :m .r m .fe :s	d :r s,

{:s {:r	d' :t l :s	f :m r
	m :r d .r :m	r :s, .l, t,

We see not yet the full day here,

{:t .l {:s .f	s .m :f .s l :l	l .t :d' s
	m .d :r .m f .m :r .de	r :m .f s

{ : s | f : m | r . m : f | m : r | d
 { : m . r | d . r : r . d | d . t, : d | d : t, | s,

But we do see the pal - ing light;

{ : t | l . s : s | s : f | s :- . f | m
 { : m | l, . t, : d | s, : l, | s, . f, : s, | d

And Hope that lights her fadeless fires,
 And Faith, that shines a heavenly will,
 And Love, that courage re-inspires, —
 These stars have we above us still.

O sentinels, whose tread we heard
 Through long hours when we could not see,
 Pause now, exchange with cheer the word, —
 The unchanging watchword, Liberty !

Look backward, how much has been won;
 Look round, how much is yet to win!
 The watches of the night are done,
 The watches of the day begin.

O Thou whose mighty patience holds
 The night and day alike in view,
 Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
 O keep us steadfast, patient, true.

S. Longfellow.

36. "Mysterious Voices."

Key F.

{ m : - l m : m	f : - l m : r	s : - l : -	s : -
{ d : - l d : d	r : d l t, : t,	d : - l f : -	m : -

Hast thou midst life's emp-ty noi - - - ses!

{ s : - l l : l	l : - l s : s	s : - l l : t	d' : -
{ d : - l l, : l,	r : - l s, : f	m : - l r : -	d : -

{ l m : s	l : - l - : l	l : t l l : -	m : - l - : - : -
{ l d : r	d : - l - : d	d : r l - : d	t, : - l - : - : -

Heard the so - lemn steps of Time,

{ l s : s	m : - l - : m	f : - l - : l	se : - l - : - : -
{ l d : t,	l, : - l - : s,	f, : - l r : -	m : - l - : - : -

{ l m : m	f : - l - : m	r : - l d : -	s : - l f : -	m : - l d : -
{ l t, : t,	ta, : - l - : ta,	l, : - l l, : -	d : - l d : -	d : - l l, : -

And the low mys-te - rious voi - ces Of an -

{ s e : s e	s : - l - : s	f : - l m : -	s : - l l : -	s : f l m : -
{ l m : r	de : - l - : de	r : - l l, : -	m, : - l f, : -	s, : - l l, : -

First five Verses

r	:-	l	-	:-	d	:t,	ll,	:-	l,	:-	l	:-	:-
l	:-	l	-	:-	l	:s,	lf,	:r,	m,	:-	l	-	:-

o - - - ther - clime?

f	:-	l	-	:-	m	:-	ld	:t,	d	:-	l	-	:-
r	:-	l	-	:-	m	:-	lf	:r,	l	:-	l	-	:-

last Verse only

r	:-	l	-	:-	d	:t,	ll,	:-	d	:-	l	-	:-
l	:-	l	-	:-	l	:s,	lf	:r,	s	:-	l	-	:-

form _____ of _____ wrong.

f	:-	l	-	:-	m	:-	ld	:r	m	:-	l	-	:-
r	:-	l	-	:-	m	:-	lf	:r,	d	:-	l	-	:-

Early hath life's mighty question
 Thrilled within thy heart of youth
 With a deep and strong beseeching,
 What and where is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
 Doth the inward answer tend;
 But to works of love and duty,
 As our being's end.

Not to idle dreams and trances,
 Length of face and solemn tone;
 But to faith, in daily striving
 And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavour
 Of a spirit which, within,
 Wrestles with familiar evil
 And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigour,
 Steady heart and purpose strong,
 In the power of truth assaileth
 Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.

37. Zu meinem Herrn.

J. Schicht.
1753-1823.Key A \flat

{:s ₁	:l ₁ .t ₁	d .t ₁ :d .d :r .r	m :d .
{:m ₁	:f ₁ .f ₁	m ₁ .m ₁ :m ₁ .s ₁ :l ₁ .s ₁	s ₁ :m ₁ .

What is the ser-vice the be-nig-nant Fa-ther

{:d	:d .r	d .m :m .d :d .t ₁	d :d .
{:d ₁	:f ₁ .r ₁	l ₁ .se ₁ :l ₁ .m ₁ :f ₁ .s ₁	d ₁ :d ₁ .

{.m	:r .d	t ₁ .s ₁ :d .t ₁ :l ₁ .l ₁	s ₁ :- .
{.s ₁	:s ₁ .,fe ₁	s ₁ .r ₁ :s ₁ .s ₁ :s ₁ .fe ₁	s ₁ :- .

Re-qui-reth at His earth-ly children's hands?

{.d	:r .m .,d	r .t ₁ :d .r :m .r .d	t ₁ :- .
{.d	:t ₁ .l ₁	s ₁ .,fe ₁ :m ₁ .r ₁ :d ₁ .r ₁	s ₁ :- .

{.r	:r .d	t ₁ .t ₁ :m .r :d .t ₁	d :l ₁ .
{.f ₁	:s ₁ .l ₁	t ₁ .t ₁ :d .t ₁ :l ₁ .se ₁	l ₁ :m ₁ .

Not the poor offering of vain rites, but ra-ther

{.r	:r .r	r .f :m .f :m .m	m :d .
{.r ₁	:m ₁ .f ₁	s ₁ .s ₁ :d ₁ .r ₁ :m ₁ .m ₁	l ₁ :l ₁ .

{ .r :r .m | f .m :r .d :l, .t, | d
 { .s, :l, .s, | f, .l, :l, .s, :f, .f, | m,

The sim - ple du - ty man from man de - mands.

{ .ta, :l, .de | r .m :f .m :m .r | d
 { .s, :f, .m, | r, .de, :r, .m, :f, .s, | d,

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. Above the first few notes, there are phonetic syllables in curly braces, such as { .r :r .m } and { .s, :l, .s, }. The lyrics are: 'The sim - ple du - ty man from man de - mands.' The score ends with a double bar line.

For He whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken
 The holler worship which he deigns to bless;
 Restores the lost and binds the spirit broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

O, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
 Where pity dwells the peace of God is there;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of Him whose holy work was "doing good,"
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
 Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

J. G. Whittier.

38. Bristol.

Key G.

Ravenscroft's Psalter 1621.

{:s {:s,	f	:r	l m	:d	r	:-	.r	l d
	l,	:s,	l s,	:s,	l,	:t,	l d	

One ho - ly Church of God ap - pears

{:m {:d	r	:t,	l d	:s	f	:r	l m
	f,	:s,	l d,	:m,	f,	:s,	l d,

{:f {:l,	m	:r	l r	:de	r	:-	l -	
	l,	:f,	.s, l l,	:-	.s,	fe,	:-	l -

Through ev' - ry age and race,

{:r {:r,	de	:r	l m	:m	r	:-	l -
	l,	:ta,	l l,	:l,	r,	:-	l -

{:r {:s,	m	:f	l m	:d	r	:d	l t,
	s,	:f,	l s,	:s,	f,	:m,	.f, l s,

Un - was - ted by the lapse of years,

{:t, {:s,	d	:d	l d	:d	l,	:d	l r
	d	:l,	l d	:m,	f,	:l,	l s,

{ :s :r	m :f r :r	d :- - d :- -
{ :s :t,	s :l r' :s .f d :f, s, :s,	m :- - d, :- -

Un - changed by chang - ing place.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The score is divided into three measures. The first measure contains the lyrics 'Un - changed by', the second 'chang - ing', and the third 'place.'. The melody features a mix of quarter and eighth notes, with a fermata over the final note of the second measure. The bass line consists of a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
 Beneath the pine or palm,
 One unseen presence she adores
 With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
 To serve the world raised up;
 The pure in heart her baptised ones,
 Love her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
 The soul her sacred page;
 And feet on mercy's errands swift
 Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed,
 Fulfil thy task sublime;
 With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
 Redeem the evil time!

S. Longfellow.

39. Dundee.

Key E \flat

Scotch Psalter. 1615.

{:d :s,	m :f s :d	r :m f
{:s, :d	d :d s, :s,	ta, :ta, d

f Speak thou the truth. Let o - thers fence,

{:m :d	s :l r :m	f :s l
{:d :d	d :l, t, :d	ta, :s, f,

{:m :d	r :d d :t,	d :- l -
{:d :d	t, :l, l, :s,	s, :- l -

And trim their words for pay;

{:s :d	s :m f :r	m :- l -
{:d :d	s, :l, f, :s,	d :- l -

{:s :d	d' :t l :s	s :fe. s
{:d :d	m :r d :t,	l, :l, t,

In plea - sant sun - shine of pre - tence

{:m :d	s :s m :r	m :r r
{:d :d	d :s, l, :t,	d :r s,

{ : m { : s,	r : d d : t, l, : m, .f, s, : s,	d :- - s, :- -
Let o - thers bask their day.		
{ : m { : d	f : d r : r f, : l, s, : s,	m :- - d :- -

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
 In shelter to abide;
 We were not made to sit and dream;
 The truth must first be tried.

p Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
 Who creeps from age to youth,
 Failing to grasp his Life's intent
 Because he fears the truth.

mf Be true to every inmost thought,
 And, as thy thought, thy speech;
 What thou hast not by suffering bought
 Presume thou not to teach.

Dean Alford.

40. Deus Tuorum Nilitum (L M)

Key C.

Grenoble Church Melody.

{:d {:d	m :- :s d :- :t,	d' :- :s d :m :m .r	f :m :r d :- :t,	d :- d :-
				
A	no - bler	or - der	yet shall	be
{:m {:d	s :- :s d :- :m	l :d' :t l, :- :m	l :s :- .f f :s :s,	m :- d :-
				
Than	a - ny	that the	world hath	known
{:d' {:d	m' :- :d' s :- :s	l :t :d' fe :- :s	s :- :fe m :t, :r	s :- r :-
				
When	men o - bey	and	yet are	free,
{:s {:m	l :- :t f :- :f	d' :- :s m :- :m	f :m :r d :- :t,	m :- t, :-
				
When	men o - bey	and	yet are	free,
{:d' {:d	d' :- :r' f :- :r	d' :- :t l :- :m	l :s :l f :d :f	se :- m :-

{:s	l :t :d'	s :f :m	r :- :d	d :-
{:d	f :- :m	d :- :d	t, :- :d	d :-

Are loved, and yet can stand a - lone.

{:s	r' :- :d'	d' .t :l :s	f :- :m	m :-
{:m	r :- :l	m :f :d	s, :- :d	d :-

Oh, boldly speak thy secret thought,
 And tell thy want, and by the wise
 Be unto nobler action brought,
 And breathe the air of purer skies.

Strive less to bring the lofty down
 Than raise the low to be thy peers;
 Love is the only golden crown
 That will not tarnish with the years.

Soon the wild days of war shall end,
 And days of happier work begin,
 When love and toil shall man befriend,
 And help to free the world from sin.

W. M. W. Call.

41. "All before us lies the way."

Tune "Phyllis."

Words by R.W. Emerson.

Old English Air adapted by
R. Bullock.

Lively.

7.7.7.7.

Key D.

{ s :s d' :d m :r d :d	r :m .f m :- d :t, d :-
-------------------------------	--------------------------------

f All be - fore us lies the way,

Small notes Organ

{ d' :r' d' :s d' :t l :m	l :s s :- f :s d :-
----------------------------------	----------------------------

{ r :d f :m t, :d l, .t, :d	r :d s :- l, :l, t, :-
------------------------------------	-------------------------------

Give the past un - to the wind;

{ s :s f :s f :m r :d	f :l s :- f, :fe, s, :-
------------------------------	--------------------------------

{ s :s d' :d m :r d :d	r :m f :- d :d d :-
-------------------------------	----------------------------

All be - fore us is the day,

{ s :s m :s d :t, l, :m	l :s d' :- f :s l :-
--------------------------------	-----------------------------

<p>{ s :- .f m :f .r</p> <p>{ r :- .r d :d .l,</p>	<p>d :t, d :-</p> <p>s, :s, s, :-</p>
	
<p>Night and dark - ness are be - hind.</p>	
	
<p>{ s :- .s s :l .f</p> <p>{ t, :- .t, d :f,</p>	<p>m :f m :-</p> <p>s, :s, d :-</p>

p Not where long-past ages sleep
 Seek we Eden's golden trees;
 In the future, folded deep,
 Are its mystic harmonies.

mf In the spirit's perfect air,
 In the passions tame and kind,
 Innocence from selfish care,
 The true Eden we shall find.

p When the soul to sin hath died,
 True and beautiful and sound,
cres. Then all earth is sanctified,
 Up springs Paradise around.

R. W. Emerson, 1844.

42.

Key E \flat

Adapted from Old English Melody.

{:d	d:-r lm :d	m.f:s ll:-s	s :d lt, :-d	d :- l-
{:s,	s, :- id :s,	d :t, ll, :-t,	d :s, s, :-s,	s, :- l-

Saith man to man, we've heard and known That we no mas - ter need

{:m	m:-f s :m	d :r lf:-s	s :s lf:-m	m :- l-
{:d	d:- id :d	l, :s, f, :-f	m :m r :-d	d :- l-

{:d	d:-r lm :d	m.f:s ll:-s	s :d lt, :-d	d :- l-
{:s,	s, :- id :s,	d :t, ll, :-t,	d :s, s, :-s,	s, :- l-

To live u-pon this earth, our own, In fair and man-ly deed;

{:m	m:-f' s :m	d :r lf:-s	s :s lf:-m	m :- l-
{:d	d:- id :d	l, :s, f, :-f	m :m r :-d	d :- l-

{:m	s:-s id' :l	t :d't ll :s	m.r:d lm :f	s :- l-
{:d	d:-r lm :m	f :m.r d :r	d :s, d :d	t, :- l-

The grief of slaves long passed a-way For us hath forged the chain,

{:s.f	m:-r ll :l	l :se ll :r	s :s lm :d	s :- l-
{:d	d:-t, ll, :d	r :m lf :t,	d :m d :l,	s, :s lf

{:s	d'-.s s :s	l.s:f.m r :l	s :d t, :-d	d :- -
{:f	f :-f m :m.r	d :d r :r	s, :l, s, :-s,	s, :- -



Till now each wor-ker's pa-tient day Builds up the House of Pain.

{:d'	l :-t d' :d'.t	l :l t :t	d' :f f :-m	m :- -
{:m	r :-r m :d	f :r s :f	m :r s, :-d	d :- -

And we, shall we, too, crouch and quail,
 Ashamed, afraid of strife,
 And, lest our lives untimely fail,
 Embrace the Death in Life!
 Nay, cry aloud, and have no fear,
 We few against the world:
 Awake! Arise! the hope we bear
 Against the curse is hurled.

It grows, it grows — are we the same,
 The feeble band, the few?
 Or what are these with eyes aflame,
 And hands to deal and do?
 This is the host that bears the word,
 "No master high or low,"
 A lightning flame, a shearing sword,
 A storm to overthrow.

W. Morris.

43. Toilers.

6. 5. 6. 5. (with refrain.)

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key D

{	d:-.m s : l	f : m. f s :-	d:-.d f : s	m:- r :-	r:-.m s : l
	d:-.d r : m	r : m r :-	d:-.d d : r	d:- r :-	r:-.d f : m

Toilers of the na-tions, Thinkers of the time, Sound the note of

{	m:-.s s : d'	l : d' s :-	m:-.s l : t	d' : - s :-	l : - l : t : d'
	d:-.d t : l,	r : d t : -	d : - t : l : s,	d : - t : -	f : - m : r : d

{	t : s d' : t	l : - t : -	s : - - : -	d' : - s : s : s	d' : t s : -
	f : r s : s	s : - f e : -	s : - - : -	s : - s : s : s	f : - m : r

battle Loud thro' ev'-ry clime. March we gainst the ty-rants,

{	s : t d' : r'	m' : - r' : d'	t : - - : -	d' : - d' d' : d'	r' : - t : -
	r : f m : r	d : - r : -	s : - l : -	m : - m : m : m	r : - s : -

{	l : - .m m : m	f : - .m : -	l : - .m f e : s e	l : t r' : d'
	m : - .m r : d	d : t, d : -	m : - .m m : m	m : s f : m

Heed-less of their steel; Be a band of bro - thers,

{	l : - .l s e : l	l : s e l : -	l : - .s e l : t	d' : r' s : s
	d : - .d t : l,	r : - l, : -	d : - .r d : t,	l, : s, t, : d

Chorus.

{ t : s d' t : l r : t, m. r : d	s : - - : - t, : - - : -	d : - . m s : l d : - . d r : m	f : m. f s : - m : f m : -	d : - . d f : s } d : - . d d : r }
---	---------------------------------	--	-----------------------------------	--

Speed the common weal! Onward! friends of free-dom, Onward! for the

{ s : s s : fe r : m l, : r	s : - - : - s, : - - : -	m : - . s s : d' d : - . d t, : l,	l : d' s : - r : d t, : -	m : - . s l : t d : - . t, l, s, }
------------------------------------	---------------------------------	---	----------------------------------	---

{ m : - r : - d : - r : -	d : - . m s : l s, : - . d r : m	t : s d' t : l f : r s : f	r' : - - : - . d' f : - - : - . m	d' : - - : - m : - - : -
----------------------------------	---	-------------------------------------	--	---------------------------------

strife, Each for all we struggle, One in death and life.

{ d' : - s : - d : - t, : -	m : - . s t : d' d : - . d f : m	r' : t d' : d' r : s. f m : f	d' : l t : - . d' r : s, : - . d	d' : - - : - d : - - : -
------------------------------------	---	--	---	---------------------------------

Seamstress in the hovel,
 Woman of the mill,
 Low indeed ye grovel,
 Tame ye are and still.
 Come, like the War-maidens,
 Beauteous in your might!
 Sing us songs of valour,
 Nerve us for the fight.
 Onward! friends of freedom, etc.

Toil ye now no longer
 For another's gain,
 While our wives and children
 Pine in want and pain;
 Slaves we've been and cowards,
 But the night is o'er—
 Up, then, with the morning,
 Weep and sigh no more!
 Onward! friends of freedom, etc.

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

44. Men of England.

Air - Now the rosy morn appearing.

Key E. || s : l | s : d' | s : f | f : m | d : m | m : r |
 m : m | m : m | r : r | d : - | s, : s, | l, : l, | }

p

Men of Eng-land, wherefore plow For the lords who
 Wherefore, Bees of Eng-land, forge Many a wea - pon,

|| s : s | s : s | s : s | f : l |
 d : - d | d : d | t, : t, | d : - | m : m | f : f | }

|| r : - f | f : m | s : l | s : l : t : d | s : - f | f : m |
 t, : - t, | d : - | m : - m | m : m | r : - r | d : - | }

p

lay ye low? Where-fore weave with toil and care
 chain, and scourge, That these sting - less drones may spoil

|| s : - s | s : - | s : - s | s : s | s : - s | s : - |
 s : - s | d : - | d : - d | d : d | t, : - t, | d, : - | }

|| d : m | r : r : m : f | m : r | d : - | d : - l | t : d |
 s, : s, | l, : l, | d : t, | d : - | f : - f | f : f | }

f

The rich robes your ty-rants wear? Where-fore feed and
 The forced pro - duce of your toil? Have ye lei - sure,

|| s : s | f : l | s : f | m : - | d' : - d' | d' : d' |
 m, : m, | f, : f, | s, : s, | d : - | f : - f | s : l | }

d : s | s :- | f :- f | l : s | f :- m | m :- . | l :- l | l | t . d }
 s : m | s :- | t, :- t, | t, | t, | d :- d | d :- . | d :- d | d :- d }

clothe and save, From the cradle to the grave, Those ungrateful
 comfort calm, Shelter, food, love's gentle balm? Or what is't ye

d' : d' | d' :- | s :- s | r : s | s :- s | s :- . | l :- l | l | l : l }
 m : d | m :- | r :- r | s, : s, | d :- d | d :- . | f :- f | m : m }

d :- l | m :- | t :- r | s : t | l :- s | s :- }
 d :- d | m :- | r :- r | r : r | fe :- s | s :- f }

drones who would Drain your sweat, nay, drink your blood?
 buy so dear With your pain and with your fear?

l :- l | l :- | s :- t | t : t | d' :- t | t :- }
 l, :- l, | d :- | r :- r | r : r | r : s, | s, :- }

s :- l | s : d' | s : f | f : m | d : m | m : r | r :- f | f : m . }
 m :- m | m : m | r : r | d :- | s, : s, | l, : l, | t, :- t, | d :- . }

Men of England, wherefore plow For the lords who lay ye low?

s :- s | s : s | s : s | s :- | s : s | f : l | s :- s | s :- . }
 d :- d | d : d | t, : t, | d :- | m : m | f : f | s :- s | d :- . }

s :- l | s : l | t . d | s :- f | f : m | d : m | r : r . m . f | m : r | d :- }
 m :- m | m : m | m : m | r :- r | d :- | s, : s, | l, : l, | d, : d, | d : t, | d :- }

Wherefore weave with toil and care The rich robes your tyrants wear?
P. B. Shelley.

s :- s | s : s | s : s | s :- | s : s | f : l | s : f | m :- }
 d :- d | d : d | t, : t, | d :- | m, : m, | f, : f, | s, : s, | d :- }

45. Oldenham.

7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key E \flat

{m | s:-.m | r :m | f:m.f | r:m.f | s :m.s | l :t | s:- | l-
 {d | d:-.d | d :d | d:- | r:t, | d :d.r | m :f | m:- | l-

We've heard the spring is love - ly, The whole earth leaps with glee

{s | s:-.s | l :l | l:s.l | t :s | s :l.t | d' :r' | d':- | s
 {d | d:-.d | f :m | r:- | s:s.f | m :d | l, :s, | d:- | l-

{m.f | s :m | r :r.m | f:m.f | r:m.f | s:m.s | l:t | s:- | l-
 {d.d | d :d | d :d.d | d:- | r:t, | d:d.r | m:r.d | t:- | l-

When the young May brings to the woodlands The - rapture of be - ing free!

{s.s | s :s | l :l | l.l | l:s.l | t :s | s :l.s | s:fe | s:- | l-
 {d.r | m :m | f :f.m | r:- | s:s.f | m:d.t, | l,r | s:- | l-

{s.s | d' :t | l | s :m | f:m.f | r :m.f | s:m | t:l.s | f:- | l-
 {t,t, | d :s | f | s :s, | d:- | r:t, .t, | d:d | r:de | r:- | l-

But we know when the spring time com - eth, Though we cannot see its grace;

{s.f | s :d' | d' | d' :d' | d'.t | l:s.l | t :s .s | s :s | s:m.l | l:- | l-
 {r.r | m :f | f | m :d | r:- | s, :s .f | m:d | m,l, | r:- | l-

{ :f .f | m : - .m | f : s | l : - | l : l | .l | l : - .m | m : r | m : - | - |
 { :r .r | r : - .r | r : r .m | f : m | r : r e . r e | m : r | . d | t , : t , | t , : - | - |



For our pris'ning walls grow clo-ser With the sun's glare in our face;

{ :l .l | ta : - .ta | l : s | r : d e | r : l . t | d : t | .l | l : l | se : - | - |
 { :r .r | r : - .r | r d : ta , | l , : l . s | f : f . f | m : - .m | f : f | m : - | - |

{ :m .m | l : - .se | l : t | d : - | s : m .m | s : f .m | r : m | d : - | - |
 { :t , : t , | m : - .m | m : f | d : - | d : d . d | d : d | d : t , | d : - | - |



For our pris'ning walls grow clo-ser With the sun's glare in our face.

{ :se .se | l : - .t | l .s : f | m : f | s : l .l | l : l .s | f : f | m : - | - |
 { :m .r | d : - .r | r d : s , | l , : - | m , : l , .l , | r , : r , | s , : s , | d : - | - |

We know there are some with leisure
 Who roam the world so sweet;
 But we to our factory prisons
 Are chained by the hands and feet:
 For the cry of our babes is sounding
 For ever into our ears,
 And we toil for bread to feed them,
 With a toil heaped full of tears;
 And we toil for bread to feed them,
 With a toil heaped full of tears.

We build the homes of our masters,
 Where aye at ease they dwell,
 And the sound of music greets them
 'Mid the comfort they love so well;
 But we know that their ease is builded
 On the hunger and pain we bear—
 Their repose upon our toiling,
 Their hope on our despair;
 Their repose upon our toiling,
 Their hope on our despair.

But the time will come when the beauties
 Of earth shall be for all,
 When none of his brother's slavehood
 Shall base his escape from thrall;
 When the spring shall bring us gladness,
 And pleasure instead of pain—
 Yea, for us who have toiled and sorrowed,
 Nor enjoyed our toiling's gain:
 Yea, for us who have toiled and sorrowed,
 Nor enjoyed our toiling's gain.

F. Henderson.

46. Aeterna Munera.

10 8 10 8

Key F.

Old Church Melody.

{.d .s,	d .r :m :d .d l, .t, :d :d .d	r ,m .f ,m :r :d d .d :d .t, :d
I heard men say - ing, leave hope and pray - ing,		
{.m .d	m .s :s :s .s l, .s, :d :m .m	l ,s .f :f :m f ,m .r :s, :d
All days shall be as all have been;		
{.d .d	m .f :s .l :- .s d .d :d .f :- .r	m .,f :s :- d .,r :r :-
{.m .d	s .s :s .d' :- .t d .r :m .f :- .s	d' .,d' :d' :t l .,r :s :-
To - day and to - mor - row bring fear and sor - row,		
{.s .t,	s .s ,s :l .s :f .m d .d ,d :d :d .d	r ,m .f ,m :r :d d .d :d .t, :l,
{.s .f	s .m ,s :f .s :l .s m .d ,m :f .m :r .m	l ,s .f :f :m f ,m .r :s, :l,

{.d	d .r :m :- .d	r,m.f,m:r :- .d	d :- :-
{.l,	l, .t, :d :- .d	d .d :d :t, .d	d :- :-

The never-end - ing toil be - tween.

{.l	s .f :l :- .l	l,s.l,s:f :- .m	m :- :-
{.f	m .r :l, :l s	f,m.r :s, :- .d	d :- :-

When earth was younger, mid toil and hunger,
 In hope we strove and our hands were strong;
 Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
 And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read and in story their deeds and glory,
 Their names midst the nameless dead;
 Turn then from lying to us slow dying
 In that good world to which they led!

Where faster and faster our iron master,
 The things we made for ever drives;
 Bids us grind treasure, and fashion pleasure,
 For other hopes and other lives.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
 And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
 While we, the living, our lives are giving
 To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere earth grows older
 The cause spread over land and sea;
 Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
 And joy at last for thee and me.

W. Morris.

47. St Gall.

8.7.8.7 D.

Key F.

St Gall Gesangbuch.

{ :s | m :l | s :m .f | s .f :m .r | d :r }
 { :t, | d :d | d :d | d :d | d :t, | d :t, }

Through all the long dark night of years, The
 And earth is wet with blood and tears, But

{ :s | s :f | s :d | r :s .f | m :s }
 { :s, | d :f, | m, :l, | s, :s, | l, :s, }

{ m :r | m :s .f | m :- l^r | m | d :t, | l, :r | t, :l, | s, :r }
 { d :t, | d :r | d :- l^t, | t, | l, :s, | l, :l, | s, :fe, | s, :t, }

peo-ple's cry as - cendeth, The few shall not for
 our meek suf-france endeth, ever sway, The

{ s :s | s :s | s :- s | s | m :s | d :l, | t, :d | r :s }
 { d :s, | d :t, | d :- s, | m, | l, :m, | f, :fe, | s, :l, | t, :s, }

{ r :r | m .fe :s | s :fe | s | s | m :l | s :m .f }
 { l, :s, | d :t, | l, :- l^t, | t, | d :d | d :d }

heav-y toil in sor-row; The powers of hell are

{ fe :s | d :r | m :r | r | s. | s :f | s :d }
 { r .d :t, | l, :t, | d :r | s, | s, | d :f, | m, :l, }

<p>{ s . f : m . r d : s d : t, d : r</p>	<p>s : d' . t l . s : f . m d : d d : r . d</p>	<p>r : m . r d t, : - d</p>
 <p style="text-align: center;">strong-to-day, Our King-dom comes to-mor-row.</p>		
<p>{ r : s . f m : r s, : s, l, : t,</p>	<p>m : m f : l d . t, : l, f, : r,</p>	<p>r : s . f m s, : - d</p>

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
 With smiling futures glisten;
 For lo! our day bursts up the skies,
 Lean out your soul and listen.
 The world is rolling Freedom's way,
 And ripening with her sorrow;
 Take heart, who bears the cross to-day
 Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

Oh youth! Flame-earnest, still aspire,
 With energies immortal;
 To many a heaven of desire
 Our yearning opes a portal.
 And though Age wearies by the way,
 And hearts break in the furrow,
 Youth sows the golden grain to-day,
 The harvest comes to-morrow.

Gerald Massey.

48. Eardisley. C. M.

Key Eb

English Traditional Melody.

{ :d .r { :s,	m :m .r d :r .m d :d s, :t, .d	}
------------------	---------------------------------------	---

Each eve earth fall - eth

{ :m .f { :d	s :s .f m :s d :d d :f .m	}
-----------------	----------------------------------	---

{ f :f .m r :d .r { r :r .d t, :d .t,	m :f .s f .s :l .t d :d d :t,	}
--	--------------------------------------	---

down the dark As though its hopes are

{ l :l t :s .f { r :f s :m .r	s :s l :f d :r .m r :s,	}
--------------------------------------	--------------------------------	---

{ s :- - { d :t, d	m .f d	s :l s :m r :d r :t,	}
---------------------------	-----------	-----------------------------	---

o'er; Yet lurks the sun when

{ m :f s { d :r m	l, l,	s :m s :s t, :l, t, :s,	}
--------------------------	----------	--------------------------------	---

{ d . r : m r : d . r m . f : s r . d : r . m d : - - l , : s , l , t , : d . s , s , : d t , . l , : t , d : - -	
day is done Be - hind to - mor - row's door.	
{ m : d s : m . r d : s s : f m : - - l , : m , f , s , : l , t , d : m . f s : s , d : - -	

Grey grows the dawn while men-folk sleep;
 Unseen spreads on the light,
 Till the thrush sings to the coloured things,
 And earth forgets the night.

No otherwise wends on our hope,
 E'en as a tale that's told,
 Are fair lives lost, and all the cost
 Of wise, and true, and bold.

We've toiled and failed. We spake the word—
 None hearkened. Dumb we lie,
 Our hope is dead; the seed we spread
 Fell o'er the earth to die.

What's this! For joy our hearts stand still,
 And life is loved and dear,
 The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
 The day of days is here!

W. Morris.

49. Swinburne.

(Copyright)

W. H. Bell.

12. 12. 12.

Key F.

{:s, :m,	l, :- .t, :d ,.r	t, :- :s,	l, :- .t, :d ,.r }
	f, :- .s, :s, ,.l,	s, :f, :s,	s, :f, .f, :l, ,.l, }

We mix from ma-ny lands, we march from ve-ry

{:d :d	d :- .r :m ,.f	r :- :d	d :- .f :m ,.fe }
	f, :- .f, :m, ,.r,	s, :- :m,	f, :- .s, :l, ,.r,

{ t, :- s, :-	s,	s :- .f :m .s	f :m :r }
	s,	d :- .d :d .d	r :l, :l, }

far; In hearts and lips and hands our

{ s :- s, :s	s	s :- .s :s .s	l :- .s :f }
	f	m :- .r :d .m	r :de :r }

{ d .l, :t, l, .l, :l	:- .l, :se, .m,	l, :- m, :-	l, :t, .t, l, :t, .t, }
--------------------------	--------------------	----------------	----------------------------

staffs and wea - pons are; The light we

{ m .m :f l, .l, :r,	:m .r	d :- l, :-	l :s .s l :s .f }
-------------------------	-------	---------------	----------------------

<p>{ d :l :s d :- :d</p>	<p>f :- :m r :l, :l,</p>	<p>r .l, :r :- .d l, .l, :d :t, .d</p>	<p>d :- d :-</p>
<p>walk it dark - ens sun and moon and star.</p>			
<p>{ s :f :s m :f :m</p>	<p>l :- :s r :- :de</p>	<p>f .f :f :- .m r .r :s, :- .d</p>	<p>m :- d :-</p>

It doth not flame and wane with years and spheres that roll,
 Storms cannot shake nor stain the strength that makes is whole,
 The fire that moulds and moves it is of the sovereign soul.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves, we heard you beat from far!
 We bring the light that saves, we bring the morning star;
 And freedom's light we bring you, whence all good things are.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen, come and be all souls fed
 From field and street and prison come, for the feast is spread.
 Live for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

50. St Patrick.

8. 8. 8. 8.

Key F. Ray is G.

Old Irish Melody.

{:l, r :- :r	d :l, :d	f :l :s.f	f :m	m	s :m :d
{:l, l, :- :l,	l, :- :l,	l, :d :r	d :-	d	d :- :s, }

* Verses 1 and 5 only.

1. These things shall be! a loft-ier race than e'er the

{:l, f :r :f	m :d :m	f :- :r	s :-	s	s :- :m
{:l, r, :f, :r,	l, :- :s,	f, :- :t,	d :-	d	m :d :d }

world has known shall rise With flame of free-dom

{ d :m :s	f :- :f	m :-	l	r :- .m:f.r	d :l, :f,
{ l, :d :d	d :- :r	d :-	d	t, :- :t,	l, :f, :f, }

{ m :l :s	l :- :s	s :-	l	f :- :f	f :d :r
{ l, :- :m,	l, :- :t,	d :-	l,	t, :- :r,	f, :- :t, }

in their souls, and light of sci-ence in their eyes.

{ f :- :d	r :m :f.s	l :- :s.l	f :r :m	r :- :r	r :-
{ f, :l, :l,	t, :d :r.m	f :- :d	d :t, :d.t,	l, :- :t,	l, :-

{ l :f :m	f :l :l.d'	d' :- :m	f :- :l.s	f :- :s	f :-
{ r :- :d	t, :l, :r.d	f :- :d	l, :t, :l,	r :- :s,	r, :-

Verses 2, 3 and 4.

2. They shall be gen - tle, brave, and strong, to spill no
 drop of blood, but dare All that may plant man's
 lord-ship firm on earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

D. C. al ♪ for last verse.

3. Nation with nation, land with land, unharmed shall live as comrades free;
 In every heart and brain shall throb the pulse of one fraternity.
4. New arts shall bloom of loftier mould and mightier music thrill the skies,
 And every life shall be a song, when all the earth is paradise.
5. These things—they are no dreams—shall be for happier men when we are gone.
 These golden days for them shall dawn transcending aught we gaze upon.

51. Everton.

8.7.8.7.D.

Key E \flat

H. Smart.

{	m : f	l s : d'	l : t	l d' : s	f : s	l m : d	}
{	d : t,	l d : m	d : f	l m : d	d : r	l d : s,	}

Do not crouch to - day and wor-ship The old past whose
Hush your voice to ten-der reverence, Crowned he lies, but

{	s : s	l s : s	l : f	l s : s	l : r	l s : s	}
{	d : r	l m : d	f : r	l d : m	l,	t, l d : m	}

{	r : r	l r : -D.C.	r : r	l m : s	s : fe	l s : t	}
{	l, : t,	d l t, :-	t, : r	l d : d	r : r	l r : r	}

life is fled; cold and dead; For the Present reigns our monarch

{	s : fe	l s :-	s : s	l s : s	l : l	l s : s	}
{	r : r,	l s, :-	s, : t,	l d : m	r : r.	d l t, : s,	}

{	t : t	l l : m .fe	s : fe	l m :-	s : s	l s : d'	}
{	m : m	l m : m	m : re	l m :-	t, : t,	l d : d	}

With on ad - ded weight of hours; Honour her, for

{	s : t	l d' : l	t : l	l s :-	s : f	l m : m	}
{	s : s,	l l, : d	t, : t,	l m :-	m : r	l d : ta,	}

she is might-y, Honour her, for she is ours.

See the shadows of his heroes
 Girt about her cloudy throne,
 Every day her ranks are strengthened
 By great arts to him unknown;
 Noble things the great past promised,
 Holy dreams both strange and new;
 But the present shall fulfil them,
 What he promised she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
 She is heir to all his fame,
 And the light that lightens round her
 Is the lustre of his name.
 She is wise with all his wisdom;
 Living, on his grave she stands,
 On her brow she bears his laurels,
 And his harvest in her hands.

Coward! Can she reign and conquer,
 If we thus her glory dim?
 Let us fight for her as nobly
 As our fathers fought for him.
 God, who crowns the dying ages,
 Bids her rule and us obey;
 Bids us cast our lives before her,
 Bids us serve the great to-day.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

52. Brockham. (L. M.)

Key G.

J. Clarke.

{s, {s, 	d :r m :t, s, :t, d :t, He on - ly does not	d :r t, l, :l, s, live in vain,
{s, {s, 	s :s s :f m, :s, d :s, 	m :f r l, :f, s,
{r {t, 	f :- .f m :d l, :- .s, s, :s, Who all the means with -	m :fe s d :d t, in his reach
{s {s, 	f :- .r m :m r :- .t, d :d .t, 	m :r r l, :r s,
{s {r 	m :d l, :m d :s, l, :s, Em - ploys his wealth, his	f :r t, f, :l, s, thought, his speech -
{s {t, 	s :d d :de d :m, f, :m, 	r :r r r, :f, s,

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "T'ad - vance the weal of o - ther men." Above the treble staff, there are two lines of rhythmic notation: the first line has notes for the first two measures, and the second line has notes for the last two measures. Below the bass staff, there are two lines of rhythmic notation: the first line has notes for the first two measures, and the second line has notes for the last two measures. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests.

His action no applause invites
 Who simply good with good repays:
 He only justly merits praise
 Who wrongful deeds with kind requites.

To bad as well as good, to all,
 A generous man compassion shows;
 On earth no mortal lives, he knows,
 Who does not oft through weakness fall.

53. Eryri Wen.

7.6.7.6.8.8.8.6.

Key D.

Welsh Melody.

{ l : t | d' : l it : se | l : - . m | m : f | m : r . d | t, : - . m }
 { : m | m : d | r : m | m : - . r | d : r | l, : l, | l, : se, }

O high rocks looking heaven-ward, O valleys green and

{ l : se | l : l | l : t | l : - . se | l : l | l . s : f | m : - . r }
 { : d . m | l : s | f : m . r | d : - . t, | l, : r | d : r | m : - . m, }

{ l, : - | l, : - | l . t | d' : l it : s | d' : s | l : f | m : d | m . r : d . t, }
 { : | : | r | d : m | f : r | s : - . f | m : r | d : d | l, : s, }

fair, Sea cliffs that seem to gird and guard Our Is-land once so

{ d : - | l | s : l | r' : t | d' : - | d' : l | l : l | f : f }
 { l, : - | f | m : d | r : f | m : - . r | d : r | m : f | r : s, }

{ d : - | s, : - | s . f | m : s | d : s . f | m : s | d : m }
 { : | r | d : t, | d : r | d : d | d : d }

dear; In vain your beauty now ye spread, For

{ m : - | s | s : s . f | m : s | s : s | l : l . s }
 { d : - | t, | d : s, | l, : t, | d . r : m | f : m }

{ l :d' it :l | se:- .l it | m | d' :l it :se }
 { r :m lf :r | m :- l- | m | m :d lr :m }

we are num-bered with the dead. A rob-ber band has

{ f :l lr' :l | t :- l- | m'.r' | d' :l ll :t }
 { r :d lr :f | m :- .fe se | m | l :s lf :m.r }

{ l :- .m lm :f | m :r .d it, :- .l, | l, :- l- |
 { m :- .r ld :r | l, :l, ll, :se,l, | l, :- l- |

seized the land, And we are e - xiles here.

{ l :- .se ll :l | l .s :f .m lf :m .d | d :- l- |
 { d :- .t, ll, :r | d :f, .l, lr :m .l, | l, :- l- |

The moonlight glides along the shore
 And silvers all the sands,
 It gleams on halls and castles hoar
 Built by our fathers' hands;
 But from the scene its beauty fades,
 The light dies out along the glades.
 A robber band has seized the land, } *Repeat.*
 And we are exiles here.

The ploughman ploughs, the sower sows,
 The reaper reaps the ear,
 The woodman to the forest goes
 Before the day grows clear;
 But of our toil no fruit we see,
 The harvest's not for you and me.
 A robber band has seized the land, } *Repeat.*
 And we are exiles here.

54. In Ballone.

8.7.8.7. D.

Key G.

Dutch Traditional Melody.

<p>{ d :t, .l, s, :d s, :f, m, :m,</p>	<p>r :d .r m :d l, :l, .t, d :s,</p>
<p>Bide your time—the Mil - lions from their Ey' - ry mo - ment</p>	<p>morn is break - ing, trance a - wak - ing makes you strong - er -</p>
<p>{ m :r .t, d :d d, :r, m, :l,</p>	<p>d :s s :d f, :s, d, :m,</p>
<p>{ f :m .r m :r .d l, :s, s, :l,</p>	<p>t, .d :r .t, d :- D.C. f, .s, :l, .s, s, :-</p>
<p>Bright with Free - dom's Soon shall stand in Firm, un - shrink - ing,</p>	<p>bles - sed ray; firm ar - ray. <i>bide your time.</i></p>
<p>{ d :t, d :m r, :s, m, :l,</p>	<p>f .m :r .f m :- r, .m, :f, .s, d, :-</p>
<p>{ d :r .m f :m m, :ta, l, :ta,</p>	<p>r :de r :r l, :l, l, :l,</p>
<p>Man shall fet - ter</p>	<p>man no long - er!</p>
<p>{ d :ta, d :s l, :s, f, :s,</p>	<p>f :m f :f l, :l, r, :r,</p>

D.C. al *

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is on the Treble staff, and the bass line is on the Bass staff. The lyrics are: "Li - ber - ty shall march sub - lime!". Above the Treble staff, there are rhythmic markings: {r :m .f |s :d | r :d .t, |l, :s, |. Below the Bass staff, there are rhythmic markings: {s :t, |d :m | r :m |d :t, |. Below the Treble staff, there are rhythmic markings: {t, :s, |s, :l, | s, :s, |fe, :s, |. Below the Bass staff, there are rhythmic markings: {s, :f, |m, :l, | t, :d, |r, :s, |.

Bide your time—one false step taken
 Perils all you yet have done;
 Undismayed, erect, unshaken,
 Watch and wait, and all is won.
 'Tis not by a rash endeavour
 Man can e'er to greatness climb!
 Would you win your rights for ever,
 Calm and thoughtful, *bide your time.*

Bide your time—your worst transgression
 Were to strike, and strike in vain;
 He whose arm would smite oppression
 Must not need to strike again!
 Danger makes the brave man study—
 Rashness is the coward's crime;
 Be for Freedom's battle ready
 When it comes—but *bide your time.*

M. J. Barry.

55. Earl of Murray.

Key E^b

Adapted from old Scotch Melody.

{:s, .s,	d :- .r :m .r	d :s, :s .s }
{:s, .s,	s, :- .t, :d .t,	l, :s, :r .r }

Ye are wea - - ry, O my bro - thers, And my

{:s .s	s :- .s :s .f	m :m :s .s }
{:s, .s,	m :- .r :d .s,	l, :d :t, .t, }

{m :- .r :m .s	ta :-	l .s	d' :- .l :l .s }
{d :- .r :d .d	ta, :-	d .d	d :- .d :d .d }

eyes grow dim with tears, For your bur - dens wax more

{s :- .s :s .m	f :-	m .m	f :- .m :f .s }
{d :- .t, :d .d	r :-	d .ta,	l, :- .d :r .m }

{l :d' :m .r	d :- .m :r .d	l, :-	d .r	m :- .r :m .s }
{d :d :t, .t,	l, :- .d :s, .s,	s, :f,	d .s,	d :- .r :d .d }

heavy With the heav - y-hand-ed years: Hearken! Hear-ken! O my

{f :l :s .f	m :- .m :s .m	d :-	f .r	s :- .s :s .s }
{f :f :s, .s,	l, :- .l, :t, .d	f, :-	l, .t,	d :- .t, :d .m }

{l .d' :- :m .r | d :- .s :r .,d | d :-
 {d .d :- :t, .t, | l, :- .d :t, .,d | d :-

brothers, Now a sweet new day ap-pears.

{f .l :- :s .f | m :- .s :f .,m | m :-
 {f .f :- :s, .s, | l, :- .m, :s, .,d | d :-

Through the darkness, O my brothers,
 Ye have toiled in heaviness;
 Stinting neither soul nor body,
 Stirring forward still to press—
 Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
 Swift the daylight comes to bless.

Young men, 'reft of love, my brothers,
 Maidens' beauty worn away,
 Old men sore and sad with labour,
 Children with no time to play—
 Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
 What the grand new time will say!

Soon the trumpet, O my brothers,
 Will arouse ye for the fight,
 And the day must dawn in darkness
 That shall end in perfect light!
 Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
 Wrong must ever herald Right!

Evelyn Pyne.

56. Affection. (L. M.)

from "Greenwood's Psalmody"

Key C.

{ :s | d' :t | Id' :- .f | m :r | Id :- . |
 { :m | s :f | Im .,f :s .r | d :t, | Id :- . |

Think not that mar - tyrs die in vain;

{ :d' | d' :r' | Id' :- .l | s :s .,f | Im :- . |
 { :d | m :s | Id .,r :m .f | s :s, | Id :- . |

{ :r | m :s | Id' .l :t .d' | t :l | Is
 { :t, | d :r | If .r :r .m | r :r .,d | It,

Think not that truth so soon will fail;

{ :s | s :t | Id' :t .s | s :fe | Is
 { :s, | d :t, | Il, .fe :s .d | r :r | Is,

{ :r' | t .s :l .t | Id' :- .s | l :r' | Id' :t . |
 { :r | s :s | Is :m | f :l | Is :- . |

We on - ly break to form a - gain,

{ :t | r' .t :d' .r' | Id' :d' | d' :f' | Im' :r' . |
 { :s | s :f | Im :d | f :r | Is :- . |

{ .s | d' :t | d' :- .f | m :r | d
 { .s | s :f | r ,f :s .r | d :t, | d

We on - ly bow be - fore the gale.

{ .t | d' :r' | s :- .l | s :s ,f | m
 { .f | m :r | d ..r :m | f | s :s, ,f | d

There groweth up a mighty will,
 And time will only give it force;
 It tendeth to on object still,
 Though somewhat swerving in its course.

Though vengeance were the battle cry,
 And fell revenge first drew the sword,
 We seek a nobler victory,
 More firm in act, more true in word.

And all the failings in the past
 But make the future more secure;
 The triumph of our cause at last
 By bygone sufferings is sure.

We cure in truth we wait the day,
 As watchers wait the morning light;
 The false alone need dread delay,
 For time will only strengthen right.

Robert Nicoll.

57.

8.8.8.8.8.

Key A.

W. Hayes. 1706-1777

{d t, :- .l, :s, d :r :m m :r :d d :t,
 :m, f, :- :r, s, :t, :d l, :- :l, s, :-

To light, that shines in stars and souls;

{s, s, :- :t, d :f :s f :- :f r :-
 :d, r, :- :f, m, :r, :d, f, :- :r, s, :-

{t, d :r :m r,m:f :m r :d :t, d :- m r :- :m }
 :s, s, :f :m, s, :- :s, f, :m, :r, m, :- s, s, :- :m, }

To law, that rounds the world with calm; To love, whose

{r d :t, :d r :- :d l, :- :r d :- d r :- :t, }
 :f, m, :r, :d, t, :- :d, f, :- :- d, :- d t. :- :se, }

{d :- :t, d :t, :l, m :- t, d :- :d d :- :d,r }
 :m, :- :se, l, :m, :l, se, :- se, l, :- :l, s, :- :l, :t, }

e - qual tri - umph rolls Through Mar - tyr's prayer and

{l, :- :m m :- :m,r t, :- m m :- :f d :- :f }
 :l, :- :m, l, :s, :f, m, :- m, l, :- :f, m, :- :r, }

{m :r :d | t₁ :- | t₁ | t₁ :d :r | s₁ :- :l₁ | ta₁ :l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :-
 {d :s₁ :- :fe, s₁ :- | s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :f₁ | f₁ :- :m₁ | f₁ :-

pro-phet's psalm; These walls are wed with un - secn hands,

{s :- :d | r :- | r | r :- :t₁ | d :- :f | r :- :m | d :-
 {d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- | s₁ | s₁ :- :f₁ | m₁ :- :f₁ | s₁ :- :d₁ | f₁ :-

{r | t₁ :- :d | l₁ :f :m | r :d :t₁ | d :-
 {l₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ | l₁ :t₁ :d | l₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :-

In ho - lier shrines not built with hands.

{r | r :- :s | f :- :s | f :m :r | m :-
 {f₁ | f₁ :- :m₁ | m₁ :r₁ :d₁ | f₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d₁ :-

May purer sacrament be here
 Than ever dwelt in right or creed;
 Hallowed the hour with vow sincere,
 To serve the time's all-pressing need;
 And rear its heaving seas above,
 Strongholds of freedom, folds of love.

Here be the wanderer homeward led;
 Here living streams in fulness flow;
 And every hungering soul be fed
 That yearns the truer life to know,
 And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears,
 For harvests in serener years.

Samuel Johnson.

58. Herongate.

Key E^b

Old English.

{:s	s :- :d	l :- :s	s :m :r	d :-
{:d	d :- :d	d :- :d	t, :- :t,	d :-

O some - times in our dreams we see

{:m	m :- :s	f :- :s	s :- :f	m :-
{:d	d :- :m	f :- :m	s, :- :s,	d :-

{:s	d' :- :d'	m :- :s	l :s :l	s :-
{:d	d :- :d	d :- :d	d :- :d	t, :-

The per - fect Church that is to be;

{:m	s :- :s	s :- :s	s :- :fe	s :-
{:d	m :- :m	d :- :m	r :- :r	s :-

{:s	l :s :l	d' :t :l	s :m :r	d :-
{:d	d :- :d	f :- :t,	d :- :t,	d :-

And then the shrines we build us here

{:s	f :- :f	l :- :f	s :- :f	m :-
{:m	f :- :f	r :- :r	m :- :s,	l, :-

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Im-per-fect sym-bols must ap-pear.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. 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 bass line is in the bass staff. Above the treble staff, there are rhythmic markings: { :d | m :- :d | l :- :s | s :- m :r | d :- } and { :d | t, :- :d | d :- :d | t, :- :t, | d :- }. Below the bass staff, there are rhythmic markings: { :m | m :- :m | f :- :s | s :- :f | m :- } and { :l, | s, :- :l, | f, :- :m, | s, :- :s, | d :- }. The lyrics 'Im - per - fect sym - bols must ap - pear.' are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes.

All creeds, all peoples, every guild,
 The universal Church must build:
 High thoughts shall sermon be, and prayer,
 And humblest serving, worship there.

Firm grounded on the earth it stands,
 Yet lifts to heaven strong helpful hands.
 It needs no temple and no shrine—
 The all-embracing Love Divine.

Yet fireside lights, to toilers here
 More fair may shine than sunlit sphere;
 And so we build where'er we roam
 One little place to call a home.

A place where weary souls may rest,
 Where strong ones may find labour blest,
 A place for silence or for prayer,
 For helpful thought, for fostering care.

59. Dayspring.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key C.

m :- :m f :- :m r :- :m : f s :- : - : d :- :d d :- :d d :- :d m :- :r	l :- :t d' :- :s } d :- :s s :- :d }
--	--

Day-spring of e - ter - ni - ty, Dawn on us this

s :- :s f :- :s l :- :s : l t :- : - : d :- :d r :- :m f :- :m : r s :- : - :	m' :- :r' d' :- :d' } s :- :f m :- :m }
---	---

l :- :s : f s :- : - : d :- :d d :- : - :	r' :- :d' t :- :l : s f :- :m r :- :d : t,	d' :- :t l :- :s d :- :r : m f :- :m
---	--	--

morn - ing tide! Light from lighth's ex - haust-less sea,

f :- :s : l s :- : - : f :- :m : r m :- : - :	s :- :s s :- :s t, :- :d d :- :f	s :- :l : t d' :- :r' : m' m :- :f : s l :- :t : d'
---	--	---

{ l :- :s | m :fe:s | d' :-:r' :d' | l :s | d' :- :d' | m' :- :r' }
 { m :fe:s | d :- :r | s :- :r | m :r | s :- :s | f :- :f }

Now no more thy ra-diance hide, But dis-pel with glo-rious

{ m' :- :r' | d' :- :t | d' :-:t | l .r' | r' } | d' :t | d' :- :d' | d' :- :t }
 { d' :- :t | l :- :s.f | m :-:r:m.fels | s :f | m :- :m | r :- :r }

{ d' :- :s | f :- :m | r :- :l :- :l :- :l | d :- :l :- :l :- :l }
 { f :m :d | d :- :d | d :- :l, :- :l | d :- :l :- :l :- :l }

might All our night!

{ l :s :m | r :- :m | f :- :l :- :l :- :l | m :- :l :- :l :- :l }
 { s, :- :s, | s, :- :s, | s, :- :l :- :l :- :l | d :- :l :- :l :- :l }

Let the morning dew of love
 On our sleeping conscience rain;
 Gentle comfort from above
 Flow through life's long-parched plain:
 Water daily us thy flock,
 From the rock.

Let the glow of love destroy
 Cold obedience faintly given;
 Wake our hearts to strength and joy
 With the flushing eastern heaven;
 Let us truly rise, ere yet
 Life be set.

60. Ar Hyd y Nos.

Key G.

Old Welsh Tune.

{ d :- .t, ll, :d | r :- .d lt, :s, }
 { m, :s, lf, :s, | l, :l, ls, :- }

There is beau - ty all a - round
 There is joy in ey' - ry sound

{ d :d ld :d | f :- .m lr :s }
 { d, :m, lf, :m, | r, :f, ls, :m, }

D.C.

{ l, :l, lt, :- .t, | d :- | - :- } f :m lf :s }
 { d, :d, ls, :f, | m, :- | - :- } f, :s, lf, :d }

When there's love at home;
 When there's love at home;

Peace and plen - ty

{ s :f lm :r | d :- | - :- } d :d ld :d }
 { f, :f, ls, :- s, | d, :- | - :- } l, :d ll, :m, }

{ l :s lf :m | f :m lr :d | m :- .r ld :t, }
 { d :ta, ll, :s, | l, :d ll, :l, | l, :- .l, ls, :- }

here a - bide, Smi - ling sweet on ev' - ry side;

{ f :r ld :m | r :s lf :m | f :- .f lr :- }
 { f, :s, ll, :d | r, :m, lf, :l, | r, :- .f, ls, :- }

|| d :- .t, | l, :d | r :- .d | t, :s, | l, :l, | t, :- .t, | d :- | - :-
 || s, :- .s, | f, :s, | l, :l, | s, :- | d, :d, | s, :f, | m, :- | - :-

Time does soft-ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.

|| d :- .d | d :d | f :- .m | r :s | s :f | m :r | d :- | - :-
 || m, :- .m, | f, :m, | r, :f, | s, :m, | f, :f, | s, :- .s, | d, :- | - :-

In the cottage there is joy,
 When there's love at home;
 Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
 When there's love at home;
 Roses blossom at our feet,
 All the earth's a garden sweet,
 Making life a bliss complete,
 When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles on high
 When there's love at home;
 All the earth is filled with love,
 When there's joy at home;
 Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
 Brighter beams the azure sky;
 O, there's one who smiles on high,
 When there's love at home.

61. Frankonia. (S.M.)

Key D.

W. H. Havergal.

{d r :m lf :s | m :- l- || s l :d' lf :m | r :- l-
 {s, t, :d ld :t, | d :- l- | d d :d lt, :d | t, :- l-

Once in the busy street Did wisdom cry a-loud;

{m s :s lf :r | m :- l- | m f :s lf :f | s :- l-
 {d s, :d ll, :s, | d :- l- | d f :m lr :d | s, :- l-

{s d' :t ll :s | l :l ls || s d :m lr :r | d :- l-
 {r d :r lm :t, | r :r lt, | t, d :d ld :t, | d :- l-

And then she perished mid the scoffs Of the misguided crowd.

{t s :s ld' :s | s :fe ls || s m :s ll :s | m :- l-
 {s m :s ld :m | r :r ls, | s, l, :m, lf, :s, | d :- l-

Once in the quiet grove
 Did Wisdom's accents charm;
 And then she perished by the blows
 Of Conquests iron arm.

In Palestine and Greece,
 Thus Wisdom's voice was hushed;
 Yet echo soft the sound renewed
 Though Wisdom's sons were crushed

But ever in the skies,
 In earth and sea and air,
 Does Wisdom teach the human heart,
 And none can crush her there

Systems and teachers change,
 They flourish and decay;
 But ne'er from Nature's truth and love
 Shall Wisdom pass away.

. 62. Westminster. (C. M.)

Key C.

J. Turle.

{:m s :s id :d' t :l is | s m' :t id' :r' s :- |-
{:d m :r id :m m :d.r |m f m :s.f |m :f.m r :- |-

Go not, my soul, in search of Him, Thou wilt not find Him there,-

{:s s :r |m :d' m' :m.r |d' t d' :m'.r' |d' :l t :- |-
{:d d :t, |l, :l s :f |m r d :s |l :f s :- |-

{:s t :l |se :l d' :t |l l s :d |r :f m :- |-
{:r r :r |r :d m :m.r |d f m :d |d :t, d :- |-

Or in the depths of shadow dim, Or heights of up-per air.

{:t s :l |t :l l :se |l r' s :s |l :s s :- |-
{:s s :f |m :f m :m |l, t, d :m |f :s d :- |-

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its Throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with His glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee
And show thee of His own.

Then go thou not in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find Him there.

63. Raise your Standard.

With Vigour.

E. Josephine Troup.

Key G. || s₁ ., m : s₁ . d | r : m | s ., m : d . r | r : - }
 || s₁ ., m : s₁ . d | s : s | s₁ ., s₁ : m₁ . fe, | s₁ : - }

Raise your standard, broth-ers, High-er still and higher!
 Work for man's sal-va-tion, Work with might and main;

|| s₁ ., m₁ : s₁ . d | t₁ : d | t₁ ., t₁ : d . d | t₁ : - }
 || s₁ ., m₁ : s₁ . d | s₁ : d, | m₁ ., m₁ : l₁ . l₁ | s₁ : - }

D.t.

|| m ., d : l₁ . t₁ | t₁ .^{df} | r . l : s . f | m : - }
 || m ., d : l₁ . se, | se, l₁ r | r . r : r . r | d : - }

Let the thought of ju-stice All your deeds in - spire!
 Lift the poor and fal - len To a high-er plane;

|| m ., d : l₁ . m | m m l | l . l : t . t | d : - }
 || m ., d : l₁ . m₁ | m₁ l₁ r | f . f : s . s | l : - }

f.G.

|| m . d' : t . l | s . f : d . r | m : r | ds, : - }
 || d . m : t . d | m . r : d . d | d : t, | ds, : - }

Let your eyes be kindling With a love - lit fire!
 Purge from law and cu-stom Each and ev - ry stain.}

|| d . l : s . l | ta . l : f . fe | s : f | mt, : - }
 || l . l : m . f | de . r : l₁ . la, | s₁ : s₁ | ds, : - }

64. Ives.

7.7.7.7. D.

Plymouth Collection (U.S.A.)

Key D. { d :-r l m :d | m :s l d' :- | l.s :m l l.s :m .d }
 { d :-d l d :d | d :r l d :- | d :d l d :d }

Sit not blind-fold, soul, and sigh For im - mor-tal

{ m :-f l s :m | s :s l m :- | m :s l m :s .m }
 { d :-d l d :d | d :t, l l, :- | d :d l d :d }

life on high. Dream-er! seek not heaven a - far

{ r :-m l r :- | d :-r l f, m :r, d | m :s l d' :- }
 { t, :-d l t, :- | d :-d l d :s, | d :t, l d :- }

{ s :-s l s :- | m :-f l s :f, m | s :s l s :- }
 { s, :-d l s, :- | d :-d l d :d | d :r l m :- }

On the shores of some strangest star. This a star is,

{ l.s :m l l.s :m .d | r :-m l d :- | d' :-t l l :s }
 { d :m l d :d | d :t, l d :- | m :-m l f :s }

{ f .s :s l f .s :l .m | s / s l m : | d' :-d' l d' :d' }
 { f .m :d l f .m :d .l | s, :s, l d : | d :-d l r :m }

{ l.s:l.t ld' :- d' :- .t ll :r'.d' | t :l ls :- }
 { f :f lm :- m :- .m lm.f:r.m r :d lt, :- }

this, thine earth; Here the germ a - wakes to birth

{ d' :f ls :- l :- .s ls.l :s s :fe ls :- }
 { f :r ld :- l, :- .t, ld :t, d r :r ls, :- }

{ d :- .r lm .r:d m :s ld' :- l.s:m ll.s:m.d r :- .mld :- }
 { d :- .d ld .t, :d d :r ld :- d :d ld :d d :t, ld :- }

Of God's sa - cred life in thee, Heir of im - mor - ta - li - ty!

{ m :- .f ls .f:m s :s lm :- m :s lm :s,m s :s lm :- }
 { d :- .d ld :d d :t, ll, :- d :d ld :d s, :s, ld :- }

Inmost heaven its radiance pours
 Round thy windows, at thy doors,
 Asking but to be let in,
 Waiting to flood out thy sin;
 Offering thee unfailing health,
 Love's refreshment, boundless wealth;
 Voices at thy life's gate say,
 "Be immortal, soul to-day!"

65. Kaulbach.

7.7.7.7. Key D.

German.

<p>{ d : m s : s f : s m :- d' : d' t : t }</p> <p>{ s : d r : t, d : s, l d :- d : r r : r }</p>	<p>{ m : s s : s d : r m :- m : l s : s }</p> <p>{ d : d t, : s, l, : t, l d :- s, : fe, s, : t, }</p>	<p>{ l :- s :- s : t l d' : s l : s m :- }</p> <p>{ m : r . d t, :- m : r l d : d d : t, l d :- }</p>
<p>Let in light, the ho - ly light! Comrades fear it</p>		
<p>ne - - ver! Darkness smiles, and wrong grows right;</p>		
<p>Let in light for e - - - ver!</p>		

Let in light! when this shall be,
Joy will go with duty;
All, in common things, shall see
Goodness, truth, and beauty.

Let us hope and work and love,
Singing to the hours,
While the stars are bright above,
And below the flowers.

Who, in such a world as this,
Could not heal his sorrow?
Welcome this sweet sunset bliss!
Sunrise comes to -morrow.

W.M.W. Call.

66. Dunfermline.

Key E.

(C. M.)

Scottish Psalter.

{ :d d :r |m :f | s :s |m }
 { :s, s, :l, .t, |d :d | d :t, |d }
 All men are e - qual in their birth, Heirs
 { :m s :f |s :f | r :r |m }
 { :d m :r |d :l, | s, :s, |d }
 { l :s |s :fe | s :- |- | s m :s |l :s }
 { d :t, |l, :l, | t, :- |- | r d :r .m |f :m }
 of the earth and skies; All men are e - qual
 { m :r |m :l | s :- |- | s d' :ta |l :t }
 { l, :t, |d :r | s, :- |- | t, d :s, |f, :s, }
 when that earth Fades from their dy - ing eyes.
 { f :m |r | m | r :d |d :t, | d :- |- }
 { m .r :d |t, | d | l, :m, .f, |s, :s, | s, :- |- }
 { d' .s :s |s | s f :d |r :r | m :- |- }
 { l, .t, :d |s, | d f, :l, |s, :s, | d :- |- }

"Tis man alone who difference sees,
 And speaks of high and low,
 And worships those, and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.

O let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love;
 In power and wealth exult no more
 In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride
 Ye low, your shame and fear!
 Live, as ye worship, side by side;
 Your brotherhood revere!

Harriet Martineau.

66. Dunfermline.

Key E.

(C.M.)

Scottish Psalter.

{ :d | d :r | m :f | s :s | m }
 { :s, | s, :l, .t, | d :d | d :t, | d }
 All men are e - qual in their birth, Heirs
 { :m | s :f | s :f | r :r | m | d }
 { :d | m :r | d :l, | s, :s, | d }
 { l :s | s :fe | s :- | s | m :s | l :s }
 { d :t, | l, :l, | t, :- | r | d :r .m | l f :m }
 of the earth and skies; All men are e - qual
 { m :r | m :l | s :- | s | d' :ta | l :t }
 { l, :t, | d :r | s, :- | t, | d :s, | f, :s, }
 { f :m | r | m | r :d | d :t, | d :- | }
 { m .r :d | t, | d | l, :m, .f, | s, :s, | s, :- | }
 when that earth Fades from their dy - ing eyes.
 { d' .s :s | s | s | f :d | r :r | m :- | }
 { l, .t, :d | s, | d | f, :l, | s, :s, | d :- | }

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
 And speaks of high and low,
 And worships those, and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.

O let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love;
 In power and wealth exult no more
 In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride
 Ye low, your shame and fear!
 Live, as ye worship, side by side;
 Your brotherhood revere!

Harriet Martineau.

67. Leenane.
(Copyright.)

6.5.5.6.5.

W.H. Bell.

Key F. { :s, | s, :- | d :m | r :- .d | t, :s, }
 { :s, | s, :- | l, :d | l, :- | s, :s, }

The fu - - - ture hides in it

{ :s, | m :- | f :s | f :- .m | r :r }
 { :s, | d :- | l, :m, | f, :- | s, :t, }

Small notes
for verses 3 & 4

{ f :- | m :r | s :- | m :m | l :- | s :m }
 { d :- | d :d | d :- | d :d | m :- | r :d }

Glad - ness and sor - row; We press still

{ d :- | s :l | s :- | s :s | d' :- | s :s }
 { l :- | d :f | m :r | d :t, | l, :- | t, :d }

Small notes
for verses 3 & 5

f :- r :r	s :- f :m	r :- d :s,
r :d t, :t,	d :t, l, :s,	s, :- s, :s,

on - ward, Nought that a - bides in it

l :- s :s	d :- d :d	s :f m :m
f, :- s, :f,	m, :- f, :d	t, :- d :m

f :- .m d	:r .m	r :- d :-
t, :d d	:d .d	d :t, d :-

Daunt - - - ing us; On - - - ward!

f :s l .s :f .s	l :s .f m :-
r :m f .m :r .d	f, :s, d :-

And, solemn before us,
Veiled the dark portal;
Goal of all mortal;—
Stars silent o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexing the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The worlds, and the ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you.
Work and despair not!"

After J. W. Goethe.

68. Fitzwilliam.

8. 8. 8. 6.

Old English.

Key G.

{:d .r {:s,	m :m d :d	lf :f ld :t,	m :- .f lm d :- .t, ld
----------------	--------------	-----------------	---------------------------

There are three lessons I would write,

{:m .f {:d	s :s d :d	ll :f lf .m :r	s :- .f ls d :- .r ld
---------------	--------------	-------------------	--------------------------

{:s {:s,	f :m l, :l,	lr :d .d ll, :l, .l,	t, :- .d lt, s, :- .fo, ls,
-------------	----------------	-------------------------	--------------------------------

Three tracings, as with a burning pen,

{:d {:m,	d :d f, .s, :l,	lf :f .m lr, .m, :f, .f,	r :- .d lr s, :- .l, ls,
-------------	--------------------	-----------------------------	-----------------------------

{ :t, .d :s,	r :r d :t, .l, s, :s, s, :fe,	t, :- .d t, s, :- .s, s,
{ :r :s, .l,	r :r m :r t, :t, l, :r,	r :- .d r s, :- .m, s,

{ :m :d	r :d d :t, l, :l, s, :s,	d :- s, :-
{ :s :d,	f :f .m r :r r, .m, :f, s, :s,	m :- d, :-

In trac - ings of e - ter - nal light

U - pon the hearts of men.

Have hope! though clouds environ round,
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow:
 No night but hath its morn.

Have faith!—where'er thy bark is driven,
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
 Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
 And all things on the earth.

Have love!—not love alone for one,
 But man as man thy brother call,
 And scatter, like the circling sun,
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul, —
 Hope, faith, and love: and thou shalt find
 Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
 Light, where thou else wert blind.

69. Dukestreet.

(L.M.)

J. Hatton.

{ .d d :m .f | s :l .t d' :t .l | s :-
 { .s, s, :d | r :f s :f | m :-

A storm sped o - ver sea and land:

{ .m m :l | t :d' .r' d' :d' | d' :-
 { .d d :l, | s, :f m :f | d :-

|| s :s .s | l :- .s | f :m | r r }
 || d :t, .d | d :- .d | t, :d | t, t, }

Har - vest and bloom were beat - en low, And

|| m :f .s | d' :- .d' | f :s | s s }
 || d :r .m | f :- .m | r :d | s, s, }

{ m :m .r |d .m :s .d' | l .s :f .m |r :-
 { d :d .t, |d :m .d | d :r .d |t, :-
 ma - ny a trea - sure on the strand
 { s :s .f |s :s | l :l |t :-
 { d :d .r |m :d .m | f :r |s :f

{ s :l .t |d' :- .f | m :r |d :-
 { d :d .f |m :- .r | d :t, |d :-
 Marks the wild track with loss and woe.
 { s :f .f |s :- .l | s :f |m :-
 { m :f .r |d .r :m .f | s :s, |d :-

Where in the solitude it searched,
 A child hath hung his one harp string:
 The blast to melody is touched,
 Prelude to blessings it would bring.

O heart, my heart, when clouds of fate
 Shroud thy fair sky and on thee beat,
 With childlike trust attuned wait:
 Win from each storm its music sweet!
Nonente D Conway.

70.

D.C.M. Key G.

Day's Psalter.

d :t, l, | s, :d | m :r | d | d | d :r, m | f :r }
 s, :f, f, | s, :l, | s, :s, | m, | m, | l, :t, d | d :t, }

Ho-nour to him who free-ly gives, As heaven has blessed his

m :r, f | d :d | d :t, | d | d | m :s | l :s }
 d, :r, r, | m, :f, | s, :s, | d, | d, | l, :s, d | f, :s, }

m :- | - | m | m :r, d | t, :d | l, :l, | s, | s, }
 d :- | - | d | d :t, l, | s, e, :l, s, | s, :f, e, | s, | s, }

store; Who shares the gifts that he re- ceives With

s :- | - | s | s :s, m | m :m | r :- | d | t, | d }
 d :- | - | d | d :s, l, | m, :l, | r, :r, | s, | m, }

d :-r | m :r | d :- | - | s, | d :-r | m :d | f :-f | m }
 l, :-l, | s, :-f, | m, :- | - | m, | l, :-t, | d :l, | d :-d | d }

those who need them more; Whose melt-ing heart of pi - ty moves

m :-f | d :t, | d :- | - | d | m :-s | s :l | l :-l | s }
 l, :-f, | s, :s, | d, :- | - | d | l, :-s, | d :l, | f, :-l, | d }

{m | d :l₁.t,ld :r | m :- l- | m | d :m.f |s :s }
 {d | m, :l₁.se,l₁.d:d.t, | d :- l- | d | s, :d |t, :d }

O'er sor-row and dis-tress; Of all his friends,who

{s | l :d.m |m :s | s :- l- | s | m :s.d |r :s }
 {d | l, :f₁.m, |l, :s, | d :- l- | d | d :d.l, |s, :m, }

|| l :- l |s | m | m :r.m |f :r | d :- l- :-
 || d :- d |d | d | d :l₁.d |r.d:t, | d :- l- :-

most-ly loves The poor and fa-ther-less.

|| f :- .f |m | s | s :f.s |l :s.f | m :- l- :-
 || f, :- .f, |d | d | d :f₁.m, |r, :s, | d, :- l- :-

Honour to him who shuns to do
 An action mean and low;
 Who will a nobler course pursue
 To stranger, friend or foe;
 Who seeks for justice more than gain,
 Is merciful and kind;
 Who will not cause a needless pain
 In body or in mind.

Honour to him who scorns to be
 To name or sect a slave;
 Whose soul is like the sunshine, free,
 Free as the ocean wave;
 Who, when he sees oppression, wrong,
 Speaks out with thunder-tones;
 Who feels that he with truth is strong,
 To grapple e'en with thrones.

71.

Psalm 68.

6. 6. 6. Key E^b.

M. Greiter (c.1525)

{ :d | d :r | m :d | m :f | s | s | f :m | r :d }
 { :s, | l, :t, | d :s, | d :l, .t, | d | t, | d :d | t, :d }

There came a voice that sought mine ear, A lit-tle whis-per,
 Such seemed the whis-per at my side. "What is'thou know'st, sweet

{ :m | m :s | s :m | l :f | m | r | f :s | s :m }
 { :d | l, :s, | d :d .t, | l, :r | d | s, | l, :d | s, :d .t, }

{ m :f | s | l | s :f | m :d | r :r | d ^{DC.} }
 { d :r .d | t, | r | t, :r | d :d | d :t, | d }

sil-ver-clear, A mur-mur, "Be of bet-ter cheer."
 voice!" I cried. "A hid-den hope," the voice re-plied: -

{ l :l | s | f | m :l | l :s | s :f | m }
 { l, :r | s, | r, | m, :f, .s, | l, :m, | s, :s, | d }

{ :d' | d' :d' | t' :s | l :l | s | d' | d' :d' | t' :s }
 { :m | m :m | r :s | s :f | m | m | r :r | r :m }

So heav-en-ly-toned, that in that hour From out my sul-len

{ :s | s :s .l | t' :d' | d' :d' | d' | d' .t | l :fe | s :t }
 { :d | m .r :m .f | s :m | f :f | d | l .s | fe :r | s :m .r }

|| l : l | s : m | f : l | s : m | f : f | l m
 || m : re | m : m | d : f | m : d | r : d | t,

heart a power Broke, like the rain - bow from the shower:

|| : t | t | d' . t | l : t | t : l | l : l | s e
 || d : t, | m : d | f : r | m : l, | r : r | m

: r | m : f | s : f | m : m | r | s | l : t | d' : t
 : t, | d : d | r : r | r : de | r | t, | r : r | d : r

And forth in - to the fields I went, And na - ture's living

: s | s : l | t a : l | l : l . s | f | s | f : s | s : s
 : s | d : l, | s, : r | l, : l, | r | m | r : s | m : r

|| l : l | s : m | d | r : m | f : m | r : - . r | d
 || m : r . d | t, | d | t, : d | d : d | d : t, . t, | d

mo - tion lent The pulse of hope to dis - content.

|| s : fe | s : m | s : s | l : s | s : - . f | l m
 || d : r | s, | l, | s, : d | f, : d | s, : - . s, | d

I wondered at the bounteous hours,
 The slow result of winter showers;
 You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wondered while I paced along:
 The woods were filled so full with song,
 There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seemed all things wrought,
 I marvelled how the mind was brought.
 To anchor by one gloomy thought.

And wherefore rather I made choice
 To commune with that barren voice

72. Tune "Elim"

Key E.

Baker.

{	m	:m	:m		s	:-	:d		r	:-	:r		m	:-	:-
{	d	:d	:d		d	:-	:d		d	:-	:t,		d	:-	:-

Blest be the light that shows the way,

{	s	:s	:s		s	:-	:m		l	:-	:s		s	:-	:-
{	d	:d	:d		m,	:-	:l,		f,	:-	:s,		d	:-	:-

{	s	:s	:s		f	:-	:s		m	:-	:f		r	:-	:-
{	d	:d	:d		d	:-	:t,		d	:-	:d		t,	:-	:-

And blest the way the light has shown;

{	s	:s	:s		l	:-	:s		s	:l	:l		s	:-	:-
{	m	:m	:m		r	:-	:s,		d	:l,	:f,		s,	:-	:-

{	r	:r	:r		r	:-	:r		fe	:-	:fe		s	:-	:-
{	t,	:t,	:t,		l,	:t,	:d		d	:-	:d		t,	:-	:-

We wel-come now the bright - er day,

{	s	:s	:s		fe	:s	:l		l	:-	:r		r	:-	:-
{	s	:s	:s		r	:-	:r		r	:-	:r		s,	:-	:-

<p>{ m : m : m d : d : d</p>	<p>{ m : r : d l, :- : l,</p>	<p>d :- : t, s, :- : s,</p>	<p>d :- :- s, :- :-</p>
			
<p>And ev'-ry faith - - less fear dis - own .</p>			
<p>{ m : s : s d : d : m,</p>	<p>{ s : f :- ., m f, :- : f,</p>	<p>r : m : f s, :- : s,</p>	<p>m :- :- d :- :-</p>

A tyrant god, the soul's despair,
 No more beclouds our earthly lives;
 The heavens are wide, and room is there
 For every soul that upward strives.

In love to God and love to man,
 Our simple creed finds ample scope
 Secure in God's unerring plan,
 We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

Then vanish, spectres of the night,
 That once enthralled the darkened soul;
 Our watchword be the inward light,
 The onward march, the endless goal.

73. Capel.

(C.M.)

Old English.

Key E \flat

{ :d .r :d	m d	:m .r :d	m d	:m .r :d	m t,	:- .r d :t, l
{ :m .f :d	s d	:s .f :d	m d	:m .f :l,	s s,	:- .f m :s, l,

{ :d :d	r d	:r :d	s d	:s .f :t,	m d	:- - :- -
{ :s :m	l f	:l :f	l r	:s :s,	s d	:- - :- -

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is for the lyrics 'Hold fast thy loyalty and know'. The second system is for 'That truth still moveth on.'. Above each staff are rhythmic and melodic notations, including note values and stems. Below the bass staff of each system are two lines of rhythmic notation: the first line shows note values and stems, and the second line shows rhythmic patterns with stems.

Hold fast thy loyalty and know

That truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath
 To work her will and ways,
 And even human scorn and wrath
 God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,
 In heavenly might secure;
 With her is pledge of victory,
 And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,
 The battle to the strong,
 When dawn her judgment days that sift
 The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth
 Can she on thee confer,
 If thou, O heart but give thy youth
 And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee inly bright,
 Thy self-love purge away,
 And lead thee in the path whose light
 Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,
 In her strength shall be strong.
 Shall see their shame become their pride,
 And share her triumph-song.

74. Lowell.

15. 15. 15. 15. 15.

(Copyright.)

W.H.Bell.

Key B \flat : { l, m, l, : t, d r : m | d :- lt, : l, t, | d : t, d r :- m }
 { : l, m, m, : s, ll, : se, | l, : ba, : lse, : l, l, | m, : s, ll, : se, m, }

Count me o'er earth's chosen he - roes they were souls that stood a -

{ : l, m, d : r ll, : m | m :- lm : m r d : r r : t, m }
 { : l, m, l, : s, lf, : m, | l, :- lm, : d t, | l, : s, lf, : m, m, }

{ d :- lt, | t, d r :- s, m : r | d : t, ll, : t, d }
 { m, : fe, ls, | s, s, s, :- s, ls, : s, | s, fe, s, ll, : s, }

lone, While the men they a - go - nised for hurled the

{ d :- lr | m m r :- t, d : r | r : r lr : m }
 { l, :- ls, | m, m, t, :- s, d : t, | l, : s, lf, : m, }

{ r : t, ll, :- s, | s, :- | s, :- s, l, :- l, t, : t, | d r : m ls, :- s, }
 { fe, : s, ls, : fe, s, | s, :- | s, :- s, m, :- m, ll, : s, | s, : s, ls, :- s, }

con - tu me - lious stone; Stood se - rene and down the fu - ture saw the

{ l, : s, m : r t, | t, :- | s, :- s, d :- d r : r | d : d ls, :- s, }
 { r, : m, ld, : r, s, | s, :- | s, :- s, s, :- s, lf, : f, | m, r, d, ls, :- s, }

{ l, :- l, t, : d r | m :- l- | l, l, f :- f m : r | d r : m r : m }
 { m, :- m, ll, : l, | se, :- ll, | l, s, f, :- f, ls, : s, | s, : s, ls, : s, }

gol - den beam in - cline To the side of perfect justice, mastered

{ d :- d r : l, | t, :- ld | m r d :- d ld : t, | d : d lt, : t, }
 { s, :- s, lf, : f, | m, : r, ld, | d t, l, :- l, ls, : f, | m, r, d, ls, : m, }

{ f : m | r : d | r :- | - | d . s, | d : t. d | r : m }
 { l, : l, | m, : m, fe, | s, :- | - | s, s, | s, : l, | l, : se, }

by their faith di - vine, By one man's plain truth to

{ r : d | l, t. : d | d : t. l | t, | m . f | s : f | f : m }
 { r, : m, | f, : l, | s, :- | - | d . r | m : r | l d : t, }

{ d :- | t, : d . r | m :- | f :- | r :- | - : d | d :- | - |
 { l, : fe, | s, : l, l, | se, :- | l, :- | l, :- | s, f : m, | m, :- | - |

man - hood and to God's su - preme de - sign.

{ m : r | r : l, l, | t, :- | r :- | d :- | t, : d | d :- | - |
 { l, :- | s, : f, f, | m, :- | r, :- | s, :- | - : d, | d, :- | - |

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause brings fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward turns aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning heretics, Christ's bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
 One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned.
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven unturned.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves;
 Shall we make their creed our jailor? Shall we in our haste to slay,
 From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
 To light up the martyr fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth;
 Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must pilgrims be,
 Launch our vessel and steer boldly thro' the desperate wintry sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

J. R. Lowell.

75. Zu meinem Herrn.

11. 10. 11. 10.

J. Schicht.

Key Ab. { .s, :l, .t, | d .t, :d .d :r .r | m :d
 { .m, :f, .f, | m, .m, :m, .s, :l, .s, | s, :m, }

Were half the power that fills the earth with ter - ror,

{ .d :d .r | d .m :m .d :d .t, | d :d
 { .d, :f, .r, | l, .se, :l, .m, :f, .s, | d, :d, }

{ .m :r .d | t, .s, :d .t, :l, .l, | s,
 { .s, :s, .,re | s, .r, :s, .s, :s, .fe, | s, }

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

{ .d :r .m,d | r .t, :d .r :m .r,d | t,
 { .d' :t, .l, | s, .,fe,m, .r, :d, .r, | s, }

{ :r :r .d | t, .t, :m .r :d .t, | d :l,
 { :f, :s, .l, | t, .t, :d .t, :l, .se, | l, :m, }

Given to re - deem the hu - man mind from er - ror,

{ :r :r .r | r .f :m .f :m .m | m :d
 { :r, :m, .f, | s, .s, :d, .r, :m, .m, | l, :l, }

{ .r :r .m	f .m :r .d :l, .t,	d :- .
{ .s, :l, .s,	f, .l, :l, .s, :f, .f,	m, :- .

There were no need for ar - se - nals and forts.

{ .ta, :l, .de	r .m :f .m :m .r	d :- .
{ .s, :f, .m,	r, .de, :r, .m, :f, .s,	d, :- .

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which through the ages that have gone before us
 In long reverberations reach our own.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the eternal harmonies.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
 And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
 I hear the voice of Christ once more say "Peace."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melody of love arise.

H. W. Longfellow.

76. Goldington.

(Copyright.)

8.8.8.6.

W. H. Bell.

Key G.

{:m	r	:d	l	s	:m	f .m	:r	l	s	m	}
{:d	t,	:l,	l	s,	:d	d	:t,	l	d	d	}

In law self made thy man-hood lies, Thy

{:s	s .f	:m	l	r	:s	l	:r	l	m	s	}
{:d	s,	:l,	l	t,	:d	f,	:s,	l	d,	d	}

{:r	:m	l	d	:t,	l,	:l,	l	s,	s,	s	:m	l	f	:r	}
{:s,	:s,	l	f	:s,	s,	:f	l	s,	s,	:l,	l	:l,	:l,	}	

own true words shalt thou o - bey: They shall have worship

{:s	:s	l	r	:r	m	:r	d	l	t,	t,	d	:d	l	r	:r	}
{:t,	:d	l	:s,	d,	:r,	l	s,	f,	m,	:l,	l	:f,	:	}		

m : f . s f	m	r : d f . m : r	d :- -
r : de r	de	r : s, l, : t,	d :- -

in thine eyes That can-not pass a - way.

s : l l	s	l : s f : f	m :- -
ta, : l, r	m	f : m r : s,	d :- -

Link the pale present with the past,
 Live in the light of common hours,
 Nor tremble at the passionate blast
 That rocks the world's great towers.

Thou lowly child of earth and sky,
 Love all the brothers of thy blood,
 For others live, for others die
 Not great but nobly good.

The common earth, the general seas,
 Open to all the human race;
 Unchain the sunlight, loose the breeze,
 Make free all time and space.

So shall the human city stand,
 Self-balanced, central, as the sun;
 Each nation hath its fatherland,
 Yet are all nations one.

W. M. W. Call.

77. Palestine.

Key **A^b** { :s s :- .f | m :s f :- .m | r :f m :d | l :r }
 { :d d :- .s, | s, :s, t, :- .d | s, :s, s, :s, | f, :l, }

An offer - ing to the shrine of power Our hands shall nev - er

{ :m m :- .r | d :m r :- .d | t, :r d :d | d :f }
 { :d d :- .d | d :d s, :- .s, | s, :t, d :m, | f, :r, }

{ d :- | t, s s :- .f | m :s f :- .m | r :f }
 { s, :- | - t, d :- .s, | s, :d l, :- .l, | t, :s, }

bring; — A gar - land on the car of pomp Our

{ m :- | r r d :- .t, | d :d r :- .d | t, :r }
 { s, :- | - f, m, :- .r, | d, :m, f, :- .f, | s, :t, }

{ m :f .r | d :t, d :- | - s, r :- .d | t, :s, }
 { s, :l, | s, :f, m, :- | - s, s, :- .l, | s, :s, }

hands shall nev - er fling; Ap - plaud - ing in the

{ d :d .r | m :r d :- | - t, t, :- .d | r :t, }
 { d :f, | s, :s, d, :- | - s, s, :- .s, | s, :s, }

f :- .m | r :r | m :m | fe :fe | s :- l - | s }
 t, :- .d | t, :s, | s, :d | d :l, | s, :- l - | t, }

con-queror's path Our voi-ces ne'er shall be; But

r :- .m | f :f | m :m | r :d | t, :- l - | r }
 s, :- .s, | s, :t, | d :l, | r :r, | s, :- l - | f, }

s :- f | m :s | f :- .m | r :f | m :f .r | d :t, | d :- l - |
 d :- .t, | d :d | l, :- .l, | t, :t, | d :l, | s, :s, | s, :- l - |

we have hearts to hon-our those Who bade the world go free!

d :- .r | d :d | r :- .m | f :r | d :d .r | m :r | m :- l - |
 m, :- .s, | l, :l, | r, :- .r, | s, :s, | l, :f, | s, :s, | d :- l - |

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
 Who made us what we are!
 Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
 With radiance brighter far:
 Glory to them in coming time,
 And through eternity,
 Who burst the captive's galling chain,
 And bade the world go free!

R. Nicoll.

78.

(Copyright.)

Key Bb

W. H. Bell.

{ : l . m , l , : t . d r : m | d : - i t , : l , t , d : t . d r : - m }
 { : l . m , m , : s , l l , : s e , l , : f e , s e , : l , l , m , : s , l l , : s e , m , }

When a deed is done for free - dom, through the broad earth's ach - ing

{ : l . m , d : r l l , : m | m : - i m : m . r d : r l r : l . m }
 { : l . m , l , : s , l f , : m , l , : - i m , : d . t , l , : s , l f , : m , m , }

breast, Runs a thrill of joy pro - phet - ic, trembling

{ d : - i t , t . d r : - s , l m : r | d : t , l l , : t . d }
 { m , : f e , l s , s , s , s , : - s , l s , : s , s , f e , s , l l , : s , }

on from east to west, And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the

{ r : t , l l , : - s , s , : - | s , : - s , l , : - l , i t , t , d . r : m l s , : - s , }
 { f e , s , l s , : f e , s , s , : - | s , : - s , m , : - m , l l , : s , s , : s , l s , : - s , }

soul within him climb To the aw - ful verge of manhood, as the

{ l , : s , l m : r . t , t , : - | s , : - s , d : - d i r : r d : d l s , : - s , }
 { r , : m , l d , : r . s , s , : - | s , : - s , s , : - s , f , f , m . r . d , l s , : - s , }

{ l , : - l , i t , : d . r | m : - l - l . l , f : - f i m : r | d . r : m l r : m }
 { m , : - m , l l , : l , s e , : - l l , l , s , f , : - f i s , : s , s , : s , l s , : s , }

{ d : - d i r : l , t , : - i d | m . r d : - d i d : t , d : d i t , t , }
 { s , : - s , f , f , m , : r , l d , d . t , l , : - l , s , : f , m . r . d , l s , : m , }

en - er - gy su - blime Of a cen - tury bursts full -

blos - somed on the thorn - y stem of Time.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Above the first system, there are two sets of rhythmic notation: the first set is for the vocal line and the second is for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'en - er - gy su - blime Of a cen - tury bursts full -' and 'blos - somed on the thorn - y stem of Time.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with some chords and moving lines in the right hand.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
 Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
 Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
 Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame; —
 In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
 In the strife of Truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
 Some great cause. God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt the darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
 Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
 Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong
 And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
 Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the word;
 Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne —
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

79. Vision.

Key Eb. } :d | m :m | l | :l | s :- | s :f | m :d | d :t, }
 :d | d :d | d | :d | t, :- | t, :r | d :s, | s, :s, }

O vis-ion green and gol-den, Seen by the seers al-

} :m | s :s | f :m | r :- | r :s | s :d | r :f }
 :d | d :d | f, :f, | s, :- | s, :t, | d :m, | s, :s, }

} d :- | - | :d | m :m | l | :l | s :- | s :f | }
 s, :- | - | :d | d :d | d | :d | t, :- | t, :r }

way, Sung by the pro-phets ol-den, By

} m :- | - | :m | s :s | f :m | r :- | r :s | }
 d :- | - | :d | d :d | f, :f, | s, :- | s, :t, }

Bb.t.
 } m¹l, :t, | l, :se, | l, :- | - | :l, | d :- .d | d :d | }
 } d^f, :f, | m, :m, | m, :- | - | :m, | f, :- .f, | m, :re, }

wise men seen to-day: O vis-ion of the

} s^d :r | d :t, | d :- | - | :d | l, :- .l, | l, :l, | }
 } d^f, :r, | m, :m, | l, :- | - | :l, | l, :- .l, | l, :l, | }

f. Eb.

t, :- m, :t,	d :- .d r :m	d s :- - :s	
m, :- m, :se,	l, :- .l, t, :t,	d s :- - :t,	

t, :- t, :m	m :- .m f :f	m t :- - :s	
se, :- se, :m,	l, :- .l, s, :s,	d s :- - :f	

s :s t :l .s	d' :- s :f	m :d d :r	d :- -
d :d f :f	m :d ta, :l,	s, :s, l, :t,	d :- -

s :s s :s	s :- d :d	d :m f :f	m :- -
m :m r :r	d :- m, :f,	s, :s, s, :s,	d :- -

O glory of our dreaming! -
 The thought that gives us life,
 The light about us gleaming,
 Our comfort in the strife:
 A hope in storm and sorrow,
 A star - light in the dark,
 A message from the morrow,
 A sky - song of the lark.

The Wheel goes round but slowly,
 Life's short, and progress long;
 The world rejects the holy,
 And folly seemeth strong;
 But though the path be weary,
 And long the toilsome way;
 We sing, convinced and cheery,
 The coming of The Day.

In darkness and derision
 We hold hope's banner high;
 For if there were no vision
 The world would droop and die;
 And all who do their duty
 This Heavenly Vision see, -
 The Vision of the beauty,
 When Brotherhood shall be.

Allen Clarke.

80. Welcome, welcome.

German Air.

Key Bb. { m ,r | d :s, :d ,l, | s, :m, :l, ,s, }
 { :s, ,f, | m, :m, :f, ,d, | d, :d, :m, ,m, }

Well - come, well - come is the greet - ing Which this

{ :s, ,s, | s, :d :l, ,f, | m, ,s, :d :s, ,s, }
 { :s, ,s, | d, :d, :d, ,d, | d, :d, :d, ,d, }

{ f, :r :l, ,t, | d : :m ,r | d :s, :d ,l, }
 { r, :f, :f, ,f, | m, : :s, ,f, | m, :m, :f, ,d, }

day we give our friends; Joy - ous, joy - ous is the

{ s, :t, :s, ,s, | s, : :s, ,s, | s, :d ,ta, :l, ,f, }
 { s, :s, :r, ,r, | d, : :s, ,s, | d, :d, :d, ,d, }

{ s, :m, :l, ,s, | f, :r :l, ,t, | d : : | s, :- f :m .r }
 { d, :d, :m, ,m, | r, :f, :f, ,f, | m, : : | s, :- l, :s, .f, }

meet - ing Which their kind - ly presence lends. Hands of cheer, and

{ m, ,s, :d :s, ,s, | s, :t, :s, ,s, | s, : : | s, :- t, :t, .t, }
 { d, :d, :d, ,d, | s, :s, :r, ,r, | d, : : | s, :- s, :s, .s, }

d .,m, :s, : m, .,d, :d, :	s, .,t, :r :r t ₂ .,f, :f, :f,	d .,r :m :- m, .,f, :s, :-
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hearts sincere, Find we in our comrades here,

d .,s, :s, : d, .,d, :m, :	s, .,s, :s, :t, r, .,r, :s ₂ :s,	d .,l, :s, :- d, .,d, :d, :-
-------------------------------	--	---------------------------------

s, :- f :m .r s, :- .l, :s, .f,	d .,m, :s, : m, .,d, :d, :	s, .,t, :r :t, t ₂ .,f, :f, :f,	d :- m, :-
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As we fol-low, day by day In the righteous way.

s, :- .t, :t, .t, s ₂ :- .s, :s, .s,	d .,s, :s, : d, .,d, :m, :	s, .,s, :s, :s, r, .,r, :s ₂ :s,	s, :- d, :-
--	-------------------------------	--	----------------

Love is still our richest treasure,
 Casting out each earth-born fear;
 Let the smile of social pleasure
 Beam on all who gather here.
 Hands of cheer, &c.

Like the sun, our feelings glowing,
 Clothe these happy hours in light;
 Like the sun, when we are going,
 Let us leave a radiance bright.
 Hands of cheer, &c.

Shining truth and heavenly gladness
 Quicken every soul with love;
 Gild the twilight hour of sadness
 With a radiance from above.
 Hands of cheer, &c.

(7.7.7.7.7.7.)

81. Dix.

Key G.

C. Kocher.

d	:t, .d	lr	:d	f	:f	lm	:-
s,	:s,	ls,	:s,	f,	:s,	ls,	:-

With - out haste and with - out rest;
Bear it with thee as a spell;

m	:f .m	lr	:m	d	:r	ld	:-
d	:r .d	lt,	:d	l,	:t,	ld	:-

l,	:t,	ld	:l,	s,	:s,	ls,	:- D.C.
l,	:s,	ls,	:f,	m,	:r,	lm,	:-

Bind the mot - to to thy breast,
Storm or sun - shine guard it well;

d	:r	ld	:d	d	:t,	ld	:-
f,	:f,	lm,	:f,	s,	:s,	ld,	:-

m	:r	ld	:m	s	:- .f	lm	:-
s,	:s,	ls,	:s,	s,	:s,	ls,	:-

Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;

d	:s .f	lm	:d	r	:t,	ld	:-
d	:t,	ld	:d	t,	:s,	ld	:-

The image shows a musical score for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are printed below the notes. Above the treble staff, there are two lines of rhythmic notation: the first line has notes labeled 'l, :t, | d :f' and the second line has 'l, :s, | s, :f,'. Above the bass staff, there are two lines of rhythmic notation: the first line has 'd :r | d :d' and the second line has 'd :t, | d :-'. Below the bass staff, there are two lines of rhythmic notation: the first line has 'f, :f, | m, :l,' and the second line has 's, :s, | d, :-'. The lyrics are 'Bear it on - ward to the tomb.'

**Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.**

**Rest not— life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.**

**Haste not, rest not—calm in strife;
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not, rest not; conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.**

After Goethe.

82. Innocents.

(7.7.7.7.)

J. Smith.

Key D.

{	m	:-	.f		s	:d'	it	:l		s	:-		d	:-	.r	}
{	d	:-	.t,		d	:m	lr	:d.r		m	:-		s,	:-	.t,	}

Heir of all the a - ges, I— Heir of

{	s	:-	.f		m	:s	f.s:l.t		d'	:-		m	:-	.f	}
{	d	:-	.r		m	:d	lr.m:f		d	:-		m	:-	.r	}

{	m	:s	lf	:m		r	:-		m	:-	.f	s	:d'	it	:l	}	
{	d	:r	ld	:d		t,	:-		d	:-	.t,	d	:m	lr	:-	.d	}

all that they have wrought! All their store of em - pires

{	s	:t	ll	:s		s	:-		s	:-	.f	m	:m	ls	:fe	}	
{	d	:s,	ll,	:d		s,	:-		d	:-	.r	m	:l,	lt,	d	:r	}

} s :- } t, :-	d :- .r d :- .t,	m :f m :r d :r d :t,	d :- d :-
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high, All their wealth of pre-cious thought.

} s :- } s :f	s :- .f m :- .r	s :l s :s d :f, s, :s,	m :- d :-
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Every golden deed of theirs
 Sheds its lustre on my way;
 All their labours, all their prayers,
 Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned
 By their passion and their tears;
 Heir of all that they have learned
 Through the weary toiling years;

Heir of all the faith sublime
 On whose wings they soared to heaven;
 Heir of every hope that time
 To earth's fainting zone hath given;

Aspirations pure and high,
 Strength to do and to endure;
 Heir of all the ages, I—
 Lo! I am no longer poor!

88. Thurloe.

(7.6.7.6. ter. and Chorus)

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key G.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{d} \ .s : d \quad | - \ .r : m \ .s \\ \underline{d} \ .s : d \quad | - \ .t : d \ .d \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{d} \ .r : m \quad | - \\ \underline{l} \ .t : d \quad | - \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{r} \ .m \\ \underline{t} \ .d \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{d} \ .s : d \quad | - \ .s : s \ .m \\ \underline{d} \ .s : d \quad | - \ .f : m \ .d \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{m} \ .s : s \quad | - \\ \underline{l} \ .s : d \quad | - \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \\ s \ .d \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{f} : s \quad | m : f \\ \underline{d} : r \quad | d : d \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : - \quad | - : - D.C. \\ \underline{d} : t, l, l, t, : - \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{m} \ .r : d \ .t, l, : r \\ \underline{d} \ .t, l, .se, l, : l, \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{l} : s \quad | s : l \\ \underline{l} : t, \quad | d : f, \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : - \quad | - : - \\ s, : - \quad | - : - \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : m \ .r \quad | d : f \ .m \\ \underline{d} \ .s : l, \ .m, \quad | f, : r, \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{t} \ .- : l, \quad | s, \\ \underline{s} \ .r, \quad | r, \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s, \quad | l, : t, \quad | d : r \\ s, \quad | s, : s, \quad | s, : l, \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - \quad | - \\ \underline{l} \ .- \quad | se \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{r} \ .- : d \quad | r \\ \underline{s} \ .- : l, \quad | t, \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \quad | m : r \quad | m : t, \\ t, \quad | d : t, \quad | l, s, : f, \end{array} \right\} \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} t, : - \quad | - \\ m, : - \quad | - \end{array} \right\}$

{ :m | f .m : r .d | t, :m | d : - .t, | l, | t, }
 { :l, | l, :l, | l, :se, | l, :m, | l, m, | s, }

That ri - val na - ture's flow - ers In

{ :de | r :r .m | r :m | m : - .r | d | r }
 { :l, | r .d :t, .l, | f, :m, | l, :se, | l, | s }

{ d :r | m :fe | s : - | - : - | l :s .f | s :m }
 { s, :t, | d :d | d :t, .l, | t, : - | d :d .d | r :d }

all but their per - fume; Come with your brass and

{ d :s | s :r | r : - | - : - | f :m .f | r :s }
 { m :s | d .t, :l, | s, : - | - : - | f, :s, .l, | t, :d }

{ f :m | r | m | l :s .f | m :f | r : - | - }
 { d : - | t, | d | d :d .t, | d :d | t, : - | - }

i - ron, Your sil - ver and your gold.

{ l :d | s | s | f :m .r | d' :l | s : - | - }
 { f, : - | s, | d | f, :s, | l, :r, | s, : - | - }

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

{ :m :d	f :- .m r :d	t, :l, .t, s,	t, } s, :fe, s, s,
			
And arts that change the face of earth Un -			
{ :s :d	l :- .s f :m	r :d t,	r } s, :r, s, s,

{ d :t, m :r.d s, :s, d.t,l,	d :- l- :-	d.s,:d -.r :m .s	} t, :l, s, :f, m.s,:d -.t, :d .d
			
known to men of old. Ga-ther, ye nations,			
{ d :r s :fe m, :s, d, :r,	s :f m :r	m.s,:d -.s :s .m	} s, :- l- :- d.s,:d -.f :m .d

{ d.r :m - l,t,:d -	r.m f :s m :f	r :- l-	s, } t,d d :r d :d d :t,l,l,t, s,
			
ga-ther! From ev'-ry clime and soil, The			
{ m.s:s - l,s,:d -	s l :s s :l	s :- l-	} s,d l, :t, d :f, s, :- l- s,

1, :-t, | d :r | m :-f | s | l | f .,r :r :- :m | d :- | - :-
 1, :-s, | s, :t, | d :- | t, | d | d .,r :r :- :t, | d :- | - :-

new confe-de-ra-tion The Ju-bi-lee of toil!

f :-s | s :s | s :-f | r | f | l .,t :t | - :s.f | m :- | - :-
 f :-f | m :r | d .,t, | l, | s, | f, | r .,s :s | - :s, | d :- | - :-

We strive not for dominion;—
 Who'er the worthiest be,
 Shall bear the palm and garland,
 And crown of victory.
 In kindly emulation
 His willing hand we'll seek,
 And own him for a brother,
 Whatever tongue he speak;
 Whate'er his clime or colour,
 His lineage or his creed,
 To him be honour given
 For honourable deed.

Gather, ye nations, gather!
 Exalt them—for you can—
 The dignity of labour,
 The brotherhood of man.

The world is growing wiser,
 New thoughts and hopes are born;
 Too long we've dwelt in darkness,
 And tarried for the morn.
 Too long in foolish warfare
 We've dipped our bleeding hands;
 But wisdom, taught by suffering,
 Comes beaming o'er the lands.
 Our princes and our people
 The grateful truth have learned,
 And strive for glory finer
 Than Caesar ever earned.

Gather, ye nations, gather!
 Let ancient discords cease,
 And earth, with myriad voices,
 Awake the song of peace!

84. Old 120th (adapted).

From Este's Psalter.

(6.8.8.6.8.6.)

Key D.

{:d	m :f	is :l	s :-	l-		s	l :t	ld' :l	}
{:d	d :-	r m :f	m :-	l-		d	d :r	lm :r	}

Thou must be true thy - self, If thou the truth wouldst

{:m	s :d'	it :l	d' :-	l-		m	m :s	is :fe	}
{:d	d :l,	is, :f,	d :-	l-		d	d :t,	ll, :r	}

{t :-	l-		s	s :s	ld' :t		l :s	ife	
{r :-	l-		m	m :r	ld :s		m :t,	lr	

teach; Thy soul must o - ver - flow, if thou

{s :-	l-		t	d' :s	ll :r'		d' :s	ll	
{s, :-	l-		s,	d :t,	ll, :t,		d :m	lr	

{:s | l :s |s :fe | s :- l- || m | m :m |l :s }
 {:r | m :m |l, :r | r :- l- || d | d :d |f :r }

A - nother's soul would'st reach: It needs the o - ver -

{:s | d' :t |r' :l | t :- l- || s | s :l |d' :ta }
 {:t, | d :m |r :r | s, :- l- || d | t, |l.s, |f, :s, }

{f :m |r | s | f :m |r :r' | d :- l- }
 {d :d |t, | t, | d.r :d |d :t, | d :- l- }

flow of heart To give the lips full speech.

{l :s |s | s | l.s :s |s :s.f | m :- l- }
 {l, :d |s, | m | l,t, :d |s, :s, | d :- l- }

Think truly and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

85.

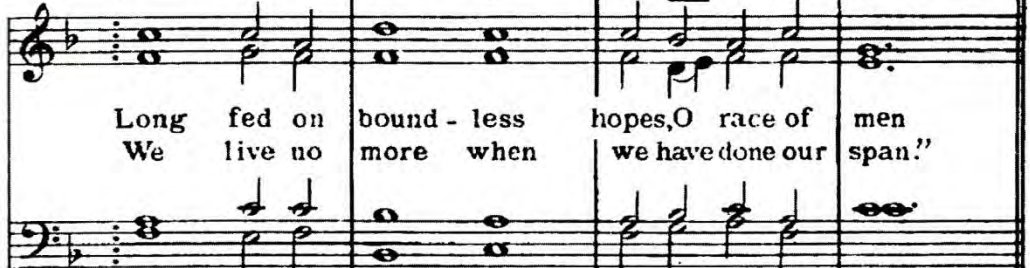
10.10.10.10 D. 10.10.10. D.

Key F.

Orlands Gibbons.

Verses 1 and 2.

{ s :- s :m	l :- s :-	s :f m :s	r :- l -
{ d :- r :d	d :- d :-	d :l,t, d :d	t, :- l -



Long fed on bound - less hopes, O race of men
 We live no more when we have done our span."

{ m :- s :s	f :- m :-	m :f s :m	s :- l -
{ d :- t, :d	f, :- s, :-	d :r m :d	s :- l -

{ r m :d f :r	s :d m :r	d :- l -
{ t, d :l, l, :t,	d :d d :t,	d :- l -



How an - gri - ly thou spurn'st all sim - pler fare!
 "Well then, for Christ, thou an - swerest, who can care?"

{ s s :f f :s	s :l s :- f	m :- l -
{ s d :f r :s	m :f s :s,	d :- l -

{:m :d	f :s ll :l d :ta, ll, ta:d	r :s ls :fe r :ma ll, :l,	s :- l- t, :- l-
-----------	-------------------------------	------------------------------	---------------------

“Christ,” some-one says, “was hu-man as we are;
From sin, which heaven re-cords not, why for-bear?

{:s :d	d :r.m f.s :l l, :s, lf, :f,	l :s lr :r ta, :d lr :r,	r :- l- l, :- l-
-----------	-----------------------------------	-----------------------------	---------------------

{:t, :s,	d :r lm :- f s, :l,t, d :t, .l,	s :l lr :r s, :d ld :t,	d :- l- :- d :- l- :-	<i>D.C.</i>
-------------	--------------------------------------	----------------------------	--------------------------	-------------

No judge eyes us from heaven, our sin to scan;
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!

{:r :s,	s :f ls :- .r m, :r, ld, :- .r,	s :f.m r :r m, :f, s, :s,	m :- l- :- d :- l- :-
------------	------------------------------------	----------------------------------	--------------------------

V.3.

s :-	ls :m	l :-	ls :-	s :f	lm :s	r :-	l-
d :-	lr :d	d :-	ld :-	d :l,t,	d :d	t, :-	l-

So answerest thou; but why not rather say:

m :-	ls :s	f :-	lm :-	m :f	ls :m	s :-	l-
d :-	lt, :d	f, :-	ls, :-	d :r	lm :d	s :-	l-

r	m :d	lf :r	s :d	lm :r	d :-	l-
t,	d :l,	ll, :t,	d :d	ld :t,	d :-	l-

"Hath man no se- cond life? Pitch this one high!

s	s :f	lf :s	s :l	ls :-	.f	m :-	l-
s	d :f	lr :s	m :f	ls :s,		d :-	l-

m	f :s	ll :l	r :s	ls :fe	s :-	l- :-
d	d :ta,	ll.ta:d	r :ma	ll, :l,	t, :-	l- :-

Sits there no judge in heaven, our sin to see?

s	d :r.m	f.s :l	l :s	lr :r	r :-	l- :-
d	l, :s,	f, :f,	ta, :d	lr :r,	s, :-	l- :-

V.4.

{ s :- | s :m | l :- | s :- | s :f | m :s | r :- | l -
 { d :- | r :d | d :- | d :- | d :l,t | d :d | t, :- | l -

More strictly, then, the in-ward judge o - bey

{ m :- | s :s | f :- | m :- | m :f | s :m | s :- | l -
 { d :- | t, :d | f, :- | s, :- | d :r | m :d | s :- | l -

{ r | m :d | f :r | s :d | m :r | d
 { t, | d :l, | l, :t, | d :d | d :t, | d

Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try

{ s | s :f | f :s | s :l | s :- | f | m
 { s | d :f | r :s | m :f | s :s, | l,

{ t, | d :r | m :- | f | s :l | r :r | d :-
 { s, | s, :l, t, | d :t, l, s, :d | d :t, | d :-

If we, then, too can be such men as He!"

{ s | s :f | s :- | r | s :f | m | r :r | m :-
 { s, | m, :r, | d, :- | r, | m, :f, | s, :s, | d :-

86. Bridgewater.

5.4.5.4.D.

Old English.

Key G.

{ m :- l m : r	d : l, s, :-	r :- l d : r	m :- l - :-
{ s, :- l m, : f,	s, : f, m, :-	s, :- l s, : s,	s, :- l - :-

In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light,

{ d :- l s, : t,	d :- l d :-	t, :- l l, : t,	d :- l - :-
{ d, :- l d, : r,	m, : f, d :-	s, :- l s, : s,	d, :- l - :-

{ m :- l r : d	l, : s, f, :-	s, :- l d : r	d :- l - :-
{ d :- l t, : s,	f, : m, r, :-	s, :- l l, : l,	s, :- l - :-

Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn till night!

{ s, :- l f : s	d :- l d :-	m :- l m : r	m :- l - :-
{ d, :- l r, : m,	f, : s, l, :-	s, :- l f, : f,	d, :- l - :-

m :- lm :f | s :f lm :- | m :- lr :d | r :- l- :-
 d :- ld :d | d :t, ld :- | d :- lt, :l, | t, :- l- :-

In - to the moon-light Whi - ter than snow,

s :- ls :s | s :- ls :- | s :- lf :f | r :- l- :-
 d :- ld :r | m :r ld :- | l, :- lr, :r, | s, :- l- :-

m :- lr :d | l, :s, lf, :- | s, :- ld :r | d :- l- :-
 d :- lt, :s, | f, :m, lr, :- | s, :- ll, :l, | s, :- l- :-

Wav - ing so flower - like When the winds blow!

d :- lf :s | d :- ld :- | m :- lm :r | m :- l- :-
 d, :- lr, :m, | f, :s, ll, :- | s, :- lf, :f, | d, :- l- :-

Into the starlight
 Rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight,
 Happy the day!
 Ever in motion,
 Blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward,
 Never awearry;—

Glad of all weathers,
 Still seeming best,
 Upward or downward,
 Motion thy rest;
 Full of a nature
 Nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment,
 Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
 Ceaseless content,
 Darkness or sunshine,
 Thy element;—
 Glorious fountain,
 Let my heart be
 Fresh, changeful, constant,
 Upward like thee!

87. Ravensburg.

Key A.

$\{$	$d :s, l, :-.m,$	$f, .s, :l, .t, d :s,$	$m .d :s .m r :-.d \}$
$\{$	$d :s, l, :-.m,$	$f, .s, :l, .t, d :s,$	$s, :s, s, :-.s, \}$
	Hap-py they who are not wea-ry Of this life's per-		
			
$\{$	$d :s, l, :-.m,$	$f, .s, :l, .t, d :s,$	$d :d t, :-.d \}$
$\{$	$d :s, l, :-.m,$	$f, .s, :l, .t, d :s,$	$d, :m, s, :-.m, \}$
$\{$	$t, :l, s, :$	$d :s, l, :-.m,$	$f, .s, :l, .t, d :s, \}$
$\{$	$s, :fe, s, :$	$d :s, l, :-.m,$	$f, .s, :l, .t, d :s, \}$
	pe-tual round, Who, at each fresh task of du - ty,		
			
$\{$	$r :d t, :$	$d :s, l, :-.m,$	$f, .s, :l, .t, d :s, \}$
$\{$	$r, :r, s, :$	$d :s, l, :-.m,$	$f, .s, :l, .t, d :s, \}$
$\{$	$m .d :s .m r :-.d$	$t, :l, s, :$	$s, :d l, :-.l, \}$
$\{$	$s, :d .ta, l, :s, l,$	$s, :fe, s, :$	$m, :m, f, :-.s, \}$
	Feel their powers in gladness bound; Who are bent on		
			
$\{$	$d .m :m .s fe :s .m$	$r :d t, :$	$d :d d, :-.de, \}$
$\{$	$d, :d d :t, .d$	$r :r, s, :$	$d, :d, f, :-.m, \}$

{ r :- .d | t, :s, | f :r | m :-r | d.t.:d.m|r :- | s, :d | l, :-l, }
 { f, :s,l, | s, :s, | f, :s, | s, :-s, | s, :fe, | s, :- | s, :m, | f, :s, }

winning knowledge, Benton living true and high, And on some good

{ r :- .r | r :t, | d :r | d :-r | m :r.d | t, :- | d :d | d :de }
 { r, :m,f, | s, :s, | l, :t, | d :-t, | l, :r, | s, :- | m, :d, | f, :m, }

{ r :- .d | d.t.:l,s, | f :- .f | m :r | d :t, | d : |
 { fe, :- .fe, | f, :f | s, :t, | ita, :l, | s, :s, | s, : |

work achiev-ing Amongst men be-fore they die.

{ r :- .r | r :t, | r :s | s :f | m :r | m : |
 { r, :- .r, | s, :s, | t, :s, | d :f, | s, :s, | d, : |

Voices from behind, before us,
 From within, and round us roll:—
 Firm to truth and love, and loyal
 Be with lip, and hand, and soul.
 Oh, what triumphs are before you,
 As the years and ages move;
 Error banished by true knowledge,
 Coldness by the breath of love.

Noble thought becoming freer,
 Uttered whole in word or deed;
 Bigotry and thralldom dying,
 Of the State and of the Creed;
 Till of man a nobler pattern
 Sun and earth at length behold,
 Broader minded, broader hearted,
 Tender, manly, reverent, bold.

T. W. Chignell.

88. Honour to all.

(From "General Gordon," by permission of Messrs J. Curwen & Sons.)

Key B^b

J. M. Jolley.

<p>{ m :-r :d d :-t, :l, l, :- :- s, :- :s }</p> <p>{ s, :-f, :m, l, :-s, :f, f, :- :- m, :- :m, }</p>	<p>{ s, :d :m m :-r:d r :- :- :- : } m :-r:d d :-t, :l, }</p> <p>{ m, :m, :s, s, :-s, :s, s, :- :- :- : } s, :-f, :m, l, :-s, :f, }</p>	<p>{ l, :- :- s, :- :s, s, :d :m r :-d:t, d :- :- :- : }</p> <p>{ f, :- :- m, :- :m, m, :m, :s, f, :-m, :f, m, :- :- :- : }</p>
<p>Hon - our to all who are aim - - ing The</p>		
<p>welfare of o - thers to serve, Still by their actions pro-</p>		
<p>claim - ing They never from du - ty will swerve. <i>Fine.</i></p>		

F. t.

|| s : s :- f : m | m :- r : d | t, :- :- | d :- : m }
 || s, d :- . d : d | t, :- . t, : d | s, :- :- | s, :- : d }

Hon - our to no - ble de - vo - - tion, Sur -

|| t, m :- . l : s | s :- . f : m | r :- :- | m :- : s }
 || s, d :- . d : d | s, :- . s, : s, | s, :- :- | d :- : d }

|| r : s : s | f e :- s : l | s :- :- | :- :- : | s :- f : m | m :- r : d }
 || t, : t, : t, | l, :- t, : d | t, :- :- | :- :- : | d :- d : d | t, :- t, : d }

ren - dering comfort for toil, Seeking with earnest e -

|| s : r : r | r :- r : r | r :- :- | :- :- : | m :- l : s | s :- f : m }
 || s, : s, : s, | r, :- r, : r, | s, :- :- | :- :- : | d :- d : d | s, :- s, : s, }

|| t, :- :- | f :- : f | m : f : m | r :- m : r | ^{f. B_b.} s, :- :- | :- :- : | *D.C.* }
 || s, :- :- | t, :- : t, | d : d : d | t, :- t, : t, | ^d s, :- :- | :- :- : }

mo - tion The strongholds of e - vil to spoil.

|| r :- :- | r :- : s | s : l : s | f :- s : f | ^m t, :- :- | :- :- : }
 || s, :- :- | s, :- : s, | d : d : d | s, :- s, : s, | ^d s, :- :- | :- :- : }

Honour to him who is striving
 The mischiefs of life to abate,
 Sorrowful spirits reviving,
 And cheering the victims of fate.
 Honour to him who will labour
 That some who are weary may rest,
 Willing to give to his neighbour
 The peace that is filling his breast.
 Honour to all who are aiming, etc.

These are the men to whose glory
 The voice of the people should swell,
 Men whose whole life is a story
 That angels with pleasure might tell.
 These are the men who have told us
 The beauty of virtue and worth,
 Who, by their conduct, withhold us
 From doubting the good upon earth.
 Honour to all who are aiming, etc.

89. Was lebet, was schwebet.

(12.10.12.10.)

German.

Key D.

d :d :r	m :m :s	f :-m :r	m :-m :m
s, :l, :t,	d :d :r	d :-d :t,	d :-d :d

Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Child of hu - ma - ni - ty!

m :f :f	s :s :s	l :-s :s	s :-s :s
d :f .m :r	d :d :t,	l, :-d :s,	d :-d :d

r :d :r	m :fe :s	s :l :fe	s :- :-
l, .t, :d :t,	d :l, :s,	m :m :r	r :- :-

Pledge of af - fec - tion, and bond for all time;

f :s :f	s :d' :t	d' :d' :l	t :- :-
f :m :r	d :r :m	d :l, :r	s :- :-

{	d' :d' :ta		l :l :s		f :s :m		r :-:r:r
{	d :m .f :s		s :f :m		r :r :d		t, :-:t,t,

Lov - ing hands guard thee from sin and pro - fa - ni - ty,

{	s :s :d'		d' :d' :d'		l :s :s		s :-:s:s
{	m :d .r :m		f :f :d		r :t, :d		s, :-:s:f

{	s :s :m		l :t :d'		d' :r' :t		d' :- :-
{	d :r :d		d :f :m		f :f :r		m :- :-

Sow in thee seeds of a harvest su - blime!

{	s :s :s		f :r' :d'		l :l :s		s :- :-
{	m :t, :d		f :s :l		f :r :s		d :- :-

Heir of the blessings that mankind have won for thee
 Blessings achieved by their courage and skill;
 Child of the present, what others have done for thee
 May'st thou excel by deeds loftier still!

Thou who art helpless, we open our arms to thee;
 Thou for our sorrows a balm wilt provide;
 Thy little storms we will kiss into calms for thee;
 Thy little bark shall in safe waters glide.

Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Child of the bright new morn!
 Clinging for help to the mother's heart now;
 Hail to thee! Token of days when the light shall dawn
 Over the hills of a world pure as thou.

F. W. Bockett.

90. Wigton.

D. C. M.

Scotch Psalter.

Key F.

{:m	m	:m	f	:-.m	r .d	:r	d
{:s,	s,	:l,	l,	:-.d	l,	:t,	d

Who is thy neigh - bour? He whom thou

{:s	m	:d	r	:-.s	f .m	:s .f	m
{:d	d	:l,	r,	:-.m,	f, .l,	:s,	d

{:m	m	:r	m	:f	s	:-	-	r	}
{:d	s,	:s,	s,	:d	t,	:-	-	ta,	}

Hast power to aid or bless; 'Tis

{:s	d	:r	d	:d	r	:-	-	s	}
{:d	d	:t,	d .t,	:l,	s,	:-	-	s,	}

{r :m |l :s | f :m |r
 {ta, :d |l, :t, | d .s, :s, .l, |t,

he whose care - worn burn - ing brow

{s :s |f :m | m .r :m .f |s
 {s, :d |f, :s, | l, .t, :d |s,

{r | m :f |r :r~ | d :- | - :-
 {s, | s, :l, |s, :- .f, | m, :- | - :-

Thy soothing hand may press.

{s | m :d |d :t, | d :- | - :-
 {t, | d :f, |s, :s, | d, :- | - :-

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
 Whose eye with want is dim:
 Oh, enter thou his humble door
 With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim;
 With words of high sustaining hope
 Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the weary slave
 Fettered in mind and limb;
 He hath no hope this side the grave:
 Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 A breaking heart from misery;
 Go share thy lot with him.

91. Das walt' Gott Vater.

L.M.

Key E \flat

J. S. Bach.

{:d {:s,	m d	:s :d	l s l t,	:m :t,	d t, .l,	:r :s,	l m l s,
-------------	--------	----------	-------------	-----------	-------------	-----------	-------------

Love thou thy land with love far-brought

{:m {:d	s d	:s :m, .f,	l r l s,	:m :se,	m l,	:r :t,	l d l d
------------	--------	---------------	-------------	------------	---------	-----------	------------

{:d {:s,	s d	:s :r	l l l m .fe	:t :s	d' .t s	:l :- .fe	l s l r
-------------	--------	----------	----------------	----------	------------	--------------	------------

From out the storied past, and used

{:m {:d	m d	:s :- .t,	l d' l l,	:t :m .r	m' d	:l :r	l t l s,
------------	--------	--------------	--------------	-------------	---------	----------	-------------

{s | m :s | l :s | f :m | r
 {r | r .d.,t :d | l d :d | r .s, | s, .d | d .t,

With - in the pre - sent, but trans - fus'd

{s | s :s | l s .f :f .m | r :m .f | s
 {t, | d :m .d | l, :d | d .t, :d | s,

Through fu - ture time by power of thought.

{s | m .f :s | l f :m .r | d :r | d
 {r | d :d | d :t, | l, .d :- .t, | d

{s | s :s | l :s .f | m :s .,f | m
 {t, | d :m, | l f, :s, | l, :s, | d

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
 But let her herald, reverence, fly
 Before her to whatever sky
 Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years;
 Cut prejudice against the grain;
 But gentle word are always gain:
 Regard the weakness of thy peers.

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
 Of pension, neither count on praise:
 It grows to guerdon after-days;
 Nor deal in watchwords over-much:

Nor clinging to some ancient saw,
 Nor mastered by some modern term;
 Nor swift nor slow to change, but firm:
 And in its season bring the law.

Tennyson.

92. Les commandemens de Dieu.

(9.8.9.8.)

Genevan Psalter.

Key G.

<p>{ d :d .r m .m :f .f { s, :l, .t, d .d :d .d</p>	<p>m :r - d :t, -</p>
--	--

Say not, the struggle nought a - vail - eth,

<p>{ m :m .s s .s :l .l { d :l, .s, d .d :f, .f,</p>	<p>s :s - d :s, -</p>
---	--

<p>{ m f .m :r .d t, :d { d d .d :l, .m, s, :s, .l,</p>	<p>r :- - t, :- -</p>
--	--

The labour and the wounds are vain;

<p>{ s f .s :f .d r :d { d l, .d :f, .l, s, :m,</p>	<p>s :- - s, :- -</p>
--	--

{ :r | s :f .m lr :t, | d .t, :l, | s, |
 { :t, | s, :l, .d, ll, :s, f, | m, .s, :s, :fe, | s, |

The ene - my faints not, nor fail - eth,

{ :s | d :f .s | f :r | d .r :m .r | t, |
 { :s, | m, :r, .m, | f, :s, | l, .t, :d .r | s, |

{ :m | f .m :r .d lm :r | d :- | - |
 { :s, | f, .s, :l, .m, | s, .l, :t, | d :- | - |

And as things have been, they re - main.

{ :d | d .d :l, .d | d :s .f | m :- | - |
 { :d | l, .d :f, .l, | m, .f, :s, | d, :- | - |

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look? the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

93. Work, for the night is coming!

Dr. Lowell Mason.

Key F. $\left. \begin{array}{l} s : m \text{ ,} f | s : s \\ m : d \text{ ,} r | m : m \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} l : - | s : - \\ f : - | m : - \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} d : d \text{ ,} d | d : r \\ d : d \text{ ,} d | d : t, \end{array} \right\}$

Work for the night is com - ing! Work through the morn - ing

$\left. \begin{array}{l} d : d \text{ ,} d | d : d \\ d : d \text{ ,} d | d : d \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} d : - | d : - \\ f, : - | d : - \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} m : m \text{ ,} d | m : s \\ d : d \text{ ,} d | d : s, \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} m : - | - : \\ d : - | - : \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} s : m \text{ ,} f | s : s \\ m : d \text{ ,} r | m : m \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} l : - | s : - \\ f : - | m : - \end{array} \right\}$

hours: Work, while the dew is spark - ling,

$\left. \begin{array}{l} s : - | - : \\ d : - | - : \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} d : d \text{ ,} d | d : d \\ d : d \text{ ,} d | d : d \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} d : - | d : - \\ f, : - | d : - \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} d : r | m : r \\ d : d | d : t, \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} d : - | - : \\ d : - | - : \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} r : r \text{ ,} r | r : m \\ t, : t, \text{ ,} t, | t, : d \end{array} \right\}$

Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work, when the day grows

$\left. \begin{array}{l} s : l | s : f \\ m : f | s : s, \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} m : - | - : \\ d : - | - : \end{array} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{array}{l} s : s \text{ ,} s | s : s \\ s, : s, \text{ ,} s, | s, : s, \end{array} \right\}$

f :- .m | r :- | m :m ,m | m :fe | s :- | - : |
 r :- .d | t, :- | d :d ,d | d :d | t, :- | - : |

brigh - ter, Work in the glow - ing sun;

s :- | s :- | s :s ,s | m :r | r :- | - : |
 s, :- | s, :- | d :d ,d | d :l, | s, :- | - : |

s :m ,f | s :s | l :- | s :- | d :r | m :r | d :- | - : |
 m :d ,r | m :m | f :- | m :- | d :d | d :t, | d :- | - : |

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

d :d ,d | d :d | d :- | d :- | s :l | s :f | m :- | - : |
 d :d ,d | d :d | f, :- | d :- | m :f | s :s, | d :- | - : |

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing.
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Sidney Dyer.

94. Kindly Light.

(Copyright.)

Irregular.

W. H. Bell.

Key D \flat .

{	m :- l r : d	s : s l l : d'	d' : t l l : s	l :- l s : m	}
{	d :- l t, : d	f : m l m : m	r : r l m :-	f : m l r : d	}

Lead, kindly light, amid th'en-circling gloom, Lead thou me

{	s :- l s : s	t : d' l d' : d'	l : t l d' :-	d' :- l t : s	}
{	d :- l f : m	r : d l l : s	f : f l m :-	r :- l s : d	}

{	r :- l - : m	l :- m l m : l	t : d' l r' : d'	t :- l l :-	d' :- l t : d'	}
{	d :- l t, : d	m :- t, l t, : m	m : m l m : m	r :- l - :-	m :- l r : m	}

on; The night is dark and I am far from home, Lead thou me

{	s :- l - : s	d' :- s l s : d'	t : l l s e : l m	ba : se l l :-	l :- l ba : se	}
{	s, :- l - : d	l, :- m l m : m	r : d l t, : l,	r : m l f :-	m :- l m : m	}

{ l :- l- || m f :- l l :- s :s l l :t d' :- .t | r' :d' }
 { d :- l- || d d :- l f :m r :r | m :f .s l :- .s | f e :f e }

on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The

{ l :- l- || l l :- l d' :- t :t | d' :r' m' :- .r' | d' :r' }
 { l, :- l- || l, r :- | s, :- s :f | m :r d :- .r | l :l }

{ t :l . l m :- - :- l :- m s :- l :- d r :- l :- d d :- l :- }
 { s :d . r | m :- - :- l :- d t, :- | d :d d : | t :d d :- l :- }

dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

{ r' :l . t | d' :- - :- l :- d' f :- | s :m f :- | l :m m :- | l :- }
 { s :f | l :- - :- l :- l r :- | m :l, s, :- | l :- d d :- | l :- }

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on.
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
 So long thy power hath blest me sure it will
 Still lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angels' faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman.

95. Wir Pflüger.

7.6.7.6.D with refrain.

J. A. P. Scholz.

Key A. {s, d : d | s, : s, m :- | d : s, f, : m, | r, : d, s, :- | l-
 {s, d : d | s, : s, m :- | d : s, f, : m, | r, : d, s, :- | l-

There's light upon the corn - field, And yellow grows the grain,

{s, d : d | s, : s, m :- | d : s, f, : m, | r, : d, s, :- | l-
 {s, d : d | s, : s, m :- | d : s, f, : m, | r, : d, s, :- | l-

{:d t, : l, | s, : m r : d | t, : s, l, : m | r : fe, | s, :- | l-
 {:s, s, : fe, | s, : s, s, : fe, | s, : s, s, : fe, : r, r, :- | l-

The summer now is o - ver, And the harvest comes a - main;

{:d r : r | r : d t, : l, | s, : r m : l, | l, : d t, :- | l-
 {:m, r, : d, | t, : d, r, :- | m, : t, d, : d, | r, : r, s, :- | l-

{:s, r : r | m : m f :- | r : r s : s | f : m r :- | l-
 {:s, s, : s, | s, : s, s, : s, s, : s, | s, : s, s, :- | l-

The year is crowned with glo - ry, The vales with corn are glad,

{:s, t, : t, | d : d t, :- | t, : t, d : d | t, : d t, :- | l-
 {:s, f, : f, | m, : m, r, :- | s, : f, m, : m, | r, : d, s, :- | l-

{:s, d : d | s, : s, l, :- | m, : m, f, :-, | r, : s, t, d :- | l-
 {:s, d : d | s, : s, l, :- | m, : m, f, :-, | r, : s, f, m, :- | l-

But the reaper's voice is si - lent, The farmer's heart is sad.

{:s, d : d | s, : s, l, :- | m, : m, f, :-, | r, : s, r d :- | l-
 {:s, d : d | s, : s, l, :- | m, : m, f, :-, | r, : s, s, d :- | l-

Chorus.

{:d	d :d d :d	r :- r :r	m :..s f :m	r :- l-
{:m,	m, :m, m, :m,	s, :- s, :t,	d :-.d d :d	t, :- l-

Cheer up, despondent work-ers! When wine and corn a-bound,

{:d	s, :s, d :m	t, :- t, :s	s :-.s s :s	s :- l-
{:d	d :s m :d	s :- s :s	d :-.m' m' :d	s :- l-

{:r	m :r m :-.r	d :t, d :-.s,	<u>l, :r d :t,</u>	d :- l-
{:s,	s, :s, s, :-.s,	m, :s, l, :-.s,	<u>f, :l, s, :-</u>	s, :- l-

For those who sow and reap our fields Shall joy be found.

{:r	d :t, d :-.t,	l, :m m :-.d	<u>d :f m :r</u>	m :- l-
{:t,	d :s, d :-.s,	l, :m, l, :-.m,	<u>f, :r, s, :-</u>	d, :- l-

The lords have now their vintage,
 The bankers claim the corn,
 The produce of the farmer
 By craft and guilt is torn
 From both himself and household
 To spend in court and hall
 On minions and their masters
 Who crowd the hunt and ball.

Arise, O downcast toiler!
 With sickle in thy hand,
 Two harvests lie this morning
 The length of this good land!
 The one is now before thee,
 With plenty for thy need;
 Let the idlers reap the whirlwind
 Of which they've sown the seed.

John Glasse.

96. Queen Pastores Laudavere.

15th Century German.

7. 7. 7. 7. Key F.

{	d	:	d	:	m		s	:-	:	m		f	:	s	:	l		s	:-	:	r		
{	d	:	d	:	d		r	:-	:	d		d	:-	:	d		d	:-	:	t,			

Is this a ho - ly thing to see

{	m	:	m	:	s		s	:-	:	s		f	:-	:	f		r	:	m	:	f		
{	d	:	d	:	d		t,	:-	:	d		l,	:-	:	f,		s,	:-	:	-			

{	m	:	f	:	s		f	:	m	:	r		d	:-	:	l,		t,	:-	:	s,	
{	d	:-	:	d		l,	:-	:	t,		l,	:-	:	fe,		s,	:-	:	-			

In a rich and fruit - ful land -

{	m	:-	:	m		f	:-	:	f		m	:-	:	r		r	:-	:	t,			
{	d	:-	:	m		r	:-	:	s,		l,	:-	:	r		s,	:-	:	-			

<p>{ m :- :f s, :- :d</p>	<p>s :- :l d :- :d</p>	<p>s :- :r d :- :t,</p>	<p>m :- :d t, :- :l,</p>
<p>{ d :- :d d :- :l,</p>	<p>d :- :f m, :- :f,</p>	<p>r :m :f s, :- :s,</p>	<p>m :- :- se, :- :l,</p>
<p>Babes re-duced to mi-se-ry,</p>			
<p>{ f :- :f l, :- :r</p>	<p>m :r :d t, :- :l,</p>	<p>d :l, :t, l, :- :s,</p>	<p>d :- :- s, :- :-</p>
<p>{ f :- :l r, :- :r,</p>	<p>se :- :m m, :- :l,</p>	<p>f :- :f r, :- :s,</p>	<p>m :- :- d :- :-</p>
<p>Fed with cold and us'-rous hand?</p>			

Is that trembling cry a song?
 Can it be a song of joy?
 And so many children poor!
 Is it a land of poverty?

And their sun does never shine,
 And their fields are black and bare,
 And their ways are filled with thorns;
 It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
 And where'er the rain does fall,
 Babes should never hunger there,
 Nor poverty the mind appal.

W. Blake.

97. Tune "Penkhull."

(Copyright.)

Robert Bullock.
A.R.C.M.

Con Spirito.

Key A.

{:d	l, :t, ld :r	d :- lt,	d	r :m lf :f	m :- l-
{:s,	f, :f, ls, :l,	s, :- ls,	s,	l, :s, ll, :s,	s, :- l-

f The good time is un - fold - ing, And on the rim of night,

{:d	d :r ld :f	m :- lr	d	d :d ld :t,	d :- l-
{:m,	f, :r, lm, :f,	s, :- ls,	m,	f, :m, lr, :s,	d, :- l-

{:m	s :r,m lf :f	m :- lt,	d	r : <u>d</u> ,l,ls, :fe,	s, :- l-
{:s,	s, :s, lf, :l,	l, :se,lse,	l,	s, : <u>s</u> ,m,lr, :r,	r, :- l-

Our glad eyes are be - hold - ing The bless - o - ming of light.

{:d	r :r ld : <u>r</u> .d	d :t, lm	m	f : <u>m</u> .d t, :d	t, :- l-
{:d	t, :ta, ll, :r,	m, :- lr,	d,	t ₂ :d, lr, :r,	s, :- l-

{ :s, l, :-d lt, :r | d :- ls, | s, d :d lr :r | m :- l- |
 { :s, l, :-d lt, :r | d :- ls, | s, s, :m, ll, :l, | se, :- l- |

ff The thun-der and the ter - ror. *p* The ag-onies and aches,

{ :s, l, :-d lt, :r | d :- ls, | t, d :d lf :r.l, | t, :- l- |
 { :s, l, :-d lt, :r | d :- ls, | s.f, m, :l, lf, :f, | m, :- l- |

{ :m | f :t, ld :m.r | d :- lt, | d | l, :f.r | d :t, | d :- l- |
 { :s, f, :s, ls, :l, | s, :- ls, | s, f, :l, ls, :f, | m, :- l- |

cresc. The e-vil and the err- or *ff* Shall pass, a love a - wakes.

{ :d | d :r | d :s.f | m :- lr | d | d :r.f | m :r | d :- l- |
 { :ta, l, :f, | m, :f, | s, :- ls, | m, f, :r, | s, :s, | d, :- l- |

mf The world of warful ages, *R* What martyrs strove and hoped for
 Hath suffered and hath sought, In many an age and clime,
 While prophets, teachers, sages, What generations groped for,
 And all who loved and wrought, The sweet and splendid time,
acc. Have told the one great story, When men no more shall perish
 And lived and died to prove — In bitterness and blood,
 How men shall grow to glory *f* Shall come, and earth shall flourish
 When they have learned to love. In love and brotherhood.

ff For sure as from the seed-time
 The honest harvest grows,
 The thought-time brings the deed-time
 The cornfield and the rose.
 Right from the sun's beginning,
 All things below, above,
 Have worked, and now are winning
 The world to light and love.

Allen Clarke.

98. Harbinger.

6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. Unison.

W. H. Bell.

Key B \flat .

{s, :-	d, :m, s, :-s,	l, :-	s, :-	d :l, m, :-f, }
{s, :-	d, :m, s, :-s,	l, :-	s, :-	s, :f, m, :-d, }

Toil on and sow the seed To fill the na-tion's

{s, :-	d, :m, s, :-s,	l, :-	f :-	m :d d :-d }
{s, :-	d, :m, s, :-s,	l, :-	t, :-	d :f, l, :-l, }

{s,	s, l, :t,	d :l, r :s,	t, :- l, :-	s, :- l-
{r,	r, m, :s,	s, :m, s, :m,	s, :- fe, :-	s, :- l-

need; Some day the har-vest shall shine fair:

{t,	t, d :r	d :- r :t,	r :- d :-	t, :- l-
{s,	s, s, :f,	m, :d, t2 :m,	r, :- r, :-	s, :- l-

{:t, | d :r | m :- .d | r :- | s, :- | m :r | d :- .t, }
 {:s, | s, :l, | s, :- .s, | s, :- | s, :- | d :t, | l, :se, }

Laws that for eye en-dure, Full flower and fruit. as -

{:r | m :f | d :- .l, | t, :- | r :- | m :f | m :r }
 {:s, | s, :s, | s, :- .s, | s, :- | t, :- | d :r | m :m, }

{|l, | t, | d :l, | r :f | m :d | m :- | r :- | d :- }
 {|l, | s, | s, :f, | l :s, | s, :m, | s, :- | f, :- | m, :- }

sure, So comrades, doubt not, nor des - pair.

{|d | r | d :d | f :r | d :d | d :- | t, :- | d :- }
 {|f, | f, | m, :f, | r, :t, | d, :l, | s, :- | s, :- | d, :- }

Hope on, the Truth is ours;	March on then, steadfast, brave,
Storms, rain, and adverse powers	Sweet 'tis to help and save
Cannot against our cause prevail;	Souls bound in want and woe and gloom,
Falsehood shall fade away,	Strive to abolish strife,
Night dawn into the day,	With fellowship fill life,
For truth Eternal cannot fail.	And make the desert places bloom.

Sing on, the songs of light,
 Of duty, and the right.
 Until all evil discords cease,
 For all things shall be well
 And the whole world shall dwell
 In wisdom's harmony and peace.
Allen Clarke.

99. Shipston.

7.6.7.6.

Old English.

Key Eb

<p> d :m s :- .l </p> <p> s, :d d :- .d </p>	<p>s .f :m .r m :d </p> <p>t, :t, d :d </p>
<p> m :s s :- .d' </p> <p> d :d m :- .f </p>	<p>s :s s :m </p> <p>s :s, d :d </p>

<p> d :m s :- .l </p> <p> d :d d :- .d </p>	<p>s .m :r .d r :- </p> <p>d :l, t, :- </p>
<p> m :l s :- .f </p> <p> d :l, m, :- .f, </p>	<p>m :fe s :- </p> <p>s, :l, s, :- </p>

<p>{ d :m .f s :d' </p> <p>{ l, :d t, :d </p>	<p>s :- .f f :m </p> <p>d :r d :d </p>
	
<p>{ m :d r :d </p> <p>{ l, :s, f, :m, </p>	<p>d :s s :s </p> <p>l, :t, d :m </p>
	
<p>{ d :- .r m :f .r </p> <p>{ l, :- .t, d :l, </p>	<p>d :t, d :- </p> <p>s, :s, s, :- </p>
	
<p>{ l :s .f m :l .f </p> <p>{ f :m .d d :f, </p>	<p>m :r m :- </p> <p>s, :s, d :- </p>
	
	
	

He who seeks the truth and trembles
 At the dangers he must brave,
 Is not fit to be a freeman,
 He at best must be a slave.

He who hears the truth and places
 Its high promptings under ban,
 Loud may boast of all that's manly,
 But can never be a man.

Be thou like the noble ancient —
 Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
 Speak! no matter what betide thee;
 Let them strike, but make them hear.

Be thou like the first apostles —
 Be thou like heroic Paul;
 If a free thought seek expression,
 Speak it boldly — speak it all.

J. G. Whittier.

100. York.

(C.M.)

Key F.

{:d	m	:s	lf	:l	m	:s	lr
{:s,	d	:t,	lt,	:l,	l,	:s,	ls,

O help the pro - phet to be bold,

{:m	s	:s	lr	:d	d	:t,	lt,
{:d	d	:s,	lt,	:f,	l,	:r,	ls,

{:r	m	:s	ls	:fe	s	:-	l-
{:t,	d	:t, d	lr	:r	t,	:-	l-

The po - et to be true!

{:s	s	:s	ll	:l	s	:-	l-
{:s,	d	:m	lr	:r	s,	:-	l-

{ :d | m :s | f :l | m :s | r
 { :d | d :t, | t, :l, | l, :s, | s,

It yet re-mains for man to learn

{ :m | s :s | r :f | d :m | t,
 { :d | d :s, | t, :f, | l, :m, | s,

What love to man may do.

{ :d | d :m .f | s :s | m :- | l -
 { :d | f, :d | s, :s, | d :- | :-

With faith not pent within a book,
 Or buried in a creed,
 But growing with th'expanding thought
 And deep'ning with the need.

A faith that laughs in little joys
 Of children at their play,
 That weeps in every woman-grief,
 And joins each noble fray.

A faith whose sacred strength is sure,
 And needs no priest to tell;
 Its law — "Be kind, be pure, be just,"
 Its promise — "Thence be well!"

For joy shall one with feeling be,
 And feeling planet-wide,
 Where many men have done their best,
 And doing it have died.

O help the prophet to be bold,
 The poet to be true!
 It yet remains for man to learn
 What love to man may do.

Louisa F. Bevington.
 (Slightly altered.)

101. Westminster.

7.6.7.6.

J. Turle.

Key C.

{:m {:d	s :s d :d'	t :l s
	m :r d :m	m :d .r m

A Dream - er dropped a ran - dom thought,

{:s {:d	s :r m :d'	m' :l .t d'
	d :t, l, :l	s :f m

{:s {:f	m' :t d' :r'	s :- l-
	m :s .f m :f .m	r :- l-

'Twas old and yet 'twas new -

{:t {:r	d' :m' .r' d' :l	t :- l-
	d :s l :f	s :- l-

{:s	t	:l		se	:l		d'	:t		l	
{:r	r	:r		r	:d		m	:m	.r		d

A sim - ple fan - cy of the brain,

{:t	s	:l		t	:l		l	:se		l
{:s	s	:f		m	:f		m	:m		l,

{:l	s	:d		r	:f		m	:-		l-
{:f	m	:d		d	:t,		d	:-		l-

But strong in be - ing true.

{:r'	s	:s		l	:s		s	:-		l-
{:t,	d	:m		f	:s		d	:-		l-

The thought was small, its issue great
 A watch-fire on the hill,
 It shed its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love
 Unstudied from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.

O germ, O fount, O word of love!
 O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

Charles Mackay.

102. Adoro Te.

10. 10. 10. 10.

Ancient Plainsong Melody.

Key D.

{:d	<u>m.s</u> :s ll :s	f :m lr :-d	d :- l-
{:d	d :d ld :d	<u>d.t</u> :d ld.t:d	d :- l-

Faith comes in mo-ments of he - ro - ic love,

{:m	s :s lf :s	<u>l.s</u> :s ls :f.m	m :- l-
{:d	d :m lf :m	r :d ls, :-d	d :- l-

{:d	<u>m.s</u> :s ll :s	f :m lr :-d	d :- l-
{:d	d :d ld :d	<u>d.t</u> :d ld.t:d	d :- l-

Un - jea - lous joy in joy not made for us;

{:m	s :s lf :s	<u>l.s</u> :s ls :f.m	m :- l-
{:d	d :m lf :m	r :d ls, :-d	d :- l-

{:s | l . t : d' | d' . t : s | l : s | f : m | r :- | l -
 {:d | f : m | r : m | f : d | d : d | t, :- | l -

In conscious triumph of the good with - in,

{:s | f : s | s : s | d' : s | l : s | s :- | l -
 {:m | r : d | s, : d | f, : m, | f, : d | s, :- | l -

Mak - ing us worship goodness that re - bukes.

{:s | s : s | s . m : s | s : m | s :- . m | m :- | l -
 {:d | t, : d | s, . l, : s, | m, : l, | s, :- . d | d :- | l -

Even our failures are a prophecy,
 Even our yearnings and our bitter tears,
 As patriots who may seem to die in vain
 Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.

Presentment of better things on earth
 Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
 To admiration, self-renouncing love,
 Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one.

George Eliot.
 Extract from "A Minor Prophet."

103. Linton.

(Copyright.)

4.10.4.10.

W. H. Bell.

Key G.

{ m :- d :- }	r :d t, :l, }	t, se, }	t, d :r se, l, :t, }
------------------------	-----------------------	------------------	--------------------------------

Let us be brave! What use to

{ s :- d :- }	s :m s, :l, }	m m, }	m m :s m, l, :s, }
------------------------	-----------------------	----------------	------------------------------

{ m :s d :r }	f :m d :d }	r :r m : d :t, .l, se :- }
------------------------	---------------------	--------------------------------------

flinch? We have no ground to spare.

{ s :s d :t, }	d .r :m l, :s, }	f :r t, :- f, :f, m, :- }
-------------------------	--------------------------	-------------------------------------

<p>{ 1 :- s :m </p> <p>{ 1, :- r :de</p>	<p>{ r </p> <p>{ r </p>	<p>{ r m :s</p> <p>{ t, d :r</p>	<p>}</p> <p>}</p>
<p>{ d :- s :s </p> <p>{ 1, :- ta, :l,</p>	<p>{ f </p> <p>{ r </p>	<p>{ s s :s</p> <p>{ s, d :t,</p>	<p>}</p> <p>}</p>
<p>{ f :m r :l, </p> <p>{ d :t, l, :l, </p>	<p>{ r :- l- :d </p> <p>{ d :- t, :d </p>	<p>{ d :- l- :-</p> <p>{ d :- l- :-</p>	<p>}</p> <p>}</p>
<p>{ d :r .m f :f </p> <p>{ 1, :s, f, :r, </p>	<p>{ f :- l- :m </p> <p>{ s, :- l- :d </p>	<p>{ m :- l- :-</p> <p>{ d :- l- :-</p>	<p>}</p> <p>}</p>

Let us be brave!
 Bold, not foolhardy; bravely self-controlled
 To strike or hold,
 To advance or bide — how'er the head-strong rave.

Let us be brave!
 The true man falters never; come what may
 He treads alway
 The same straight path towards his hero-grave.

W. J. Linton.

104. Illsley.

(L.M.)

J. Bishop (1665-1737)

Key. F.

{:d {:s,	d :s	d .r :m	f .m :r	d
{:s, {:s,	s, :s,	l, .t, :d	l, :t,	d

Oh, some - times glimps - es on my sight

{:m {:d	m :r	m :s	l .s :f	m
{:d {:s,	d :t,	l, :m,	r, :s,	d

{:d {:s,	d :s,	d .r :m .fe	s :fe	s
{:s, {:s,	s, :s,	l, .t, :d	r :r	r

Thro' pre - sent wrong, th'e - ter - nal right;

{:m {:d	m :r	m :l	s :l	t
{:d {:s,	d :t,	l, :l,	t, :r	s,

{:s	f	:m	ll	:- .s	f	:m	lr
{:d	d	:d	ld	:- .t,	d	.r	d lt,

And step by step since time be - gan

{:m	f	:s	lf	:- .r	l	:s	ls
{:d	l,	:d	lf,	:- .s,	l,	.t,	d ls,

{:r	m .r	:d	ls	:r	m	:r	ld
{:s,	s,	:l,	ld	:d	d	:t,	ld

I see the stea - dy gain of man.

{:s	m	:m .f	ls	:l	s	:- .f	lm
{:t,	d	:l,	lm,	:f,	s,	:s,	ld,

That all of good the past hath had
 Remains to make our own time glad;
 Our common daily life divine,
 And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old
 In signs and tokens manifold;
 Slaves rise up men, the olive waves
 With roots deep set in battle-graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
 A low sweet prelude finds its way;
 Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
 A light is breaking, calm and clear.

J. G. Whittier.

105. Es ist kein Tag.

8.8.8.4.

Key D.

German.

{s {d .t,	d' :t .l s :l .s d :f m .r :d	f .m :r d d .l, :t, d
All grim and soiled, and brown with tan,		
{m .f {d .r	s :t d' .t :l .t m :r m :f .s	d' :s m l .f :s d

{m .f {d	s :s l :t s .f :m .r d :f .s	d' :d' .r' t m :r r
I saw a strong one, in his wrath,		
{s {d .r	d' .r' :d' .t l :r' m :m f .m :r	s :l s m :fe s

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Above the notes, there are phonetic syllables in curly braces, such as {d' .t} and {d} above the first note of the first system. The lyrics are: 'Smit - ing the god - less shrines of man' for the first system, and 'A - long his path.' for the second system. The second system also includes a double bar line with repeat dots (∞) above and below the staff.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
 Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
 Wealth shook within his gilded home
 With strange alarm.

Grey-bearded Use who, deaf and blind,
 Groped from his old accustomed stone,
 Leaned on his staff and wept to find
 His seat o'erthrown.

Yet louder rang the strong one's stroke,
 Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam!
 Shudd'ring and sick of heart I woke
 As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,
 The waster seemed the builder, too;
 Upspringing from the ruined old
 I saw the now.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad —
 The wasting of the wrong and ill;
 Whate'er of good the old time had
 Was living still.

J. G. Whittier.

106. Elstree.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

8.8.8.8.6.

Key F.

{ m :- :f.m	r :m :f	s :l :f	s :- :-
{ d :- :d.d	d :- :d	t, :d :l,	t, :- :-

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,

{ s :- :s.s	l :s :f	r :m :d	r :- :-
{ d :- :r.m	f :m :r	s, :- :s,	s, :- :-

{ d :d :d	f :- :m	r :m :d	m :r
{ l, :t, :l,	r :l, :l,	l, :- :m, fe,	s, :-

Rose with the sun - dawn of a reign

{ d :r.m :f .s	l :r :d	d :- :d	d :t,
{ l, :s, :f, m,	r, :- :m,	f, :s, :l,	s, :-

{ r	s :- :l	f :m :r	f :- :s	m :r
{ s,	s, :r :de	r :de :r.d	t, :d :t,	d :t,

Whose grace should make the rough way plain,

{ t,	ta, :r :m.l	l :s :f	f :- :r.s	s :f
{ f,	m, :ta, :l,	r :- :r,	la, :- :s,	d :-

{ :d | m :- :fe | s :- :l | r :s :fe | s :-
 { :d | s,m:r :d | t, :l,t,d | s, :l,t,d | d :t,

And fill the worn old world with spring,

{ :m | m :- :m.r | r :d.r:m | t, :d.m:r | r :-
 { :d | d :t, :l, | m, :- :d, | r, :- :r, | s, :-

And heal its heart of pain.

{ :d .m | l :- :s | f :m :f | m :- :-
 { :l, | r, :- :m,f, | s, :- :s, | d :- :-

Peace was to be on earth; men's hope
 Was holier than their fathers had,
 Their wisdom not more wise than glad.
 They saw the gates of promise ope
 And heard what love's lips bade.

War after war, change after change,
 Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,
 And hopes austere and faiths august
 Have watched in patience stern and strange
 Man's works, unjust and just.

As from some alpine watch-tower's height
 Night, living yet, looks forth for dawn,
 So from Time's mistier mountain-lawn
 The spirit of men, with inward sight,
 Yearns towards a hope withdrawn.

The morning comes not, yet the night
 Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
 Where twilight is, where light shall be
 When conquered wrong and conquering right
 Acclaim a world set free.

Swinburne.

107. Wer da wohnet.

Key D.

(D. L. M.)

Old German.

{ :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | f :s :l | s :- :d' }
 { :s, | s, :- :d | r :- :d | d :- :d | d :- :m }

Ah! hap - py they who feel their birth Has
 But he who has re - signed the dream To

{ :m | m :- :s | s :- :s | f :- :f | m :- :l }
 { :d | d :- :d | t, :- :d | l, :- :f, | d :- :l, }

lof - tier o - - ri - gin than earth!
 take his rank in Na - ture's scheme, He

{ t :- :l | s :- :m | s | f :- :m | f | m :- :^{D.C.} s }
 { m :- :d | r :- :d | d | d :- :t, | d :- :d }

need not yet be hind him cast The gath - ered great - ness

{ l :- :t | d' :- :s | f :- :m | r | d :- :d | m :- :f | s :- :l }
 { d :- :f | m :- :d | d :- :t, | d :- :d | t, :- :d | d :- :d }

{ f :- :f | l :- :s | l :- :f | m :- :l | t :- :l | s :- :m }
 { f :- :r | l, :- :m, | f, :- :s, | l, :- :l | s :- :f | m :- :d }

{ f :- :m lr :- || r | m :- :fe ls :- :l }
 { l :- :r :d lt, :- || t, | d :- :r lr :- :m }

of the past; He well may nurse each

{ f :- :s :l lt :- || s | s :- :l ls :- :s }
 { r :- :m :f ls :- || s, | d :- :d lt, :- :d }

no - bler thrill, Each ho - lier deed, each pu - rer will.

{ t :d' :l ls :- :d' | t :- :l ls :- :f | m :f :r l d' :- }
 { r :- :d lt, :- :d | m :- :d lr :- :r | d :- :t, l d :- }

{ s :- :fe ls :- :m | se :- :l lr :- :s | s :l :f l m :- }
 { r :- :r ls, :- :l, | m :- :f lt, :- :l, t, | d :f, :s, l d :- }

Since earlier men have raised their race
 So high above its former place,
 Why may not he as well aspire
 To lift our place and purpose higher?
 To feel within his hungry breast
 Some goading spur of grand unrest,
 Some glorious aim, an impulse rife,
 That urges on to fuller life.

To love the right, eschew the wrong,
 Defend the weaker from the strong;
 Teach other, after men to be
 Nobler and better far than he;
 In spite of calumny and scorn,
 Mould younger ages yet unborn
 To loftier thoughts and loftier still,
 Beyond all human hope or will!

Grant Allen.

108.

8.7.8.7.D.

Old Scotch Tune.

Key D.

{	d	:-.d	lr	:m		s	:-.m	lm	.d'	:-		d	:-.d	lr	:m	}
{	s,	:-.s,	ld	:d		t,	:-.d	ld	.d	:-		d	:-.d	ld	:d	}

Who will say the world is dy-ing, Who will say the
Sparks of good with-in us ly-ing Flash, and will flash

{	m	:-.m	ll	:s		f	:-.s	ll	.s	:-		l	:-.l	ll	:s	}
{	d	:-.d	lf	:m		r	:-.d	ll	.m	:-		f	:-.f	lf	:m	}

{	s	:-.m	lm	: <i>DC.</i>		d'	:-.t	ll	:s		l	:-.s	lm	.s	:-	}	
{	t,	:-.d	ld	:-		m	:-.m	ld	.r	:m		f	:-.m	ld	.t,	:-	}

world is past? Fools! who fan-cy hope mistaken;
to the last.

{	f	:-.s	ls	:-		l	:-.s	lf	:d'		d'	:-.t	ll	.s	:-	}
{	r	:-.d	ld	:-		l	:-.m	lf	:d		f	:-.s	ll	.m	:-	}

{	d' :-.t il :s		l :-.m lm :-		d' :-.t il :s	}
{	d :-.r lm.fe:s		re :-.m lm :-		f :-.f if :d	}
{	l :-.m ld' :t		l :-.t lt :-		l :-.t ld' :s	}
{	l, :-.t, ld.r:m		fe :-.s ls :-		l :-.s lf :m	}
{	l :-.t ld' :d		d :-.d lr :m		s :-. lm :-	}
{	d :-.r ld :d,t,		l, :-.d ld :d		d :t, ld :-	}
{	f :-.f ls :m		f :-.l il :s		f :-. ls :-	}
{	f :-.r lm :l,s,		f, :-.f, lf :m		r :- ld :-	}

Still the race of hero-spirits

Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits,
"Wife and child and fatherland."

Still the youthful hunter gathers

Fiery joy from wild and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause and good!

While a slave bewails his fetters,
While an orphan pleads in vain.

While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages gain;

While a love is still confessing,
While a moan from men is wrung,
Know by every want and blessing
That the world is young.

Charles Kingsley
(slightly altered).

109. Melcombe.

(L.M.)

S. Webbe
(the elder).

Key D.

{:s	s	:f	lm	:r	d	:l	ls
{:d	s,	:l	.t,	ld	l,	:d	ld

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,

{:m	m	:f	ls	:s	m	:f	lm
{:d	m	:r	ld	:s,	l,	:f,	ld

{:s	d'	:t	ll	:s	s	:fe	ls
{:d	d	:r	lm	:r	d	:r	.d lt,

Dear coun - try of our love and pray'rs,

{:m	s	:fe	lm	:s	l	:l	ls
{:m	m	:r	ld	:t,	l,	:r	ls,

{ :m :d	m :f s :m d :t, .l, s, :d	r :- .m f r :- .d l,
{ :s :d	s :f m :s d :r m :d	s :- .s f t, :- .d r
{ :f :r	m :r s :f d :t, d :d	m :r d d :t, d
{ :s :t,	s :s s :l d :s, .f, m, :f,	s :f m s, :s, d

Great, without seeking to be great
 By fraud or conquest-rich in gold,
 But richer in the large estate
 Of virtue which thy children hold;

With peace that comes of purity,
 And strength to simple justice due,—
 So runs our loyal dream of thee,
 Land of our fathers! make it true.

O land of lands! to thee we give
 Our love, our trust, our service free;
 For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
 And at thy need, shall die for thee.

J. G. Whittier.

110.

Adapted from Old English Melody.

8 8 8 4

Key E^b

{:m	m	:- .m m .r	:d	s	:- .l s
{:d	d	:- .d l, .t,	:d	t,	:- .t, d

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright!

{:s	s	:- .s l	:s	f	:- .f s
{:d	d	:- .d f	:m	r	:- .r m

{:m	m	:- .m m .r	:d	m	:r .d r
{:d	r	:- .d t,	:d	d .t,	:l, .s, l,

The bri - dal of the earth and sky,—

{:s	se	:- .l l a	:s	s	:fe .m fe
{:d	t,	:- .d f	:m	l,	:r .m r

{:r	s	:d' .l	lt .l	:s	m	:l .s	lm
{:l,	r	:m .d	lr .t,	:d	d	:d	lr

The dew shall weep thy fall to - night:

{:fe	s	:s	if	:s	l	:f .s	ls
{:d	t,	:l,	lr	:m	l,	:r, .m,	lta,

{:m	f	:-	lm	:r	d	:-	l-
{:re	r	:d	lt,	:-	d	:-	l-

For thou must die!

{:l	l	:-	ls	:f	m	:-	l-
{:l,	r	:-	ls,	:-	d	:-	l-

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die!

Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
 For thou must die!

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

G. Herbert (slightly altered).

111. Kindly Light. (Irregular)

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key D \flat .

{ m :- lr :d | s :s ll :d' | d' :t ll :s }
 { d :- lt, :d | f :m lm :m | r :r lm :- }

f Strong hu-man love! with - in whose stead-fast will

{ s :- ls :s | t :d' ld' :d' | l :t ld' :- }
 { d :- lf :m | r :d ll :s | f :f lm :- }

{ l :- ls :m | r :- l :m | l :- .m lm :l | t :d' lr' :d' }
 { f :m lr :d | d :- lt, :d | m :- .t, lt, :m | m :m lm :m }

dim. Is always peace; *fO* stay with me, storm-toss'd on waves of

{ d' :- lt :s | s :- l :s | d' :- .s ls :d' | t :l lse:l.m }
 { r :- ls :d | s, :- l :d | l, :- .m lm :m | r :d lt, :l, }

{ t :- ll :- | d' :- lt :d' | l :- l :- | m | f :- ll :- | s :s ll :t }
 { r :- l :- | m :- lr :m | d :- l :- | d | d :- lf :m | r :r lm :f.s }

ill, *p* Let passion cease; *cresc.* Comethou in power within my

{ ba :sell :- | l :- lba :se | l :- l :- | l | l :- ld' :- | t :t ld' :r' }
 { r :m lf :- | m :- lm :m | l, :- l :- | l, | r :- ls, :- | s :f lm :r }

{ d' : - . t | r' : d' | t : l | m : - | - : - | - : m | s : - | - : d | r : - | - : d | d : - | - : - |
 { l : - . s | f e : f e | s : d . r | m : - | - : - | - : d | t , : - | d : d | d : - | l t , : d | d : - | - : - |

heart foreign, *p* For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

{ m' : - . r' | d' : r' | r' : l . t | d' : - | - : - | - : d' | f : - | s : m | f : - | - : m | m : - | - : - |
 { d : - . r | l : l | s : f | l : - | - : - | - : l | r : - | m : l , | s , : - | - : d | d : - | - : - |

mf The days are gone when far and wide my will
p Drove me astray;
mf And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
p That narrow way
cresc. Which leads thro' mist and rocks to Truth and Good,
 Be with me, Love, thou fount of fortitude.

p Whate'er of pain the passing years allot
cresc. I gladly bear;
f With thee I triumph, whatsoever my lot,
 Nor can despair.
 Freedom from storms thou hast, immortal song;
p Peace from the fierce oppression of all wrong.

mf So may I, far away, when night shall fall
 On light and love,
f Rejoicing, hear the quiet, solemn call
 All life must prove;
 Wounded, yet healed, by man beloved, forgiven,
 And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke.
(Altered by permission).

112. Old 81st

D. C. M.

Key. D.

{ :d | m :f is :s | l :l is | s | l :t ld' :l }
 { :d | d :d lt, :d | d :d id | d | d :m lm :r }

O it is good to breathe and live, To feel the brain and

{ :m | s :f lr :m | f :f lm | m | m :s is :fe }
 { :d | d :l, is, :d | f, s, :l, t, id | d | l, :m id :r }

{ t :- | - | s | d' :t il :s | f :m is | m | l :s is :fe }
 { r :- | - | m | m :m id :m | d :d lt, | d | f :r lm :r }

heart, To think, to care, to work, to give, To suffer and take

{ s :- | - | s | l :s lf :s | l :s is | s | d' :t il :l }
 { s, :- | - | d | l, :m lf :d | l, :d is, | d | f, s, id :r }

{ s :- | - | s | d' :t il :s | f :m lr }
 { r :- | - | m | m :m id :d | r | s, is,

part: To be of this great vi - tal whole

{ t :- | - | s | l :s lf :s | l .t :d' lt }
 { s, :- | - | d | l, :m lf :m | r :d is,

{:m	f :m lm	:r	m :- l-	m	l :s lf :m
{:s,	l, :s, ll,	:t,	t, :- l-	d	f :r lr :d

And of its strength to draw, To labour in its

{:d'	d' :d' ll	:l	se :- l-	s	d' :ta lta :s
{:d	l, :d lf	:f	m :- l-	d	f, :s, lta, :d

{r :d lt,	m	r :d ld :t,	d :- l-
{l, :l, lt,	d	t, :d ls, :s,	s, :- l-

dread con-trol, And car-ry out its law.

{f :m ls	s	s :s lr :r	m :- l-
{r :l, ls,	d	s, :m, ls, :s,	d :- l-

I hear the music of the plain,
 The music of the sea,
 The day, it hath a glad refrain,
 The night soft melody;
 I hear sweet music ev'rywhere,
 Around, above, beyond,
 The chant of earth and sea and air,—
 Of mind and heart, respond!

Let mind and earth the parts unite,
 And so complete the song,
 To cheer, to comfort and delight,
 To waken and make strong;
 That all the wand'ring notes may blend,
 Until at last there be
 Through all the world, from end to end,
 One perfect harmony.

113. Lodsworth.

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Key E \flat .

Old English.

{:d :d	m :d lf :l	s :m l- :r	d :- l-
{:d :d	d :s, ld :d	s, :- ll, :t,	d :- l-

We can-not kin-dle when we will

{:m :d	s :m lf :f	s :- l- :f	m :- l-
{:d :d	d :d ll, :f,	m, :- lf, :s,	l, :- l-

{:d :d	m :d lf :l	s :m l- :r .d	r :- l-
{:d :d	t, :l, ll, :t,	d :- l- :l,	t, :- l-

The fire that in the heart re-sides,

{:m :l,	m :m lf :f	s :- l- :fe	s :- l-
{:l, :s,	s, :l, lf, :r,	m, :- ll, :-	s, :- l-

{:r :t,	m :r .d lm :r .d	m :s ld'
{:t, :s,	d :s, ld :t, .l,	d :r ld

The spi-rit blow-eth and is still,

{:s :s,	s :f .m ll :m	s :t ld'
{:s, :s,	d :d ll, :l,	s, :f, lm,

{ :l | s : m | d . m : s . f | m : - r : - | d : - | - | d | m : r . d | m : r . d }
 { :d | t , : t , | d : m . r | d : - | t , : - | d : - | - | s , | d : s , | d : t , . l , }

In mystery our soul a - bides: But tasks in hours of

{ :d | m : s | m : l | : l | s : - | l f : - | m : - | - | m | s : f . m | l : m }
 { :f , | s , : s , | l , : f , | s , : - | s , : - | d : - | - | d | d : d | l , : l , }

{ m : s | d̂ | l | s : m | d . m : s . f | m : - r : - | d : - | - |
 { d : r | d̂ | d | t , : t , | d : m . r | d : - | t , : - | d : - | - |

insight will'd Can be through hours of gloom ful - fill'd.

{ s : t . l | ŝ | d | m : s | m : l | : l | s : - | l f : - | m : - | - |
 { s , : f , | l m , | f , | s , : s , | l , : f , | s , : - | s , : - | d : - | - |

With aching hands and bleeding feet
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
 We bear the burden and the heat
 Of life's long day, and wish'twere done.
 Not till the hours of light return,
 All we have built do we discern.

Matthew Arnold.

114. Bonchurch.

Key G.

Beethoven.

{:d	t, :s,	ld :r	m :- lr :m	f :m lr :d
{:s,	s, :s,	ls, :- .f,	m, :s, ls, :s,	s, :s, ll, :l,

You can-not pay with mon - ey The mil-lion sons of

{:m	r :t,	ld :t,	d :- lt, :d	r :m lf :m
{:d,	s, :- .f,	lm, :r,	d, :- ls, :d	t, :d lf, :f,

{ d :- lt, :d	t, :s,	ld :r	m :- lr :m
{ s, :- l- :s,	s, :s,	ls, :- .f,	m, :s, ls, :s,

toil, The sail - or on the o - cean, The

{ m :- lr :m	r :t,	ld :t,	d :- lt, :d
{ s, :- l- :d,	s, :- .f,	lm, :r,	d, :- ls, :d

{ f :m lr :s	d :- l- :m	m :m lml :s
{ l, :s, ls, :- f,	m, :- l- :se,	l, :se, lr :t,

peasant on the soil, The labourer in the

{ d :d ld :t,	d :- l- :m	d :r ldf :r
{ l, :d ls, :s,	d :- l- :m,	l, :t, ldf :s,

D.t.

f.G.

{	s :-	is :t		d' :t	ld' :r'		s :t	ld' :ds	}
{	d :-	ld :f		m :r	is :f		m :r	lm :fd	}

quar - ry, The hew - er of the coal: Your

{	m :-f	lm :s		s :s	ls :l		s :-	l- :lm	}
{	d :-	ld :r		m :f	lm :f		s :-	ld :fd	}

{	s :s	ls :s		s :-	l- :m		f :m	lr :s		d :-	l-
{	r :t,	ld :t,		d :-	lt, :d		d :d	ld :t,		d :-	l-

mon-ey pays the hand, It can-not pay the soul.

{	s :r	lm :f		s :-	l- :s		l :s	ls :-f		m :-	l-
{	t, :s,	ld :r		m :-	lr :d		l, :d	ls, :s,		d :-	l-

The workshop must be crowded,
 To fill the home with light;
 If ploughmen did not labour,
 The poet could not write;
 Then let all work be hallowed
 That man performs for man,
 And honest toil revered
 As part of one great plan.

Ye men of thought and knowledge,
 Rise like a band inspired;
 And, poets, let your verses
 With hope for man be fired;
 Till earth becomes a temple,
 And every human heart
 Shall join in one glad song,
 Each happy in his part.

115. Forest Green. (D. C. M.)

Key F.

English Traditional Melody.

There's life a - broad! From each green tree
The bee is up at ear - ly dawn,

A bu - sy mur - mur swells;
Stir - ring the cow - slip bells. There's

mo - tion in the light - est leaf That

musical notation with lyrics and fingerings (e.g., :s, :s, d :d ld :r) and dynamics (e.g., m .r :m .f ls, f :s ll :s .f) is provided for each system.

{ d :m lr :d | s, :- | s, :- | d :d ld :r }
 { s, :s, lf, :m, .f, | s, :- | s, :- | s, :l, ls, :l, .t, }

trem-bles on the stream; The in-sectscarce an

{ d :d |l, .t, :d | t, :- | d :r | m :f |s :f }
 { m, :d, lf, :l, | s, :- | l, :t, | d :f |m :r }

in - stantrests, Light danc - ing on the beam.

{ s :d lr | d | f :s .m |s :s .f | m :- | - }
 { d :l, |s, | l, | r, :m, .l, |s, :s, | d :- | - }

There's life abroad! The silvery threads
 That float about in air,
 Where'er their wanton flight they take,
 Proclaim that life is there,
 And bubbles on the quiet lake,
 And yonder music sweet,
 And stirrings in the rustling leaves
 The self-same tale repeat.

All speak of life! And louder still
 The spirit speaks within,
 O'erpowering with its strong deep voice
 The world's incessant din;
 There's life without; and better far,
 Within there's life and power,
 And energy of heart and will
 To glorify each hour.

Emily Taylor.

116. Salruck.

(Copyright.)

8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

W. H. Bell.

Key D.

{	m :- .r :d	r :m :f	s :d' :t	s :-	m	s :- :r	}
{	d :- .s, :s,	d :- :d	d :m :f	m :r	d	r :- :r	}

Now the last pet - als leave the rose, The la - test

{	s :- .f :m	l :s :f	m :- :s.l	t :-	s	s :- :s	}
{	d :- .d :d	f :m :r	m :- :r	s, :-	d	t, :- :t,	}

{	f :- :m	r :m :f	s :-	s	fe:- .l :d'	d' :t :s	}
{	d :- :d	d :- :d	d :-	d	d :- :r	r :- :r	}

swal-lows preen for flight, The sum - mer's gone where

{	l :f :s	l :- :l	s :-	s	l :- :fe	s :- :s	}
{	l, :- :s,	f, :- :f	m :-	m	r :- :r	s, :- :t,	}

{ fe :- :l :d'	t :- :t	t :- :t	l :- :t	s :- :s
{ r :- :m	re :- :re	m :- :m	m :- :re	m :- :m

no one knows, With dead men's love and spent year's

{ l :- :l .s	fe :- :fe	s :- :s	s :fe:fe.t	t :- :d'.t
{ d :t, :l,	t, :- :t,	m :- :r	d :- :t,	m :- :l,

{ fe :- :s	m :- :r:d	r :m :f	s :- :s	s :- :-
{ r :- :r	d :s, :s,	d :- :d	m :d :f	m :- :-

light, And warm hearts bu - ried out of sight.

{ l :- :s	s :- :f :m	l :s :l	d' :l :t	d' :- :-
{ r :d :t,	d :- :d	f :m :r	s :- :s,	d :- :-

Cling to the flying hours, and yet
 Let one pure hope, one firm desire,
 Like song on dying lips be set,
 That ere we fall in scattered fire,
 Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.

Here in the autumn months of time,
 Before the great new year can break,
 Some little way our feet should climb,
 Some little mark our words should make
 For liberty and manhood's sake.

Edmund Gosse.

7. 10's

117. Letchmore.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key E.

{m :d :m	l :- :-	l :t :d'	t :- :s	m :- :-	- :-
{d :s, :s,	l, :- .t, :d	r :r :m	r :- :r	r :- :-	d :-

Truth is not dumb, that it should speak no more;

{s :m :r	d :- .r :m	f :f :s	s :- :s	s :- :-	- :-
{d :d :t,	l, :- :-	r :r :d	s, :l, :t,	d :- :-	- :-

{:m	l :- :s	m :r :d	r :- :m	s :- :m	r :- :-	- :-
{:r	d :- :r	d :t, :d	d :- :d	t, :d :d	t, :- :-	- :-

If thou hast wandrings in the wil-der-ness

{:se	l :- :r	s :- :s	l :- :l	f :s :l	t :- :-	- :-
{:t,	l, :- :t,	d :r :m	f :- :m	r :m :fe	s :- :-	- :-

{:r	m :d :m	l :- :l	l :t :d'	t :- :s	l :- :-	- :-
{:t,	t, :l, :t,	m :- :m	r :- :m	f :- :s	f :- :-	- :-

And findest not Si-nai, tis thy soul is poor:

{:l	se :l :se	l :- :l	l :- :l	r' :- :d'	d' :- :-	- :-
{:f	m :- :m	d :- :d	f :- :m	r :- :m	f :- :-	- :-

{:s	m :r :m	s :- :s	m :l :d'	t :- :d'	l :- :-	- :-
{:m.r	d :- :t,	t, :- :t,	d :m :m	r :- :m	d :- :-	- :-

There tow'rs the moun-tain of the voice no less,

{:t	m :- :m	f :- :f	s :l :l	l :- :se	l :- :-	- :-
{:s.	l :- :s.	r :- :r	d :- :t.	f :- :m	l :- :-	- :-

{l	ta:-:ta	ta:l :s	f :-:f	s :-:s	l :-:--	--
{r	r :-:r	de:-:m	m :-:r	f :-:m	f :-:--	--



Which who - so seeks shall find; but he who bends

{f	s :-:f	m :-:l	l :-:l	r' :-:d'	d' :-:--	--
{r	s, :-:s,	l, :-:de	r :-:r	ta, :-:d	f :-:--	--

{l	d' :-:d'	d':ta:l	l :-:m	m :-:fe	s :-:--	--
{s	fe:-:fe	s :-:r	m :-:m	m :-:r	r :-:--	--



In - tent on man - na still, and mean - er ends,

{d'	l :-:r'	r' :-:l	d' :-:t	l :-:d'	d' :-:t	--
{ma	r :-:r	s :-:f	m :-:r	d :t, l,	s, :-:--	--

{f :m :r	s :-:l	m :-:m	f :m :r	d :-:--	--
{d :d :d	d :-:d	d :-:d	d :-:t,	d :-:--	--



Sees it not, nei - ther hears its thun - dered lore.

{l :m :f	s :-:f	m :-:m.l	l :-:s :f	m :-:--	--
{l, :s, :f,	m, :-:f,	l, :-:l,	r :-:s,	d :-:--	--

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
 And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone;
 Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
 Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
 While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
 Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

118. The Labourer's Battle Song.

Air - *Wacht am Rhein.*

Key **Bb** } :d, | d, :- .m, | s, :s, | m, :- .s, | d :d | r :m | f :r }
 :d, | d, :- .m, | s, :s, | m, :- .s, | d :s, | l, :l, | l, :l, }

mf
 There sounds a call from land to land - Ye poor, give one an -

mf

} :d, | d, :- .m, | s, :s, | m, :- .s, | d :d | l, :de | r :r }
 :d, | d, :- .m, | s, :s, | m, :- .s, | d :m, | f, :m, | r, :f, }

} d :- .t, | t, :s, | m :- .m | r ,r :de ,de | r :- | :t, }
 s, :- .s, | s, :s, | s, :- .s, | s, ,s, :s, ,s, | s, :- | :s, }

o - ther hand! Then bid a halt to ty - ran - ny, And

} m :- .r | r :s, | d :- .d | t, ,t, :le ,le | t, :- | :t, }
 s, :- .s, | s, :s, | d, :- .d, | r, ,r, :m, ,m, | r, :- | :m, }

} l, ,l, :t, ,d | t, :l, | s, :- | | s, | r :- .d | t, :t, }
 m, ,m, :s, ,s, | s, :fe, | s, :- | | s, | s, :- .s, | s, :s, }

from your slav - ish yoke break free! The bat - tle - cry low

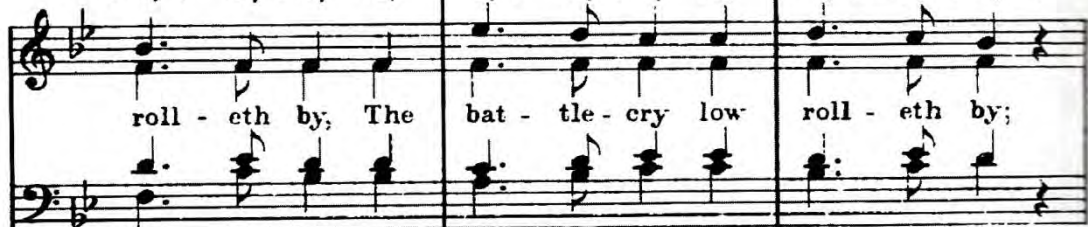
p

p

} d ,d :r ,m | r :d | t, :- | | s, | f :- .m | r :r }
 d, ,d, :t, ,l, | r, :r, | s, :- | | s, | s, :- .s, | s, :s, }

s₂ :- |


d :- .s, s, :s,	f :- .m r :r	m :- .r d :
s, :- .s, s, :s,	s, :- .s, s, :s,	s, :- .s, s, :



roll - eth by, The bat - tle - cry low roll - eth by;

m :- .f m :m	r :- .m f :f	m :- .f m :
s, :- .r d :d	t, :- .d r :r	d :- .r m :

s, :- s, :se,	l, :- .t, d :d	d :- r :-	m :- - :
d, :- d, :d,	f, :- m, :m,	l, :- l, :-	se, :- - :



The ban - ner red doth float on high:

d :- d :d	d :- .s, d :d	d :- l, :-	t, :- - :
m, :- m, :m,	f, :- .s, l, :l,	f, :- f, :-	m, :- - :

d :- d :d	d :- .m s :f	m :- r :-	d :- -
d, :- d, :d,	s, :- s :l,	s, :- f, :-	m, :- -



So la - bring live, or fight - ing die!

d :- t, :l,	s, :- .d m :d	d :- t, :-	d :- -
l, :- s, :f,	m :- - :f,	s, :- s, :-	d, :- -

We wish for freedom, peace, our right
 That no one slave in other's might,
 That all mankind to work be bound,
 That bread for each be somewhere found.
 The battle-cry low rolleth by, &c.

You bring to others goods and gold,
 Yet naught for self can ever hold,
 Man scornning laughs you in the face,
 And feareth not the judgment place.
 The battle-cry low rolleth by, &c.

119. Ich halte treulich still. (Irregular.)

Adapted from old German Chorale.
attributed to J. S. Bach.

Key D.

{ :s | m :r.d | s :l.s | s :- | - | d' | r :m.s | f.m :r.d | d :- | - |
 { :d | s :l,l,l | s, :d | d :- | - | d | t :d | l, :t, | d :- | - |

For me-to have made one soul The bet-ter for my birth;

{ :m | d :m.m | s :f | m :f | s | m.f | s :s.m | l.s :f | m :- | - |
 { :d | d :l,l,l | m :f | d :r | m | d | s :d | f, :s, | d :- | - |

{ :d.r | m :r | m :l | fe :s | l | l.r | t :l.s | l :s.fe }
 { :d.t, | d :r | l d :m | r :- | - | r.fe | s :r | m :r }

To have add-ed but one flower To the gar-den of the

{ :m.f | s :s | s :d' | l :t | l | l.l | t :r' | l d' :l }
 { :d.s, | d :t, | l d :l, | r :s | fe | fe.r | s :t, | l d :r }

{ :s :- | - | s.s | f :m | f :s | m :- | - | m.m | l :t | m :s.e }
 { :r :- | - | r.r | d :t, | l d :r | d :- | - | r.r | d :f | l d :r }

earth; To have struck one blow for truth In the day-ly fight with

{ :t :- | - | t.t | l :t | l :s | s :- | - | s.e.s | l :l | l :t }
 { :s, :- | - | s, s, | l, :s, | l, :t, | d :r | l d | t, .t, | l, :r | m :m }

{ l : - | - | l . d' s : - . l s : f | m : f l s | d' . d' r : m . s l f . m : r . d }
 { d : r l m | m . d r : d l r : t, | d : t, l d | m . m r : d l d : t, d }

lies; To have done one deed of right In the face of ca-lum-

{ l : - | - | l . m s : d l s : s | s : - | - | s . l t : s | l . s : f }
 { l : t, l d | d . l, t, : l, l t, : s, | d : r l m | d . d s : m r : s, }

nies: To have sown in the souls of men One

{ m : - | - | s . s s : l . m l s : f | m : f l s | s e }
 { d : - | - | t, . s, d : l, l, l m : f | d : r l m | t, }

thought that will ne-ver die, To have been a link in the

{ l : t . t l m : s e | l : - | - | l . d' s : - . l s : f . f }
 { d : f . f l d : r | d : r l m | m . d r : d l r : t, t, }

chain of life: Shall be immor-ta-li-ty. Edwin Hatch.

{ s : s l s | s . l t : s . s l l . s : f | m : - | - | }
 { d : r l m | d s : m . m r : s, | d : - | - | }

120. A Song of War.

Quick and strong.
Key F.

Rutland Boughton.

{ :s, d :r |m .,r :d .,m | s :- l- :f | m :- .r |d :r }
{ :s, s, :s, |d .,t, :l, .,d | t, :- l- :t, | d :- .t, |l, :l, }

1. *A* new Flag floats upon the breeze! Be-neath its folds there

{ :s, m :r |d .,r :m .,d | r :m .f |s :r | d :- .f |f :f }
{ :s, d :t, |l, .,t, :d .,l, | s, :- l- :s, | l, :- .l, |l, :t, }

|| l, :- |s, :s, | d :d |t, :s, | m :- .r |r :d }
|| l, :- |s, :s, | s, s, .fe,|s, :s, | d :- .t, |l, :l, }

stand The vas-sals of the cen-tu-ries, The

|| m :- |r :r | ma :r |r :s | s :fe,|m |fe :fe }
|| d :- |t, :t, | l, :r, |s, :s, | d :l, |r :re }

|| t, :- .d |r :m | f :- l- : | m :m .,m |l :s .,m }
|| s, :- .d |t, :t, .d | r :- l- : | m :m .,m |r :s .,d }

toil-ers of our land. *f* Hark to their cry, 'mid the

{ :s :- .s |l :s .l | t :- l- : | d' :t .,t |l .t :d' .,s }
{ :m :- .m |f :s | se :- l- : | l :s .,s |f :m .,d }

r : d ll, :- | t, .t, :d lr :d .r | m.,r:d.,mis :s, | d :- l- |
 ll, :s, ll, :- | l, .l, :l, ll, :d .d | d :- ll, :s, | s, :- l- |

battle's din: *ff* Brothers, stand firm, for we fight to win!

f : s lf :- | f .f :f lf :m .f | s.,f:m.,dir :s | m :- l- |
 r :m lf :m | r .r :d lt, :l, .la, | s, :- l- :s, | d :- l- |
 d, :- l- |

mf A new Faith clothes them, as with mail,
 And Right new strength affords;
cresc. The powers of Hell shall not prevail
 'Gainst their inspired swords!
f Loud comes the cry 'mid the battle's din:
ff Brothers, stand firm, for we fight to win!

mf From bench and plough, from mill and mine,
 They flock to join the fray;
cresc. Their eyes with Hope and Courage shine,
 For Labour fights to-day!
f This is their cry, 'mid the battle's din:
ff Brothers, stand firm, for we fight to win!

mf From out thy drugged and ancient sleep,
cresc. Democracy, arise!
mf See, where thy children onward sweep,
cresc. Winning a glorious prize!
f Hark to their cry, 'mid the battle's din:
ff Brothers, strike hard, for we fight to win!

Langdon Everard.

121. Home, sweet Home.

Key E.

{:d	m :- lf :-s	s :-m lm :-	f :-m lf :r }
{:d	d :- lr :-m	m :-d ld :-	r :-d lr :t, }

'Mid plea - sures and pa - laces though we may

{:m	s :- ll :-d'	d' :-s ls :-	s :- ls :s }
{:d	d :- ld :-d	d :-d ld :-	s, :- ls, :s, }

{:m :- l- :d	m :- lf :-s	s :- lm :s	f :-m lf :r }
{:d :- l- :d	d :- lr :-m	m :- ld :d	r :-d lr :t, }

roam, Be't ev - er so hum - ble there's no place like

{:s :- l- :m	s :- ll :-d'	d' :- ls :s	l :- ls :f }
{:d :- l- :d	d :- ld :-d	d :- ld :m,	f, :- ls, :s, }

{:d :- l- :s	d' :-t ll :-s	s :- lm :s	f :-m lf :r }
{:d :- l- :d	m :-s lf :-f	m :- ld :m	r :-d lr :t, }

home! A charm from the sky seemsto hal - low us

{:m :- l- :m	s :- ll :-t	d' :- ls :s	s :- ls :s }
{:d :- l- :d	d :- ld :-d	d :- ld :d	s, :- ls, :s, }

|| m :- l - || s | d' :- t ll :- s | s :- l m : s | f :- . m lf : r }
 || d :- l - || d | m :- . s lf :- . f | m :- l d : d | r :- . d lr : t, }

there, Which, seek through the world, is not met with else-
 There's no place like home, There is no place like

|| s :- l - || m | s :- ll :- t | d' :- l s : s | l :- l s : f }
 || d :- l - || d | d :- l d :- . d | d :- l d : m, | f_i :- l s_i : s_i }

Fine. *D. S.*
 || d :- l - : || s :- l : | f :- lr : | d : lr : | m :- l - ||
 || d :- l - : || d :- l : | r :- lt, : | d : lt, : | d :- l - ||

where. Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home! *D. S.*
 home. *Fine.*

|| m :- l - : || m :- l : | l :- l s : | s : l s : | s :- l - ||
 || d :- l - : || d :- l : | f :- l - : | m : l s_i : | d :- l - ||

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily that came to my call,
 Give me these, with that peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home,
 There is no place like home.

J. H. Payne.

122. This endris nyght. (C. M.)

Key D.

Old English Carol (15th Cent.)

{:d		m	:-	:f	ls	:-	:s		l	:t	:l	ls	:-	:s	}
{:d		d	:-	:d	lt,	:-	:d		d	:-	:f	lr	:-	:r	}

I have found peace in the brightearth And

{:m		s	:-	:f	lr	:-	:m		f	:s	:l	lt	:-	:t	}
{:d		d	:-	:l,	ls,	:-	:d		f	:-	:f,	ls,	:-	:f	}

{d'	:-	:t	ll	.,s:l	:f		m	:-	:-	l	:-		:-		:-
{d	:-	:m	lf	:-	:l,		l,	:-	:-	l	:-		:-		:-

in the sun - - ny sky;

{s	:-	:s	ll	:-	:r'		d'	:-	:-	l	:-		:-		:-
{m	:-	:d	lf	:-	:r		l,	:-	:-	l	:-		:-		:-

{:m		l	:-	:l	ls	:-	:s		f	:-	:f	lm	:-	:m	}
{:l,		l,	:-	:t,	ld	:-	:m		r	:-	:d	lt,	:-	:d	}

By the low voice of sum - mer seas, And

{:d'		d'	:-	:f	ls	:-	:l		l	:t	:l	lse	:-	:l	}
{:l		f	:-	:r	lm	:-	:d		r	:-	:r	lm	:-	:l,	}

where streams mur - mur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
 Of voices that I love,
 By the flickering of a twilight fire,
 And in a leafless grove.

I find it in the silent flow
 Of solitary thought;
 In calm, half-meditated dreams,
 And reasonings self taught.

But seldom have I found such peace,
 As in the soul's deep joy,
 Of passing onward, free from harm,
 Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
 And lift our hopes too high;
 The constant flowers that line our way,
 Alone can satisfy.

Henry Alford.

123. Campbell.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key D.

{ :d | d :m .f |s :m | l :l |s
 { :d | d :d |t, :d | m :f .m |r

What's hal - lowed ground? Has earth a clod

{ :m | m :l |s :s | d' :l |t
 { :d | d :l, |m :- .r | d :r |s

{ :s | d' :- .s |l :s | f.m :r |m || m | fe :- fe |s :l }
 { :r | d :- .d |d :d | d :r |d | d | m :- .r |r .m :fe }

Its Ma - ker meant not should be trod By man, the i - mage

{ :t | d' :- .d' |d' :d' | l :t |d' |s | l :- .l |s :r' }
 { :f | m :- .m |f :m | r :s |d | d | d :- .d |t, :r }

{ t :d' |r' :t | d' :t |l :- |s :- |-
 { s :s |fe :m | m :- |m :fe |s :- |-

of his God, E - rect and free.

{ r' :d' |l :s | l :- |d' :- |t :- |-
 { s :m |r :m | l, :- |r :- |s :- |-

{:l t :s id' :t | l.s:f lm :f | r :- l- :-d d :- l- |
{:m f :r ls :s | f.m:r ld :d | d :- it, :-d d :- l-

Unscourged, by su-per - sti-tion's rod To bow the knee?

{:d' r' :t id' :d' | d' :s ls :l | f :- l- :-m m :- l- |
{:s s :f lm :m | f :t, ld :l, | s, :- l- :-d d :- l-

That's hallowed ground, where, mourned and
The lips repose our love has kissed; [missed
But where's their memory's mansion. Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! In ourselves their souls exist
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were
That ne'er are riven, [wound.
Is hallowed down to earth's profound
And up to heaven.

Lo! time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that once were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap:
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or geni twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

Then strew his ashes to the wind
Whose honest will has served mankind,
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause.

Give that, and welcome war to brace
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking
The colours planted face to face, [space!
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the
Shall still be dear. [chase,

We place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven—but Heaven rebukes our zeal!
The cause of Truth and Human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

T. Campbell.

124. Troyte No 1.

A. H. Dyke Troyte.

Key E^b

<p> m :- - :- m :f s :- f :- - :- m :r m :- </p> <p> d :- - :- d :d d :- t, :- - :- d :t, d :- </p>	<p>Our heaven must be with-in ourselves,</p>	<p>Our home and heaven the work of faith,</p>
---	--	---

<p> s :- - :- s :f m :- s :- - :- s :s s :- </p> <p> d :- - :- d :l, m, :- r :- - :- d :s, d :- </p>	<p>All through the race of life which shelves Down - ward to death.</p>
--	---

<p> m :- - :- m :r d :- r :- d :t, d :- </p> <p> d :- - :- d :t, d :- l, :- s, :s, s, :- </p>	<p>So faith shall build the boundary wall, And hope shall plant the secret power, That both may show magnificent With gem and flower.</p>
---	---

So faith shall build the boundary wall,
And hope shall plant the secret power,
That both may show magnificent
With gem and flower.

While over all a dome must spread,
And love shall be that dome above;
And deep foundations must be laid,
And these are love.

Christina G. Rosetti.

126. What is man ?

Key A^b

German Air (Abridged).

{ :s₁ .s₁ | d :d |r :r | m.f:s | :s.m | m.r:f.r |d :t, }
 { :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ :s₁ |s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | :s₁.s₁ | l₁ :l₁ |s₁ :f₁ }

What is man? My-sterious creature, Monarch of the peopled
 Marvellous in ev'-ry fea-ture, From the dawning of his

{ :s₁ .s₁ | m :m |r :t, | d :m | :d.d | d :r |m :r }
 { :s₁ .s₁ | d, :d |t, :s, | d :d | :m₁.m₁ | f₁ :f₁ |s₁ :s₁ }

{ d :- | t, .d | r :r |m :m | f.m:f | :r .r }
 { m₁ :- | s₁.s₁ | s₁ :s₁ |s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | :s₁.s₁ }

D.C.

earth,
 birth; Now by fier-y pas-sions dri-ven On-ward

{ d :- | s₁.l₁ | t, :t, |d :d | r.de:r | :t, .t, }
 { d₁ :- | s₁.s₁ | s₁ :s₁ |s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | :s₁.s₁ }

{ m :m |fe :fe | s :- | :s₁.s₁ | d :- t, |l₁.s₁ :f₁.m₁ }
 { s₁ :s₁ |d :d | t, :- | :s₁.s₁ | d :- t, |l₁.s₁ :f₁.m₁ }

in the work of crime, Now as one to whom was

{ d :d |r :r | r :- | :s₁.s₁ | d :- t, |l₁.s₁ :f₁.m₁ }
 { d₁ :d |l₁ :r, | s₁ :- | :s₁.s₁ | d :- t, |l₁.s₁ :f₁.m₁ }

{l₁ :- lf, :f .m | r :r |s :s | d :- |
 {de, :- lr, :f, .s, l, :l, |s, :t, | d :- |

gi - - ven, Ev-ry bliss and boon su - blime.

{l₁ :- ll, :t, .d | d :d |t, :f | m :- |
 {l₂ :- lr, :r, .m, | f, :f, |s, :s, | d :- |

Yet, with all his countless errors,
 Man is changing, moving on;
 Now no longer grim with terrors,
 As in ghostly ages gone.
 What though human thoughts may vary,
 Free opinion's in the van;
 Knowledge yet the crown will carry,
 Man will yet be all to man.

Every heart hath some fond feeling
 Burning in its inmost core,
 Every breast a wound worth healing,
 Every soul some hidden sore.
 There is none, howe'er degraded,
 None so reckless, rough, or rude,
 But within whose bosom, shaded,
 Lies some angel-germ of good.

From "Thoughts on Man"
 by John Macleay Peacock.

127. Hear a Word.

Not too slow.

English Air.

Key D. $\{ d : - . s | m : l \quad s : - . f | f : m \quad m : - . f | s : d \}$
 Hear a word, a word in sea-son; for the Day is

Air
Accompt. *mf*

$\{ f : m | r : - \quad d' : - . s | m : l \quad s : - . f | f : m \}$
 draw-ing nigh, When the Cause shall call up - on us,

$\{ s : d | f : m \quad m : - . r | d : - \quad s : s | l : t \}$
 some to live and some to die! He that dies shall

$\{ d' : s | l : s \quad s : m | d' : t, \quad t : l | s : - \}$
 not die lone-ly, many a one hath gone be-fore,

d :- s | m : l | s :- f | f : m | s : d | f : m }
 He that lives shall bear no bur-den hea-vier than the

m :- r | d :- | s : s | l : t | d' : s | l : s }
 life they bore. No-thing an-cient is their sto-ry,

s : m | d' : t | t : l | s :- | d' :- s | m : l }
 e'en but yes-ter-day they bled, Young-est they of

s :- f | f : m | s : d | f : m | m :- r | d :- }
 earth's be-lov-ed, last of all the va-liant dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labour and their pain,
 But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.
 Mourn not therefore, nor lament it that the world outlives their life;
 Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands for strife.
 Some had name and fame and honour, learn'd they were and wise and strong;
 Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet
 Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.
 Harken how they cry, "O happy, happy ye that ye were born
 "In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn.
 "Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to live
 "Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace to give."

128. Eisenach.

(L.M.)

German (Harmonised by Bach)

Key D.

{:d .r {:s,	m :f s :s	f :m r
	d :d d :d	d .t, :d t,
<i>mf</i> As	o'er his fur - rowed	fields which lie
{:m .f {:d	s :l ta :l .s	l :s s
	d :l, m, :l,	r :m .f s

{:s {:r	l :t d' :t	l :l s
	m :fe s .r :r	m :fe r
Be - neath a cold - ly	drop - ping sky,	
{:t {:s	l :r' s .l :t	d' .t :l t
	fe :m .r m .fe :s	d :r s,

{ :s | d' :t | l :s | f :m | r
 { :r | m :r | l d .r :m | r :s, .l, | t,

p Yet chill with win-ter's mel-ted snow,

{ :t .l | s .m :f .s | l :l | l .t :d' | s
 { :s .f | m .d :r .m | f .m :r .de | r :m .f | s

{ :s | f :m | r .m :f | m :r | l d
 { :m .r | d .r :r .d | d .t, :d | d :t, | s,

The hus-band-man goes forth to sow.

{ :t | l .s :s | s :f | s :- .f | m
 { :m | l, .t, :d | s, :l, | s, .f, :s, | d

mf Thus, Freedom! on the bitter blast
 The ventures of thy seed we cast,
cresc. And trust to warmer sun and rain
 To swell the germ and fill the grain.

p It may not be our lot to wield
 The sickle in the ripened field,
 Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
 The reaper's song among the sheaves.

cresc. Yet, where our duty's task is wrought
 In unison with all great thought,
f The near and future blend in one,
 And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

J. G. Whittier.

129. Sunward.

(Copyright.)

(5. 5. 5. 5.)

W. H. Bell.

Key G.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s_1 \\ :s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d \\ :s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \\ d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \\ t_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left. \right\}$
$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \\ d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m \\ :d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m \\ :d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l \\ f \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s \\ :m \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f \\ r \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left. \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f \\ d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m \\ :d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :r \\ :r \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \\ d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :t_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \\ d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left. \right\}$
$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l \\ d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s \\ :d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s \\ :t_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \\ m \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :f \\ :r \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \\ d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left. \right\}$

{	l	:-	:-	-	:s	:m	f	:-	:m	r	:-	:-	}
{	d	:-	:m	r	:t,	:d	ta,	:l,	:s,	f,	:-	:-	}

Rough is the high - - way-

{	m	:-	:s	f	:f	:s	s	:r	:de	r	:-	:-	}
{	l,	:-	:-	t,	:r	:d	s,	:-	:l,	r,	:-	:-	}

{	d	:l,	:d	s	:-	:-	-	:-	:-	s	:-	:-	}
{	l,	:l,	:l,	d	:-	:-	l,	:-	:t,	d	:-	:-	}

On - ward, still on - - - ward!

{	m	:f	:f	f	:-	:-	-	:-	:r	m	:-	:-	}
{	l,	:f,	:r,	s,	:-	:-	-	:-	:-	d	:-	:-	}

cresc. Dawn harbours surely
 East of the shadows,
 Facing us somewhere
 Spread the sweet meadows.

Upward and forward!
 Time will restore us:
 Light is above us.
 Rest is before us.

130, 131 and 132. Linton.

(4.10.4.10.)

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key G.

{ m :- | r :d | t, | t, | t, | d :r }
 { d :- | t, :l, | se, | se, | l, :t, }

Let us be wise! Nor sort with

{ s :- | s :m | m | m | m | s }
 { d :- | s, :l, | m, | m, | l, :s, }

{ m :s | f :m | r :r | m :- }
 { d :r | d :d | d :t, .l, | lse, :- }

po - li - cies of pre - sent wrong,

{ s :s | d .r :m | f :r | t, :- }
 { d :t, | l, :s, | f, :f, | m, :- }

{ l :- | s :m | r | r | r | m :s }
 { l, :- | r :de | r, | t, | d :r }

Which serve none long; We have no

{ d :- | s :s | f | s | s | s }
 { l, :- | t, a, :l, | r | s, | d :t, }

{ f :m |r :l, | r :- | - :d | d :- | - :-
 { d :t, |l, :l, | d :- | t, :d | d :- | - :-

lei - sure for ex - pe - - - dien - cies.

{ d :r.m |f :f | f :- | - :m | m :- | - :-
 { l, :s, |f, :r, | s :- | - :d | d :- | - :-

Let us be wise!
 Nor mate with men unworthy of our cause,
 Nor win applause
 Of fools by being their accomplices!

Let us be wise!
 Prudent as truthful: our determined course
 Shall hold such force,
 Nor Time nor Chance shall bar us from the prize.

W. J. Linton.

131.

Let us be true!
 Our cause is holy and our purpose pure;
 Let us be sure
 The means we choose hide not our aim from view,

Let us be true!
 Our hope cannot consent to doubtful deeds:
 Our strong will needs
 None but clean hands our righteous work to do.

Let us be true!
 Thought, word and deed, even as our cause is pure
 And so endure
 Firm to the end, whatever fate ensue!

W. J. Linton.

132.

Let us work on!
 Truly and wisely; ever persevere;
 Nor faint, nor fear:
 True, prudent industry hath ever won.

Let us work on!
 Work bravely; prove our faithfulness by deeds,
 Sow wide the seeds
 Of toil if you would reap! Let us work on!

Let us work on!
 Work through all barrenness, nor count the cost;
 No toil is lost;

133. The People's Flag.

"Maryland."

Melody by A. Zarnack (1819).

Key G. } :s, | d .,d :d :r (r) | m .,m :m :- }
 :s, | s, .,s, :s, :t, (t,) | d .,d :d :- }

The And pro - ple's flag is deep - est red;
 ere their limbs grew stiff and cold.

} :m | m .,m :m :s (s) | s .,s :s :- }
 :d | d .,d :d :s, (s,) | d .,d :d :- }

.d | r .m :f :t, | r .,d :d
 .d | l, .l, :l, :s, | s, .,s, :s,

It shroud - ed oft' our mar - tyred dead,
 Their hearts blood dyed its ev - ry fold.

.s | f .de :r :f | f .,m :m
 .m, | f, .m, :r, :s, | d, .,d, :d,

: : .m | s .m :l :- .s | s .f :f :- }
 : : .d | d .d :d :- .d | l, .l, :l, :- }

Then raise the scar - let stan - dard high!

: : .s | s .s :f :- .m | m .f :f :- }
 : : .d | m .d :f :- .d | de .r :r :- }

.f | f .r :s :- f | f .m :m | :s, | d .,d :d :r }
 .t, | d .d :d :- t, | d .d :d | :s, | s, .,s, :s, :t }

With - in its shade we'll live or die; Tho' cowards flinch and

.s | f .l :s :- s | f .s :s | :m | m .,m :m :s }
 .s, | l, .f, :m :- s, | l, .d :d | :d | d .,d :d :s, }

m .,m :m :- | .d | r .m :f :t, | r .,d :d }
 d .,d :d :- | .d | l, .l, :l, :s, | s, .,s, :s, }

tra - tors sneer. We'll keep the red flag fly - ing here:

s .,s :s :- | .s | f .de :r f | f .,m :m }
 d .,d :d :- | .m, | f, .m, :r, :s, | d, .,d, :d, }

Look round—the Frenchman loves its blaze;
 The sturdy German chants its praise;
 In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;
 Chicago swells the surging throng.
 Then raise the scarlet &c.

It well recalls the triumphs past:
 It gives the hope of peace at last:
 The banner bright, the symbol plain
 Of human right and human gain.
 Then raise the scarlet &c.

It waved above our infant might,
 When all ahead seemed dark as night;
 It witnessed many a deed and vow;—
 We must not change its colour now.
 Then raise the scarlet &c.

Its suits to-day the weak and base,
 Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place
 To cringe before the rich man's frown
 And haul the sacred emblem down.
 Then raise the scarlet &c.

With heads uncovered swear we all
 To bear it onward till we fall.
 Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
 This song shall be our parting hymn.
 Then raise the scarlet &c.

134. Heart of Oak.

Key B \flat

Dr. Boyce.

{ :s, | d :d .,d |d :m .,r | d :t, .,l, |s, : .s, }
 { :s, | m, :m, .,m, |m, :s, .,f, | m, :s, .,f, |m, : .m, }

Come gath - er, O peo - ple, for soon is the hour When

{ :s, | d :d .,d |d :t, .,t, | d :d .,d |d : .d }
 { :s, | d, :d, .,d, |d, :s, .,se, | l, :f, .,f, |d, : .d, }

{ l, :l, .,t, |d :r .,m | f :m .,r |m :m .,r }
 { f, :f, .,f, |s, :s, .,s, | s, :s, .,s, |s, :m .,r }

prin - ces must fall with their pomp and their pow'r; For the

{ d :d .,d |d :t, .,d | t, :d .,t, |d :m .,r }
 { f, :f, .,f, |m, :r, .,d, | s, :s, .,s, |d, :m .,r }

{ d :m, .,f, |s, :m .,r | d :m, .,f, |s, : .d | m :r .,d |s :t, .,d }
 { d :m, .,f, |s, :m .,r | d :m, .,f, |s, : .d. | d :d .,d |r :s, .,s, }

pow'r of the fu - ture we know it shall be A peo - ple u - ni - ted and

{ d :m, .,f, |s, :m .,r | d :m, .,f, |s, : .d | fe :fe .,fe |s :s, .,l, }
 { d :m, .,f, |s, :m .,r | d :m, .,f, |s, : .d | l, :l, .,l, |t, :m, .,m, }

Chorus.

r :r .,r |s, :r .,r | r :t, .,d |r :m .,m }
 s, :fe, .,fe |s, :t, .,t, t, :s, .,l, |t, :d .,d }

sworn to be free. *f* Firm and fast we will stand, Heart to

t, :d .,d |t, :r .,r | r :t, .,d |r :d .,d }
 r, :r, .,r |s, :t, .,t, t, :s, .,l, |t, :d, .,d }

m :d .,r |m :.m |r .d :t, .m |d, l, :- | d .d :-s, |m, d, :- :s, }
 d :m, .,f, |s, :.d |l, :se, se |m, m, :- | d .d :-s, |m, d, :- :d, }

heart, hand in hand, In fair or foul weather, Brothersto - gether, A

d :d .,d |d :.s, f, :t, t, |d .d :- | d .d :-s, |m, d, :- :s, }
 d, :d, .,d |d, :.d, r, :m, m, |l, l, :- | d .d :-s, |m, d, :- :m, }

l, .t, :d .,r |m :r .,d |s :s, .,s, |d
 f, :s, .,s, |s, :fe, .,fe |s, :f, .,f, |m,

peo - ple u - ni - ted and sworn to be free.

d .s, :s, .s, |s, :l, .,d |t, :t, .,t, |d
 f, .r, :m, .t, |d, :l, .,l, |s, :s, .,s, |d,

f Come sharpen your wits, for our tongues are our swords,
 To fight all our foes whether Commons or Lords;
 Our tongues shall speak truly, whatever the cost,
 And when clean are the weapons no fight can be lost.

f Firm and fast, etc.

f Our war cry is Freedom, and those who withstand
 That cry have no place in our conquering band;
 We strive for her sake from the cradle to grave,
 'Tis Freedom we fight for, and Freedom we'll have.

f Firm and fast, etc.

E. Nesbit.

135. Ellacombe.

Key B \flat .

German.

{ :s, d :t, l | s, :d m, :f, | s, :s, l, .t, :d | r :r }
 { :s, d :t, l | s, :s, m, :r, .d, | r, :m, f, :s, | l, :s, }

f Now sound ye forthwith trum-pet tone, Let all the nations

} :s, d :t, l | s, :d d :d | t, :d d :d | d :t, }
 } :s, d :t, l | s, :m, l, :l, | s, :d, f, :m, | f, :s, }

} m :- | - s, d :t, l | s, :d m, :f, | s, :s, }
 } s, :- | - s, d :t, l | s, :s, m, :r, .d, | r, :m, }

fear, Speak to the world the thrilling words That

} d :- | - s, d :t, l | s, :d d :d | t, :d }
 } d, :- | - s, d :t, l | s, :m, l, :l, | s, :d, }

} l, .t, :d | d :t, d :- | - :d .r m :r | m :f }
 } f, :m, .f, | s, :s, s, :- | - :m, .f, s, :s, | s, :l, }

ty - rants quail to hear; And writethem bold on

} d :d | r :r m :- | - :d d :r | d :d }
 } f, :l, | s, :s, d, :- | - :d d :t, | d :f, }

r :t, .d | r :d .r | m :r | m :f | r :- | - | s,
 s, :s, | s, :m, .f, | s, :s, | s, :l, | s, :- | - | s,
 Free - dom's flag. And wave it in the van - They

t, :s, .l, | t, :d | d :r | d :d | t, :- | - | s,
 s, :s, | s, :d | d :t, | d :f, | s, :- | - | s,

d :t, .l, | s, :d | m, :f, | s, :s, | l, .t, :d | d :t, | d :- | - |
 d :t, .l, | s, :s, | m, :r, .d, | r, :m, | f, :m, .f, | s, :s, | s, :- | - |

are the Father-hood of God, The Brother-hood of Man.

d :t, .l, | s, :d | d :d | t, :d | d :d | r :r | m :- | - |
 d :t, .l, | s, :m, | l, :l, | s, :d, | f, :l, | s, :s, | d, :- | - |

Upon the sunny mountain brow,
 Among the busy throng,
 Proclaim the day for which our hearts
 Have prayed and waited long;
 The grandest words that men have heard
 Since ere the world began,
 They are the Fatherhood of God,
 The Brotherhood of Man.

p Too long the night of ignorance
 Has brooded o'er the mind;
 Too long the love of wealth and power,
 And not the love of kind;
ff Now let the blessed truth be flashed
 To earth's remotest span,
 Telling the Fatherhood of God,
 The Brotherhood of Man.

136. Old English Carol.

Key $\text{E}\flat$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} :d \\ :d \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} m : m | f : m : f \\ d : d | t, : - : t, \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} s : - : s | l : - : l \\ d : - : d | d : - : d \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} s : - : m | r : - : d \\ d : - : d | d : - : d \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{l} :d \\ :d \end{array}} \right\}$

I love a lone-ly hour at eve, Or in the si-lent

$\left. \begin{array}{l} :d \\ :d \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} s : - : s | s : - : s \\ d : - : d | r : - : r \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} s : - : s | f : - : f \\ m : - : m | f : - : f \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} s : - : s | fe : - : fe \\ m : - : d | l, : - : l, \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{l} :d \\ :d \end{array}} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} r : - : l : - : d \\ t, : - : l : - : d \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} m : - : m | f : m : f \\ d : - : d | t, : - : t, \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} s : - : s | l : - : l \\ d : - : d | d : - : d \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{l} r : - : l : - : d \\ t, : - : l : - : d \end{array}} \right\}$

night. — When o'er the soul in still-ness steals A

$\left. \begin{array}{l} s : - : l : - : d \\ s, : - : l : - : d \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} s : - : s | s : - : s \\ d : - : d | r : - : r \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} s : - : tall : - : f \\ m : - : m | f : - : f \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{l} s : - : l : - : d \\ s, : - : l : - : d \end{array}} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} s : - : d' | t : l : t \\ d : - : m | f : - : f \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} d' : - : l : - : \\ m : - : l : - : \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} s \\ m \end{array} \begin{array}{l} s : - : s | r : m : f \\ r : - : r | t, d : r \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{l} s : - : d' | t : l : t \\ d : - : m | f : - : f \end{array}} \right\}$

so-lemn, sweet de-light. — To sit and think of

$\left. \begin{array}{l} s : - : s | s : - : s \\ m : - : d | s : - : s, \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} s : - : l : - : \\ d : - : l : - : \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} d' \\ d \end{array} \begin{array}{l} t : - : t | s : - : s \\ s : - : s | s, : - : s, \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{l} s : - : s | s : - : s \\ m : - : d | s : - : s, \end{array}} \right\}$

f : - : f | m : - : m | r : - : s | t : - : l | s : - : - | - : - : f
 r : - : r | d : - : d | r : - : t, | r : - : d | t, : - : - | - : - : r

things long gone, All blent with smiles and tears, — The

s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : fe | s : - : - | - : - : s
 t, : - : t, | d : - : d | t, : - : s, | r : - : r | s, : - : - | - : - : t,

m : - : m | f : m : f | s : - : s | l : - : l | s : - : d' | t : l : t | d' : - : - | - : - :
 d : - : d | t, : - : t, | d : - : d | d : - : d | d : - : m | f : - : f | m : - : - | - : - :

hap - py scenes and sun - ny loves Of long de - part - ed years.

s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : s | f : - : f | s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : - | - : - :
 d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : m | f : - : f | m : - : d | s : - : s, | d : - : - | - : - :

I love the look of gratitude,
 The tear of pity's eye,
 The word of hope, the laugh of love,
 The sympathetic sigh;
 And that dear woman's loving look,
 Whose soul with virtue glows,
 And deeply, keenly feels for all
 Her suff'ring sisters' woes.

I love the man whose soul disdains
 To treat his kind with scorn,
 However wretched be their lot,
 However lowly born,
 Whose chiefest end's to speak the truth,
 To aid the world along,
 And from the temples of all woe
 To cast out every wrong.

I love the land to labour on,
 Although there's none for me;
 And dear as light, and life, and love,
 The nation that is free.
 And, oh! I love, of all I love,
 The dearest yet of all,
 To see the poor man's rights restored,
 And mighty tyrants fall.

From "Much that I Love," by John Macleay Peacock.

8.8.8.8. D with refrain.

137.

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W. H. Bell.

Key D.

{ m ., d : s : m | f : - . m : r | d . r : m . s : f . m . r | m : m
 { d ., d : r : d | d : - . d : d . t, | l ., t, : d . d : l ., t, | d : d

Men of Eng-land, heirs of glory, Heroes of un-written sto-ry,

{ s ., l : s : s | l : - . d : s | m . s : s . s : r . s | s : s
 { d ., l ., t, : d | f, : - . f, : s, | l ., s, : d . m, : f, : s, | d : d

{ : s ., m | l : s : f . m | r : - . m : s . m | l : s : f . m | r : r
 { d ., d | d : d : t, . d | d . t, : d : d . d | d : d : r . l, | l, : t,

Nurslings of one mighty mo-ther, Hopes of her and one an-o-ther,

{ : s ., s | f : s : f . s | s : s : s . s | f : s : l . s | f : s
 { : m ., d | f : m : r . d | s, : d : m . d | f : m : r . de | r : s,

{ : m . d | f : - . m : r . d | f : m : r . d | f : - . m : l . s | s : fe
 { : s, . l, | s, : - . s, : t, . d | d . t, : d : s, . s, | l, : - . s, : l, . d | de : r

Rise like li-ions after slumber, In un-van-quish-a-ble num-ber,

{ : m . m | r : - . m : f . s | f : s : f . m | f : - . d : d . d | m . l . l
 { : d . l, | t, : - . d : r . m | r : d : t, . d | f, : - . s, : f, . m, | l, : r

{ : m . fe | s : fe : m . r . d | t, : - . d . t, | r : t, : d . t, . l, | s, : - . -
 { : r . r | r : r : d . t, . l, | s, : - . l, . s, | fe, : s, : s, . fe, | s, : - . -

Shake your chains to earth like dew, Which in sleep had fallen on you.

{ : l . l | s : s : s . fe | s : - . r . r | d : r : m . r . d | t, : - . -
 { : d . l, | t, : - . d : r . m | r : d : t, . d | f, : - . s, : f, . m, | l, : r

Chorus.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \text{ .} d : s \quad : m \\ d \text{ .} d : r \quad : l, \end{array} \right\}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f . f : m \quad : r \\ l, . t, : de \quad : r \end{array} \right\}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d . r : m \text{ .} s : f, m, r \\ l, . t, : d . d : l, . l, \end{array} \right\}$

ff Rise like lions after slumber, In unvanquishable

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \text{ .} l : s \quad : s \\ d \text{ .} l, : t, \quad : de \end{array} \right\}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f . f : s \quad : f \\ r . r : l, \quad : r \end{array} \right\}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f . f : s \text{ .} m : f . l \\ f . f : m . d : r . f, \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \quad : m \\ t, . l, : t, \end{array} \right\}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \text{ .} m \quad l \quad : s \quad : f . m \\ d \text{ .} d \quad d \quad : d \quad : d . d \quad d . l, : t, \quad : d \text{ .} d \end{array} \right\}$

number; Shake your chains to earth like dew, Which in

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} se . fe : se \\ m, \quad : m, \end{array} \right\}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \text{ .} s \quad f \quad : m \quad : f . s \quad s \quad : - \quad : s \text{ .} s \\ m, . d \quad f, \quad : s, \quad : l, . d \quad s, \quad : - \quad : m, . m, \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l \quad : - . s : f . m \\ d \quad : ta : l, . l, \end{array} \right\}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \quad : - \quad : m . s . m \quad l \quad : s . m : f, m, r \\ f, l, : t, \quad : d . r . d \quad d \quad : - . d : l, . t, \quad d \quad : - \end{array} \right\}$

sleep has fallen on you Ye are many, they are few.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f \quad : m \quad : r . de \\ f, \quad : s, \quad : l, . l, \end{array} \right\}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r . f : s \quad : s . s \quad f \quad : s . l : f . s . f \quad m \quad : - \\ r, \quad : s, \quad : d . t, . d \quad f \quad : m . d : r . s, \quad d \quad : - \end{array} \right\}$

mf What is freedom? Ye can tell
That which slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

P 'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs as in a cell
For the tyrant's use to dwell.

f Horses, oxen, have a home,
When from daily toil they come;
Household dogs when the wind roars
Find a home within the doors.

Asses, swine, have litter spread,
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one—
P Thou, O Englishman, have none.

138. La Marseillaise.

Rouget de Lisle.

Key A. }	.s, :s, .,s,	d :d r :r	s :- .m d . }
	.s, :s, .,s,	m, :m, l, :s,	s, :- m, . }

Ye sons of free-dom, wake to glo - - ry?
 See now the dangerous storm is rol - - ling,
 With lu - xu - ry and pride sur - round - - ed,
 O Li - ber - ty, can man re - sign thee,

}	.s, :s, .,s,	d :d d :t,	d :- d . }
}	.s, :s, .,s,	d :l, f, :s,	m, :- d . }

},d :d .,t,	l, :f - :r .,t,	d :- }
},d :d .,t,	l, :l, - :s, .,s,	s, :- }

Hark! Hark! what my - riads bid you rise!
 Which ty - rant kings con - fede - rate raise;
 The vile, in - sa - tiate des - pots dare -
 Once hav - ing felt thy gener - ous flame?

},d :d .,t,	l, :r - :t, .,f	m :- }
},d :d .,t,	l, :r, - :s, .,s,	d, :- }

.d :d .,r	m :- .m m :f .,m	m :r }
.m, :m, .,s,	d :- .d d :r .,d	d :t, }

Your child - ren, wives, and grand - sires hoa - ry,
 The dogs of war let loose are how - ling,
 Their thirst for pride and power un - bound - ed -
 Can dun - geons, bolts, or bars con - fine thee,

.d :d .,r	m :- .m m :f .,m	m :r }
.m, :m, .,s,	d :- .d d :r .,d	d :t, }

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<p>.r :r .,m .t, :t, .,d</p>	<p>f :- .f f :s .,f r :- .r r :m .,r</p>	<p>m :- } d :- }</p>
<p>Be - hold their tears and hear their cries - And lo, our fields and cit - ies blaze - To mete and vend the light and air; Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? -</p>		
<p>.r :r .,m .t, :t, .,d .s, :s, .,s,</p>	<p>f :- .f f :s .,f r :- .r r :m .,r s, :- .s, s, :s,</p>	<p>m d :- } d :- }</p>

<p>.s :s .,s .s, :s, .,s,</p>	<p>s :m .,d s :m .,d s, :m .,d s, :m .,d</p>	<p>s, :- } s, :- }</p>
<p>Be - hold their tears and hear their cries. And lo, our fields and cit - ies blaze. To mete and vend the light and air. Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame?</p>		
<p>.s :s .,s .s :s .,s</p>	<p>s :m .,d s :m .,d s :m .,d s :m .,d</p>	<p>s, :- } s, :- }</p>

<p>.s, :s, .,s, .s, :s, .,s,</p>	<p>r :r f :r .t, s, :l, t, :s,</p>	<p>r .,d :d s, :s,</p>
<p>Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing. Shall we ba - se - ly view the ru - in Like beasts of burd - en would they load - us; Too long the world has wept be - wail - ing,</p>		
<p>.s, :s, .,s, .s, :s, .,s,</p>	<p>t, :d r :d .f s, :s, s, :s,</p>	<p>f .,m :m } d :d, }</p>

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

.d	:d	.ta,	l,	:-	.d		d	:	t,	.d	r	:-
.m,	:f,	.s,	f,	:-	.l,		s,	:	fe,	s,	:-	

With hire - ling
While law - less
Like gods would
That false-hood's

hosts, a ruf - fian
force, with guil - ty
bid their slaves a -
dag - ger ty - rants

band,
stride,
dore -
wield;

.d	:d	.d	d	:-	.d		d	:	r	.d	t,	:-
.d,	:r,	.m,	f,	:-	.f,		m,	:	.l,	s,	:-	

:	.r	ma	:-	.ma		r	.ma	:f	.,ma	r	:-
:	.s,	s,	:-	.s,		s,	.s,	:s,	.,s,	s,	:-

Af - fright and de - so - late the
Spreads de - so - la - tion far and land,
But man is man, and who is wide,
But Free - dom is our sword and more?
shield,

:	.t,	d	:-	.d		t,	.d	:	r	.,d	t,	:-
:	.s,	s,	:-	.s,		s,	.s,	:s,	.,s,	s,	:-	

:r	ma	:-	.r		d	.ma	:r	.d	d	.,t,	:t,
:s,	s,	:-	.s,		s,	.s,	:s,	.s,	s,	s,	:s,

Whilst Peace and Li - ber - ty lie bleed - ing?
With crime and blood their hands im - bru - ing?
Then shall they long - er lash and goad us?
And all their arts are u - na - vail - ing?

:	.t,	d	:-	.f		ma	.s	:f	.ma	ma	.,r	:r
---	-----	---	----	----	--	----	----	----	-----	----	-----	----

{ : .,s | s :-|s .r :ma .,d | r :- | : .,s }
 { : .,s | s :-|s .r :ma .,d | t, :- | : .,s }

To arms!— to arms! ye brave! The

{ : .,s | s :-|s .r :ma .,d | r :- | : .,s }
 { : .,s | s :-|s .r :ma .,d | s, :- | : .,s }

{ s :-|s .r :ma .,d | r :- | :s, | d :-|:-d | m :-|:-| }
 { s :-|s .r :ma .,d | t, :- | :s, | s, :-|:-l | t, :-|:-| }

aven - gingsword un-sheath! March on, March on.

{ s :-|s .r :ma .,d | r :- | :s, | m :-|:-m | m :-|:-| }
 { s :-|s .r :ma .,d | s, :- | :s, | d :-|:-l, | s, :-|:-| }

{ f :-|s :l | s :- | :l | s :-|:-,m :f .,r | d :- | }
 { l, :-|d :d | t, :- | :d | d :-|:-,s, :s, :s, | s, :- | }

All hearts re - solved On li - - ber - ty or death.
Rouget de Lisle.

{ d :-|d :f | r :- | :f | m :-|:-,d :t, .,f | m :- | }
 { f :-|m, :f, | s, :- | :f, | s, :-|:-,s, :s, :s, | d, :- | }

139. Stratford.

(Copyright.)

6.4.6.4.

W. H. Bell.

Key D \flat

{ :m :d	f	:m	lr	:s	}
	d	:d	ld	:d .r	

"The sun is sink - ing

{ :s :d	s	:s	ll	:s	}
	r	:m	lf	:m .r	

{ d' :- ls :d	l :- ll :-	s :- l-	}
m :- lr :d	f :- lm :-	r :- l-	

fast The day - light dies,

{ l :- lt :d'	d' :- ld' :-	t :- l-	}
s :- lf :m	r :- lr :-	s :- l-	

{ :s | r' | :- .t | d' | :s }
 { :r .m | f | :r | d | :d }

Let love a - - wake, and

{ :t | l | :t .s | s | :s }
 { :s | f | :- .f | m | :m }

{ l | :m | s | :- | - | :- | s | :- }
 { d | :d | t | :- | d | f | m | r | d | :- | - }



pay Her sa - - cri - fice."

{ f | :m | f | :s | l | :- | s | :f | m | :- | - }
 { f | :l | r | :- | s | :- | s | :- | d | :- | - }

For all the tender care
 That on us smiled,
 Wherein a mother's love
 Breathed o'er her child;

For faithful love that cheers
 The darkest night
 For our poor struggles made
 Toward the light;

And for the gracious dower
 The ages give,
 And for the blessed hope
 In which we live;

For all we owe—as fast
 The daylight flies,
 Bid love awake and pay
 Her sacrifice.

E. B. Harrison.

140. St. Leonard.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

J. S. Bach.

Key F.

m :r .d r :s d :s, s, :t,	d :r .d t, :s, d :l, s, :s,
When the day of toil is end - ed, Clad in star - ry span - gled rai - ment,	
s :f .m r :r d :d t, :s,	s :f .m r :d m, :f, s, :m,

l, :t, d :d s, :f, m, :l,	r .m :f .s m :- D.C. l, :l, .t, d :-
And night com - eth cool and still Trail - ing soft - ly o'er the hill,	
d :r d :m f, :r, l, :s,	l .s :f s :- f, .m, :r, d, :-

{ m :r .d r :s { d :s, s, :t,	l :l s :- l, :r .d t, :-	}
Hand and heart and		
ach - ing brain		
In her peace for -		
get their pain.		

Grateful presence of the night-time
 Soft restraint of sleep so sweet,
 Holding still our fervent fingers,
 Gently chaining restless feet;—
 They who labour in the light
 Hail the holy, holy, night.

May we rise with hearts more hopeful
 For to-morrow and its strife.
 With a stronger aspiration
 And resolve for nobler life,
 Consecrated all anew,
 To the good, the pure, the true.

R. H. U. Bloor.

141. Miserere Mei.

S. 4. 8. 4.

Key B \flat Melody from
"Seven Sobs of a sorrowful soul" (1585)

d	:-	lt,	:l,	se,	:-	.l,	lt,	:r	}
l,	:-	s,	lf,	r,	m,	:-	.m,	lf,	

Hush now! in si - lence, re - ve -

m	:-	lr	:l,	t,	:-	.l,	ll,	:t,	}
l,	:-	r,	f,	m,	:-	.d	lr,	f,	

de	:l,	lt,	:t,	l,	:-	l-	}
l,	:m,	lf,	:m,	.r,	de,	:-	

rence, As round the bier,

m,	:l,	ll,	:se,	l,	:-	l-	}
m,	:de,	lr,	:m,	l,	:-	l-	

:l,	}	s,	:l,	lt,	:t,	}
:d,		.r,	m,	:-	.fe,	

Ye take the last fare -

:l,	}	d,	:d	lr	:r	}
:f,		d,	:l,	ls,	:s,	

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : r . d \quad t_1 : l_1 \\ s_1 . d : t_1 . l_1 s e_1 : l_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r :- t_1 :- \\ l_1 :- s e_1 :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 :- - :- \\ l_1 :- - :- \end{array} \right.$
well of her Who slum - bers here.		
$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : l_1 m . r : d \\ d_1 : r_1 m_1 : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f :- m : r \\ t_2 :- m_1 :- \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d :- - :- \\ l_2 :- - :- \end{array} \right.$

The hands that ever moved to bless
 Now folded lie:
 The feet that trod the ways of love
 Rest peacefully.

None now may rouse her from her sleep
 To joy or pain,
 Nor lay the burden of our years
 On her again.

But all of her is shining peace
 Serene and still,
 As yonder sunset fires that crown
 That western hill.

Darkness for us, but through the gloom
 Thrill memories dear,
 And starlight rises on our night
 A vision clear:

More crystal-clear than when in life
 Beside us still,
 We felt the throbbings of that heart,
 The steadfast will.

The flame of love-enkindling love
 Nought shall abate,
 And thus our hearts new-born to Love
 Are consecrate.

E. B. Harrison.

142. All, Good-night!

German Air.

Key D. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s :- .fe | s : \\ m :- .re | m : \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :- .re | m : \\ d :- .d | d : \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} f : | l | s : f \\ d : m | r : t, \end{array} \right. \}$

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

All, good-night!

All, good-night!

Now is la - bour

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s :- .l | s : \\ d :- .d | d : \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s :- .fe | s : \\ d :- .d | d : \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} l : d' | t : s \\ l : d' | t : s \end{array} \right. \}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m :- .r | d : \\ d :- .s, | s, : \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : r | r : r \\ t, : t, | t, : t, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} r : f | m : r \\ t, : r | d : t, \end{array} \right. \}$

Musical notation for the second system, continuing from the first. It features the same treble and bass staves with the melody and accompaniment.

end - ed quite,

Now the day is

soft - ly clos - ing,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s :- .f | m : \\ d :- .d | d : \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : s | s : s \\ s, : s, | s, : s, \end{array} \right. \quad \left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : s | s : s \\ s, : s, | s, : s, \end{array} \right. \}$

m :m m :m	m :s f :m	m :- .m m :m
d :d d :d	d :m r :d	d :- .d d :d

Bu - sy hands from toil re - pos - ing, Till new morn - ing

s :s s :s	s :s s :s	s :- .s s :s
d :d d :d	d :d d :d	d :- .d d :d

f :s l l :	f :- .m r :	m :- .r d :-
d :d d :	r :- .d t, :	t, :- .t, s, :-

wakes in light: All, good-night! All, good-night!

s :s f :	s :- .s f :	s :- .f m :-
r :m f :	t, :- .d s, :	s, :- .s, d :-

Sweetly rest! Sweetly rest!
 Weary eyelids downward pressed.
 Silence rests on field and mountain,
 Softly murmur brook and fountain,
 Every bird has sought its nest:
 Sweetly rest! Sweetly rest!

Peaceful sleep! Peaceful sleep!
 Sleep till morning's dawn doth peep!
 Sleep until another morrow
 Brings its duty, joy, or sorrow;
 Sleep, our Father watch will keep;
 Peaceful sleep! Peaceful sleep!

From the German.

143. St. Trophine.

Key E \flat

(Irregular)

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

<p>{ m :m .s lf .m :r d :d .d ld :r }</p>	<p>{ m :d lr :m .f d :s, .l, lt, :d }</p>
<p>{ s :s .s ll :t d :d .m lr :s }</p>	<p>{ s :m lf :s .l d :m lr :d .l, }</p>
<p>{ s :m .s ld' :t .l r :d ld :d }</p>	<p>{ s :- l- f m :s .s lf .m :r d :t, ll, t, d :d .d ld .d :r }</p>
<p>{ s :s ls :d' t, :d .r m :f }</p>	<p>{ s :- l- s s :s .s ll .l :t m :- l- r d :m .m lr .r :s, }</p>
<p>{ m :r .d r :s d :s, .l, lt, :r }</p>	<p>{ d' :t .t ll :- t s :- l- s :s .s ls :fe s :- l-</p>
<p>{ s :r .m lf :t d :t, .l, s, :f }</p>	<p>{ d' :r' .r' m' :r' .d' m :r .r ld :r t :- l- s, :- l-</p>

Rise, for the day is pass - - ing, and
you lie dream-ing on; The o-thers have buckled their
ar - - mour, and forth to the fight are gone;

{ :s | f :m .m |r :f | m :r .d |r :s }
 { :d | d .t, :d .d |d :d | d :t, .l, |s, :r }

A place in the ranks a - wait you, each

{ :s | s :s .s |l :l | s :- .l |t :ta }
 { :m | r :m .m |f :r | s :f .m |f :m }

{ f :m .m |r :l | t :- | - | t |r' :d'.t |d' :t .t }
 { r.t, :de.de |r :r | r :- |m | m |f :f .f |m :f .m }

man has some part to play, The past and the future are

{ l :l .l |l :l | l :- |se | se |l :l .l |l :l .l }
 { l :s .s |f :f | f :- |m | m |r :r .r |m :r .m }

{ t .l :s .f |m :s .s | f :m .d |r :- .d | d :- | - : }
 { r :- |d :d .d |d :d .l, |d :t, .d |d :- | - : }

noth - ing in the face of the stern to - day.

{ l :r |s :m .m |f :s .s |l :s .f |m :- | - : }
 { f :t, |d :ta, .ta, |l, :s, .m, |f, :s, .s, |d :- | - : }

Rise, if the past detain you, her sunshine and storms forget;
 No chains so unworthy to hold you as those of a vain regret.
 Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever; cast her phantom arms away,
 Nor look back save to learn the lesson of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise, for the day is passing; the sound that you scarcely hear
 Is the enemy marching to battle—arise, for the foe is here!
 Stay not to sharpen your weapons, or the hour will strike at last
 When, from dreams of a coming battle, you may wake to find it past.

144. St. Matthew.

Key B \flat

(D.C.M.)

Dr. Croft. (1678-1727)

{ :s, | m, :- :s, | d :- :m | r :d :t, | d :- m }
 { :r, | m, :- :m, | m, :- :s, | f, :m, :r, | m, :- s, }

Be - hold the West - ern even - ing light! It

{ :s, | d :- :t, | d :- :d | l, :s, :s, | s, :- d }
 { :t, | d, :- :m, | l, :- :m, | f, :s, :s, | d, :- d, }

{ r :- :s, | l, :s, :fe, | s, :- r | r | t, :- :s, | d :- :m }
 { s, :- :s, | m, :r, :r, | r, :- s, | s, :- :s, | s, :- :s, }

melts the deep - er gloom: So calm the right - eous

{ r :- :t, | d :t, :l, | t, :- t, | r :- :r | d :- :d }
 { t, :- :m, | d, :r, :r, | s, :- s, | s, :- :f, | m, :- :d, }

{ m :r :d | d :t, | s, | d :- :m | r :d :t, | d :- m, }
 { l, :- :m, f, | s, :- r, | s, :- :s, | f, :m, :r, | m, :- r, }

sink a - way, De - scend - ing to the tomb. The

{ d :r :l, | r :- t, | d :- :d | l, :s, :s, | s, :- se }
 { f, :- :l, | s, :- f, | m, :- :d, | f, :s, :s, | d, :- t, }

{ m, :- :l, | l, :se, :l, | t :l, :se, | l, :- t^m f :- :m, r }
 { d, :- :m, | m, :- :d, | f, :m, :m, | m, :- se de r :- :l, }

winds breathe low, the yel - low leaf Scarce whis - pers

{ l, :- :l, | d :t, :l, | r :d :t, | d :- m, | l :se :l, f }
 { l, :- :d, | m, :- m, | l, :- m, | m, :- r :se, :d, r }

Key Bb.

{ d :- :t, | l, :- | d s, | s, :- :d | l, :- :l, }
 { l, :- :se, | l, :- | ta, f, | m, :f, :s, | f, :- :s, }

from the tree: So gently flows the

{ m :- :r | d :- | mt, | d :- :d | d :- :de }
 { m :- :m, | l, :- | er, | d, :r, :m, | f, :- :m, }

{ r :- :d | d :t, | s, | d :- :m | r :d :t, | d :- }
 { f, :s, :l, | s, :- | s, | s, :f, :m, | l, :s, :s, | s, :- }

part - ing breath When good men cease to be.

{ r :- :r | r :- | t, | d :- :s | f :m :r | m :- }
 { r, :m, :f, | s, :- | f, | m, :r, :d, | f, :s, :s, | d, :- }

How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed!
 'Tis like the peace the dying gives
 To mourners round his bed.
 How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast!
 So sweet the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo! above the dews of night
 The vesper star appears:
 So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
 Whose eyes are dim with tears.
 Night falls, but soon the morning light
 Its glories shall restore,
 And this the eyes that sleep in death
 Shall wake to close no more.

W.B.O. Peabody.

145. Exeter.

8.8.8.8.8.

Key D.

W. Jackson. 1780-1803.

{ d m : s l m : r . d r : m . f l m d }
 { ts, d : s, l s, : l, . d d : t, l d d }

The har-vest days are come a-gain, The

{ m s : m l m : m l : s l s m }
 { d d : m l d : l, f, : s, l d d }

{ m : s l d' : - . t l : t . d' l t : - . l s : fe . m l r : m . l }
 { d : r l m : - . r m : r l r : - . r t, : t, d l r : d . m }

vales are surg - ing with the grain, The hap - py work goes

{ s : s l m : - . s s : fe l s : - . l t : s l s : d' }
 { d : t, l, : - . t, d : r l s : - . fe m : r . d l t, : d }

Last Verse begins here.

{ s : fe l s s s : m . f l s : m . f }
 { r : r l r r m : d . r l m : d . r }

on a - main. Pale streaks of cloud scarce

{ t : l l t t d' : d' l d' : s }
 { r : r l s s d' : s l d : d }

{ s : s | s :- | s | d' : d' | d' : d ., r }
 { m : m | r :- | s | f : f | m : d }

veil the blue: A - gainst the gol - den

{ s : d' | t :- | d' | l . t : d' . r' | d' : d' }
 { d ., r : m . f | s :- | m | f . s : l . t | d' : d }

{ m ., f : s ., l | s | l | r : s | d : r . f | m : r | d }
 { d : d | d | d | t, : d | d : d | d : t, | d }

har - vest hue The au - tumn trees look fresh and new:

{ s : s ., f | s | f | s : s | l : f . l | s : f | m }
 { d ., r : m ., f | m | f | f : m | f : r | s : s, | d }

And wrinkled brows relax with glee,
 And aged eyes they laugh to see
 The sickles follow o'er the lea.
 The wains the sunny slopes roll down;
 After the happy shout is blown
 Of children, and of reapers brown.

May we into Time's furrow cast
 Our deeds, as seed corn, thick and fast,
 Whose fruit eternally shall last.

F. Tennyson.

veil the blue: A - gainst the gol - den

har - vest hue The au - tumn trees look fresh and new:

And wrinkled brows relax with glee,
 And aged eyes they laugh to see
 The sickles follow o'er the lea.
 The wains the sunny slopes roll down;
 After the happy shout is blown
 Of children, and of reapers brown.

May we into Time's furrow cast
 Our deeds, as seed corn, thick and fast,
 Whose fruit eternally shall last.

F. Tennyson.

146. I blas Gogerddan.

7.6.7.6. D.

Key D.

Welsh Tune.

{	d	:	m	l	m	:	s		f	:	r	l	r	:	s		m.r	:	d	r	l	m	:	r	}
{	d	:	d	l	d	:	r		r	:	-	l	r	:	d		d	:	d.l	l	d	:	t	}	

In youth, as I lay dream-ing, I saw a coun-try

{	m	:	s	l	m'	:	r'		d.t	:	l	l	t	:	d't		l	:	l.f	l	s	:	-	f	}
{	d	:	s	l	d'	:	t		l.s	:	f	l	s	:	f	:	m	:	r	l	s	:	s	}	

{	d	:	-	l	-		m		l	:	-	se	l	:	t		d'	:	l	l	t	:	se	}	
{	d	:	-	l	-		m		m	:	-	m	l	:	m	l	:	s	:	fe	l	s	:	r	}

fair, Where Plen - ty sheds its blessings down. And

{	m	:	-	l	-		m		l	:	-	t	l	:	m'		m'	:	r'	l	r'	:	t	}
{	d	:	-	l	-		m.r		d	:	-	t	l	:	m		l	:	r	l	s	:	f	}

{	l	:	d'	l	:	se		l	:	-	l	-		t		d'	:	-	d'	l	:	l	}			
{	m	:	l	s	l	:	m.r		d	:	-	l	-		s		s	:	-	s	l	:	f	.	m	}

all have e qual share. There Po - ver-ty's sad

{	d'	:	m'	l	r'	:	d'	:	t		d'	:	-	l	-	r'		d'	:	-	d'	l	:	d'	}
{	m	:	d	l	r	:	m		l	:	-	l	-		f		m	:	-	m	l	:	f	}	

{ s :m | f :r | m :s | l :r' | d' :- | l t | t }
 { r :d | l r . d :t, | d :r | l m :l | s :- | l - | s }

fea - tures Are ne - ver, ne - ver seen; And

{ t :d' | l :s | s :s | d' :r' | m' :- | l r' | r' }
 { s :l | l r :s | d :t, | l, :f | s :- | l - | f }

{ d' :- | s l :s | f :m | l r :s | m . r : d . r | m :r | d :- | l - |
 { s :- | s l f :d | d :d | l t, :r | d . t : l . t, | d :t, | d :- | l - |

each soul in the Brotherhood Scornsunning arts or mean.

{ d' :- | d' | d' :d' | f :s . l | l t :t | m :f | l s :- | f m :- | l - |
 { m :- | m l f :m | r :m . f | l s :s, | l, :r | s, :s, | d :- | l - |

There Honesty is reckoned
 Something above a name,
 And men perform their kindly deeds
 For nobler meed than fame.
 There Labour is respected,
 And reaps its due reward,
 And Idlers in the Brotherhood
 Would meet with scant regard.

But long have I been seeking,
 And still confess with pain,
 I never yet have found the land
 I wish to see again,
 Still, as my years pass slowly,
 Mingling with life's great stream,
 I hope to find the Brotherhood
 I saw in that young dream.

George Gilbertson

147. Leyden.

(D.C.M.)

Key G.

Dutch Melody.

{ :s, | d :d |m :r | d :t, l, |s, :d | t, :d |f :m }
 { :s, | m, :s, |s, :f, | m, :f, |m, :s, | s, :s, |s, :d }

The pure, the bright, the beau-ti-ful, That stirred our hearts in

{ :s, | s, :d |d :t, | d :d |d :m | f :m |r :d.m }
 { :s, | d, :m, |s, :s, | d, :f, l, |d :d | r :d |t, :d }

{ r :- | - | s, | d :d |m :r | d :-t, l, :m }
 { t, :- | - | s, | m, :s, |s, :s, | fe, :-s, l, :fe, }

youth, The im-pulse to a word-less prayer, The

{ s :- | - | s, | s, :d |d :t, | r :-r |r :r }
 { s, :- | - | s, | d, :m, |s, :s, | l, :-s, |fe, :d }

{ r.m :fe.s |t, :l, | s, :- | - | s, | f :-m |r :r }
 { s, :s, |s, :fe, | s, :- | - | s, | t, :-d |t, :t, }

dreams of love and truth, The long-ings af-ter

{ r :m |r :d | t, :- | - | s, | r :-m |f :f }
 { t, :d |r :r, | s, :- | - | s, | s, :-s, |s, :s, }

{ m :- .r l d : d . m | s : s l m : d | r :- l - : s , }
 { d :- .s , l s , : d . m | s : s l m : d | s , :- l - : s , }

some-thing lost, The spi-rit's yearn-ing cry, The

{ m :- .f l m : d . m | s : s l m : d | t , :- l - : s , }
 { d :- .d l d : d . m | s : s l m : d | s , :- l - : s , }

{ d : d l m . r : d . t , | l , : l , l f :- .r | d : d l t , d : r . t , | d :- l - }
 { m , : m , l m , : s , | f , : f , l l , :- .l , | s , : s , l s , : s , | s , :- l - }

strivings af-ter better hopes Shall never, ne-ver die.

{ s , : s , l s , : d | d : d l r :- .r | m : m l r . m : f . r | m :- l - }
 { d , : d , l d , : m , | f , : f , l r , :- .f , | s , : s , l s , : s , | d , :- l - }

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
 A brother in his need,
 The kindly word in grief's dark hour
 That proves a friend indeed,
 The plea for mercy gently breathed
 When justice threatens high,
 The sorrow of a contrite heart —
 Shall never, never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
 Must find some work to do;
 Lose not a chance to waken love —
 Be firm, and just, and true;
 So shall a light that cannot fade
 Beam on thee from on high,
 And angel voices say to thee
 These things shall never die.

148. Aus der Tiefe.

7.7.7.7.

German.

Key F.

Largo. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \\ l, \end{array} \right.$:m |l, :t, |d :r |m :-
 |, :l, |l, :se, |l, :- .t, |l, :se,

*p*Calm - ly, calm - ly lay him down;

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ l, \end{array} \right.$:d .r |m :m |m :- .r |t, :-
 |, :l, .t, |d :m |l, .s, :f, |m, :-

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \\ l, \end{array} \right.$:m .fe |s :s |fe :- .m |m :-
 |, :l, .d |t, :d |d .t, :l, |se, :-

He hath fought a no - ble fight,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d .r :m .l |s :m |m :re |m :- \\ l, .t, :d .r |m :d .t, |l, :t, |m, :- \end{array} \right.$

<p>{ m :m f :f</p> <p>de :de ir :r .d</p>	<p>r :r m :-</p> <p>t, .l, :s, s, :-</p>
<p>{ m :l l :l</p> <p>l, .s, :f, .m, r, :f,</p>	<p>s :- .f m :-</p> <p>s, :t, d :-</p>
<p><i>crso.</i> He hath bat - tled for the right,</p>	
<p>{ m :m r :d</p> <p>s, .f, :s, .l, t, :l,</p>	<p>t, :- .t, l, :-</p> <p>l, :se, l, :-</p>
<p>He hath won the fade - less crown.</p>	
<p>{ m .r :m .f s :m</p> <p>d :d s, :l,</p>	<p>m r :t, d :-</p> <p>m, :m, l, :-</p>

pp Memories, all too bright for tears,
 Crowd around us from the past;
 He was faithful to the last,
 Faithful through long toilsome years.

mf All that makes for human good,
 Freedom, righteousness, and truth, -
 These, the objects of his youth,
 Unto age he still pursued.

pp Meek and gentle was his soul,
crso. Yet it had a glorious might;
 Clouded minds it filled with light,
 Wounded spirits it made whole.

pp Hoping, trusting, lay him down,
 Many of the realms above
crso. Look for him with eyes of love,
 Wreathing his immortal crown.

149. Breslau.

(L.M.)

Harmonised by Mendelssohn.

Key G.

{:d {:m, .f,	d :d ll, :d	r :t, ll,
{:m, .f,	s, .l, :ta, s, lf, :s,	f, :r, .m, ld,

A - long the street the sha - dows meet

{:d {:l,	d :m lf :d	d .t, :l, .se, ll,
{:d {:l,	m, :d, lf, :m,	r, :m, ll,

{:l, {:f,	t, :d r :s, .l,	t, :l, s,
{:l, {:f,	s, :s, s, :s,	s, :fe, s,

Of Des - ti - ny, whose hands con - ceal

{:d {:f,	r :m lf :m	r :l, lt,
{:d {:f,	f, :m, lt ₂ :d,	r, :r, ls,

150. Gosterwood.

7.6.7.6. D.

Old English Melody.

Key G.

<p>{ d :m,</p>	<p>d :- .l, lt, :d s, :- .f, lf, :s,</p>	<p>r :m ld :s l, :s, ld :t, }</p>
<p>Thanks for the light of morn - - ing, Thanks For mea - dow, wold, and wood - land, For</p>		
<p>{ d :d,</p>	<p>d :- .d lf :m m, :- .f, lr, :m,</p>	<p>r :t, ld :d f, :s, ll, :m, }</p>

<p>{ f :m lr.d:r l, :s, lf, :f,</p>	<p>d :- l- m, :- l-</p>	<p><i>D.C.</i> m.f s :- .f lm :r d d :- .t, ld :t, }</p>
<p>for the seeth-ing sea, Thanks for each man of green-haird fo - rest free;</p>		
<p>{ d :d ld :t, f, :s, ll, :s,</p>	<p>d :- l- d, :- l-</p>	<p>s s :- .r lm :s d.r m :- .r ld :s, }</p>

{ m : d | l, : m | f : m | r : r.t, | s, :- | - | l, t, }
 { s, :- | f, : s, | l, : s, | l, : f, | s, :- | - | s, }

cou - rage, Each gen - tle, ho - ly mind, For

{ d :- | d : de | r : s | r : r | t, : d | t, | r }
 { m, :- | f, : m, | r, : m, | f, : r, | s, : l, | s, | f, }

{ d :- | l, t, : d | r :- | m : s | f : m | r.d.r | d :- | - |
 { s, :- | s, | s, : s, | d : t, | d : ta, | l, : s, | f, : f, | m, :- | - |

youth - ful hope un - daunt - ed That never looks be - hind.

{ d :- | d | r : d | f :- | m : d | d : d | d : t, | d :- | - |
 { m, :- | m, | f, : m, | r, :- | d, : m, | f, : s, | l, : s, | d, :- | - |

For those who sojourn with us,
 For souls of noble guise,
 For radiance of the angel
 That looks through stranger's eyes.
 Thanks for the sunbeam flashing
 In at the window pane,
 For music that on mortals
 Pours beautiful disdain.

The inevitable morning
 Finds who in cellars be,
 And the all-loving Nature
 Smiles in a factory;
 Still, still the secret presses,
 The nearing clouds draw down,
 Still flames the crimson morning
 Into the idle town.

What if the world be sterile,
 And ages be outworn,
 God will from wreck and ruin
 The fairer world adorn.
 He suffers no despairing,
 He fills his world with mirth,
 Good, of men unimagined,
 He brings to glorious birth.

Spring wakes the spring within us,
 When threescore years are told:
 Love in the heart is throbbing,
 And we are never old;
 Over the Winter glaciers
 We see the Summer glow,
 And thro' the wind-piled snow-drift
 We see the roses blow.

151. Adoro te.

6.5.6.5. D.

Ghent Church Melody.

Allegro.

Key Eb.

s : f l m : m	f :- l m :-	r : s l s : fe	s :- l :-
d : l, l d : d	l, :- l d :-	d : t, l l, : l,	t, :- l :-

Morning breaketh on thee Fresh life's pulses beat,

m : f l s : s	f :- l :-	fe : s l m : r	r :- l :-
d : r l m : d	r :- l l, :-	r : m l d : r	s, :- l :-

s : f l m : m	s :- l m :-	r : d l r :- . d	d :- l - :-
d : l, l d : d	r :- l d :-	l, : d l d : t,	d :- l - :-

Earth and sky now kindled Once again to greet:

m : f l s : s	s :- l s :-	f : m l s : s	m :- l - :-
d : r l m : d	t, :- l d :-	r : l, l s, : s,	d :- l - :-

{ s : s m : s	l :- s :-	f : m r : f	m :- l :-
{ d : r d ; d	d :- d :-	l, : d r : r	d :- l :-



With a thousand voi - ces Woods and valleys sound,

{ m : s s : s	f :- m :-	f : s l : l	l :- l :-
{ d : t, d : m	f :- d :-	r : m f : r	l, :- l :-

{ s : m f : s	l :- s :-	f : m r :- . d	d :- l :-
{ r : d l, : d	d :- t, :-	d : d d : t,	d :- l :-



Leaf and flow'r with dew-drops Sparkle all a - round.

{ r : s f : m	f :- r :-	l : s s : s	m :- l :-
{ t, : d r : d	f, :- s, :-	l, : d s, : s,	d :- l :-

Day is all before thee,
 Vanished is the night;
 Would'st thou ought accomplish
 Look towards the light;
 Let a mighty purpose
 In thee stir and live,
 After highest being
 Evermore to strive.

As through mist and vapour
 Breaks the morning sun,
 Shine and work, thou spirit,
 Till thy task is done;
 When from farthest hill-top
 Fades the fire of day,
 Blest in blessing others
 Shalt thou pass away.

Rev. T. W. Chignell.

152. Omni Die.

8.7.8.7.

German.

Key F.

{:d .d	r	:d	:m .s	f	:m
{:s, .l,	t,	:d	:d .d	<u>d</u> .t,	:d

Gent-ly fall the eve-ning sha-dows

{:m .m	<u>s</u> .f	:m	:s .m	f	:s
{:d .l,	s,	:d	:d .d	r	:d

{:d .r	m .s	:s	:fe	s	:-
{:s, .t,	d .r	:d	:d	t,	:-

O'er the hills and o'er the plains,

{:m .s	s .s	:m .r	:d	r	:-
{:d .s,	d .t,	<u>d</u> .t,	:l,	s,	:-

{ :s .s | l :s :f .m | r :m
 { :d .r | d :d :d .d | t₁ .l₁ :se₁

Cat-tle slum-ber in the mea-dows,
 { :m .r | m :m :l .s | s₁ .l₁ :t
 { :d .t₁ | l₁ :d :f₁ .d | s₁ .f₁ :m₁

{ :d .r | m .f :r :- .d | d :-
 { :l₁ .t₁ | d .d :d :t₁ | d :-

Hushed are now the wild birds' strains.
 { :m .s | s .l :s :s | m :-
 { :l₁ .s₁ | d .f₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d₁ :-

Whispering leaves in light winds quiver,
 Moonbeams flush the silent grove,
 Stars gleam on the brimming river,
 Earth is wrapt in folds of love.

Have we in the day just going
 Breathed pure thoughts and purpose high,
 Used the hours now past us flowing
 Wisely, ere the night draws nigh?

On our hearts sweet peace is falling
 Softly, like the shades of night,
 And to each a voice is calling,
 "Be thou faithful to the right."

Elias Toser.

153. Ballina.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key F.

{ s . f t,	m : r : m d : l, t, : d	d . l, : s, : l, t, m, . f, : s, : s,	d :- . r : m s, : l, t, : d	}
{ s s,	s : f : s d : d : d	d : r : m . f l, : t, : d . r	s : f : s m :- . r : d	}

{ f :- d :-	s . f r	m : r : m d : l, : t,	d . t, : l, : t, . d l, . se : l, : s,	}
{ f :- l, :-	r t,	s : l : se d : f : m	l . m : m : r . m l, . t, : d : s, . m,	}

{	r	:-	.m	:f		s	:-		s		l	:-	.s	:f	.m	}
{	l,	:-	.l,	:d		d	:-	t,	ta,		l,	:-	.l,	:l,		}

work of the day, The hap - py heart

{	r	:-	.r	:l		s	:-	m	f	:-	.m	:r	.d	}
{	f,	:-	.m,	:r,		s,	:-	d	f,	:-	.f,	:f,		}

{	r	.d	:t,	:d		f	:-	.r	:s		d	:-				}
{	l,	:s,	:s,			l,	.t,	:d	.d	:t,		d	:-			}

sing - eth; A - wake and a - way!

{	r	:r	:m		f	.s	:l	.l	:f		m	:-				}
{	fe,	:s,	:s,		s,	:-	.f,	:s,			d	:-				}

No life can be dreary
 When work is delight;
 Though evening be weary,
 Rest cometh at night,
 And all will be cheery
 If faithful and right.

When duty is treasure,
 And labour is joy,
 How sweet is the leisure
 Of ended employ!
 Then only can pleasure
 Be free from alloy.

Francis R. Havergal.

154. Truro.

(L.M.)

Psalmodia Evangelica.

Key C.

{ d :m ..f ls :- .s | l :t ld' :- .s }
 { d :d ..t, ld :- .m | f :f lm :- .t, }

f I heard the bells on Christ - mas Day Their

{ m :s ..s ls :- .d' d' :f ls :- .f }
 { d :d ..r lm :- .d | f :r ld :- .r }

{ d' :s | f .m :r .d | f :m lr :- .r }
 { d :d | ld :t, .d | t, :d | lt, :- .t, }

old fa - mi - liar ca - rols play, And

{ s :s | ld' :s | s :s ls :- .s }
 { m :m | ll .s :f .m | r :d ls, :- .s, }

{	s	:l	lt	:- .d'	r' .d'	:t .l	ls	:- .s	}
{	r	:r	lr	:- .m	r .m	:r .d	lt,	:- .t,	}

wild and sweet The words re - peat Of

{	s	:fe	ls	:- .s	s	:s .fe	ls	:- .s	}
{	t,	:r	ls	:- .m	t, .d	:r	ls,	:- .f	}

{	s	:d'	lr	:f	m	:r	ld	:-	}
{	d	:d	ld	:d	d	:t,	ld	:-	}

peace on earth, good - will to men.

{	s	:m	ll	:l	s	:- .f	lm	:-	}
{	m	:d	lf	:r	s	:s,	ld	:-	}

p Then from each black accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the south,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

And in despair I bowed my head;
 "There is no peace on earth," I said,
 "For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

f Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
 "Love is not dead nor doth it sleep!
 The wrong shall fail,
 The right prevail,
 With peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

Longfellow.

155. Carlyle.

(Copyright.)

6.5.6.5.D.

W. H. Bell.

Key G.

{ d : - . r : m . f | s : m : s | f : m : d | r : - : - }
 { : s, | s, : - : s, . d | r : d : d | d : t, : l, | t, : - : - }

So here hath been dawning A - no-ther blue day;

{ : m | m : - . r : d . d | s : s : s | l : s . f : m | s : - : - }
 { : d | d : - . t, : d . l, | t, : d : m, | f, : s, : l, | s, : - : - }

{ d : - . r : m . f | s : m : s | f : m : d | r : - : - }
 { d : - . s, : d . d | t, : d : d | d : d : m, . f e, | s, : - : - }

Think, wilt thou let it Slip use-less a - way?

{ s : - : s . f | m : m : d | l : s : d | t, : - : - }
 { d : - . t, : d . i, | m, : l, : m, | r, : m, : l, | s, : - : - }

{ f : - . m : r | de : - . r : m . m | s : f : m | r : - : - }
 { d : - . d : s, | l, : - . l, : l, . l, | ta, : l, t, : de | r : l, : t, }

Out of e - ter - nity This new day is born;

{ d : - . d : r | m : - . m : m . m | m : f : s | f : - : s }
 { l, : - . l, : ta, | l, : - . t, : de . de | m : r : l, | r : - : s, }

|| m :-r :d | t, :-d :r .m | d :t, :l, | s, :-
 || d :-t, :l, | se, :-l, :t, d | m, fe, :s, m, :fe, | s, :-

In - to e - ter - ni - ty At night will re - turn.

|| s :-f :m | m :-m :s .s | l :s :r .d | t, :-
 || d :-s, :l, | m, :-l, :s, d | l, :r :r, | s, :-

{ :s, | d :-r :m .f | s :m :s | f :m :f | r :- :l }
 { :s, | s, :- :d .d | t, :d :d | d :d :l, | s, :- :l, t, }

So here hath been dawning An - o - ther blue day;

{ :t, | d :-t, :s .f | r .s :s :d | d :d :d | t, :r :f }
 { :s, f, | m, :-s, :d .l, | s, :d :m, | l, :s, :f, | s, :- :f, }

|| s :-f :m .r | d .r :m :s | f :m .d .r | d :- :-
 || d :- :d .t, | l, t, :d :d | d :d .l, :t, | d :- :-

Think, wilt thou let it Slip use - less a - way?

|| s :-l :s .f | m .s :s :s | l :m :f | m :- :-
 || m, :-f :s, .s, | l, .s, :d :m, | r, :l, :s, | d :- :-

So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?
 Behold it aforeside,
 No eye ever did;
 So soon it for ever
 From all eyes is hid.
 So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?
 Thomas Carlyle.

156. Tune "Ivella"

(Copyright.)

Robert Bullock, A.R.C.M.

Key C. M.M. $\text{♩} = 50$.

$\{$	s	:t	.l		s	.s	:l	.t		d'	:r'		m'	:-
$\{$	m	:f	.f		f	.m	:f	.s		s	:f		m	:f .s

mf (1) When with the vir-gin morn thou dost a - rise,

$\{$	d'	:r'	.d'		r'	.d'	:d'	.r'		d' .s	:l	.t		d'	:-
$\{$	d	:s	.l		t	.d'	:f	.f		m	:r		d	:r .m	

$\{$	m'	:d'	.l		s	.s	:d'	.t		t	.r'	:l		s	:-
$\{$	s	:s	.f		f	.m	:m	.fe.s		s	:s	.fe		s	:-

p Come thou in so-ber joy to sac - ri - fice.

$\{$	d'	:d'	.d'		r'	.d'	:d'	.r'		r' .t	:d'		t	:-
$\{$	d	:m	.f		t	.d	:l	.t, d		r	:r		s	:-

|| t :r' .d' | t .l :s .d' | l .s :l .f | m :-
 || s :s .s | f .f :f .m | f .s :d .r | t, :-

(2) Wash thou in in-no-cence thy heart, and bring

|| r' :t .d' | r' .d' :r' .d' | d' :l | l :se
 || s :f .m | s .l :t .d' | f .m :f .r | m :-

|| m :f .s | l .d' :t .l | s :t .r' | d' :-
 || d :d .d | d .f :f .f | f .m :f | m :-

mf Pure hands, pure ha-bits, pure, pure ev - ry thing.

|| s :f .m | f .l :r' .d' | t .d' :r' .t | d' :-
 || d :l, .d | f .f :f .f, | s, :s, | d :-

pp (3) Then do thou humbly kneel,
 And kneeling, thence
 Give up thy soul in clouds
 Of frankincense.

cres. (4) Love's golden censers filled
 With odours sweet
 Shall make thy acts with all
 Their ends to meet.

Robert Herrick.
 (Altered)

157. A Virgin unspotted.

11.10.11.10.

Key G.

Old English Carol.

{:s, | d :m :s | s.f:m :d .r | m :f.m:r | d :s, :s, }
 {:s, | s, :d :d | s, :s, :d .d | d :d :t, | d :s, :s, }

2ndverse:cho - rus

"A mer - ry Christmas." how the old words wa - ken A

{:m :s :m | r :d :m .f | s :l .s :f | m :m :m }
 {:d | d :- :d | t, :d :l, .l, | s, :f, :s, | d :d :d }

{:d :m :s | s.f:m :d .r | m :f .m :r .,d | d :- }
 {:s, :d :d | s, :- :l, t, | d :d .d :t, .,d | d :- }

Bring a new

thrill and throb for man - ny a Christmas fled,

{:m :s :m | r :d :m .f | s :l .s :f .,m | m :- }
 {:d :d :d | t, :d :l, | s, :f, .f, :s, .,d | d :- }

{:t, d | r :l, :r .d | t, l, :s, :s, .s, | d :-r :m .d | f :m :r }
 {:s, | l, :- :l, | s, :r, :r, .r, | s, :- ta, | l, :t, :t, }

For hopes ful - fill'd not, that the years have ta - ken,

{:m :fe :-m :r | r .d :t, :t, .t, | d :- :s | f :s :f }
 {:m, | r, :-m, fe, | s, :s, l, :s, .f, | m, :- :d, | r, :s, :s, }

Verses 1 & 4

d	:m	:s	s.f:m	:d.r	m	:f.m:r	d	:-	:-	
d	:d	:d	s ₁	:s ₁	:d.d	d	:t ₁	d	:-	:-

In - to their keeping, like the tears we shed.

m	:s	:m	r	:d	:m.f	s	:l.s:f	m	:-	:-	
d ₁	:d	:d	t ₁	:d	:l ₁ .l ₁	s ₁	:f ₁	s ₁	d	:-	:-

Verses 2 & 5.

d	:m	:s	s.f:m	:d.r	m	.m:f.m:r	d	:-	:-		
d	:d	:d	s ₁	:-	:d	d.d	:d	:t ₁	d	:-	:-

E'en as the dawn of morning af - ter night.

m	:s	:m	r	:d	:m.f	s	.s	:l.s:f	m	:-	:-	
d ₁	:d	:d	t ₁	:d	:l ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:f ₁	s ₁	d	:-	:-

“A merry Christmas!” let the happy chorus
 Bring a new thrill, new freedom, new delight;
 Past pain makes present joy but sweeter for us
 E'en as the dawn of morning after night.

“A merry Christmas!” Be ye thankful ever
 For friendship that is left warm, sure and strong
 For love that fills your hearts with high endeavour
 Live life anew; ye do the past no wrong.

“A merry Christmas!” Life has halting places,
 Where ye may pause in all the busy strife
 To comfort those whose sorrow-stricken faces
 Tell their own story in the book of life.

“A merry Christmas!” Peace and love be stealing
 O'er spirits answering to the sound of mirth;
 And sorrow known shall bring the human feeling
 That sheds “good will” and gladness o'er the hill.

Harriet Kendall.

158. "Ring out, Wild Bells."

Tune "Gibraltar."

Old English Air adapted.

Key C. (*Briskly.*)

{	s :- f	m :m	r :d,r	m :l	s :d' .,t	}
{	r :-	d :d	t, :l.t,	d :d.r	m :s	}

f Ring out wild bells to the wild, sky, The

{	s :-	s :s	s :s.s	s :l .t	d' :d'	}
{	t, :-	d :m	s :s.s	d :f	d :m	}

{	l :l	s :s	l.s :l .t	d' :	d' :- .r'	}
{	f :f .	m :m	f :f	m :	m :-	}

fly - ing cloud, the fros - ty light; The

{	d' :d'	d' :d'	d' :f	s :	d' :-	}
{	f .s :l .t	d' :d	f :r	d :	d :-	}

{ m' : d' | r' : d' . t | d' : l | t : s | d' : t . l }
 { s : fe | s : s | m : fe | s : s | d' : t . l }
 year is dy - ing in the night; Ring out wild
 { d' : d' | t : r' | d' : r' | r' : s | d' : t . l }
 { d' : l | t : s | l : r | s : s | d' : t . l }

{ s : l . t | d' : s | l : s . f | m :- | r :- | d : : }
 { s : f | s : m | f : d | d :- | t, :- | d :- }
 bells, and let him die, and let him die.

{ s : d' | d' : d' | d' : s . l | s :- | s : f | m :- }
 { s : f | m : d | f : m . f | s :- | s, :- | d : : }

- f* Ring out the old, ring in the new;
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is dying, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true, ring in the true.
- p* Ring out the grief that saps the mind
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
- cres.* Ring in redress to all mankind, to all mankind.
- mf* Ring out the slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
- f* Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws, with purer laws.
- mf* Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
- f* Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good, the love of good.
- p* Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of Peace, the years of peace.
- f* Ring in the valiant men and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be, that is to be.

Tennyson.

159. "Meironydd."

8.7.8.7. D.

Key Eb.

Welsh Tune.

{:s	s	:- .f	l m	:m .r	d	:r	l m	m .s
:m	m	:- .r	l d	:t,	l,	:t,	l d	d

O hills, O vales of plea - sure, O

{:s	s	:- .s	l s	:s .f	m	:s	l s	s
:d	d	:- .t,	l d	:s,	l,	:s,	l d	d .m

{f	:m	l f .m :r	d	:- l -	s	s	:- f l m	:m .r	d	:r	l m	
:t,	d	l d	:t,	d	:- l -	d	r	:- r l d	:t,	l,	:t,	l d

woods with verdure drest; Where all the charms of lei - sure

{s	:s	l s .f	m	:- l -	m	s	:- s l s	:s .f	m	:s	l s		
:r	d	l f,	:s,	d	:- l -	d	t,	:- t,	l d	:s,	l,	:s,	l d

{:m .s	f	:m	l f .m :r	d	:- l -	s	l	:s	l l	:t
:d	d	:d	l r .d :t,	d	:- l -	m	d	:d	l d	:r

So oft have calmed my breast. When far from you I

{:s	l	:s	l l	:r	m	:- l -	d'	l	:d'	l s .f
:d .m	l,	:d	l f,	:s,	d	:- l -	d	f	:m	l f .m :r

{ d' :- l s | m | s :l l s :m | r :- l - | m .r }
 { d :- l r | d | d :d l d :s, l, | t, :- l - | t, }

wan - der, Learn-ing the world in vain, My

{ m :fe l s | s | s :f l s :s | s :- l - | m }
 { l, :- l t, | d | m :f l m :d | s, :- l - | se, }

{ d :d .r | m :m .r | m :fe l s | d | m :s l f .m :r | d :- l - |
 { l, :d l t, :d | d :- l s, | s, | d :d l d :t, | d :- l - |

heart will fond-ly pon - der, And sigh for you a - gain.

{ m :f l s :l | s :d l r | m l :s l l :r | m :- l - |
 { l, :l, l s, :f, | d .t, :l, l t, | d | l, :m, l f, :s, | d :- l - |

In shady glens reclining,
 I trace the wrong and right;
 The beam of reason shining,
 Shows virtue ever bright.
 The book I read is Nature's
 There simple truths appear,
 And though she change her features,
 Her dictates still are clear.

Yet must I now betake me,
 To scenes of toil and strife,
 Ah, why does Fortune make me
 Still play the farce of life?
 Tho' called from you by duty,
 Still wheresoe'er I stray,
 The thought of all your beauty
 Will never fade away.

W. Bartholomew.

160. Oh Hearts that love.

Tune "Doreen"

(Copyright.)

R. Bullock A.R.C.M.

Key B \flat . *With expression.*

{ :s, | l, :t, | d :m | r :d | t, | t, }
 { :s, | s, :s, f, | m, :s, | l, :l, | s, | s, }

mf Oh hearts that love, and yearn-ing, trust That

{ :m | m :r | d :d | l, :f, m | r | r }
 { :d | d :t, | l, :m, | f, :f, | s, | f, }

{ d :r | m :f | r :r | m | d | f :m | r :d }
 { s, :f, | m, :l, | s, :s, | s, | s, f, :s, | s, :s, }

clo-ser still love's wing may fold A-bout your home, and

{ d :l, t, | d :d | d :t, | d | m | d :d | t, :d }
 { m, :r, | d, :f, | s, :s, | d | d | l, :s, | f, :m, }

{ t, :d | s, | m | r :t, | d :l, | s, :fe, | s, }
 { s, :s, | s, | s, fe, :s, | m, :m, | r, :r, | r, }

e-ver hold You to the high, the true, the just,

{ f :m | r | d, t, | l, :s, | l, :d | t, :l, | t, }
 { r, :d, | t, | d, r, :m, | d, :d, | r, :r, | s, }

{ :s, | d :m | r :s | d :f | m
 { :s, | s, :s, | s, :s, | l, :l, | se,

We lift our hearts with yours this day,

{ :s, | d :d | t, :t, | d :r .d | t,
 { :s, .f, | m, :d, | s, :m, | l, :r, | m,

May peace for ev - er with you stay!

{ :d | f :m | r :f | m :r | m
 { :l, | se, :l, | r, :r, | s, :s, | id,

mf Each burden that the years may bear
 Is lighter, shared in sympathy
 And joy makes sweetest melody
 When fellow lives are glad and fair;
dim. O let no narrow aim expel
 The angels that may with you dwell!

*P*As from a fortress calm within
 And guarded from the heat of strife,
 So may you daily bring to life
 The eager aim fresh good to win—
cresc. The watchful step, the steady will,
 The love of right that conquers ill.

*f*And so, in mutual service bound
 To service of a wider scope,
 May each new morn bring you some new hope,
 Each evening know some sweetness found!
cresc. We lift our heart with yours this day,
 May love for ever with you stay!

E. J. T.

161. Silent Voices.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

7.7.7.7.8.7.

Key B \flat

|| l₁ :- .t₁ | d :- r | d :- t₁ .l₁ | t₁ |
 || m₁ :- .m₁ | m₁ :- l₁ | l₁ :- se₁ .fe₁ | se₁ |

When Call the dumb hour so clothed in black,
 me not so of - ten back,

|| d :- .t₁ | l₁ :- r | m :- t₁ | l₁ m
 || l₁ :- .se₁ | l₁ :- f₁ | m₁ :- m₁ | l₁ m₁

D.C.

{ d .r | m :- .m | r :- d | t₁ :- l₁ :-
 { l₁ .t₁ | d :- .d | s₁ :- l₁ | l₁ :- se₁ | l₁ :-

Brings the dreams a-bout my bed,
 Silent voice - es of the death,

{ m .s | s :- .s | r :- m | f :- m .r | d :-
 { l₁ .s₁ | d :- .d | t₁ :- l₁ | r₁ :- m₁ | l₁ :-

1st Verse.

f :- f | m :r | m :r .d | t, :l, | t, :d | m :- r }
 l, :- s, | s, :s, | s, :fe:l, | s, :f, | s, :s, | se, :l, .l, }

Toward the low-land way be - hind me, And the sun - light

r :- .t, | d :t, | d, .t, :l, .r | r :r | r :m | r :d .f }
 r, :- .s, | d, :s, | d, :r, | s, :r, | s, :d | t, :l, .r, }

2nd Verse.

d :t, | l, :- | t, :d | r :r | d :- | l- :- |
 l, fe:se, | l, :- | s, :s, | l, :s, .f, | m, :- | l- :- |

that is gone. On and al - ways on!

m :- .r | d :- | r :d | d :t, | d :- | l- :- |
 m, :m, | l, :- | s, :m, | l, :s, | d, :- | l- :- |

Call me not so often back
 Silent voices of the dead!
 Call me rather, silent voices,
 Forward to the starry track
 Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
 On, and always on!

Tennyson.

162. Rockingham. (L.M.)

E. Miller.

Key D.

{:d	m :f	:r	d :-	:m	s :-	:l	s :-	:s	}
{:d	d :-	:t,	d :-	:d	d :-	:d	d :-	:r	}

O hap - py days, O months, O years, Which

{:m	s :l	:s.f	m :-	:s	s :-	:f	m :-	:s	}
{:d	d :f,	:s,	d :-	:d	m :-	:f	d :-	:t,	}

d'	:-	:t	l :-	:s	s :f	:m	m :r	
d	:f	:-	.m	m :r	m	t, :-	:d	d :t,

ev'n in this dim hour of woe,

s	:f	:s	l :t	:d'	s :-	:s	s :-	
l,	:-	:s,	f, :f	:m	r :-	:d	s, :-	

{ :r	s :- :l	t :- :s	d' :m :fe	s :- :d
{ :t,	t, :r :r	r :- :r	d :- :d	t, :- :d .t, }

'Tis now im - pos - si - ble can show The

{ :s	s :- :fe	s :- :t	d' :- :t :l	s :f :m
{ :s,	s, :t, :r	s :- :f	m :l, :r	s, :- :l, }

f :- :m	r :- :d	d .r :m :r	d :-
l, :- .t, :d	l, :- :l,	s, :d :t,	d :-

print of grief, the stain of tears!

f :l :s	f :- .m :r	m .f :s :s .f	m :-
r :- :m	f :f, :fe,	s, :- :s,	d :-

O blessed times, which now no more
 Exposed to chance or change remain;
 Which having been no after stain
 Can dim the brightness that ye wore!

Dark shadows of approaching ill,
 Fall thick upon life's forward track;
 But on its past they stream not back,
 What once was bright abides so still.

R. C. Trench.

163. Begone, Dull Care.

Key G.

Old English Air.

{:(ṡ₁)}	d :- :- lr :- : ^(r)	m :- :- l :- :- :f	s :l :s lf :m :f }
{:(s₁)}	m₁ :- :- ls₁ :- : ^(s₁)	s₁ :- :- l :- :- :t,	d :- :d lt₁ :- :t, }

Good-night! good - night! The chimes ring loud and

{:(s₁)}	s₁ :- :- lt₁ :- : ^(t₁)	d :- :- l :- :- :s	s :- :s ls :- :s }
{:(s₁)}	d₁ :- :- ls₁ :- : ^(s₁)	d :- :- l :- :- :r	m :- :m lr :- :r }

{ m :- :- l :- :- :ṡ₁ }	d :- :- lr :- : ^(r)	m :- :- l :- :- :f	m :f :m lr :d :r }
{ d :- :- l :- :- :s₁ }	m₁ :- :- ls₁ :- : ^(s₁)	s₁ :- :- l :- :- :r	d :- :d lt₁ :- :t, }

clear, Good-night! good - night! A new-born day is

{ s :- :- l :- :- :s₁ }	s₁ :- :- lt₁ :- : ^(t₁)	d :- :- l :- :- :l	s :- :s lf :- :f }
{ d :- :- l :- :- :s₁ }	d₁ :- :- ls₁ :- : ^(s₁)	d :- :- l :- :- :f,	s₁ :- :s₁ ls₁ :- :s₁ }

{ d :- :- l :- :- :m .f }	s :- :s ls :- :m	f :- :f lf :- :r }
{ d :- :- l :- :- :d }	d :- :d ld :- :d	t₁ :- :t₁ lt₁ :- :t₁ }

near. Our mirth has rung, we've danced and sung, Our

{ m :- :- l :- :- :s }	s :- :s ls :- :s	s :- :s ls :- :s }
{ d₁ :- :- l :- :- :d .r }	m :- :m lm :- :d	r :- :r lr :- :s₁ }

{ m : f : s | s : f : m | m : - : - | r : - : s, | d : - : d | r : - : r }
 { d : - : d | d : - : d | d : - : - | l t, : - : s, | m, : - : m, | l, : - : l, }

eyes have gleamed de- light; The day has passed, we

{ s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : - | l : - : t, | d : - : d | l f : - : f }
 { d : - : m | m : - : d | s, : - : - | l : - : s, | l, : - : l, | l f, : - : f, }

{ m : - : m | m : - : f | m : f : m | r : d : r | d : - : - | l : }
 { s e, : - : s e, | s e, : - : l, | d : - : d | l t, : - : t, | d : - : - | l : }

part at last, To each and all, good-night!

{ t, : - : t, | l t, : - : l | s : - : s | l f : - : f | m : - : - | l : }
 { m, : - : m, | l m, : - : r, | s, : - : s, | l s, : - : s, | d, : - : - | l : }

Sleep! gentle sleep!
 Thy robe o'er nature lies!
 Sleep! gentle sleep!
 Steal softly on our eyes.
 And not alone to us be known
 Thy blessings calm and deep;
 To pain and care be free as air,
 And soothe them, gentle sleep.

Good-night! good-night!
 The chimes give warning clear;
 Good-night! good-night!
 A new-born day is near.
 Our mirth has rung, we've danced and sung,
 Our eyes have gleamed delight;
 The day has passed, we part at last;
 To each and all, good night.

164. Quedlinburg.

(Welcoming of a child.)

10. 10. 10. 10.

J. C. Kittel.

Key F.

{	d	:m	:f		s	:s	:d		l	:s	:f		m	:-	:-		
{	s,	:s,	:d		d	:t,	:d		d	:d	:-	.t,		d	:-	:-	

Here let us rest a-while, ere this day dies;

{	m	:m	.r	:d		r	:r	:s		f	:s	:s		s	:-	:-		
{	d	:d	.t,	:l,		s,	:f,	:m,		f,	:m,	.f,	:s,		d	:-	:-	

{	r	:s	:f		m	:r	:d		t,	:d	:l,		s,	:-	:-	
{	t,	:d	:r		d	:t,	:s,		s,	:s,	:fe,		s,	:-	:-	

Strong be our in-ner light, clearer our eyes!

{	f	:m	:r		s	:f	:s		s	:m	:r		t,	:-	:-	
{	s,	:l,	:t,		d	:r	:m		r	:d	:r		s,	:-	:-	

{ r :r :m	m :r :s	s :f :m	r :- :-
t, :t, :d	d :t, :t,	d :r :de	l, :- :t,

What can we give to thee, pure lit - tle child?

{ s :s :s	s :s :r	s :l :l	f :- :s
s, :s, :d	d :s, :f,	m, :f, .s, :l,	r :- :s,

{ s :s :s	l :s :f	m :f :r	d :- :-
d :t, :ta,	l, :d :d	d :d :t,	d :- :-

Must our world sul - ly thee, leave thee de - filed?

{ s :f :m	f :s :l	s :l :s	m :- :-
m :r :d	f, :m, :f,	s, :f, :s,	d :- :-

Love we would plant in thee, selfless and pure!
 Peace we would promise thee, deep and secure,
 Hope for each darkness and strength for each day,
 Trust in humanity; these be thy stay.

Be our aim steadfast in striving towards worth,
 That we may help thee to gladden the earth.
 Duty, our strengthener! Duty, our rest!
 Help us to make this new life truly blest.

Should the ceremony take place in the morning the following may be substituted for the first verse.

Frail, unknown blossom! whose petals may hold,
 Hid in the heart of thee, sweetness untold,
 Rich is the blessing thy young life may give;
 How shall we train thee in beauty to live?

165. Zundel.

6. 5. 6. 5. D. with refrain.

J. Zundel.

Key G.

{	m : r	l d : t,		l, :- .t,	l d :-		d : m	l r : d		d :- l t, :-	}
{	d : s,	l s, : s,		f, :-	l s, :-		s, : d	l l, : l,		s, :- l - :-	}

Shout it from the hill - tops, Shout it on the plain,

{	s : f	l m : m		d : r	l m :-		d : s	l f : f		m :- l r :-	}
{	d : d	l d : m,		f, : r,	l d, :-		m, : d,	l f, : r,		s, :- l - :-	}

{	m : r	l d : t,		l, :- .t,	l d :-		d : m	l m :- .r		d :- l - :-	}
{	m, : f,	l s, : s,		f, :-	l m, :-		s, : d	l d : t,		d :- l - :-	}

Nevermore shall ha - tred Raise its brow a - gain. *Fine.*

{	d : r	l m :- .r		d : r	l d :-		d : s	l s :- .f		m :- l - :-	}
{	d : d	l d : m,		f, : r,	l l, :-		m, : d,	l s, : s,		d :- l - :-	}

{ r : r lr : r | m :- r ld :- | d : l, lr : d | t, :- | - :-
 { t, : d lr : t, | d :- | s, :- | l, : m, lr, : fe, | s, :- | - :-

Here are love's bat - ta - lions, Here a faith-ful band:

{ s : fe ls : s | s :- . f lm :- | m : d ll, : r | r :- | - :-
 { s, : l, lt, : s, | d :- | ld, :- | l, :- . s, fe, : r, | s, :- | - :-

From this hour shall con - cord Rule this pleasant land. *D. C.*

{ r : r lm : f | s :- | d : f | m : r ld : t, | d :- | - :-
 { s, : s, ls, : t, | d : t, ll, :- | d : l, ls, : s, | s, :- | - :-

{ t, : t, ld : r | d :- | d : r | s : f lm : r | m :- | - :-
 { s, : f, lm, : r, | m, :- | ll, : r, | m, : f, ls, : s, | d, :- | - :-

Whisper it at night time,
Whisper it at noon,
Falsehood and injustice
They shall banish soon.

Bigotry shall perish,
War shall lose its charm,
Love shall on life's waters
Pour its soothing balm.

Whisper it, etc

Waft it on the breezes,
Waft it on the wind,
Soon shall ties fraternal
All the nations bind.
None shall then be idle,
None shall then be poor,
Everyone be able
Justice to secure.

Waft it, etc.

Spread it 'mong the many,
Spread it 'mong the few,
Love shall by its magic
All the earth subdue.
Greed shall die unpitied,
Passion shall be tame,
Love shall for its bondman
Every heart-beat claim.

Spread it, etc.

166 Seeds of Kindness.

8.7.8.7.D. with Chorus.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key C.

m :-.r d.r :m.f	s :d' t :l	s :l f.m :r	m :r.d r :-
d :-.t, d :d	r :m f :r	m :m d :t,	d :l, t, :-

Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Shining now our path a - bout;

s :-.f m :l	s :s s :t	d' :d' l :s	s :f.e s :-
d :-.d d :l,	t, :d r :f	m :d r :s	d :r s, :-

s :-.s d' :t	l :t.d' r' :s	d' :t l :s	m :f.e s :-
r :-.r s :s	r :f.e s :r	d :r m :m.r	d :r r :-

Let us keep the wheat and roses Casting thorns and chaff all out;

t :-.t d' :d'	d' :r' r' :s	m .f.e :s d' :t	l :d' t :-
s :-.f m :m	f.e :r.d t, :t,	l, :t, d :m	l :r s :-

l :-.l t.l :s	l :t.d' t.l :s	l :t.d' r' :s	l :t.d' t :-
r :-.r r :r	m :s f :r	m :s s :s	m :m m :-

Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to-day,

r' :r' s.l :t	d' :d' r'.d' :t	d' :m' r' :t	l :l s.e :-
f.e :f.e f :f	m :m r :s	d :t, l, t, :m	d :t, l, m :-

r' :-.r' d' :t	l :t.d' t.l :s	d' :s f :m	f.m :r d :-
r :-.r s :s	s :s f.e :s	s :d d :d	l, :t, d :-

With a patient hand re - mov-ing All the briars from the way.

l :-.l d' :r'	m' :t.l r'.d' :t	d' :s l :s	f :s m :-
f :-.f m :r	d :m r :s	m :m f :d	r :s, d :-

Chorus.

{ :d | m.f : s . l | s : d' | d' :- | t | s | s . l : t . d' | r' : d' | d' :- | t |
 { :d | d : d | d : d | f :- | f | r | s : s . | f e : s . l | s :- | s |

Then scat-ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness,

{ :m | s : s . f | s : s | l : r' | r' | t | d' : s | l | r' | r' :- | r' |
 { :d | d . r : m . f | m : m | r :- | s | f | m : m | r : m . f e | s :- | s |

{ :d' | r' : s | m' : r' . d' | t : l | s : d' | s : f . m' | f . m' : r | d :- | l :- |
 { :s | f : s | s : s | s : f | s : m | r : r . d | l , : t , | d :- | l :- |

Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by - and - by.

{ :d' | l : t | d' : d' | d' : d' | d' : m | s : s | f : s | m :- | l :- |
 { :m | f : m . r | d : r . m | f : f | m : l , | t , : d | r : s , | d :- | l :- |

Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone!
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air.
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 etc.

If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow;
 Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now!
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 etc.

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grass they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
 For our reaping by and by!
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 etc.

Mrs. A. Smith.

167. Nil Desperandum.

Composed for first labour Church Tune — Book in 1693.

Tempo di marcia. *Energetico.*

R. T. Nicholson, M. A.

Key C

G.t.

{ d' :v̇ ,f is :s ,s | l :r's, ,f lm .s :- }
 { a :ṁ ,f is :d ,d | d :r ,r ld .d :- }

Nev - er despair! Let the fee - ble in spi-rit

{ d' :v̇ ,f is :ta ,ta | l :r ,s is .m :- }
 { d' :ṁ ,f is :m ,m | f :fct, ,t, ld .d :- }

Bow like the wil - low that stoops to theblast.

f.C.

{ f' :s ,f lṁ :f ,m | r :r ,m lds :- }
 { l, :t, ,r ld :d ,d | d :t, ,t, lds :- }

{ r :r ,s is :l ,s | l :f ,f lmt :- }
 { r :s, ,t, ld :r, ,m, | f, :s, ,s, lds :- }

Droop not in pe - ril! 'Tis man-hood's true me - rit

{ l :l ,l ll :ta ,l | f' ,m' :r' .d' lt .r' :- }
 { d :s ,s lf :s ,s | f .s :l .l is .s :- }

{ d' :de' ,de' lr' :m' ,m | r' .de' :r' .r' lr' .t :- }
 { f :m ,m lr :de ,de | r .m :f .fe is .s :- }

:EV .,f l s̄ :s ..s | l :t ..t l d' :-
 :m .,f l s̄ :d ..d | d :f .,f l m :-
 No - bly to strug - gle and hope to the last.
 :d' :d' :m .,f l s̄ :ta ..ta | l :s ..r' l d' :-
 :m .,f l s̄ :m ..m | f :s ..s l d :-

When by the sunshine of fortune forsaken,
 Faint sinks the heart of the feeble with fear,
 Stand like the oak of the forest unshaken—
 Never despair, boys! Oh! Never despair.

Never despair! Though adversity rages
 Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore,
 Firm as the rock in the ocean for ages,
 Stand the rude torrent till danger is o'er.

Fate with its whirlwinds our joys may all sever;
 True to ourselves we have nothing to fear;
 Be this our hope and our anchor for ever—
 Never despair, boys! Oh! Never despair.

(The above lines were written by Wm. SMITH O'BRIEN on the day on which
 sentence of death was passed upon him, October 9th, 1848.)

168. Goshen.

6.5.6.5. D.

Key B \flat

{ d :-.d | t, :l, | s, :- | m, :- | s, :m | r :d | r :- | l- :-
 { m, :- | m, | s, :f, | m, :- | d, :- | m, :s, | f, :fe, | s, :- | l- :-

Lit - tle words of kind - ness: How they cheer the heart!

{ s, :- | s, | m, :f, | s, :- | s, :- | d :s, | l, :d | t, :- | l- :-
 { d, :- | d, | d, :d, | d, :- | d, :- | d, :d, | f, :l, | s, :- | l- :-

{ d :-.d | t, :l, | s, :- | m, :- | s, :s, | m :r | d :- | l- :-
 { m, :- | m, | f, :f, | m, :- | d, :- | m, :d, | s, :f, | m, :- | l- :-

What a world of glad - ness Will a smile im - part!

{ s, :- | s, | f, :l, | d :- | s, :- | s, :s, | d :t, | d :- | l- :-
 { d, :- | d, | d, :d, | d, :- | d, :- | d, :m, | s, :s, | d, :- | l- :-

{ r : r r : m	f :- r :-	m : d l, : r	s, :- l :-
{ s, : s, l, : s,	f, :- s, :-	s, : s, s, : fe,	s, :- l :-

How a gen-tle ac - cent Calms the troubled soul,

{ t, : t, l, : de	r :- t, :-	d : m r :- d	t, :- l :-
{ s, : s, f, : m,	r, :- s, :-	d, : l, r, : r,	s, :- l :-

{ d :- d t, : l,	s, :- m, :-	s, : s, m : r	d :- l :-
{ m, :- m, s, : f,	m, :- d, :-	m, : d, s, : f,	m, :- l :-

When the waves of pas - sion O'er it wild-ly roll!

{ s, :- s, m, : f,	s, :- s, :-	s, : s, d : t,	d :- l :-
{ d, :- d, d, : d,	d, :- d, :-	d, : m, s, : s,	d, :- l :-

Little acts of kindness
 Nothing do they cost;
 Yet, when they are wanting,
 Life's best charm is lost.
 Little acts of kindness,
 Richest gems of earth,
 Though they seem but trifles,
 Priceless is their worth.

169. Service Song.

(8. 7. 8. 7. D)

Plymouth Collection (U.S.A.)

Key F.

{ m : r . d | l, : d . r | m : s | m : r }
 { s, : s, | l, : s, . t, | d : d | d : t, }

Named and name - less all live in us,
 Ev' - ry pain to count for noth - ing,
 Thro' the bat - tle, thro' the tan - gle

{ s : f . m | d : m . f | s : s | l : f }
 { d : t, d | f, : m, . r, | d, : m, | f, : s, }

{ m : r . d | l, : d . r | m : r | d :- D.C. }
 { s, : s, | l, : s, . d | d : t, | d :- }

One and all they lead us yet;
 Ev' - ry sor - row to for - get.
 Peace to gain or peace to give.

{ s : f . m | f : s . l | s : s . f | m :- }
 { d : t, d | f, : m, . f, | s, : s, | d :- }

{ s :s .m s :s d :d d :d	l :s .m m :r d :d d :t,
Fair the crown the cause hath for us,	
{ s :s s :s m :m .d m :m	f :s s :s f :m .d s, :s,

{ s :s .m s :s d :d d :d	l :s .m r :- D.C. l, :d d :t,
Well to die or well to live,	
{ s :s s :s m :m .d m :m,	f :s .l r :s f, :m, .f, s, :-

There, amidst the world new builded,
 Shall our earthly deeds abide,
 Though our names be all forgotten,
 And the tale of how we died.
 Life or death, then, who shall heed it,
 What we gain or what we lose?
 Fair flies life, amid the struggle,
 And the cause for each shall choose.

170. Old 22nd

(D.C.M.)

Key E^b

{ :d d :r |m :s | f :f |m | d }
 { :s, l, :t, |d :d | d :t, |d | d }

A lit - tle king - dom I pos - sess, Where

{ :m m :s |s :s | l :f |s | l }
 { :d l, :s, |d :m | r :r |d | l }

{ f :m |r :r | d :- | s | l :t |d' :t | l :l |s }
 { l, :d |d :t, | d :- | d | m :r |d :r | m :r |t,

thoughtsand feeling dwell; And ve-ry hard I find the task

{ l :s |s :s | m :- | m | m :s |l :s | m :fe |s }
 { f, :d |s, :s, | d :- | d | d :t, |l, :t, | d :r |s,

{ :m f :m |r :r | d :- | d' | t :l |s :l }
 { :d l, :d |d :t, | d :- | m | m :d |d :d }

of go-vern-ing it well. For passion tempts and

{ :d r :s |l :s.f | m :- | l | s :f |m :fe }
 { :l, r, :m, |f, :s, | d :- | l | m :f |d :l, }

t :l is | l | m :f is :l | s :- l- | m }
 t,r :r.d |t, | l, | d :r |t, :r | t, :- l- | d }

trou- bles me, A wayward will mis- leads; And

s :fe |s | d | l :l is :fe | s :- l- | s }
 s, t, :r |s, | f, | l, :r |m :r | s, :- l- | d }

m :r |m :d | m :fe |s | m | r :m |f :r | d :- l- |
 d :t, |d :s, | l, :l, |t, | d | r :ta, |l, :t, | d :- l- |

selfishness its shadow casts On man-y thoughts and deeds.

s :s |s :m | d :r |r | m | s :s |l | :s.f | m :- l- |
 d :s, |d :d.t, | l, :r |s, | d | ta, :s, |f, :s, | d :- l- |

How can I learn to rule myself,
 To be the child I should,
 Honest and brave, nor ever tire
 Of trying to be good?
 How can I keep a sunny soul
 To shine along life's way?
 How can I tune my grateful heart
 To sweetly sing all day?

I do not ask for any crown
 But that which all may win:
 Nor try to conquer any world
 Except the one within.
 Be thou my guide until I find,
 Led by a tender hand,
 The happy kingdom in myself,
 And dare to take command.

Louisa M. Alcott.

171. Happy Land.

Key E. || m :- l m :r | m :s | s :- | m :- l m :r |

d :- l d :t, | d :d | d :- | d :- l d :t, |

Kind words can nev - er die, Che - rished and

|| s :- | s :s | s :m | m :- | s :- | s :f |

d :- l d :s, | d :d | d :- | s, :- | s, :s, |

|| d :- l - :- | m :- l m :r | m :s | s :- |

d :- l - :- | d :- l d :t, | d :t, | d :- |

blest; God knows how deep they lie

|| m :- l - :- | s :- | s :s | s :f | m :- |

d :- l - :- | d :m | s :s, | d :r | m :- |

|| m :- l m :r | d :- l - :- | d' :- l d' :l |

d :- l t, t, | d :- l - :- | m :- l m :f |

Stored in the breast; Like child-hood's

|| m :- | s :f | m :- l - :- | s :- | s :l |

l, :- | s, :s, | d :- l - :- | d :- l d :d |

l :s | s :- | m :r | m :s | l :s | s :- }
 f :m | m :- | d :t, | d :r | r :t, | t, :- }

sim - ple rhymes, Said o'er a thou - sand times,

t :d' | d' :- | s :- | s :s | fe :s | s :- }
 d :d | d :- | d :s, | d :t, | r :s, | s, :- }

d' :- | d'(d') :l | l :s | s :- | m :- | m :r | d :- | - :- }
 d :- | d(d) :d | d :d | d :- | d :- | t, | t, | d :- | - :- }

And in all years and climes, They can-not die.

s :- | l (l) :f | f :m | m :f | s :- | s :f | m :- | - :- }
 m :- | f (f) :f | d :d | d :- | s, :- | s, :s, | d :- | - :- }

Sweet thoughts can never die;
 Bright, like the flowers,
 Their brightest hues may fly
 In wintry hours;
 But when the gentle dew
 Gives them their charms anew,
 With many an added hue
 They bloom again.

Childhood can never die:
 Thoughts of the past
 Float in the memory,
 Bright to the last;
 Many a happy thing,
 Many a sunny spring,
 Come on time's ceaseless wing,
 Back to the heart.

Abby Hutchinson.

* The small notes for 2nd verse.

172. The Mill-wheel.

Fr. Gluck.

Key F. } :s, m :- m | m r : m f :- r | t, :- s, d :- d | d' : t, : d }
 :s, d :- d | d : t, : d t, :- : | s, :- s, s, :- s, | fe, :- fe, }

God bless the lit - tle chil - dren, The fa - ces sweet and

{ :s s :- :s | s :- :s s :- :s s :- :s | f :- :t, d :- :d | d :- :d }
 :s d :- :d | d :- :d s, :- :s, :- :f, m, :- :m, | l, :- :l, }

{ r :- :l - : r r :- :r | r : m f s :- :s | l, :- :r }
 :s, :- :l - : t, t, :- :t, | t, : d r m :- :d | l, :- :l, }

fair, ——— The bright young eyes, so strange-ly wise, The

{ t, :- :l - : s s :- :s | s :- :t d' :- :d' | f :- :f }
 :s, :- :l - : s, s :- :s | f : m r d :- :m | f :- :f, }

d :- d | r :d :r | m :- :- l - : :m | m :r :r | r :m :f |
 s, :- :s, | t, :l, :t, | d :- :- l - : :d | d :- :d | t, :d :r |

hon - ny sil - ken hair. The bright young eyes, so

m :- :m | s :- :s | s :- :- l - : :s | fe :- :fe | s :- :s |
 s, :- :s, | s, :- :s, | d :- :- l - : :d | l, :- :r, | s, :- :t, |

s :- :d' | l :f :r | d :- :d | m :- :r | d :- :- l - : :
 m :- :d | d :- :l, | s, :- :s, | d :- :t, | d :- :- l - : :

strange - ly wise. The hon - ny sil - ken hair.

s :- :d | d :- :f | m :- :m | s :- :f | m :- :- l - : :
 d :- :m, | f, :- :f, | s, :- :s, | s, :- :s, | d :- :- l - : :

God love the little children
 The angels at the door!
 ¶ The music sweet of little feet
 That patter on the floor. ¶

God help the little children,
 Who cheer our saddest hours,
 ¶ And shame our fears for future years,
 And give us winter flowers. ¶

God keep the little children
 Whom we can no more see;
 ¶ Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
 Where we desire to be. ¶

173. Puer nobis nascitur.

L. M.

Key D.

M. Praetorius.

{:d	d :- :r	m :- :f	m :- :r
{:s,	l, :- :t,	d :- :d	d :- :t,

Of lit - - tle chil - dren take fond

{:m	m :- :s	s :- :d	s :l :r
{:d	l, :- :s,	d :t, :l,	s, :f, :s,

{ d :- :d	s :- :s	s :l :t	d' :- :d'
{ d :- :d	r :f :m	m :f :s	s :- :f

care, God is with - in them, they are

{ m :- :m	s :t :d'	t :r' :r'	d' :- :d'
{ d :- :d	t, :r :d	m :r :s	m :- :r

{ d' :- s d' :- :d' t :- :s l :- :l }
 { s :- f m :- :fe s :f :m f :- :f }

great For they have breath'd a pur - er

{ d' :- t d' :- :l.r' r' :- d' d' :- :t }
 { m :- r d :l, :r s, :- d f :- :r }

{ s :- :f s :- :m r :- :m d :- :t, d :- }
 { s :- :d r :- :d t, :- :t, l, :- :s, s, :- }

air As stars in the ce - les - tial state.

{ d' :t :l s :- :s s :- :s m :f :r m :- }
 { m :- :f t, :- :d s, :f, :m, l, :f, :s, d :- }

He in his goodness sends us those,
 Endowed with messages of love;
 Their sunny laugh His wisdom shows,
 Their kiss, His pardon from above.

Their gentle brightness makes us glad,
 For theirs is happiness untold;
 The angels weep when they are sad;
 The heavens shake if they are cold.

The misery of the child's pure soul
 To vicious man alone is due,
 Who holds the angels in control;
 Oh! what a blot on heaven's blue.

174. Abridge.

C.M.

J. Smith.

Key D.

{:d' :d	s :- :d'	d' :t :l	s :f :m
{:d	d :- :m	r :- :r	m :t, :d

Oh, sweet - er than the sweet - est

{:m	s :- :s	s :- :t	d' :f :s
{:d	m :- :d	s :- :f	m :r :d

{m :r	m	l :- :s	s :- :fe	s :- :
{d :t,	d	m :- :r	m :- :r	r :- :

flow'r At eve - ning's dew - y close,

{s :-	s	d' :- :r'	d' :t :l	t :-
{s, :-	d	l, :- :t,	d :- :r	s, :- :

{:s	m :f	:l	s :- :s	l :t	:d'	d' :t
{:r	d :- :d	d :t,	:d	d :r	:m	m :r

The will, u - ni - ted with the pow'r,

{:s	s :f	:f	m :f	:s	f :- :s	s :-
{:t,	d :l,	:f,	d :r	:m	f :r	:d
{:s	d' :m	:s	f :m	:r	d :-	
{:r	d :- :d	d :- :t,	d :-			

To suc - cour hu - man woes.

{:t	d' :- :ta	l :s	:f	m :-		
{:f	m :d	:m,	f, :s,	:s,	d :-	

And softer than the softest strain
 Of music to the ear,
 The placid joy we give and gain
 By gratitude sincere.

The youthful hopes which now expand
 Their green and tender leaves,
 Shall spread a plenty o'er the land
 In rich and yellow sheaves.

True helpful kindness strikes a root
 That dies not nor decays,
 And coming days shall yield the fruit
 Which blossoms now in praise.

Dr. W. Drennan.

175. Jesu meines Glaubens Zier.

(8.8.8.8. D)

Slowly.

J. S. Bach.

Key F. { :d | m :r | f :m_r | m :r_d | d | d }
 { :s, | d :r | l d :d | d :t, _d | d | d }

A lit - tle sun a lit - tle rain, A

{ :m | s :s | l :l | s :f | m | m }
 { :d | d, :t, | l, :f, | s, :s, | d, | d, }

soft wind blow-ing from the west. And woods and fields are

{ :m :m | r :m | f :f_s | m | r | m :m | r :m }
 { :d :d | t, :d | r :r | d | t, | d :d | t, :d }

{ s :s | s :s | l :s | s | s | s :s | s :s }
 { d_r :m_f | s :f_m | r_d :t, | d | s, | d_r :m_f | s :f_m }

sweet a - gain, And warmth with-in the moun-tain's breast.

{ f :f_s | m | r | s :r | m :r_d | t, :l_s, | s, }
 { r :r | d | t, | r_d :r_t, | d :s, | s, :f_e, s, | s, }

{ l :s | s | s :s | s :s | r :d | t, }
 { r_d :t, | d | s, | t, _l, :t, _s, | d_r :m | r :r, | s, }

{ :s, r, | l, :t, | d :d | t, :l, | lse, } m, }
 { :s, r, | fe, :se, | ll, :l, | f, :f, | lm, } m, }

So simple is the earth we tread, So

{ :t, fe, | r :r | m :f | f :r .d | t, se, }
 { :s, r, | r, .r :d .t, | l, .s :f, .m, | r, .m, :f, .r, | m, } m, }

{ |m :t, | d :t, l, | l, :- .se, ll, } | l, r | r :s | m :s }
 { t, .l, :t, .se, | l, :f, | m, :m, | m, } | m, l, | t, .d :r .t, | d .r :d .t, }

quick with love and light her frame, Ten thousand years have

{ |m :m | m :r .d | t, .d :r | d | d f | s :s | s :s }
 { se, fe, :se, .m, | l, :r, | m, :m, | ll, 2 | l, 2 r, | s, .l, :t, s, | d :m, }

{ | f .m :r .d | t, } | s, | r :m | f :m .r | m :r .d | d }
 { d :l, | s, } | s, | t, :d | d .r :d | d :t, .d | d }

dawned and fled, And still her magic is the same.

{ | d :f .m | r } | t, | s :s | f .s :s .l | s :f | m }
 { l, :f, | s, } | s, | s, l, :ta, s, l, .t, :d .f, | s, :s, | d }

A little love, a little trust,
 A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
 And life as dry as desert dust
 Is fresher than a mountain stream.
 So simple is the heart of man,
 So ready for new hope and joy;
 Ten thousand years since it began
 Have left it younger than a boy.

Stopford A. Brooke.

176. Cross-path.

S. M.

(Copyright.)

Key C.

W. H. Bell.

{ m :r :d	s :- :l	s :- :-	- :-
{ d :t, :d	r :- :m	f :- :-	- :-

Sow in the morn thy seed,

{ s :f :m	t :- :d'	t :- :-	- :-
{ d :d :d	f :- :m	r :- :-	- :-

{ s	m :r :d	s :- :l	t :- :-	- :-
{ r	d :t, :d	d :m :fe	s :- :-	- :-

At eve hold not thy hand;

{ s	s :f :m	s :d' :r'	r' :- :-	- :-
{ t,	d :- :d	m :- :r	s :- :-	- :-

{:t	r'	:-	:r'	r'	:d'	:t	l	:-	:f	}
{:s	l	:-	:se	l	:-	:m	r	:-	:r	}

To doubt and fear give thou no

{:r'	t	:-	:m'	m'	:-	:t	t	:-	:t.l	}
{:s	f	:-	:m	l	:-	:s	f	:-	:m	:r

{m	:-	:t	l	:s	:m	f	:m	:r	d	:-	:-
{t,	:-	:-	m	:m	:m	r	:d	:t,	d	:-	:-

heed, Broadcast it o'er the land.

{se	:-	:-	l	:t	:d'	l	:-	:s	f	m	:-	:-
{m	:-	:r	d	:m	:l	r	:-	:s,	d	:-	:-	

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

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

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

Thou canst not toil in vain;
 Light, heat, and moisture, all
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For harvest in the fall.

J. Montgomery.

177. Hawarden.

6.4.6.4.

S.S. Wesley.

Key D.

{	:s	d'	:t	lt	:l		s	:-	l-	:s	}
{	:m	m	:s	ls	:f		m	:-	l-	:r	}

We need it ev' - ry hour - A
To give us strength and power To

{	:s	s	:m	lf	:l		d'	:-	l-	:s	}
{	:d	d	:d	ld	:d		d	:-	l-	:t,	}

{	d	:r	lm	:r		d	:-	l-		d	m	:d	ls	:m	}
{	d	:-	ld	:t,		d	:-	l-		d	d	:d	ld	:d	}

pur - - pose high,
do or die. We need it ev' - ry

{	m	:l	ls	:-f		m	:-	l-		m	s	:m	lm	:s	}
{	l,	:f,	ls,	:-		d	:-	l-		d	d	:d	lt,	:t,	}

{ d' :- | - :t | t :| l | s :fe | s :- | - | s }
 { m :- | - :re | m :- | r :- | r :- | - | r }

hour— A firm, brave will, That,

{ fe :- | - fe | s :| l | t :d' | t :- | - | t }
 { l, :- | - t, | m :d | r :- | s, :- | - | s }

{ l :| l | l :t.d | t :- | - :d' | r :m.f | m :r | d :- | - | }
 { m :m | r :r | r :- | - :d | d :- | d :t, | d :- | - | }

though hate's clouds may lower, Shall conquer still.

{ d' :d' | l :| s :- | - :s | l :d' | s :- .f | m :- | - | }
 { s :d | f :f | f :- | - :m | f :s.l | s :s, | d :- | - | }

We need it every hour—
 A calm strong mind,
 Enriched by reason's dower,
 Not warped nor blind.
 We need it every hour—
 A patient love,
 Which shall all souls endower
 From heights above.

We need it every hour—
 A conscience clear,
 That shall be as a tower
 Of strength and cheer.
 We need it every hour—
 A true pure life,
 Which failure cannot sour
 Or turn to strife.

Sarah A. Underwood.

178. Cleveland.

(By permission of the Sunday School Union)

Wm. F. Sherwin.

Key F.

s :s .l | s :m | r :m .r | d :s, | t, :d | r :d .t, }
 m :m .f | m :d | t, :t, | d :s | s, :s, | s, :s, }

If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the

d :d | s :s | f :s .f | m :m | r :m | f :m .r }
 d :d | d :d | s, :s, | d :d | s, :s, | s, :s, }

d :r | m :- | s :s .l | s :m | r :m .r | d :s, }
 s, :t, | d :- | m :m .f | m :d | t, :s, | s, :s, }

swift - est fleet, Rock - ing on the high - est bil - lows,

m :s | s :- | d :d | d :s | f :s .f | m :m }
 d :s, | d :- | d :d | d :d | s, :s, | d :d }

l, :f | m :r .d | l, :t, | d :- | r :m | f :r }
 f, :l, | s, :s, | l, :s, | s, :- | t, :d | r :t, }

Laugh - ing at the storms you meet, *Fine.* You can stand a -

d :r | s :d | d :f | m :- | s :s | s :s }
 f, :r, | m, :m, | f, :s, | d, :- | s, :s, | s, :s, }

m .f :s .l | s :m | r :m | f :r | m :fe | s :- }
 d .r :m .f | m :d | t, :d | r :t, | d :d | t, :- }

mong the sail-ors Anchored yet with- in the bay,

d :d | d :d | f :m | r :s | s :r | r :- }
 d :d | d :d | s, :s, | s, :s, | d :r | s, :- }

l :l | s .f :m | f :f | m .r :d | f :m | r :d | t, :l | s, :- }
 d :f | m .r :d | t, :r | d .t, :d | f :m | r :d | t, :l | s, :- }

You can lend a hand to help them As they launch their boats a-way.

f :f | s :s | s :s | s .f :m | f :m | r :d | t, :l | s, :- }
 f, :f, | d :d | s, :s, | d :d | f :m | r :d | t, :l | s, :- }

If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitudes go by.
 You can chant in happy measures
 As they slowly pass along;
 Though they may forget the singer
 They will not forget the song.

Do not then stand idly waiting,
 For some greater work to do;
 Oh, improve each passing moment,
 For these moments may be few.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare;
 If you want a field of labour,
 You can find it anywhere.