

THE  
ENGLISH HYMNAL  
WITH TUNES

1933

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# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

HERZLIEBSTER JESU. (1111, 1115.)  
Very slow and solemn  $\text{♩} = 46$ .

70

Melody by J. CRÜGER, 1598-1662.

[May be sung in unison throughout.]

J. Heermann, 1585-1647. Tr. Y. H.

Herzliebster Jesu.

AH, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended,  
That man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?  
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,  
O most afflicted.

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

A - men.

# LENT

70 (ALTERNATIVE VERSION)

Harmonized by J. S. BACH in the  
'Passion according to St. Matthew'

[This version may be used in connexion with the other in those verses only where the CHOIR SINGS ALONE. This version should only be attempted by good choirs.]

3 Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;  
The slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered;  
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,  
God intercedeth.

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

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

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

SOLOMON. (C. M.)

80

Adapted from the Air 'What tho' I trace.'

G. F. HANDEL, 1685-1759.

In moderate time  $\text{♩} = 72$ .



O Deus, ego amo te.

17th cent. Tr. E. Caswall†.

**M**Y God, I love thee; not because  
I hope for heaven thereby,  
Nor yet because who love thee not  
Are lost eternally.

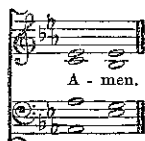
2 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me  
Upon the Cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony;  
E'en death itself; and all for one  
Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesu Christ,  
Should I not love thee well,  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as thyself hast lovèd me,  
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing,  
Solely because thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.



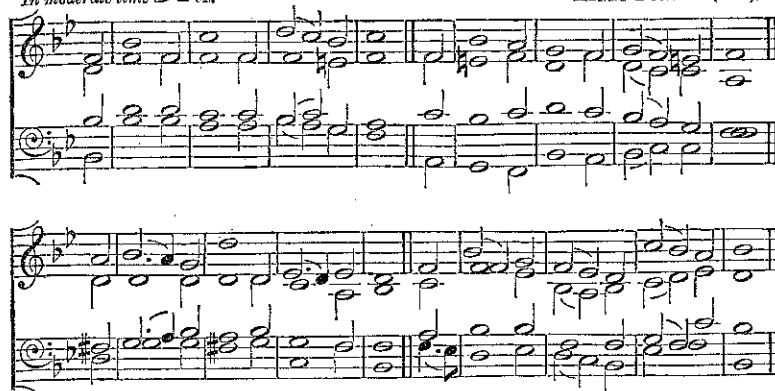
# LENT

81

ST. BARTHOLOMEW. (L. M.)

In moderate time  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

HENRY DUNCALF (1762)



The proper plainsong tune for this hymn is given in the Appendix, No. 1.

NOTE.—This hymn may also be sung to ALFRETON (No. 240).

Compline.

Christe qui lux es et dies.

**O** CHRIST, who art the Light and Day,  
Thou drivest darksome night away!  
We know thee as the Light of light,  
Illuminating mortal sight.

2 All-holy Lord, we pray to thee,  
Keep us to-night from danger free;  
Grant us, dear Lord, in thee to rest,  
So be our sleep in quiet blest.

3 And while the eyes soft slumber take,  
Still be the heart to thee awake;  
Be thy right hand upheld above  
Thy servants resting in thy love.

4 Yea, our Defender, be thou nigh  
To bid the powers of darkness fly;  
Keep us from sin, and guide for good  
Thy servants purchased by thy Blood.

5 Remember us, dear Lord, we pray,  
While in this mortal flesh we stay:  
'Tis thou who dost the soul defend—  
Be present with us to the end.

6. Blest Three in One and One in Three,  
Almighty God, we pray to thee  
That thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.



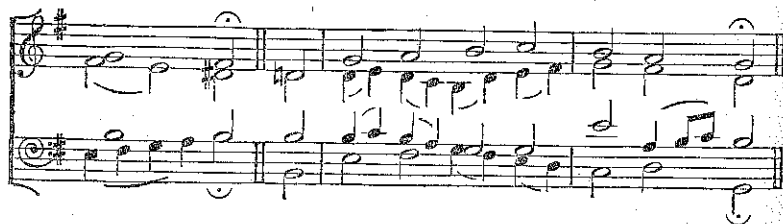
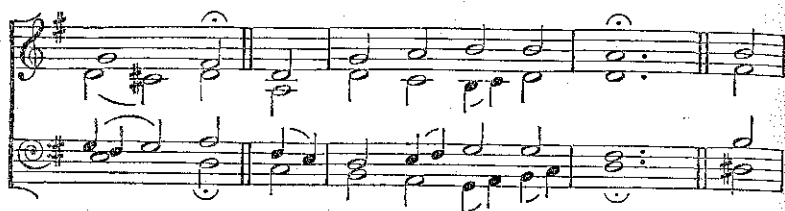
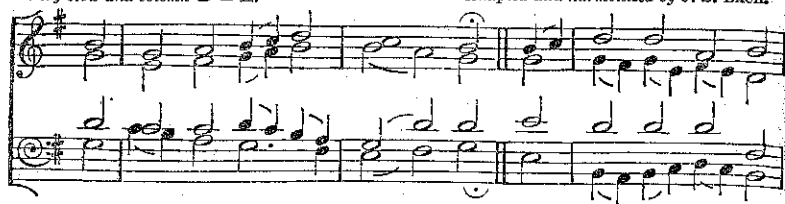
# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

INNSBRUCK. (776.778.)

Very slow and solemn  $\text{♩} = 42$ .

86

Traditional German Melody.  
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.



# LENT

J. W. Hewitt and others. Based on  
Summi largitor praemii, c. 6th cent.

**O** THOU who dost accord us  
The highest prize and guerdon,  
Thou hope of all our race,  
Jesu, do thou afford us  
The gift we ask of pardon  
For all who humbly seek thy face.

**2** With whispered accusation  
Our conscience tells of sinning  
In thought, and word, and deed;  
Thine is our restoration,  
The work of grace beginning  
For souls from every burthen freed.

**3** For who, if thou reject us,  
Shall raise the fainting spirit?  
'Tis thine alone to spare:  
If thou to life elect us,  
With cleansed hearts to near it,  
Shall be our task, our lowly prayer.

**4.** O Trinity most glorious,  
Thy pardon free bestowing,  
Defend us evermore;  
That in thy courts victorious,  
Thy love more truly knowing,  
We may with all thy Saints adore.



# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

ABERYSTWYTH. (77.77. D.)

87

Slow  $\text{♩} = 58$ .

JOSEPH PARRY, 1841-1903.

[By permission of Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham.]

Sir R. Grant, 1785-1833.

**S**AVIOUR, when in dust to thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee;  
When repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:  
O, by all thy pains and woe,  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn Litany.

2 By thy helpless infant years,  
By thy life of want and tears,  
By thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,

By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power:  
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,  
Hear our solemn Litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within thy fold:  
From thy seat above the sky  
Hear our solemn Litany.

# LENT

4 By thine hour of dire despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;

By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice:  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn Litany.

5. By thy deep expiring groan,  
By the sad sepulchral stone,  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God;  
O! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty reascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn Litany.

TUNBRIDGE. (77.77.)

Moderately slow  $\text{♩} = 63$ .

88

J. CLARK, 1670-1707.

**S**INFUL, sighing to be blest;  
Bound, and longing to be free;  
Weary, waiting for my rest:  
God, be merciful to me.

2 Holiness I've none to plead,  
Sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need:  
God, be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes  
Dare not lift themselves to thee;  
Yet thou canst interpret sighs:  
God, be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine  
To thy bosom I would flee;  
I am not mine own, but thine:  
God, be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside thy throne,  
And my only hope and plea  
Are in him and him alone:  
God, be merciful to me.

6. He my cause will undertake,  
My interpreter will be;  
He's my all, and for his sake,  
God, be merciful to me.

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

NICHT SO TRAUIG. (77. 77. 77.)

100

Slow and dignified  $\text{♩} = 50$ .

J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.



NOTE.—This hymn may also be sung to REDHEAD 76 (No. 477).

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the Tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour:  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 See him at the judgement-hall,  
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;  
See him meekly bearing all!  
Love to man his soul sustained.  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of Christ to bear the Cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain view;  
There the Lord of Glory see,  
Made a sacrifice for you,  
Dying on the accursed tree:  
'It is finished!' hear him cry;  
Trust in Christ and learn to die.



# PASSIONTIDE

101

DER TAG BRICHT AN. (L.M.)

Slow and solemn  $\text{♩} = 84$  ( $\text{♩} = 42$ ).

Melody probably by M. VULPIUS, 1560-1616?



NOTE.—This hymn may also be sung to ST. CRISPIN (Appendix, No. 36).

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

MY God! my God! and can it be  
That I should sin so lightly now,  
And think no more of evil thoughts  
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

2 I walk the earth with lightsome step,  
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,  
Do my own will, nor ever heed  
Gethsemane and thy long prayer.

3 Shall it be always thus, O Lord?  
Wilt thou not work this hour in me  
The grace thy Passion merited,  
Hatred of self, and love of thee!

4 Ever when tempted, make me see,  
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,  
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,  
And bleeding, on the earth he made;

5. And make me feel it was my sin,  
As though no other sins there were,  
That was to him who bears the world  
A load that he could scarcely bear.



# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

PASSION CHORALE. (76.76.D.)  
Very slow and solemn  $\text{♩} = 42$ .

102

Melody by H. L. HASSLER, 1564-1612.  
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.



P. Gerhardt, 1607-76, based on Salve caput cruci-  
tatum (ascribed to St. Bernard). Tr. Y. H.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

**O** SACRED head, sore wounded,  
Defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head, surrounded  
With mocking crown of thorn:  
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?  
Can death thy bloom deflower?  
O countenance whose splendour  
The hosts of heaven adore.

**2** Thy beauty, long-desired,  
Hath vanished from our sight;  
Thy power is all expired,  
And quenched the light of light.  
Ah me! for whom thou diest,  
Hide not so far thy grace:  
Show me, O Love most highest,  
The brightness of thy face.

**3** \* I pray thee, Jesus, own me,  
Me, Shepherd good, for thine;  
Who to thy fold hast won me,  
And fed with truth divine.  
Me guilty, me refuse not,  
Incline thy face to me,  
This comfort that I lose not,  
On earth to comfort thee.

142



# PASSIONTIDE

102 (ALTERNATIVE VERSION)

Harmonized by J. S. BACH.  
In the 'Passion according to St. Matthew.'



[This version may be used, in connexion with the other, for verse 4, and must be sung by  
the CHOIR ALONE. This version should only be attempted by good choirs.]

**4** In thy most bitter passion  
My heart to share doth cry,  
With thee for my salvation  
Upon the Cross to die.  
Ah, keep my heart thus moved  
To stand thy Cross beneath,  
To mourn thee, well-beloved,  
Yet thank thee for thy death.

**5.** \* My days are few, O fail not,  
With thine immortal power,  
To hold me that I quail not  
In death's most fearful hour:  
That I may fight befriended,  
And see in my last strife  
To me thine arms extended  
Upon the Cross of life.

143

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH  
SEI EHR. (87. 87. 887.)

Slow and dignified ♩ = 50.

103

Adapted (1524) from Easter  
plain-song \* Gloria in excelsis\*  
(later form of the melody).



# PASSIONTIDE

103 (continued)

Very broad.



c. 17th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale and others.

Attolle paulum lumina.

**O** SINNER, raise the eye of faith,  
To true repentance turning,  
Consider well the curse of sin,  
Its shame and guilt discerning:  
Upon the Crucified One look,  
So shalt thou learn, as in a book,  
What well is worth thy learning.

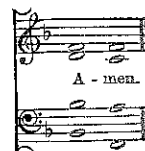
**2** Look on the head, with such a crown  
Of bitter thorns surrounded;  
Look on the blood that trickles down  
The feet and hands thus wounded;  
And see his flesh with scourges rent:  
Mark how upon the Innocent  
Man's malice hath abounded.

**3\*** But though upon him many a pain  
Its bitterness is spending,  
Yet more, O how much more! his heart  
Man's wickedness is rending!  
Such is the load for sinners borne,  
As Mary's Son in woe forlorn  
His life for us is ending.

**4** None ever knew such pangs before,  
None ever such affliction,  
As when his people brought to pass  
The Saviour's crucifixion.  
He willed to bear for us the throes,  
For us the unimagined woes,  
Of death's most fell infliction.

**5\*** O sinner, stay and ponder well  
Sin's fearful condemnation;  
Think on the wounds that Christ endured  
In working thy salvation;  
For if thy Lord had never died,  
Nought else could sinful man betide  
But utter reprobation.

**6.** Lord, give us sinners grace to flee  
The death of evil-doing,  
To shun the gloomy gates of hell,  
Thine awful judgement viewing.  
So thank we thee, O Christ, to-day,  
And so for life eternal pray,  
The holy road pursuing.



A - men.



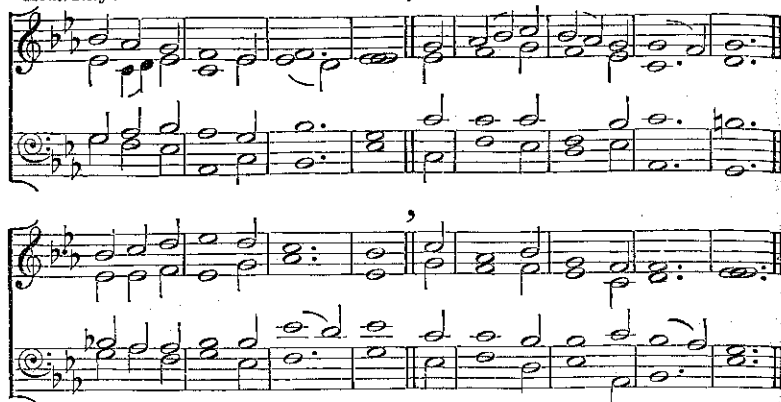
# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

104

NUN LASST UNS GEH'N. (77.77.)

Moderately slow  $\text{♩} = 80$ .

‘Kirchen- und Haus-Buch,’ Dresden, 1694.



NOTE.—The plainsong tune for this hymn will be found in the Appendix (No. 2).

Compline.

Cultor Dei, memento.

Prudentius, b. 848. Tr. T. A. L.

**S**ERVANT of God, remember  
The stream thy soul bedewing,  
The grace that came upon thee  
Anointing and renewing.

2 When kindly slumber calls thee,  
Upon thy bed reclining,  
Trace thou the Cross of Jesus,  
Thy heart and forehead signing.

5 Begone, thou crooked serpent,  
Who, twisting and pursuing,  
By fraud and lie preparest  
The simple soul's undoing;

6 Tremble, for Christ is near us,  
Depart, for here he dwelleth,  
And this, the Sign thou knowest,  
Thy strong battalions quellleth.

7 Then while the weary body  
Its rest in sleep is nearing,  
The heart will muse in silence  
On Christ and his appearing.

8. To God, eternal Father,  
To Christ, our King, be glory,  
And to the Holy Spirit,  
In never-ending story. Amen.

146



# PASSIONTIDE

105

BATTY. (87.87.)

Moderately slow  $\text{♩} = 60$ .

Adapted from Chorale 'Ringe recht' in  
'Erbaulicher musikalischen Christenschatz,' 1745.



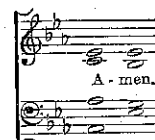
W. Shirley, 1725-86, and others.

**S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I stay, for ever viewing  
Mercy streaming in his Blood;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his Cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.

4. Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,  
Till we taste thy full salvation,  
And unveiled thy glories see.



147

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

HORSLEY. (C. M.)

Moderately slow  $\text{♩} = 88$ .

106

W. HORSLEY, 1774-1858.



Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1822-95.

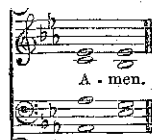
**T**HERE is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified  
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains he had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

3\* He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good;  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by his precious Blood.

4\* There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

5. O, dearly, dearly has he loved,  
And we must love him too,  
And trust in his redeeming Blood,  
And try his works to do.



# PASSIONTIDE

107

Adapted by E. MILLER, 1731-1807.

Harmony chiefly from S. WEBBE

(A Collection of Psalm Tunes, 1820).

CATON OR ROCKINGHAM. (L. M.)

Very slow  $\text{♩} = 68$ .



NOTE.—A different harmonization of this tune will be found in the Appendix (No. 45).

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

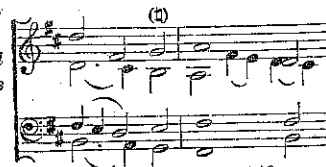
3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4\* His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

\* Webbe's original  
version of this  
passage is:



# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

108

EBENEZER (TON-Y-BOTEL). (87. 87. D.)

Very slow  $\text{♩} = 48$ . [This tune may be sung throughout in unison.]

Welsh Hymn Melody.



(By permission of W. Gwenlyn Evans, Carnarvon.)

NOTE.—This hymn may also be sung to ZUM FRIEDEN (No. 499).

Bishop A. Cleveland Cox, 1813-96.

WHO is this with garments gory,  
Triumphing from Bozrah's way;  
This that weareth robes of glory,  
Bright with more than victory's ray?  
Who is this unwearied comer  
From his journey's sultry length,  
Travelling through Idume's summer  
In the greatness of his strength?  
2 Wherefore red in thine apparel  
Like the conquerors of earth,  
And arrayed like those who carol  
O'er the reeking vineyard's mirth?

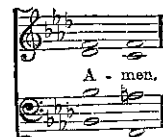
Who art thou, the valleys seeking  
Where our peaceful harvests wave?  
'I, in righteous anger speaking,  
'I, the mighty One to save;  
3 'I, that of the raging heathen  
Trod the winepress all alone,  
Now in victor-garlands wreathen  
Coming to redeem mine own:  
I am he with sprinkled raiment,  
Glorious for my vengeance-hour,  
Ransoming, with priceless payment,  
And delivering with power.

150

# HOLY WEEK

Unison. 4. Hail! All hail! Thou Lord of Glory!

Thee, our Father, thee we own;  
Abram heard not of our story,  
Israel ne'er our name hath known.  
But, Redeemer, thou hast sought us,  
Thou hast heard thy children's wail,  
Thou with thy dear Blood hast bought us:  
Hail! Thou mighty Victor, hail!



The following are also suitable, in addition to several of the Lent hymns:

118 It is finished.

305 Bread of the world.

409 In the Cross of Christ I glory.

416 Jesu, meek and lowly.

418 Jesu, name all names above.

477 Rock of ages.

# HOLY WEEK

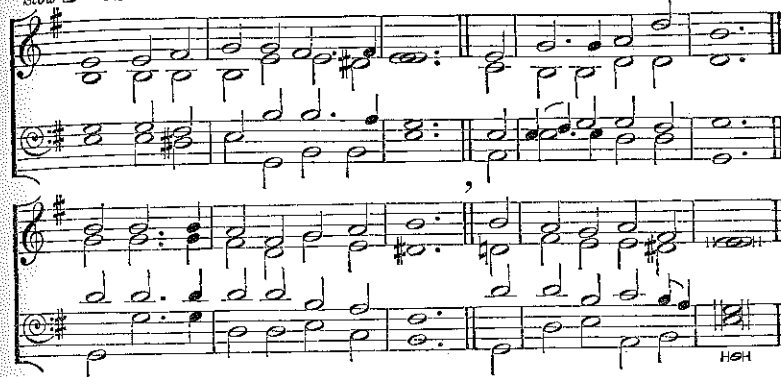
Passiontide Office Hymns till Maundy Thursday. No Office Hymns from Maundy Thursday till Low Sunday.

CHESHIRE. (C. M.)

Slow  $\text{♩} = 56$ .

109

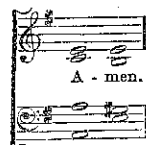
Bate's Psalter, 1592.



O THOU who through this holy week  
Didst suffer for us all,  
The sick to cure, the lost to seek,  
To raise up them that fall:

2 We cannot understand the woe  
Thy love was pleased to bear;  
O Lamb of God, we only know  
That all our hopes are there.

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod;  
Thy hand the victory won:  
What shall we render to our God  
For all that he hath done?  
4. O grant us, Lord, with thee to die,  
With thee to rise anew;  
Grant us the things of earth to fly,  
The things of heaven pursue.



# PALM SUNDAY

See

619 Come, faithful people, come away.  
620 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
621 Glory and praise and dominion.  
622 All glory, laud, and honour.  
623 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising.

# MAUNDY THURSDAY

The following are suitable:

300 According to thy gracious word.  
317 Laud, O Sion, thy salvation.  
326 Of the glorious Body telling.  
330 The Word of God proceeding forth.

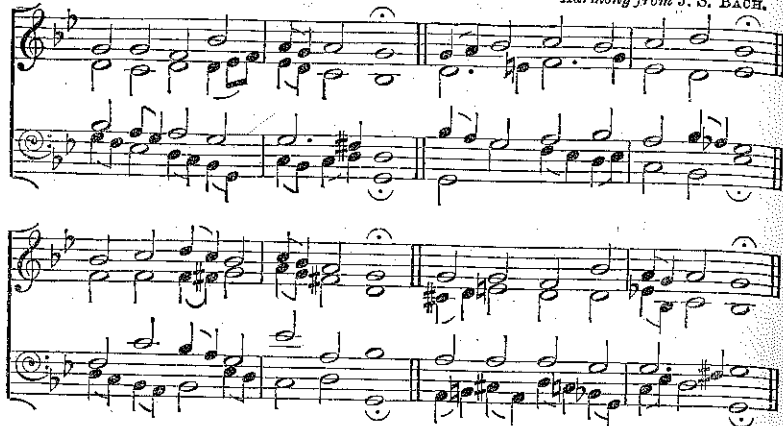
151

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

110

NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND. (77.77.)  
Very slow  $\text{♩} = 46$ .

Melody in Walther's  
'Gesangbüchlein,' 1524.  
Harmony from J. S. BACH.



NOTE.—This hymn may also be sung to REDHEAD No. 47 (No. 518).

## GOOD FRIDAY

See also 737 The Reproaches.

Bishop R. Mant, 1776-1848.

SEE the destined day arise!  
See, a willing sacrifice,  
To redeem our fatal loss,  
Jesus hangs upon the Cross!

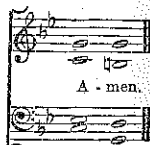
2 Jesu, who but thou had borne,  
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,  
Every pang and bitter throe,  
Finishing thy life of woe?

3 Who but thou had dared to drain,  
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,  
And with tender body bear  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence, poured forth, the water flowed,  
Mingled from thy side with blood,—  
Sign to all attesting eyes  
Of the finished Sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace  
In that Sacrifice to place  
All our trust for life renewed,  
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

Unison. 6. Grant us grace to sing to thee,  
In the Trinal Unity,  
Ever with the sons of light,  
Blessing, honour, glory, might. Amen.

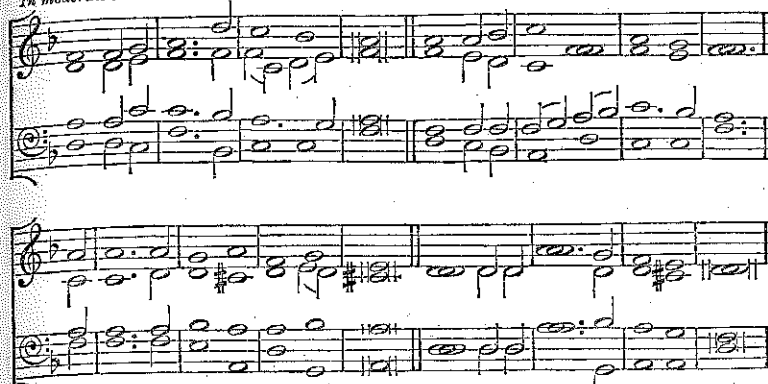


# PASSIONTIDE: GOOD FRIDAY

111

ST. CROSS. (L. M.)  
In moderate time  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

J. B. DYKES, 1823-76.



NOTE.—This hymn may also be sung to DAS LEIDEN DES HERREN (Appendix, No. 11), of which there is another harmony at No. 387.

F. W. Faber, 1814-68.

COME and mourn with me awhile;  
See Mary calls us to her side;  
O come and let us mourn with her:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,  
Whilesoldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah, look how patiently he hangs:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3 \* How fast his hands and feet are  
nailed; [tied;  
His blessed tongue with thirst is  
His failing eyes are blind with blood:  
Jesus, our Love is crucified.

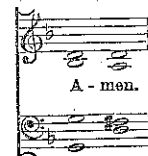
4\* His Mother cannot reach his face;  
She stands in helplessness beside;  
Her heart is martyred with her Son's:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 Seven times he spoke, seven words of  
love;  
And all three hours his silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6\* O break, O break, hard heart of mine;  
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
His Pilate and his Judas were:  
Jesus, Our Love, is crucified.

7\* A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied;  
A broken heart love's cradle is:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

8. O Love of God! O sin of Man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with Love:  
For he, our Love, is crucified.



Or the following:

97 Dost thou truly seek renown,  
484 Take up thy cross.

# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

EASTER HYMN. (74. 74. D.)  
Slow  $\text{♩} = 58$ .

133

Altered from melody in  
Lyra Davidica, 1708.



NOTE.—A higher setting of this tune will be found in the Appendix (No. 13).

Lyra Davidica (1708), and the Supplement (1816).  
Based partly on Surrexit Christus hodie.  
c. 14th cent.

**J**ESUS Christ is risen to-day, Alleluya!  
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluya!  
Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluya!  
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluya!

# EASTERTIDE

133 (ORIGINAL VERSION)

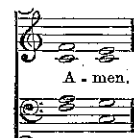
Slow  $\text{♩} = 58$ .

Lyra Davidica, 1708.



NOTE.—Either of these two versions may be used, not, of course, together. The second (original) version may also be sung to the words of Hymn 143.

- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluya!  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluya!  
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluya!  
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluya!
8. But the pains that he endured Alleluya!  
Our salvation have procured; Alleluya!  
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluya!  
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluya!



# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

136

RESURRECTION MORNING. (87.83.)

With some freedom, but not too fast ♩ = 100.

P. C. BUCK.



NOTE.—This hymn may also be sung to HORNSEY (Appendix, No. 28).

S. Baring-Gould, 1884-1924.

ON the Resurrection morning  
Soul and body meet again;  
No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
No more pain!

2\* Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Wrapt in sleep.

3\* For a while the wearied body  
Lies with feet toward the morn;  
Till the last and brightest Easter  
Day be born.

4\* But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong,  
Bursting at the Resurrection  
Into song.

5 Soul and body reunited  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,  
Waking up in Christ's own likeness  
Satisfied.

6 O the beauty, O the gladness  
Of that Resurrection day,  
Which shall not through endless ages  
Pass away!

7 On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore;  
Father, sister, child, and mother  
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings  
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last,  
By thy Cross, through death and judgement,  
Holding fast.



# EASTERTIDE

137

ELLACOMBE. (76.76. D.)

Brightly ♩ = 116.

Maine Gesangbuch, 1833.



This hymn may also be sung to ACH GOTT VON HIMMELREICHE (No. 179).

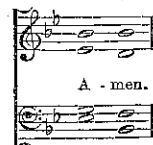
Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα.

St. John Damascene, c. 750.  
Tr. J. M. Neale†.

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

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light;  
And, listening to his accents,  
May hear so calm and plain  
His own 'All hail,' and, hearing,  
May raise the victor strain.

3. Now let the heavens be joyful,  
And earth her song begin,  
The round world keep high triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Let all things seen and unseen  
Their notes of gladness blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our Joy that hath no end.



# THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

MACH'S MIT MIR GOTT. (87. 87. 88.) **138**  
*Very slow and solemn* ♩ = 46.

*Melody by J. H. SCHEIN, 1586-1630.  
 Harmony from J. S. BACH.*

NOTE.—An adaptation of this tune to the L. M. measure is found at Hymn 459 (EISENACH). Those who think it inadvisable to use two versions of the same tune can sing the present hymn to the tune on the following page.

Αὕτη ἡ κλητή.

*St. John Damascene, c. 750.  
 Tr. J. M. Neale.*

**T**HOU hallowed chosen morn of praise,  
 That best and greatest shinest;  
 Lady and queen and day of days,  
 Of things divine, divinest!  
 On thee our praises Christ adore  
 For ever and for evermore.

2 Come, let us taste the Vine's new fruit,  
 For heavenly joy preparing;  
 To-day the branches with the Root  
 In Resurrection sharing:  
 Whom as true God our hymns adore  
 For ever and for evermore.

# EASTERTIDE

**138** (ALTERNATIVE TUNE)

DIES IST DER TAG. (87. 87. 88.)  
*In moderate time* ♩ = 120.

*Melody by P. SCHREN, c. 1676  
 (rhythm slightly adapted).*

3 Rise, Sion, rise! and looking forth,  
 Behold thy children round thee!  
 From east and west, from south and north,  
 Thy scattered sons have found thee;  
 And in thy bosom Christ adore  
 For ever and for evermore.

4. O Father, O co-equal Son,  
 O co-eternal Spirit,  
 In persons Three, in substance One,  
 And One in power and merit;  
 In thee baptized, we thee adore  
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

A - men.

A - men.