

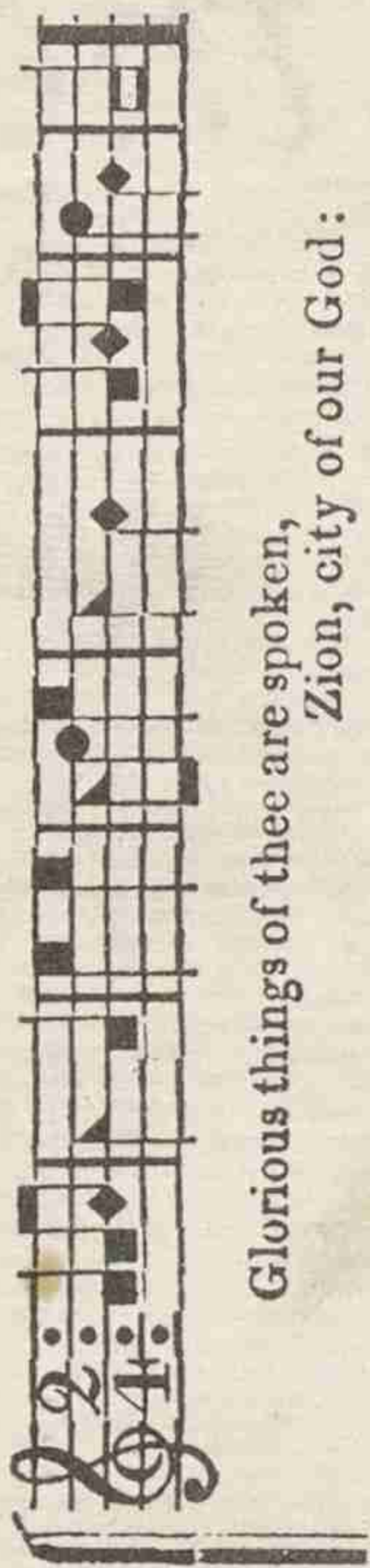
HYMN MUSIC

J. S. B. HODGES

Z6

H666





Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God:

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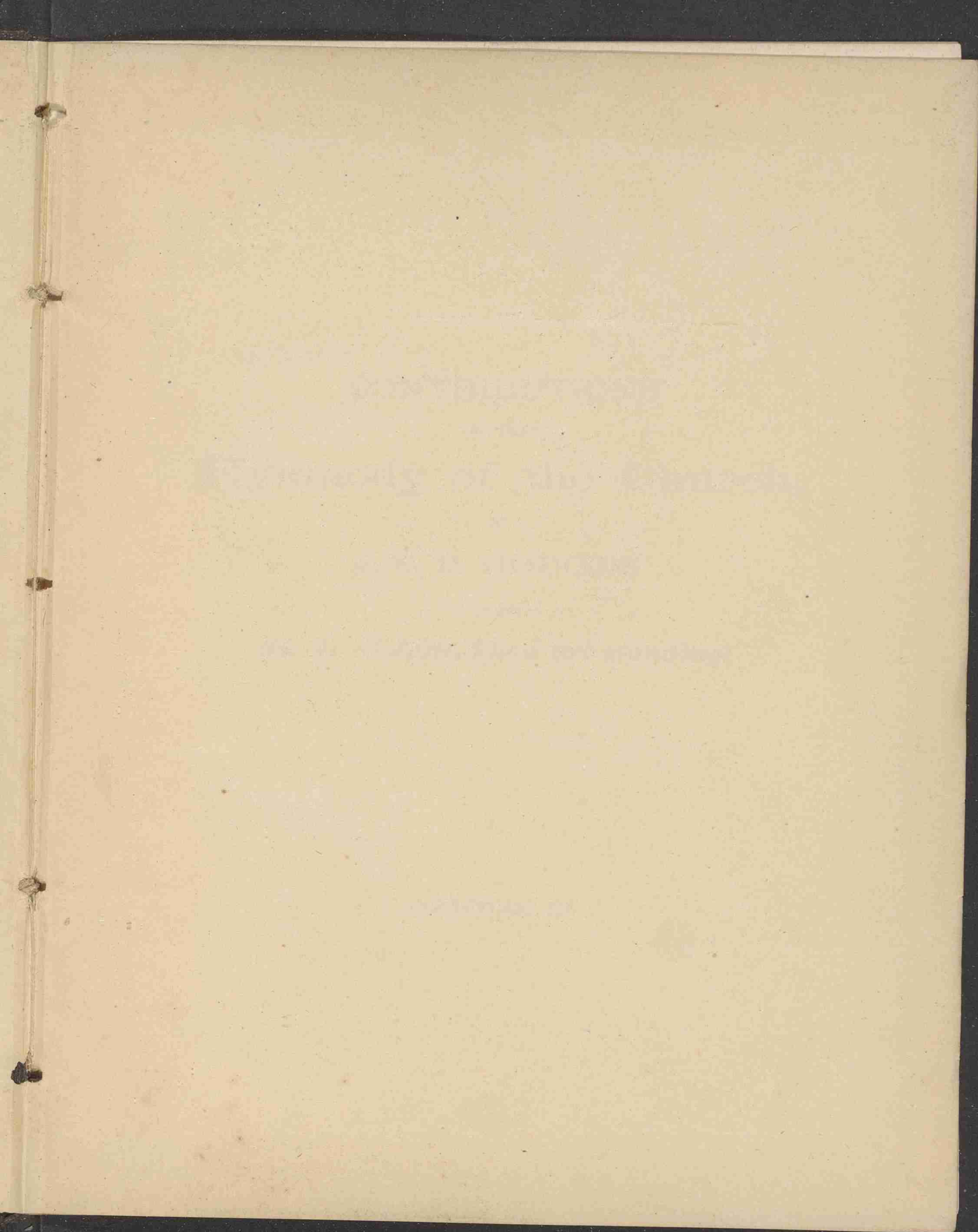
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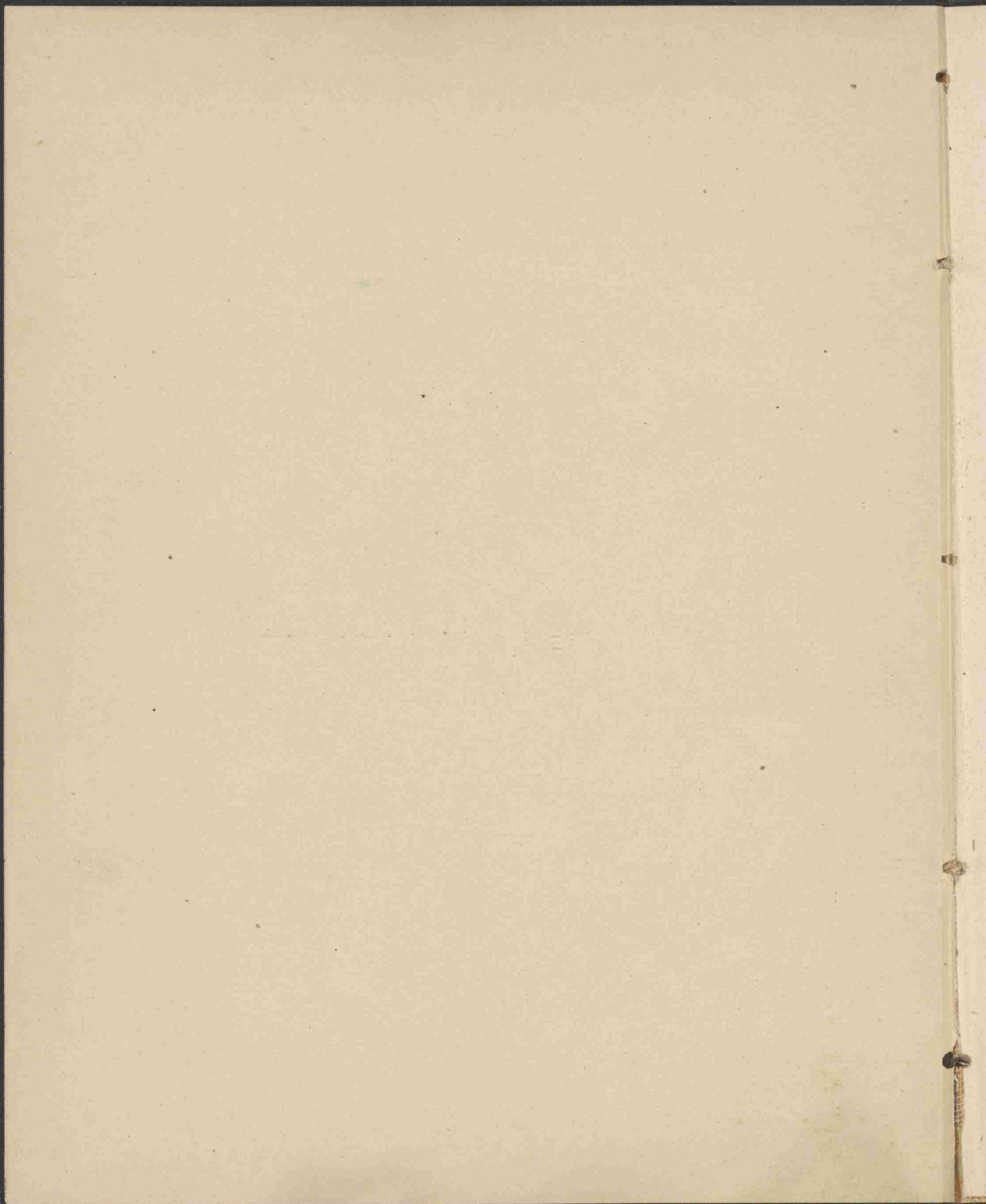
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TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

---

*No. 1. O Jesu, Thou art standing.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



1874

CONT

# O Jesu, Thou art Standing.





I.

O Jesu, Thou art standing  
 Outside the fast closed door,  
 In lowly patience waiting,  
 To pass the threshold o'er;  
 Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
 His Name and sign who bear,  
 Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,  
 To keep Him standing there.

II.

O Jesu, Thou art knocking:  
 And lo! that Hand is scarred,  
 And thorns Thy Brow encircle,  
 And tears Thy Face have marred.  
 O love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait!  
 O sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate.

III.

O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
 In accents meek and low,  
 "I died for you, my children,  
 And will ye treat Me so?"  
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow,  
 We open now the door;  
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
 And leave us nevermore. AMEN.



THE  
SACRED  
BOOKS  
OF THE  
OLD  
TESTAMENT  
AND  
THE  
NEW

OF THE  
SACRED  
BOOKS  
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NEW



CONTRIBUTIONS  
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BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

---

*No. 2. Thro' the day Thy love hath spared us.*

*Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.*

BALTIMORE, Md.



Thro' the day Thy love hath spared us.



I.

THRO' the day Thy love has spared us,  
Now we lay us down to rest ;  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest ;  
JESU, Thou our Guardian be ;  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

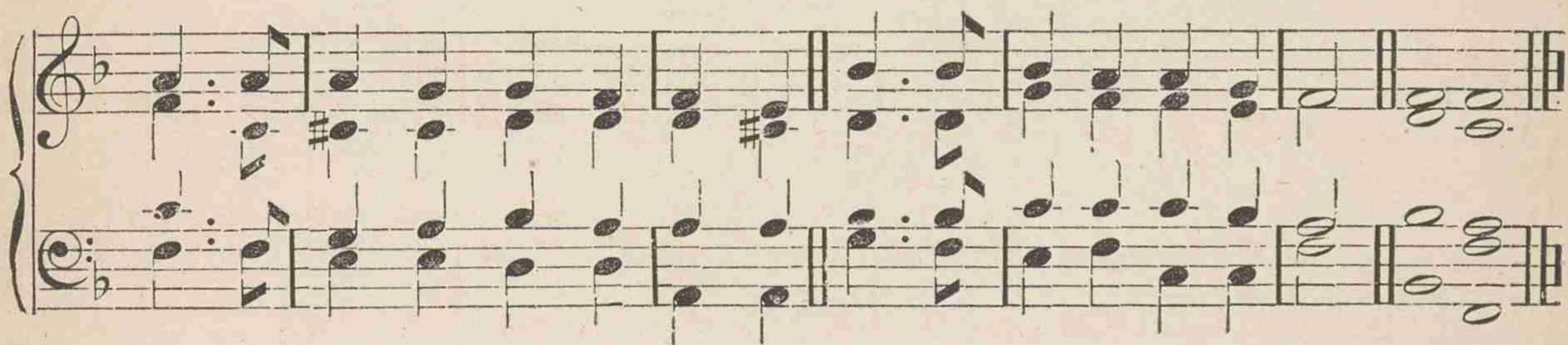
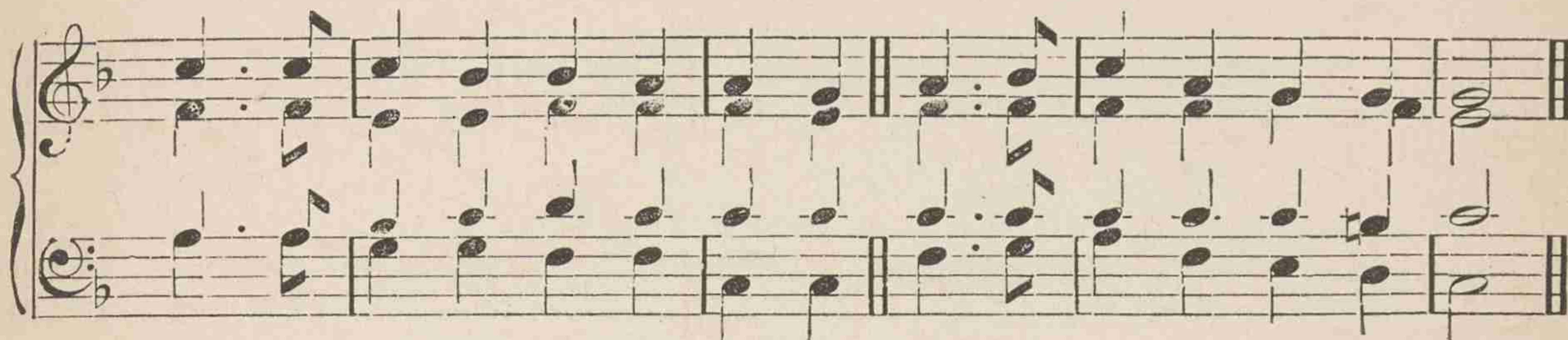
II.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
In Thine Arms may we repose,  
And, when life's sad day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.



# Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.

*From the "Book of Common Praise," by permission.*



I.

Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding!  
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;  
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
O ye children of the day!"

II.

Wakened by the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
CHRIST, her Sun, all ill dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.

III.

Lo! the LAMB, so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from heaven;  
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
One and all to be forgiven;

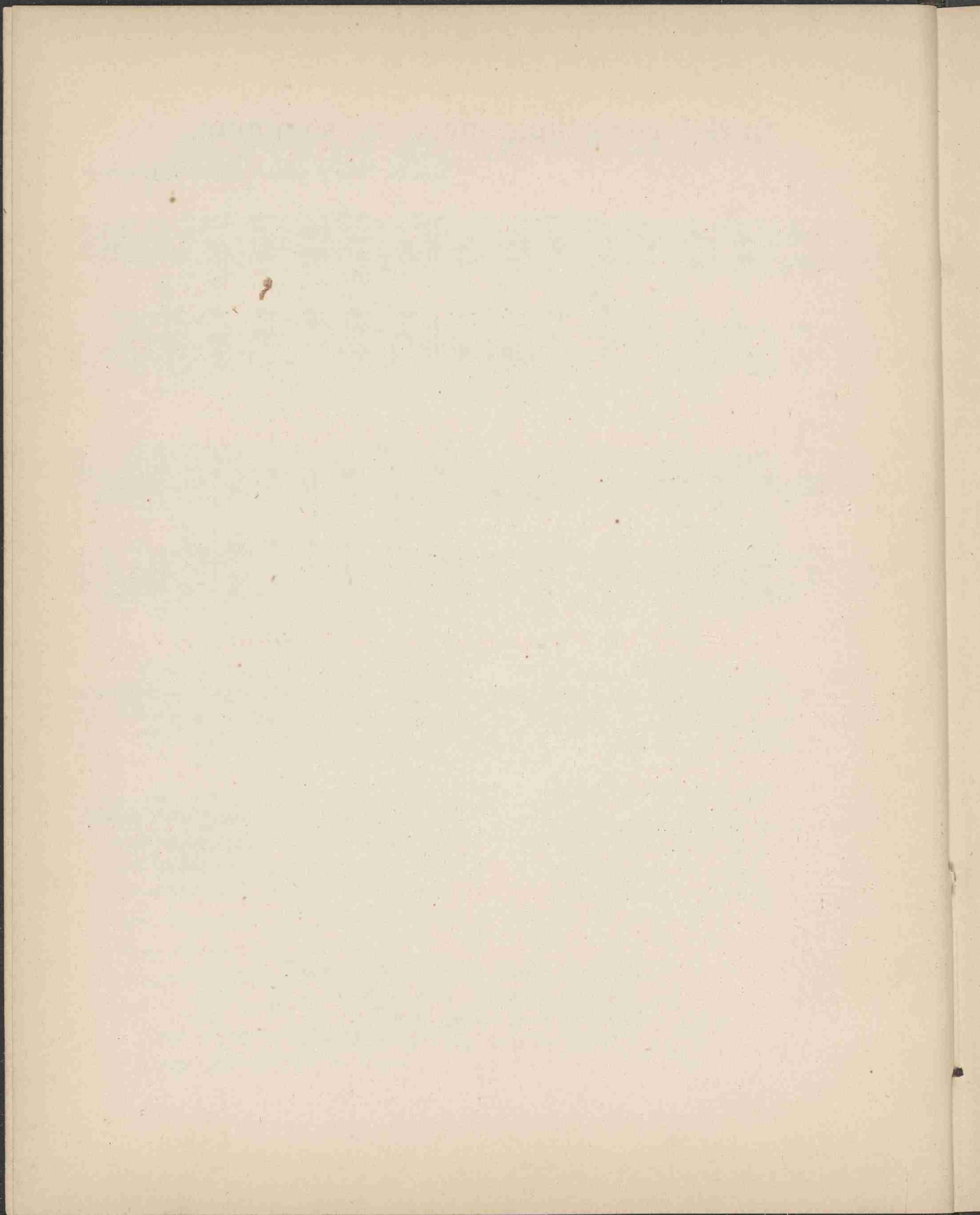
IV.

That when next He comes with glory,  
And the world is wrapped in fear,  
With His mercy He may shield us,  
And with words of love draw near.

V.

Honour, glory, might, and blessing,  
To the FATHER, and the SON,  
With the Everlasting SPIRIT,  
While eternal ages run. AMEN.







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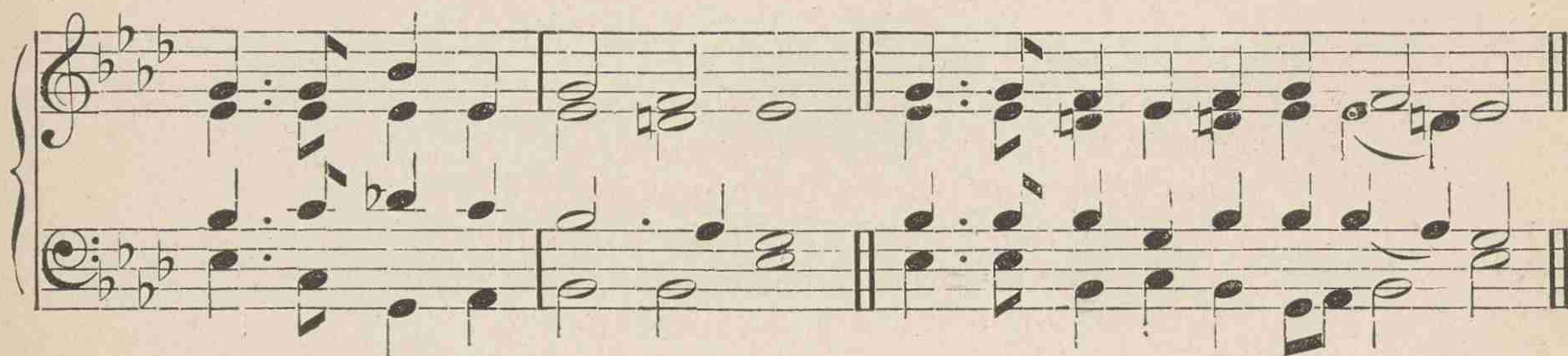
*No. 3. At the Cross her station keeping.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# At the Cross her station keeping.

*Solemnly, but not too slowly.*



N.B.—In this Hymn all the voices may sing the melody, except in the third and sixth lines.

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I.

At the cross her station keeping,  
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
     Where He hung, the dying LORD;  
 For her soul of joy bereavéd,  
 Bowed with anguish, deeply grievéd,  
     Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

II.

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

III.

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

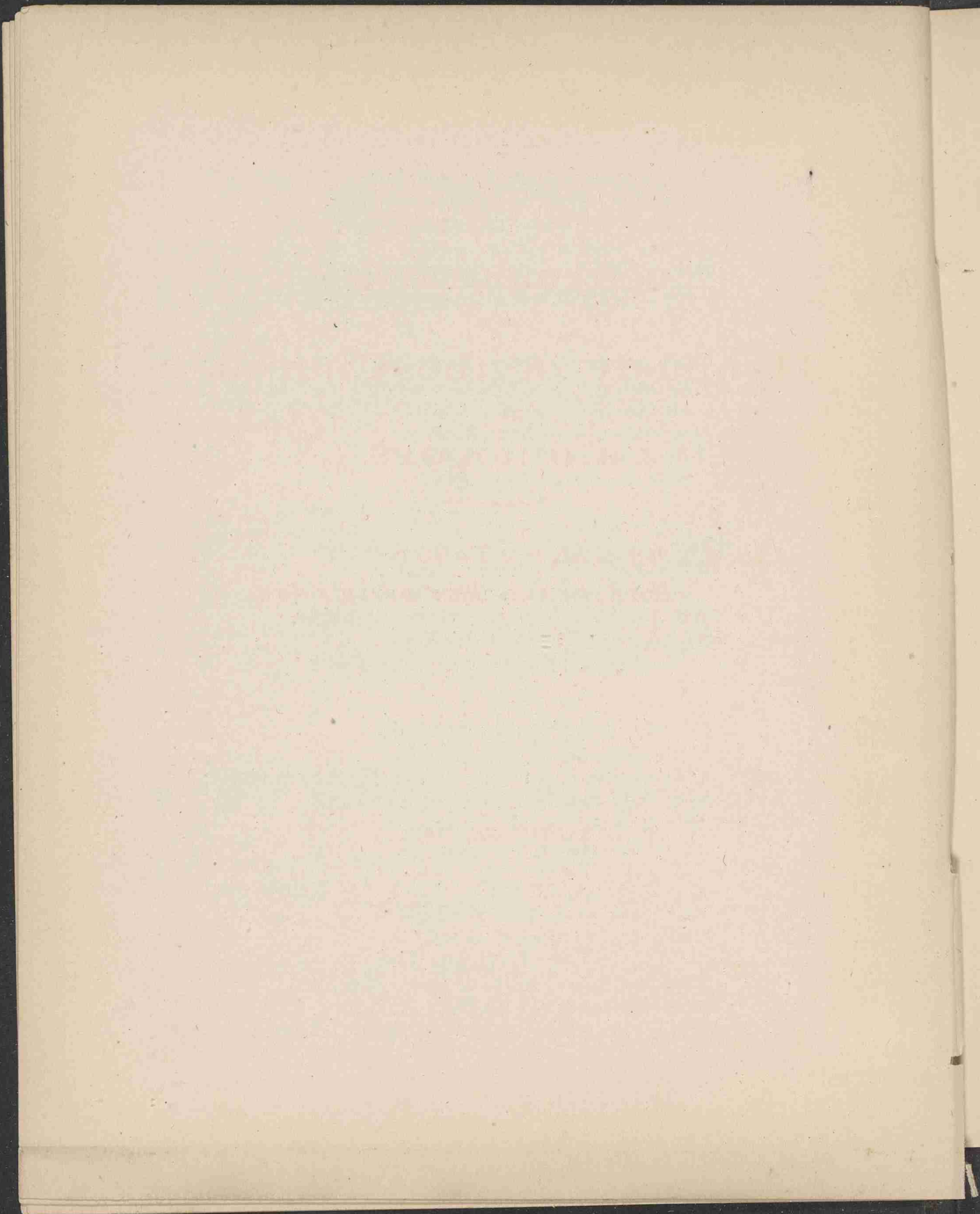
IV.

For His people's sins chastiséd  
 She beheld her Son despiséd,  
     Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;  
 Saw Him then from judgment taken,  
 And in death by all forsaken,  
     Till His Spirit He resigned.

V.

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







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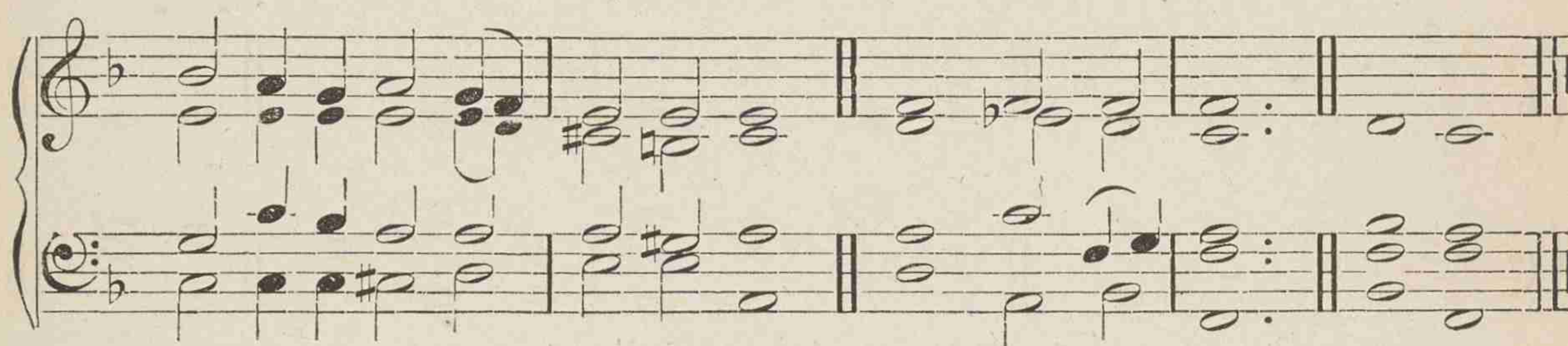
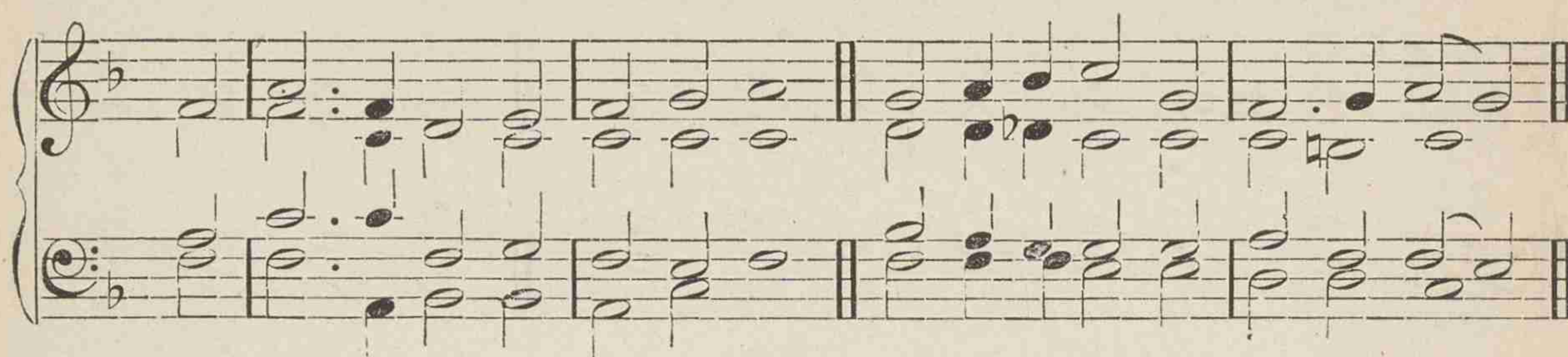
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*No. 4. My God, my Father.  
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# My God, my Father, while I stray.



I.

MY GOD, my FATHER, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done."

II.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done."

III.

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive would I still reply,  
"Thy will be done."

IV.

If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
"Thy will be done."

V.

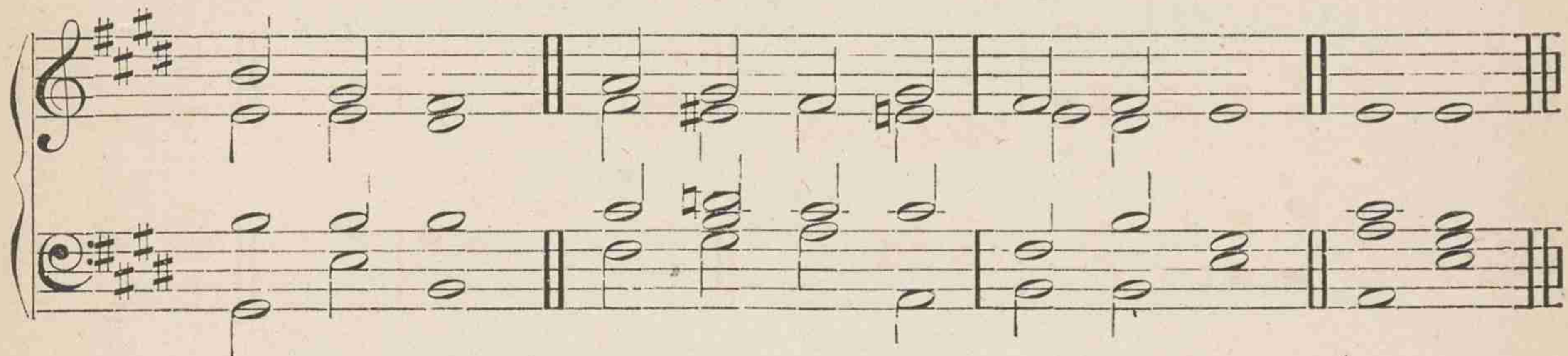
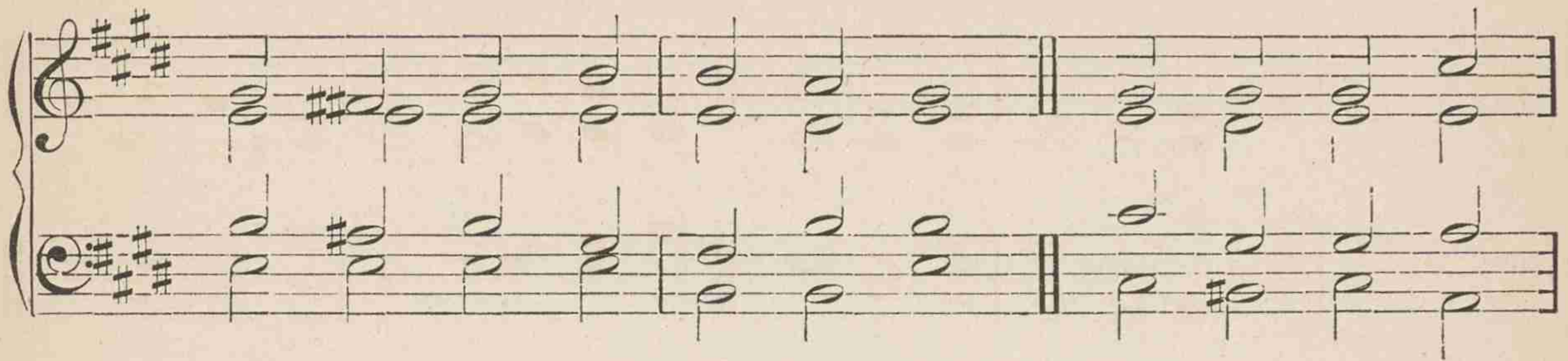
Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
"Thy will be done."

VI.

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say.  
"Thy will be done." AMEN.



# Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.



I.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere it pass for aye away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

II.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that awful doom appears.

III.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

IV.

By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

V.

By thy tears of bitter woe,  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

VI.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace,  
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

AMEN.

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*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*



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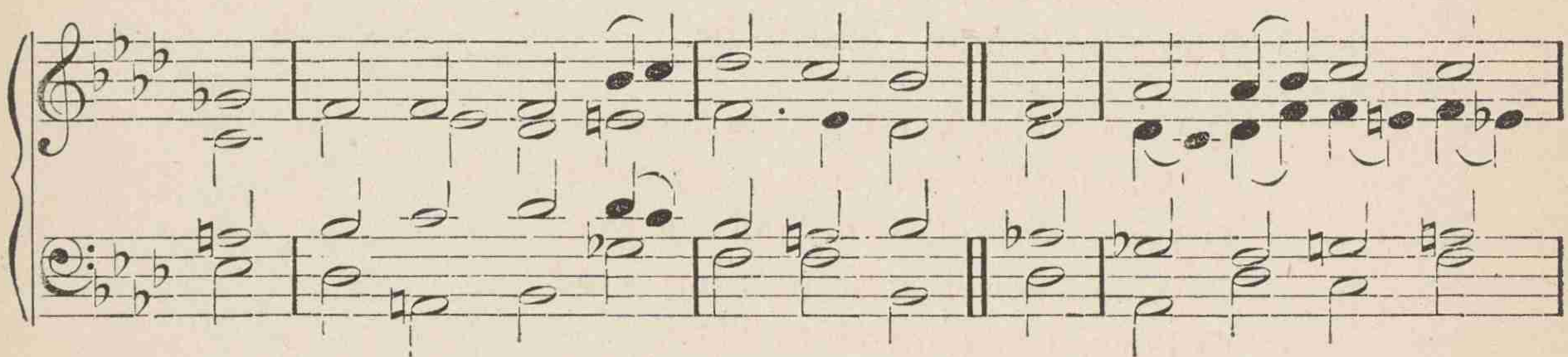
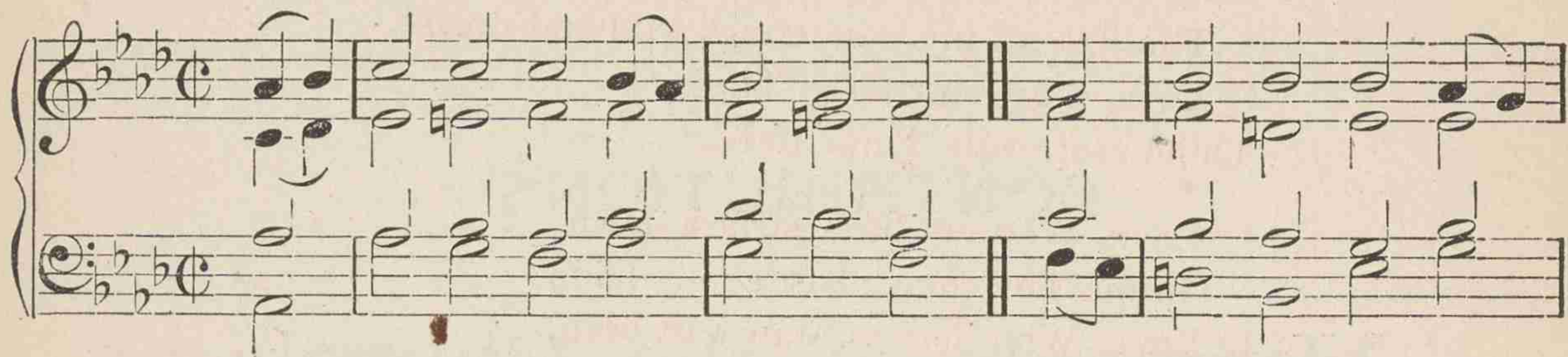
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*No. 5. O Love, Who formedst me to wear.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



O Love, Who formedst me to wear.



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O Love, Who formedst me to wear  
The Image of Thy Godhead here ;  
Who soughtest me with tenderest care ;  
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

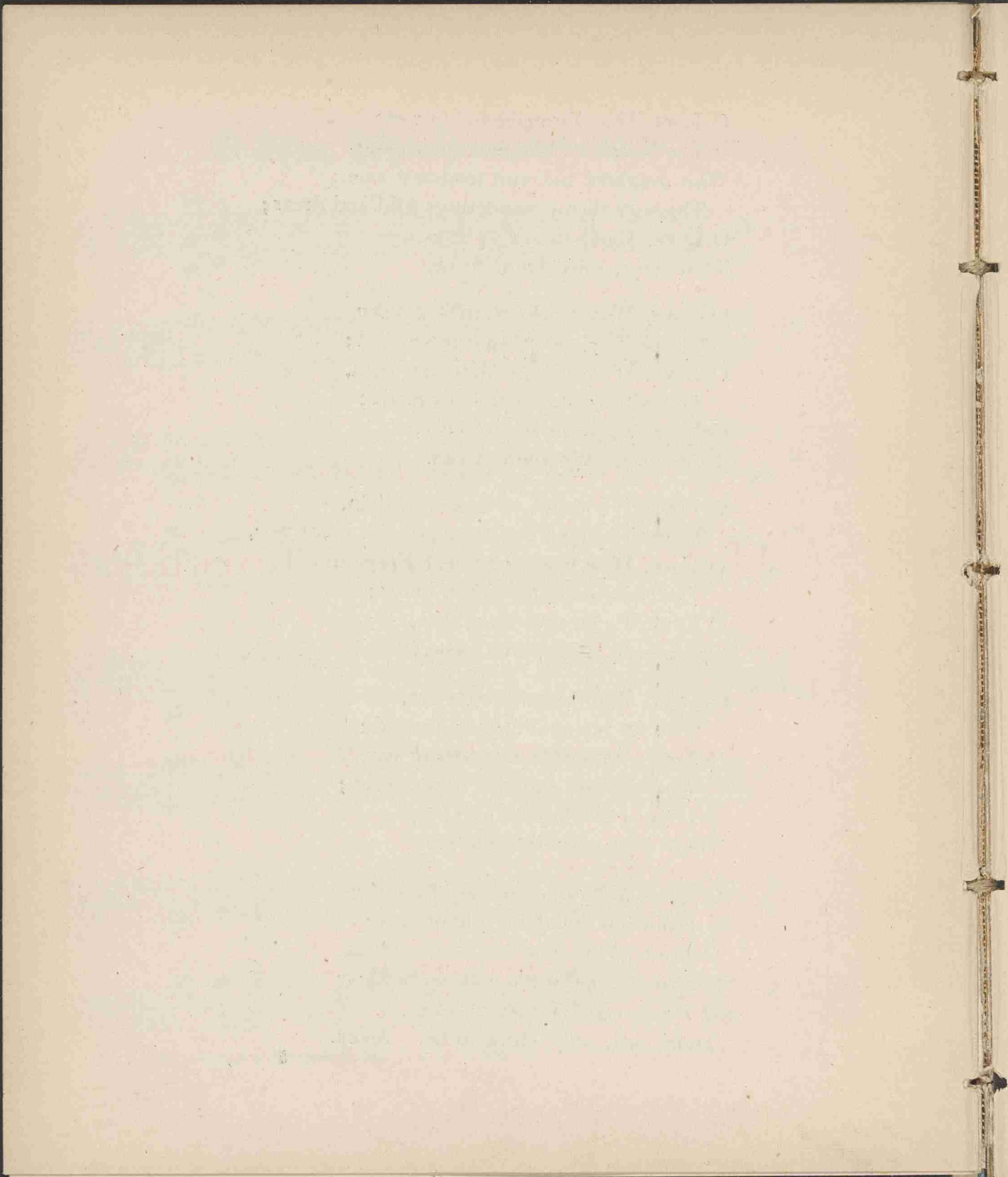
O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn  
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;  
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,  
And wholly like to us wast made ;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

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

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

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







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

---

*No. 6. Christ the Lord is Risen Again.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# Christ the Lord is risen again.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction below the left staff. The fourth system concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

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1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again,  
CHRIST hath broken every chain;  
Hark, angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

2 He, Who gave for us His life  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day,  
We too sing for joy, and say  
Alleluia! &c.

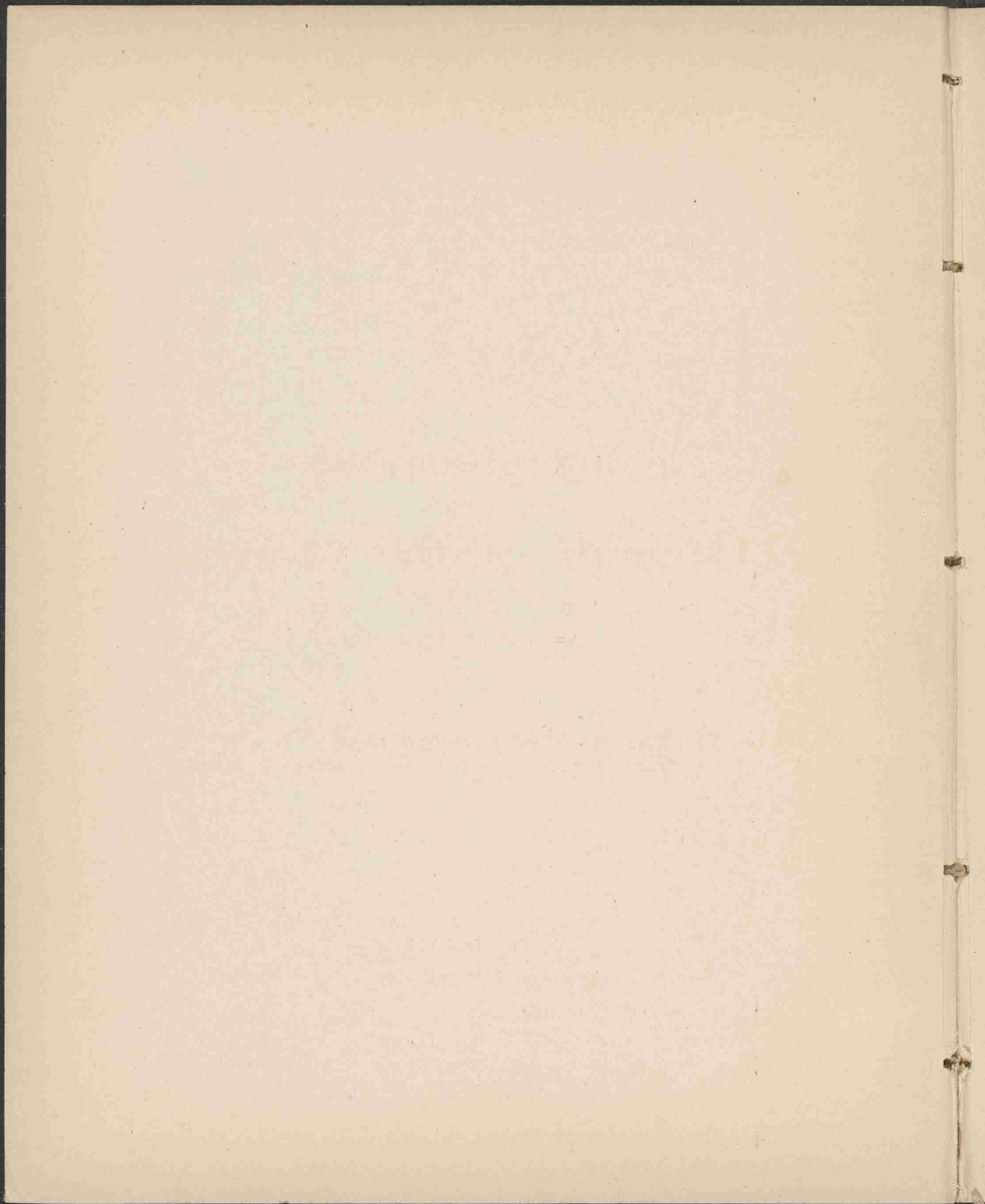
3 He, who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the Cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry:  
Alleluia! &c.

4 He, Who slumbered in the grave,  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia! &c.

5 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven.  
Alleluia! &c.

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing by night and day,  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.







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TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

---

*No. 7. The Sun is sinking fast.  
The Crown is on the Victor's Brow.*

BALTIMORE. MD.



## The Sun is sinking fast.



THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies ;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

As CHRIST upon the cross  
His Head inclined,  
And to His FATHER'S hands  
His parting soul resigned ;

So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast ;

Save that His Will be done,  
Whate'er betide ;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live, yet now  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me.

One SACRED TRINITY !  
One LORD DIVINE !  
May I be ever His,  
And He forever mine. AMEN.



# The Crown is on the Victor's Brow.



I.

The crown is on the Victor's brow;  
Finished is the battle now:  
Hence with sadness;  
Sing with gladness, Alleluia!

II.

For after death that Him befell;  
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell:  
Heaven is ringing,  
Earth is singing, Alleluia!

III.

On that third morning He arose,  
Bright with triumph o'er His foes;  
Sing we lauding,  
And applauding, Alleluia!

IV.

For He hath closed hell's yawning door,  
Heaven is open evermore:  
Hence with sadness,  
Sing with gladness, Alleluia!

V.

Lord by Thy wounds we call on Thee,  
So from death to set us free,  
That our living  
Be thanksgiving! Alleluia!



THE  
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1914

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BY  
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---

*No. 8. O Sons and Daughters, let us sing.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



♩ Sons and daughters, let us sing.



I.

O Sons and daughters, let us sing!  
The King of heaven, the glorious King,  
O'er death to-day rose triumphing!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

II.

That Sunday morn, at break of day,  
The faithful women went their way  
To seek the tomb where JESUS lay.  
Alleluia!



III.

An angel clad in white they see,  
Who sat and spake unto the three,  
"Your LORD doth go to Galilee."  
Alleluia!

IV.

That night the Apostles met in fear;  
Amidst them came the LORD most dear,  
And said, "My peace be on all here."  
Alleluia!

V.

When Didymus the tidings heard,  
He doubted if it were the Lord,  
Until He came and spake this word:  
Alleluia!

VI.

"My piercé Side, O Thomas, see;  
My Hands, My feet, I show to thee;  
Nor faithless, but believing be."  
Alleluia!

VII.

No longer Thomas then denied;  
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;  
"Thou art my LORD and GOD," he cried.  
Alleluia!

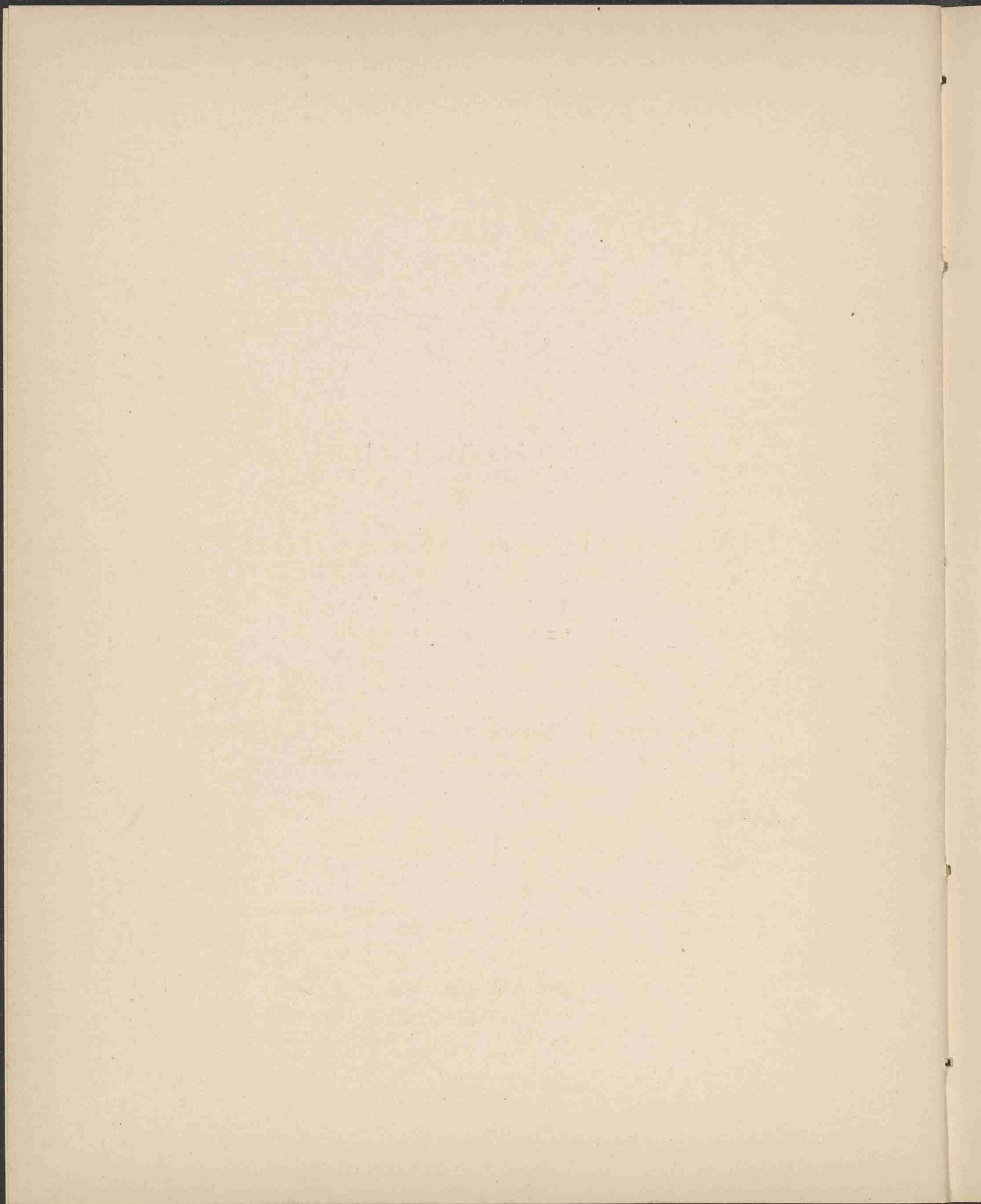
VIII.

How blest are they who have not seen,  
And yet whose faith hath constant been;  
For they eternal life shall win.  
Alleluia!

IX.

On this most holy day of days,  
To GOD your hearts and voices raise  
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.  
Alleluia!







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Hymnody of the Church,  
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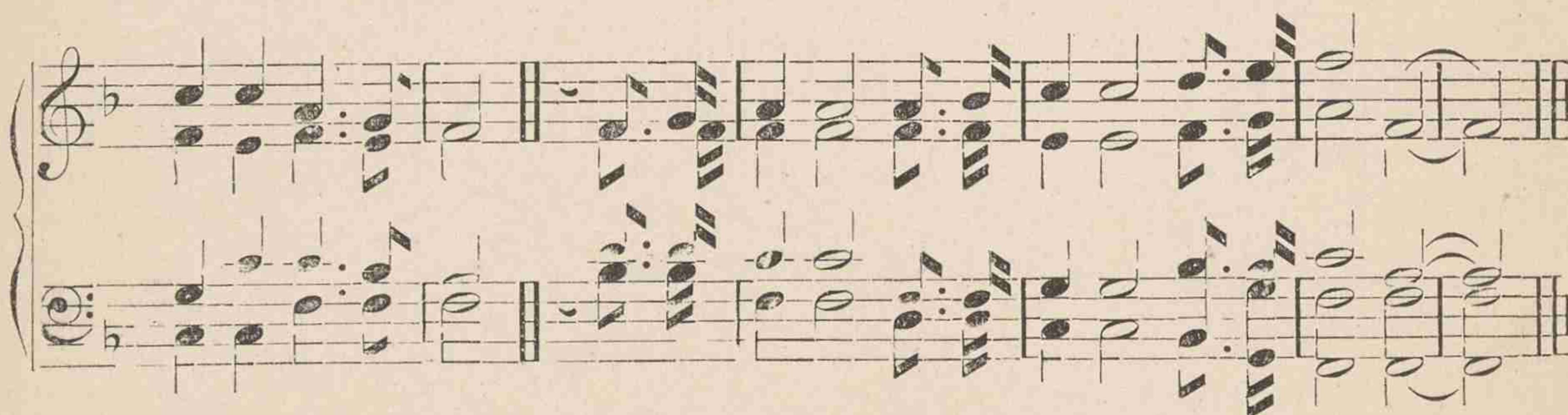
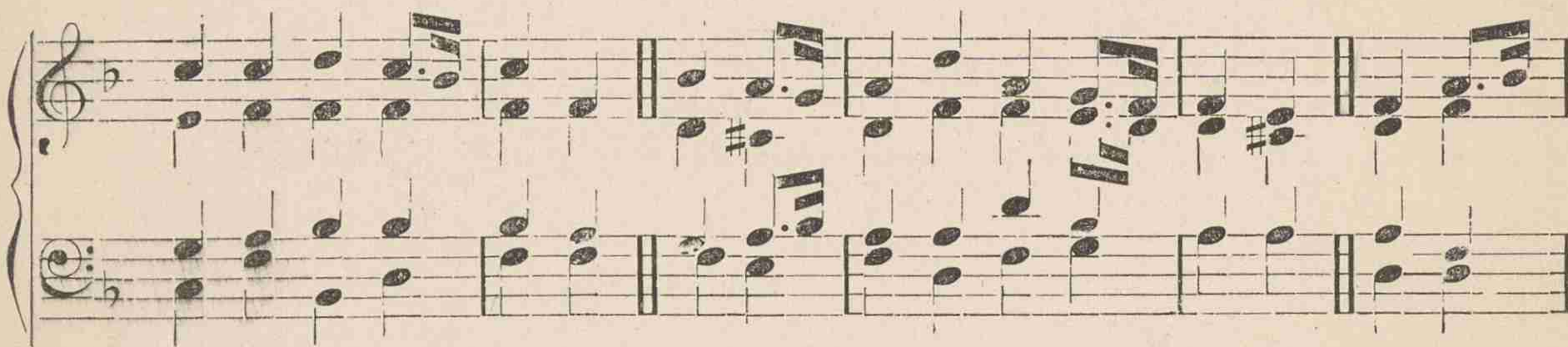
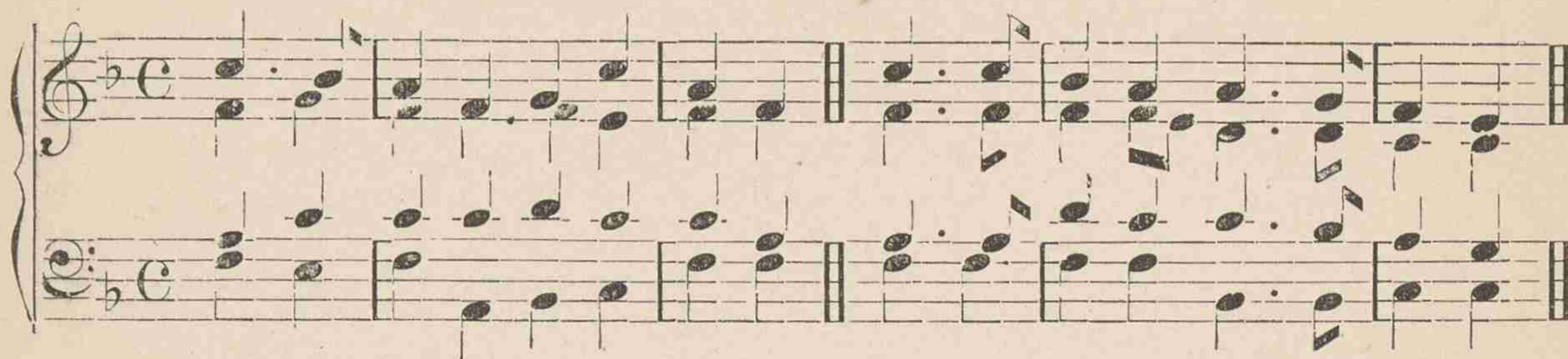


*No. 9. Far be sorrow, tears and sighing.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



Far be sorrow, tears and sighing.



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I.

FAR be sorrow, tears, and sighing;  
 Waves are calming, storms are dying;  
     Moses hath o'erpassed the sea,  
     Israel's captive hosts are free.  
 Life by death slew death and saved us,  
 In His Blood the Lamb hath laved us,  
     Clothing us with victory.  
         Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

II.

Hark, the deep abysses thunder;  
 Hark, the chains are snapped in sunder;  
     And th' unfettered fathers rise  
     Soaring toward the opened skies.  
 God and Man, our ransom paying,  
 And in light Himself arraying  
     Now has won the victory.  
         Alleluia!

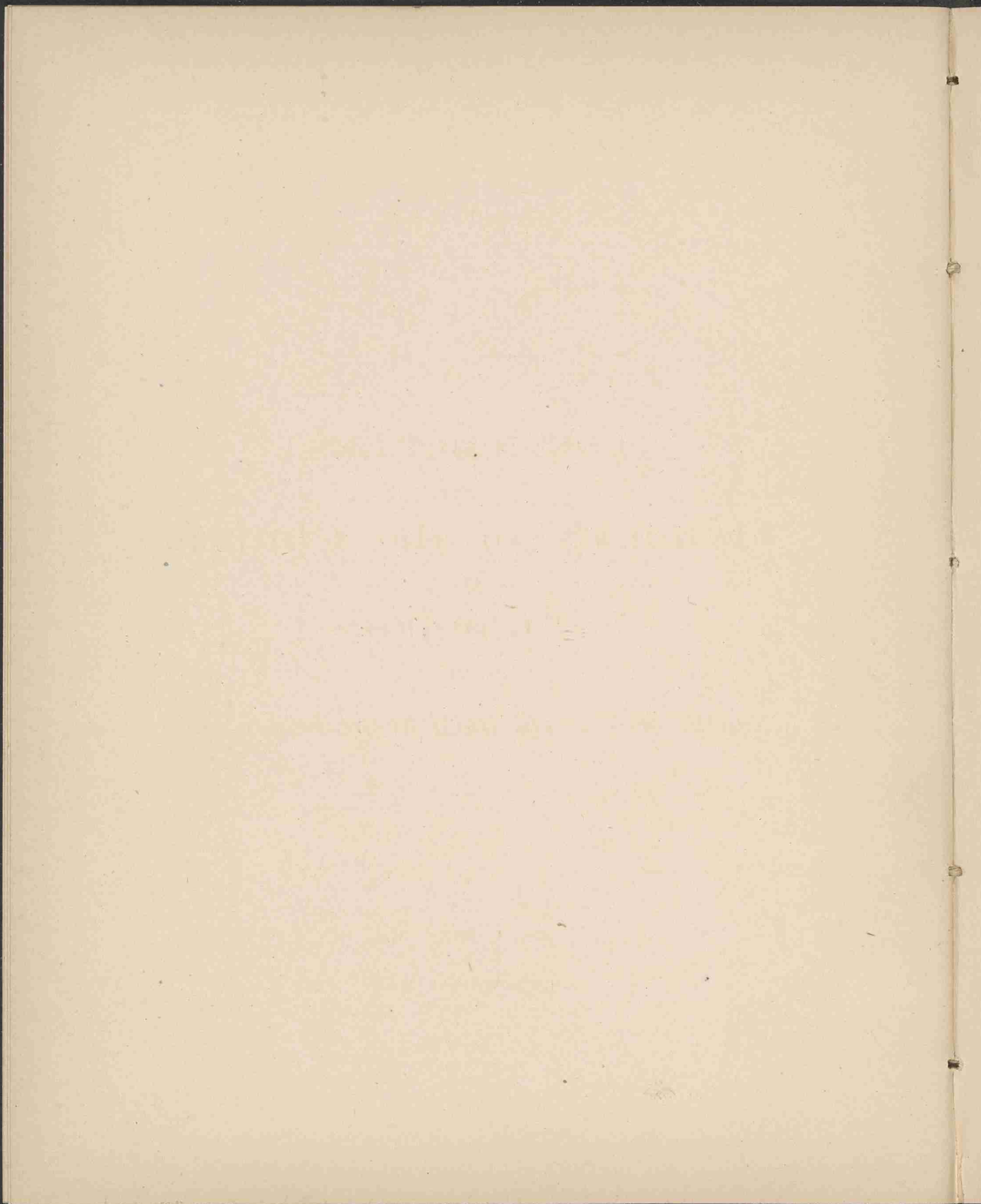
III.

Jesus Christ from death is risen:  
 'T is His Godhead bursts the prison,  
     While His Manhood rises free  
     O'er our mortal misery,  
 And to sinners brings salvation;  
 Thus in God's humiliation  
     Man has won the victory.  
         Alleluia!

IV.

This the law our Saviour teaches,  
 This the call His triumph preaches:  
     Sinner, from the grave of sin  
     Rise, eternal joy to win.  
 From the death our sin decreed us  
 Sinless He by death has freed us,  
     Sing we then His victory.  
         Alleluia!







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

---

*No. 10. The world itself keeps Easter Day.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# The world itself keeps Easter Day.



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I.

The world itself keeps Easter Day,  
 And Easter larks are singing ;  
 And Easter flowers are blooming gay,  
 And Easter buds are springing :  
 Alleluia, Alleluia ;  
 The Lord of all things lives anew,  
 And all His works are rising too.  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

II.

There stood three Maries by the tomb  
 On Easter morning early,  
 When day had scarcely chased the gloom,  
 And dew was white and pearly ;  
 Alleluia, Alleluia.  
 With loving but with erring mind  
 They came the Prince of Life to find :  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

III.

But earlier still the angel sped  
 His news of comfort giving ;  
 And "why," he said, "among the dead  
 "Thus seek ye for the living ?"  
 Alleluia, Alleluia :  
 "Go tell them all and make them blest,  
 "Tell Peter first, and then the rest."  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

IV.

But one, and one alone, remained  
 With love that could not vary ;  
 And thus a joy past joy she gained,  
 That sometime sinner Mary :  
 Alleluia, Alleluia :  
 The first the dear, dear form to see  
 Of Him who hung upon the tree :  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

V.

The Church is keeping Easter Day,  
 And Easter hymns are sounding,  
 And Easter flowers are blooming gay,  
 The holy Font surrounding ;  
 Alleluia, Alleluia ;  
 The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,  
 Good Christians, see ye rise as well :  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !



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*No. 11. The roseate hues of early Dawn.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# The roseate hues of early Dawn.



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I.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away !  
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,  
Oh, for the golden floor,  
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness  
That setteth nevermore !

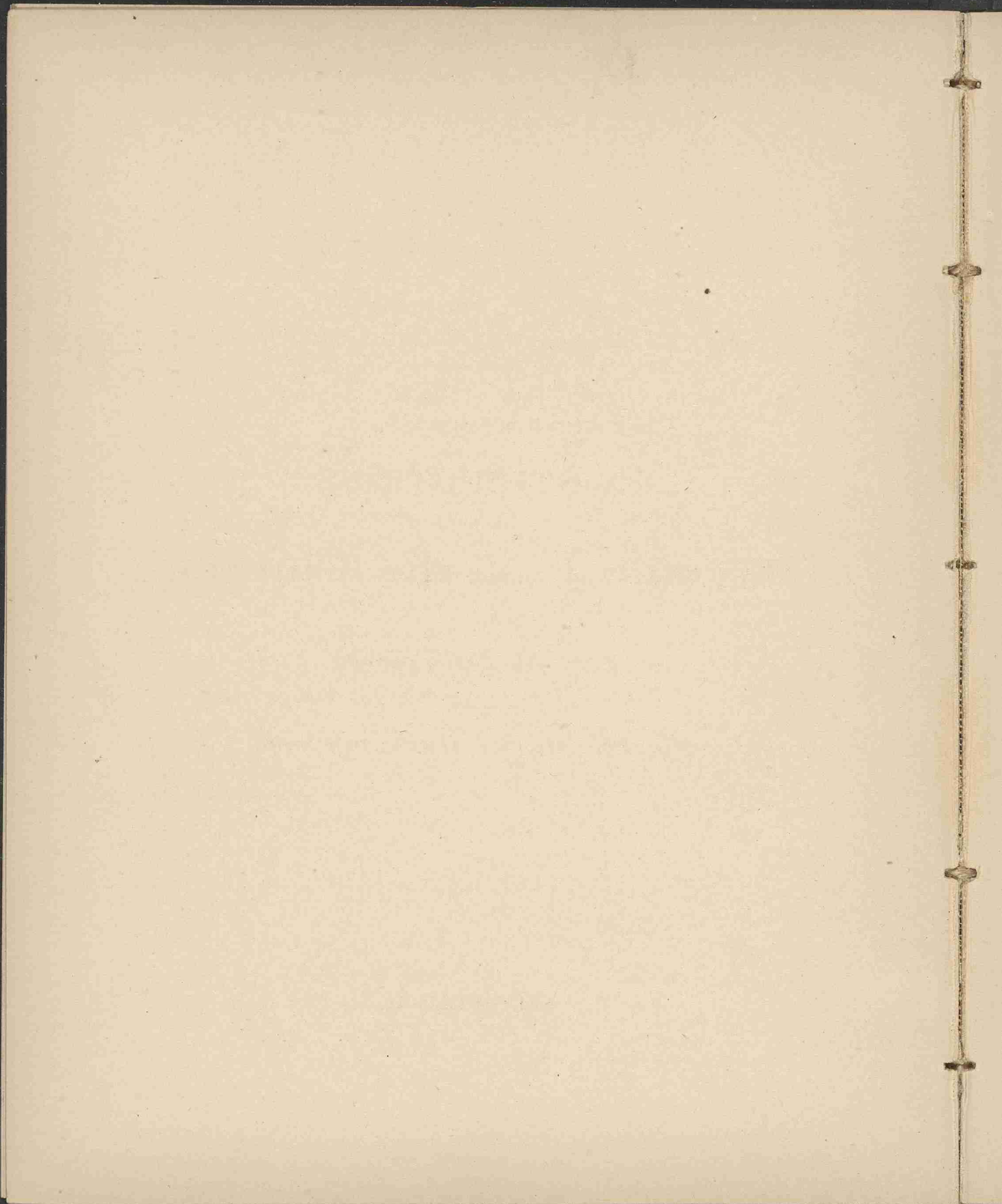
II.

The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint ;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint !  
Oh, for a heart that never sins,  
Oh, for a voice washed white,  
Oh, for a soul to praise our King,  
Nor weary day nor night !

III.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, LORD,  
And by Thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown. AMEN.







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

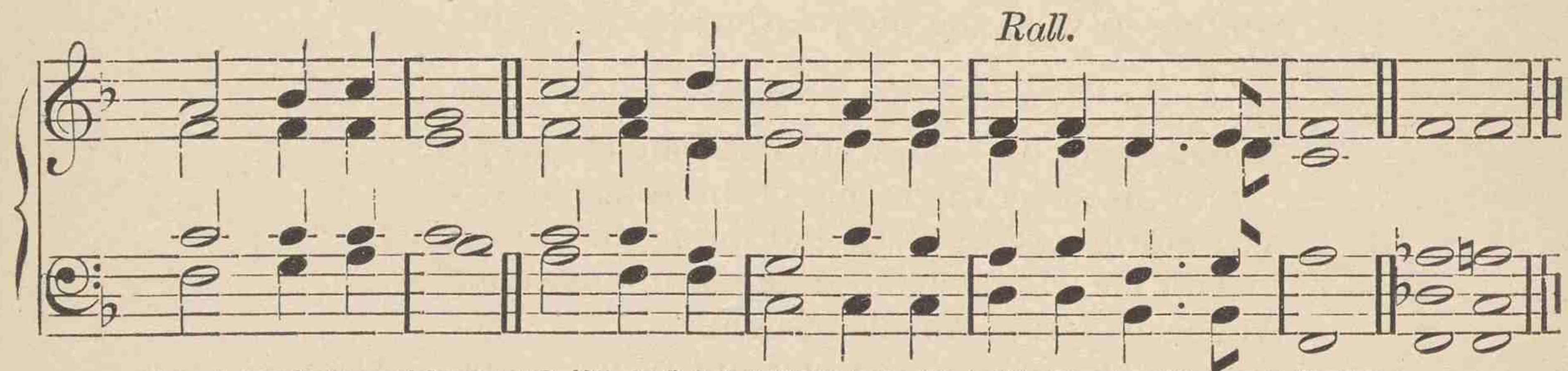
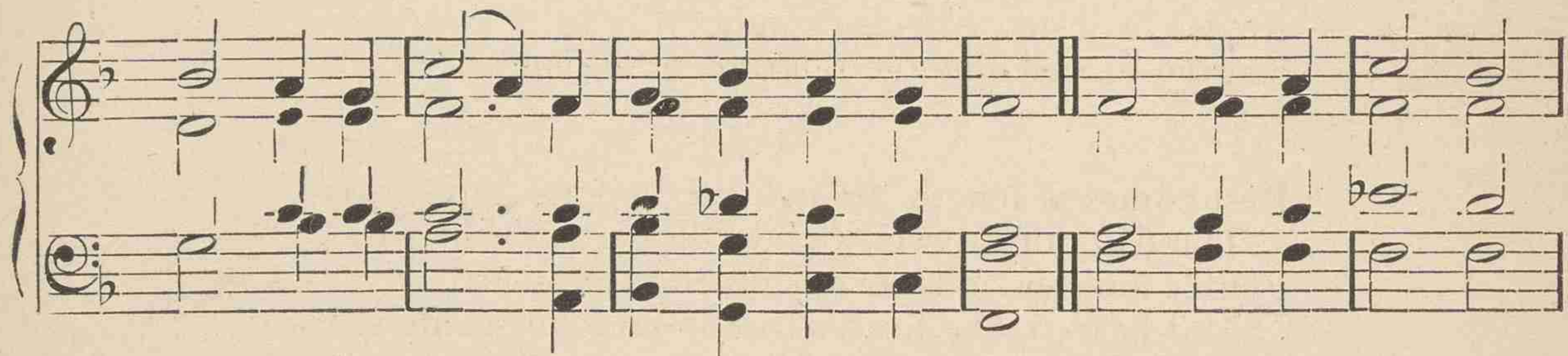
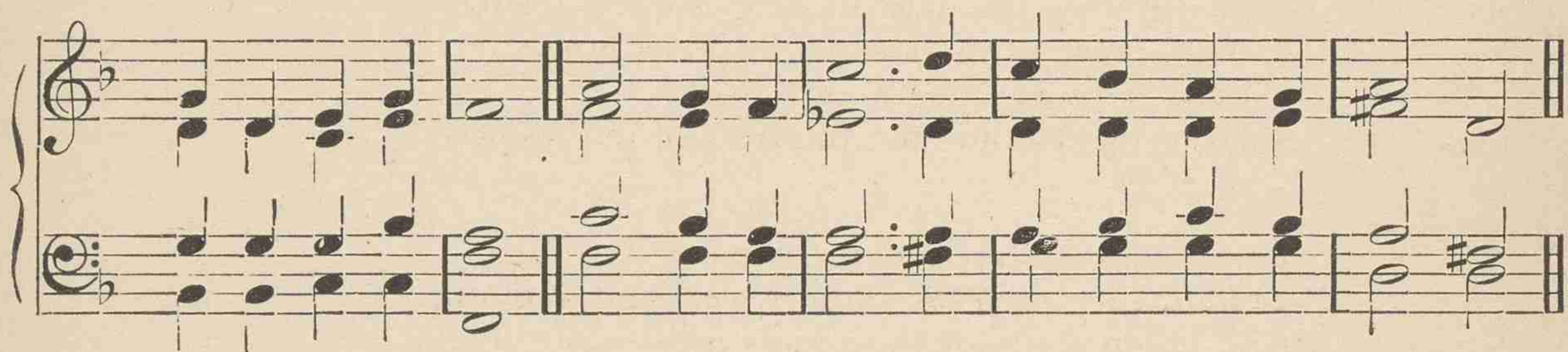
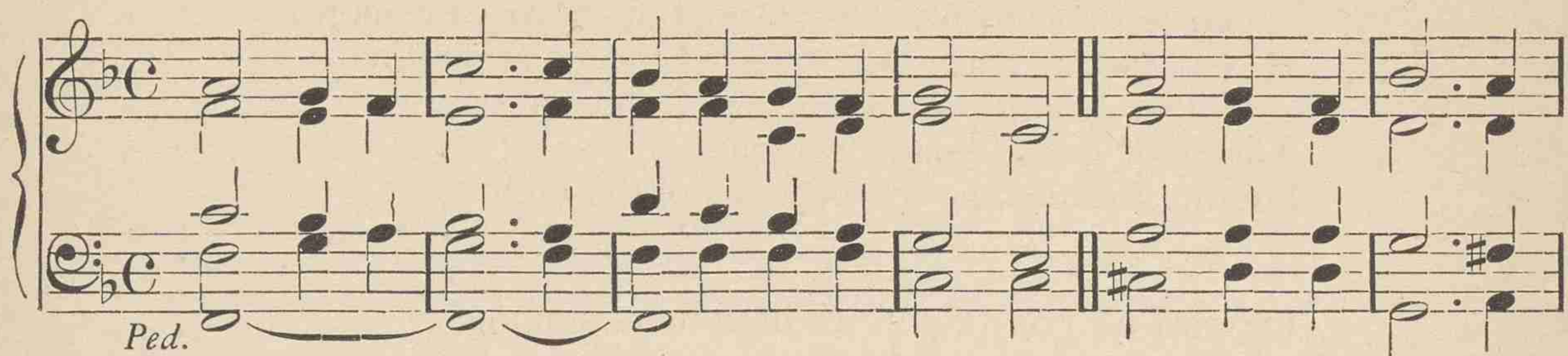
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*No. 12. Hark! Hark, my Soul.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# Hark! hark, my Soul. (FIRST TUNE.)



Entered, according to act of Congress, A.D. 1874, by J. S. B. HODGES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



I.

HARK ! hark, my soul ; Angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore :  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

II.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come :"  
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

III.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

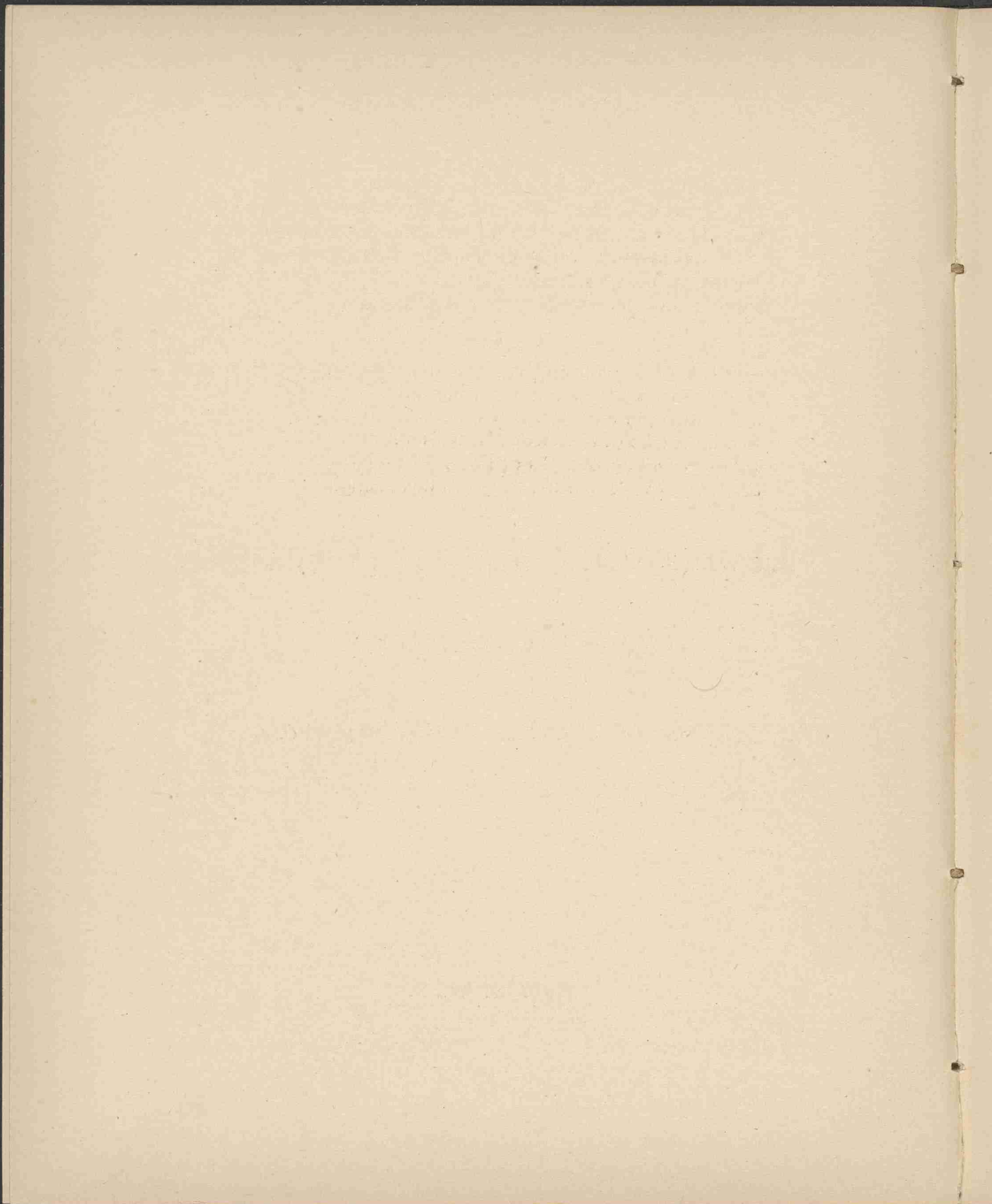
IV.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past :  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

V.

Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. AMEN.







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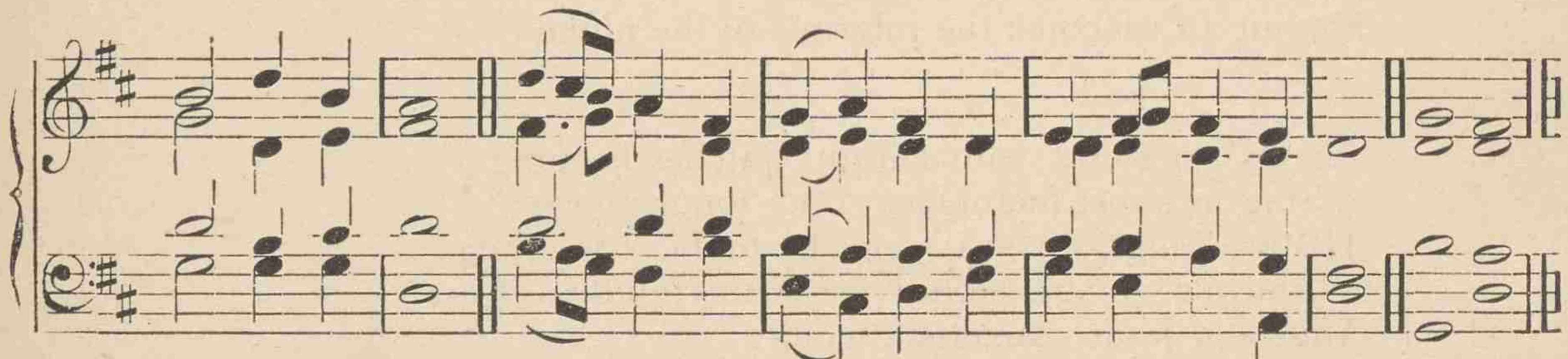
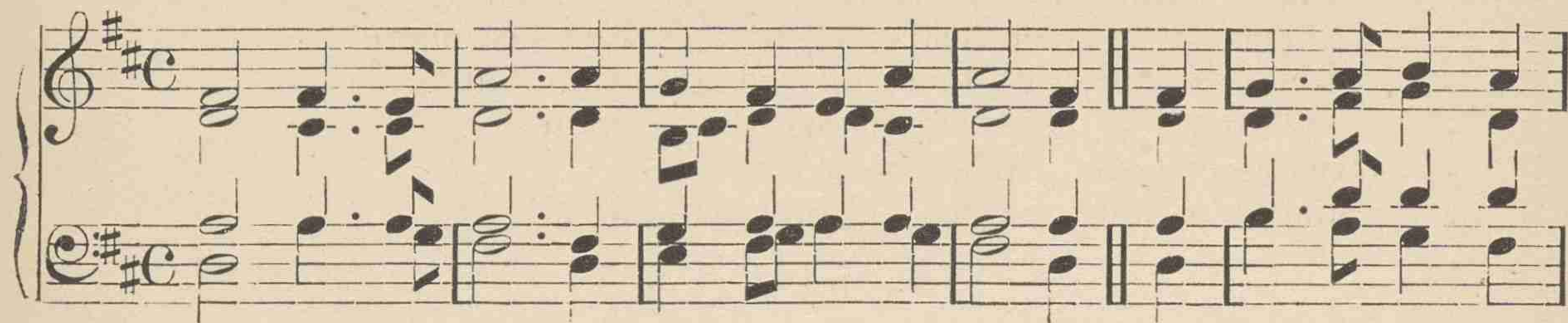
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*No. 13. Hark! Hark, my Soul.*

BALTIMORE, Md.



# Hark ! hark, my Soul. (SECOND TUNE.)



Entered, according to act of Congress, A.D. 1874, by J. S. B. HODGES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



I.

HARK! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

II.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"  
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

III.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

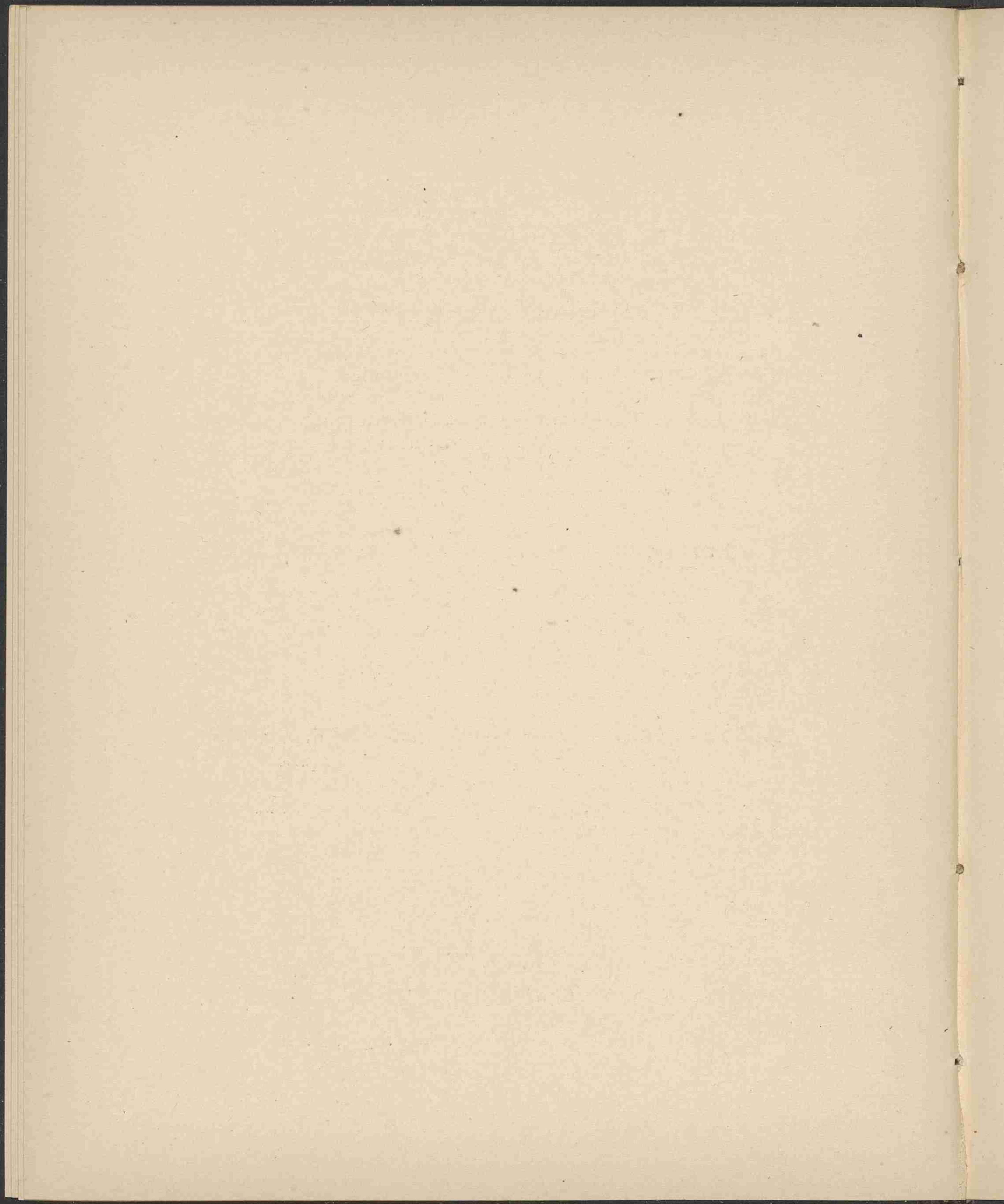
IV.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

V.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. AMEN.







CONTRIBUTIONS  
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*No. 14. Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# Hark! the Sound of holy Voices.



Entered, according to act of Congress, A.D. 1874, by J. S. B. HODGES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



I.

HARK ! the sound of holy voices  
 Chanting, at the crystal sea,  
 Alleluia, Alleluia,  
 Alleluia, LORD, to Thee :  
 Multitude, which none can number,  
 Like the stars in glory stands,  
 Clothed in white apparel, holding  
 Palms of victory in their hands.

II.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet,  
 Who prepared the way of CHRIST,  
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,  
 Martyr, and Evangelist,  
 Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,  
 Widows who have watched to prayer,  
 Joined in holy concert, singing  
 To the LORD of all, are there.

III.

They have come from tribulation,  
 And have washed their robes in blood,  
 Washed them in the blood of JESUS ;  
 Tried they were, and firm they stood ;  
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
 They have conquered death and Satan  
 By the might of CHRIST the LORD.

IV.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner,  
 They have triumphed following  
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
 Thee, their SAVIOUR, and their King ;  
 Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered ;  
 Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died ;  
 And by death to life immortal  
 They were born and glorified.

V.

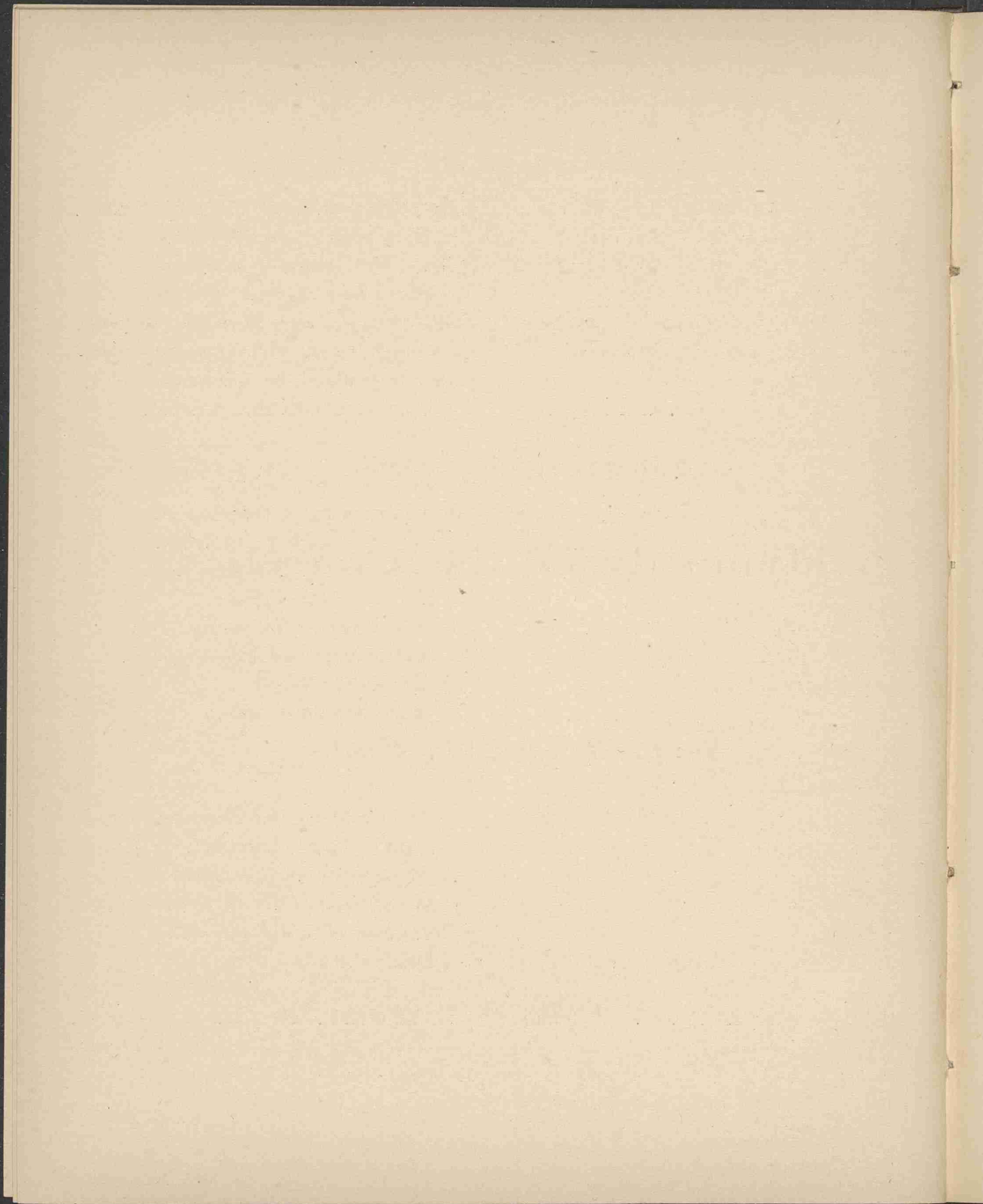
Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
 Now they walk in golden light,  
 Now they drink, as from a river,  
 Holy bliss and infinite ;  
 Love and peace they taste for ever,  
 And all truth and knowledge see  
 In the Beatific Vision  
 Of the Blessed Trinity.

VI.

God of God, the One-Begotten,  
 Light of Light, Emmanuel,  
 In whose Body joined together  
 All the Saints for ever dwell,  
 Pour upon us of Thy fulness,  
 That we may for ever more  
 God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Holy Ghost adore.—

AMEN.







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
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*No. 15. Lead, kindly Light.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# Lead, kindly Light.



Entered, according to act of Congress, A.D. 1874, by J. S. B. HODGES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



I.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on ;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

II.

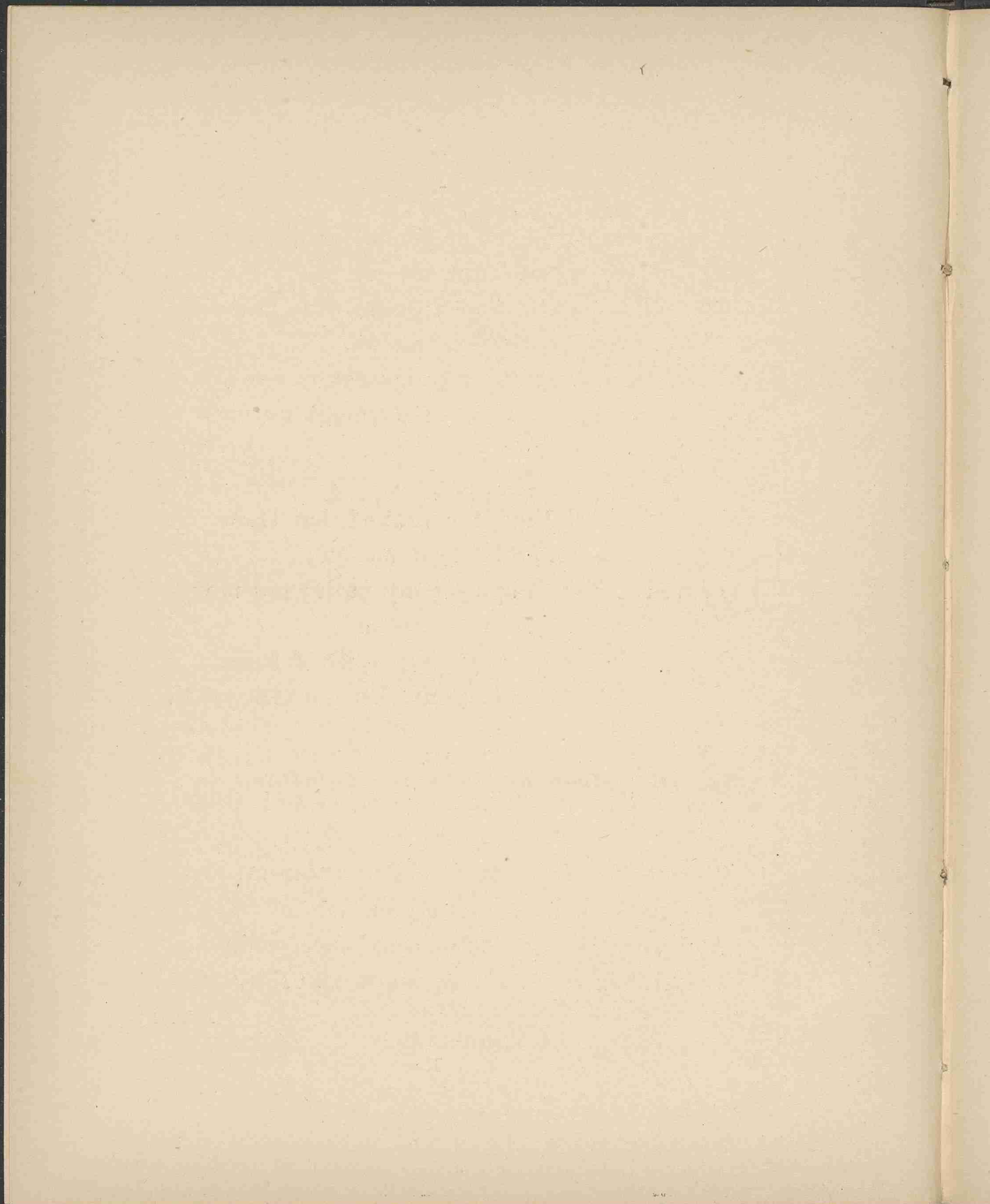
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

III.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

AMEN.







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES



*No. 16. Head of the Hosts in Glory.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



## Head of the Hosts in Glory.



Entered, according to act of Congress, A.D. 1874, by J. S. B. HODGES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



I.

HEAD of the Hosts in glory!  
We joyfully adore Thee,  
Thy Church below;  
Blending with those on high—  
Where through the azure sky  
Thy Saints in ecstasy  
For ever glow.

II.

Angels! Archangels! glorious  
Guards of the Church victorious!  
Worship the Lamb!  
Crown Him with crowns of light,  
One of the Three by right—  
Love, Majesty, and Might  
The great I AM.

III.

Martyrs! whose mystic legions  
March o'er yon heavenly regions  
In triumph round:  
Wave high your banners, wave!  
Your God, our Saviour, gave  
For death itself a grave,  
In hell profound!

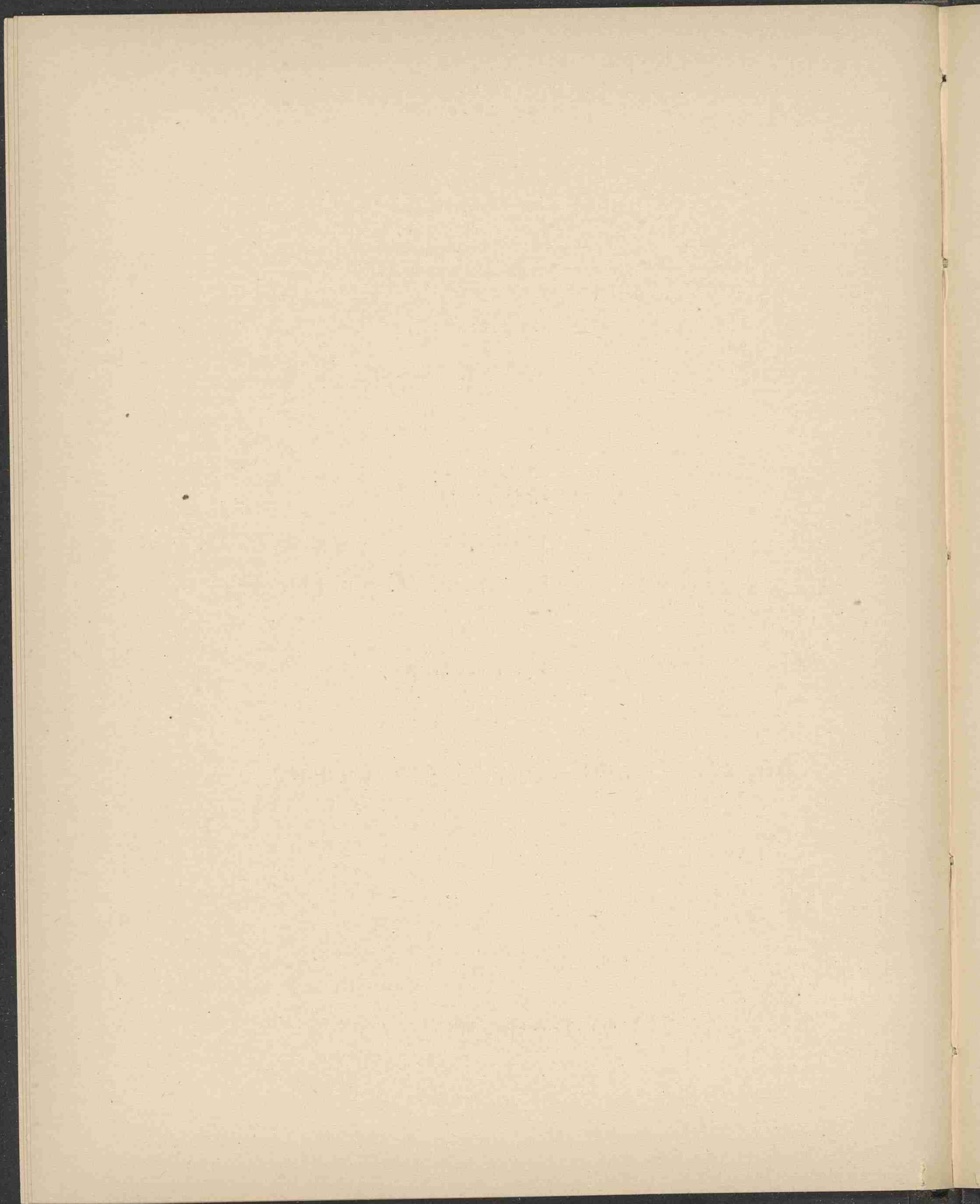
IV.

Saints! in fair circles, casting  
Rich trophies everlasting  
At Jesus' feet,  
Amidst our rude alarms,  
We stretch forth suppliant arms,  
That we, too, safe from harms,  
In heaven may meet!

V.

Saviour! in glory beaming,  
With radiance brightly streaming,  
Enthroned in power,  
Grant, by Thy awful Name,  
That we through flood and flame  
The Gospel may proclaim,  
Till life's last hour. AMEN.







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

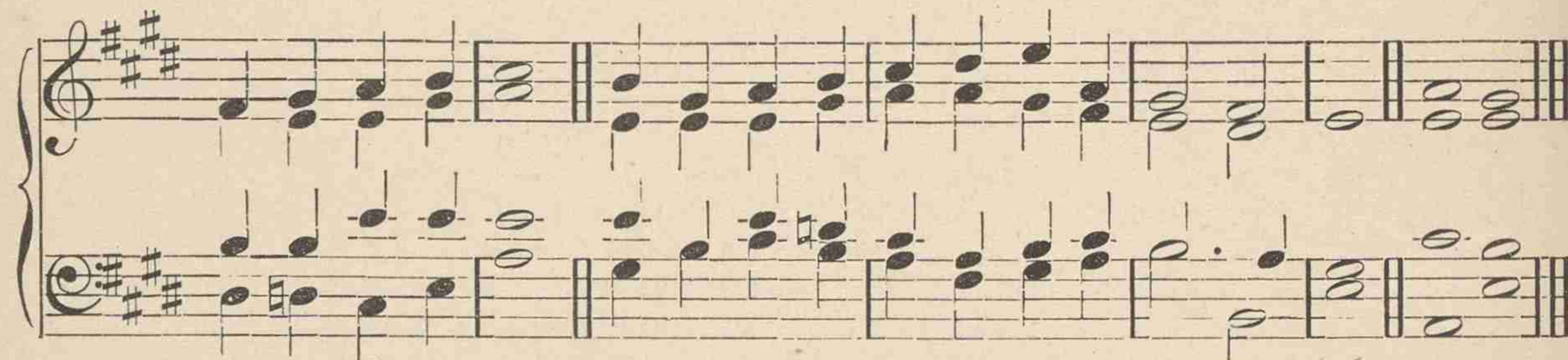
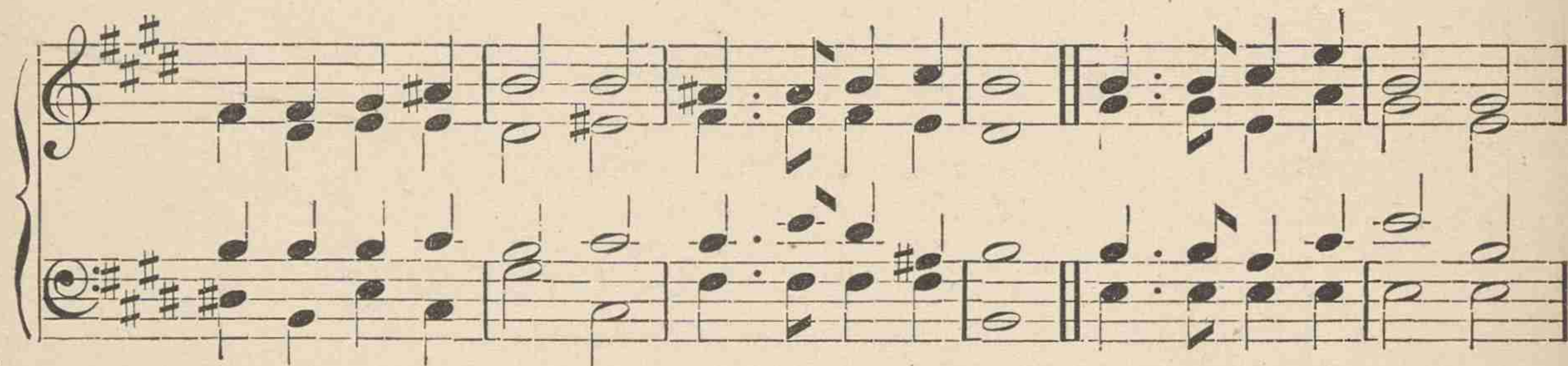
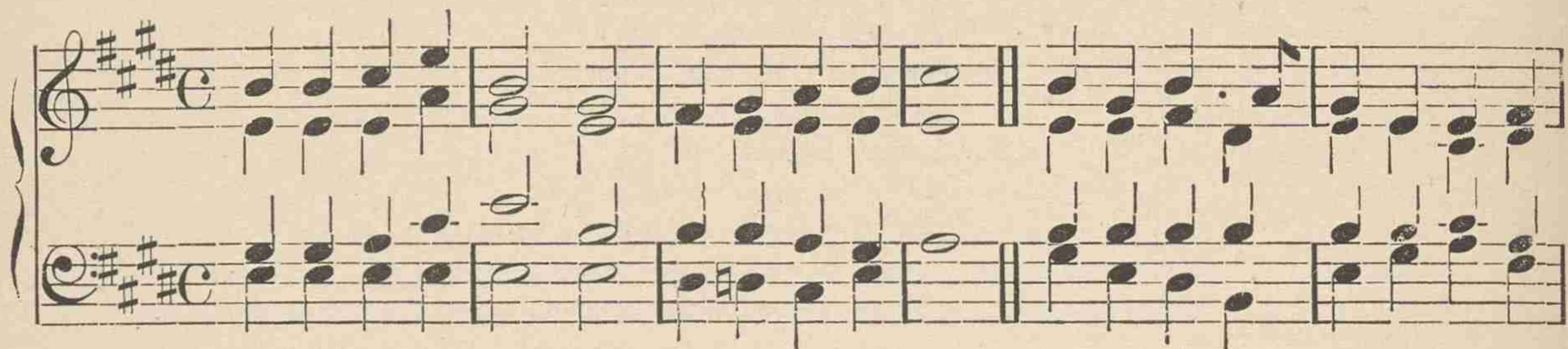
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*No. 17. Brightly gleams our Banner.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# Brightly gleams our Banner.

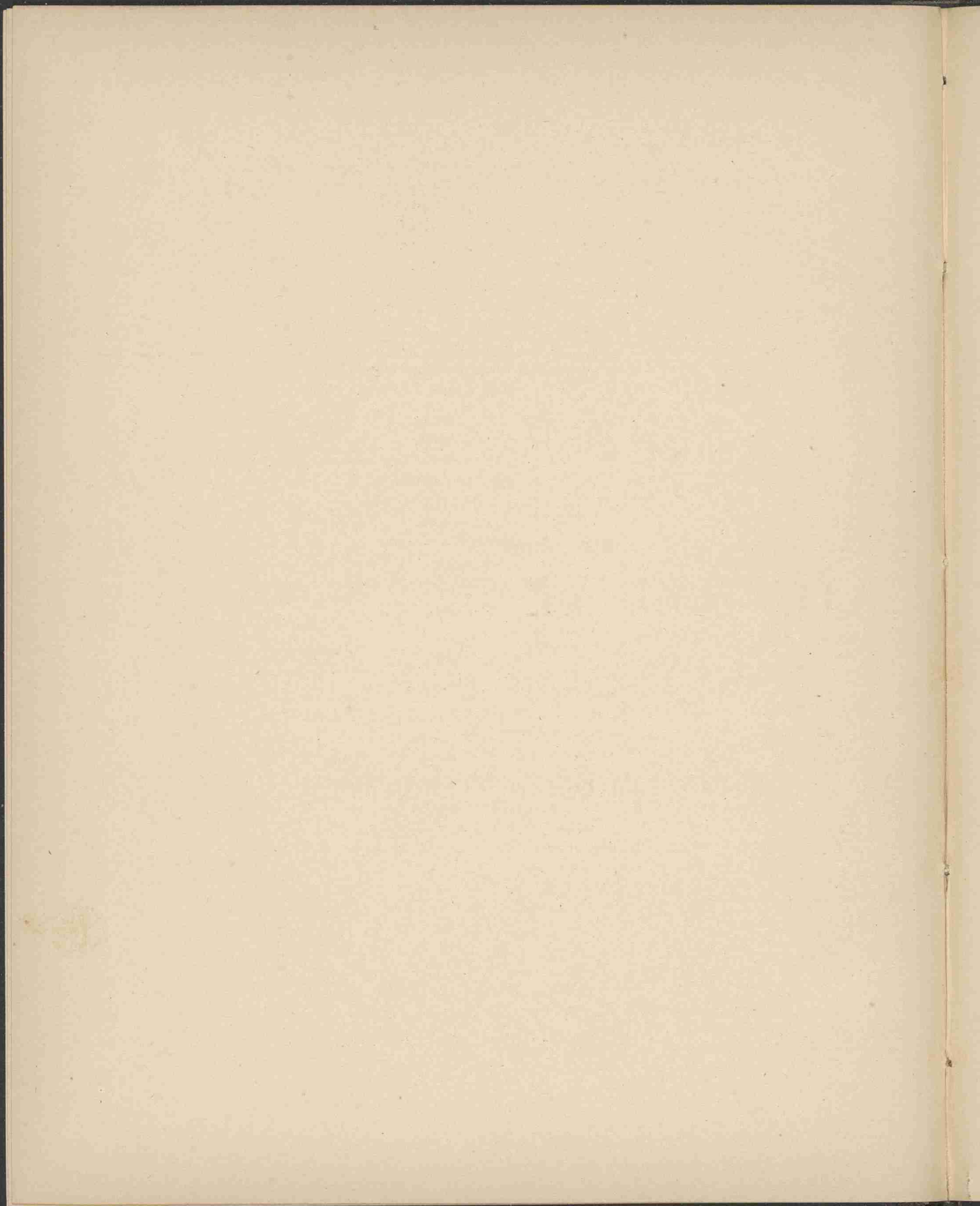


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- 1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.  
Journeying o'er the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
And with hearts united  
Take our heavenward way.  
Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onwards  
To their home on high.
- 2 JESU, LORD and Master,  
At Thy sacred Feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet ;  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray,  
Keep us, mighty SAVIOUR,  
In the narrow way.  
Brightly gleams, &c.
- 3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe :  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lour,  
Pardon Thou and save us  
In the last dread hour.  
Brightly gleams, &c..
- 4 Then with Saints and Angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy Throne of love ;  
When the toil is over,  
Then comes rest and peace,  
JESUS in His Beauty,  
Songs that never cease.  
Brightly gleams our banner  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onwards  
To their home on high. AMEN.







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

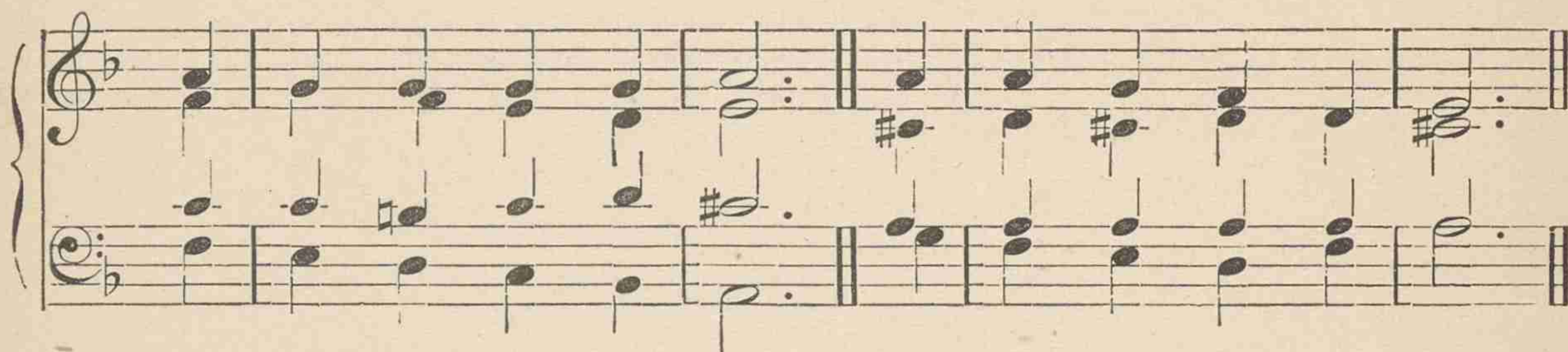
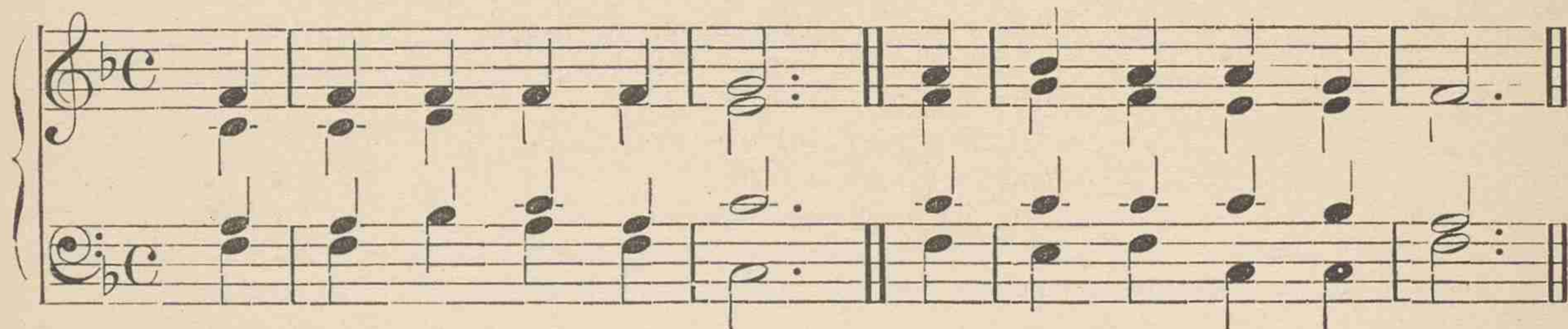
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*No. 18. There is a blessed Home.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# There is a blessed Home.



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I.

THERE is a blessed Home  
 Beyond this land of woe,  
 Where trials never come,  
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
 Where faith is lost in sight,  
 And patient hope is crowned,  
 And everlasting light  
 Its glory throws around.

II.

There is a land of peace,  
 Good angels know it well,  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell ;  
 Around its glorious Throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 CHRIST, with the FATHER ONE  
 And SPIRIT, evermore.

III.

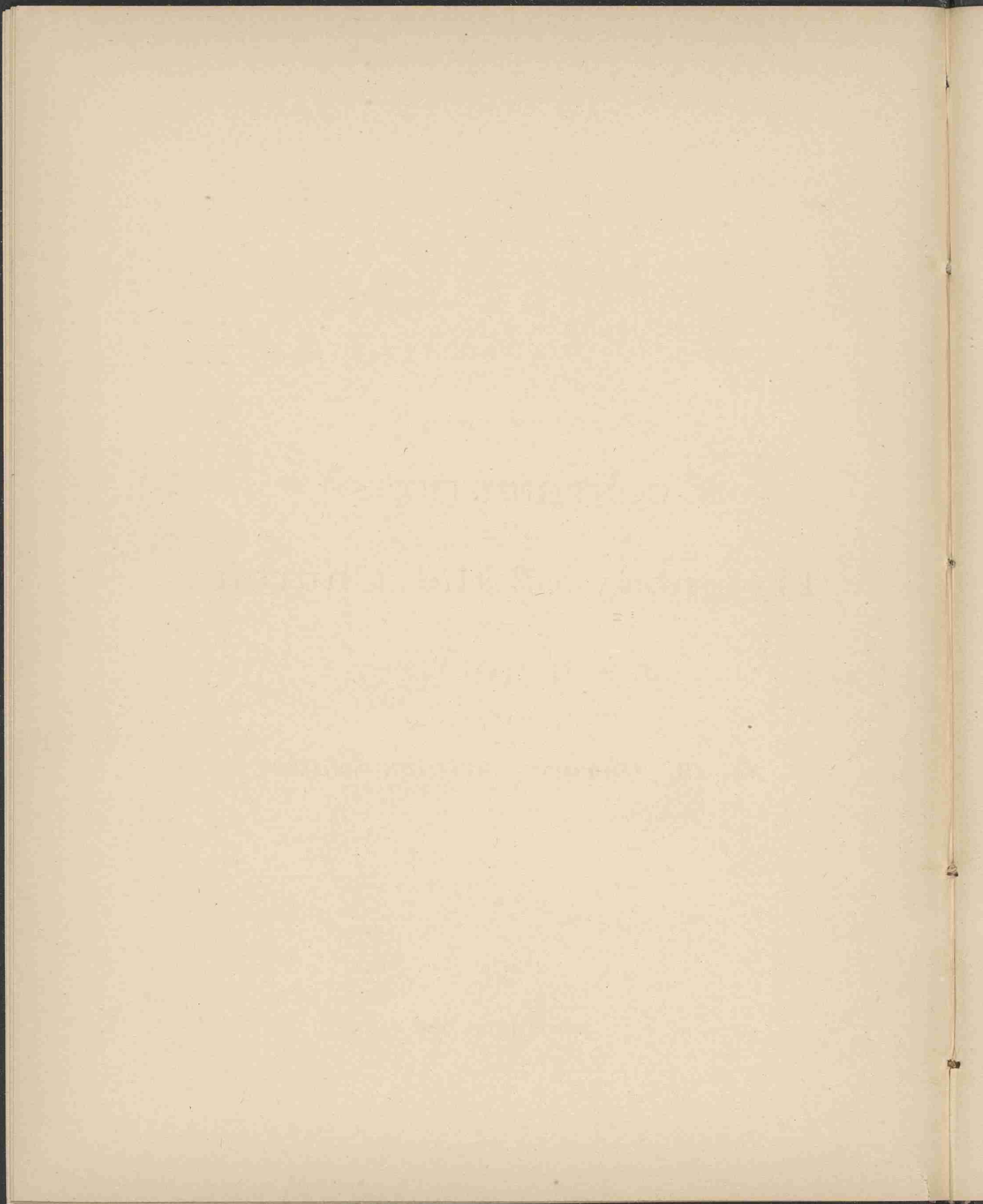
O joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the LAMB Who died,  
 And count each sacred Wound  
 In Hands, and Feet and Side ;  
 To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done.

IV.

Look up ye saints of GOD,  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your SAVIOUR trod  
 Of daily toil and woe ;  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love ;  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.

AMEN.







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES



*No. 19. Onward, Christian Soldiers.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



# Onward, Christian Soldiers.

*March.*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. Each system has two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is a march, characterized by its rhythmic patterns and the word 'March.' written below the first staff. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines, with some measures containing repeat signs. The overall structure is a single melodic line with piano accompaniment.

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I.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of JESUS  
Going on before.

CHRIST the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe,  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of JESUS  
Going on before.

II.

At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee ;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise ;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, &c.

III.

Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God ;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod ;

We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

Onward, &c.

IV.

Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of JESUS  
Constant will remain ;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail ;  
We have CHRIST's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

Onward, &c.

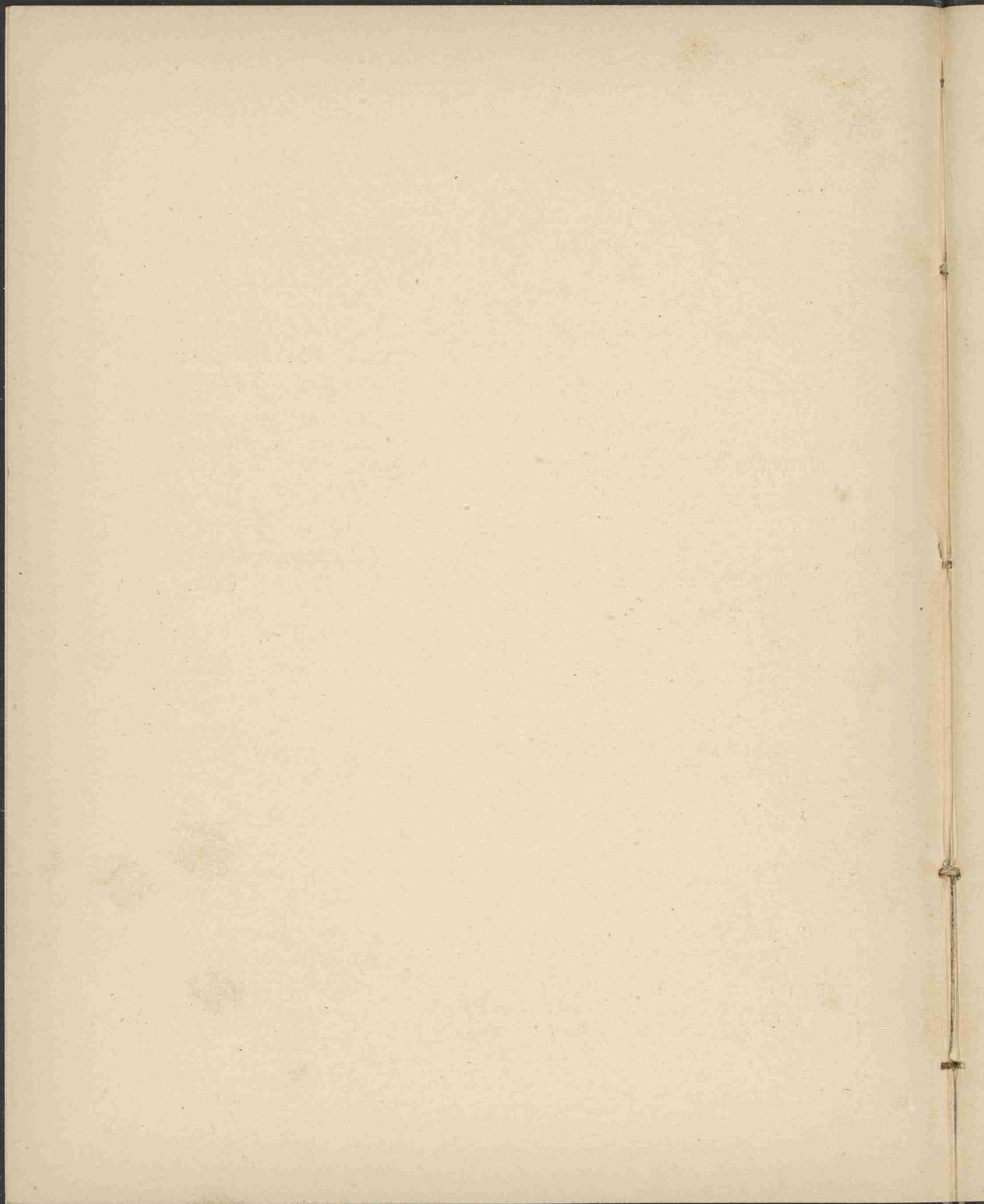
V.

Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices,  
In the triumph song :  
Glory, laud, and honour,  
Unto CHRIST, the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and Angels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of JESUS  
Going on before.

AMEN.







CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO THE  
Hymnody of the Church,  
BY  
J. S. B. HODGES

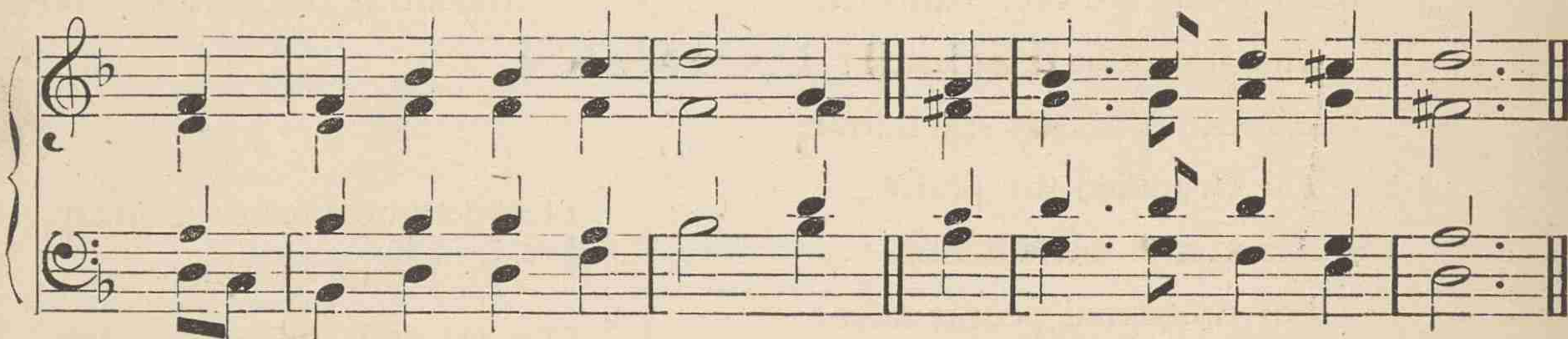
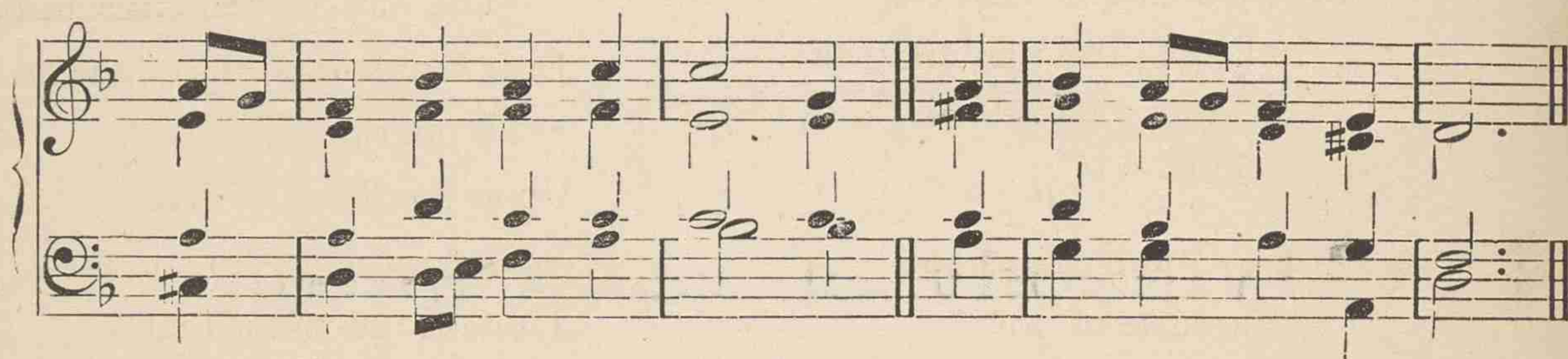
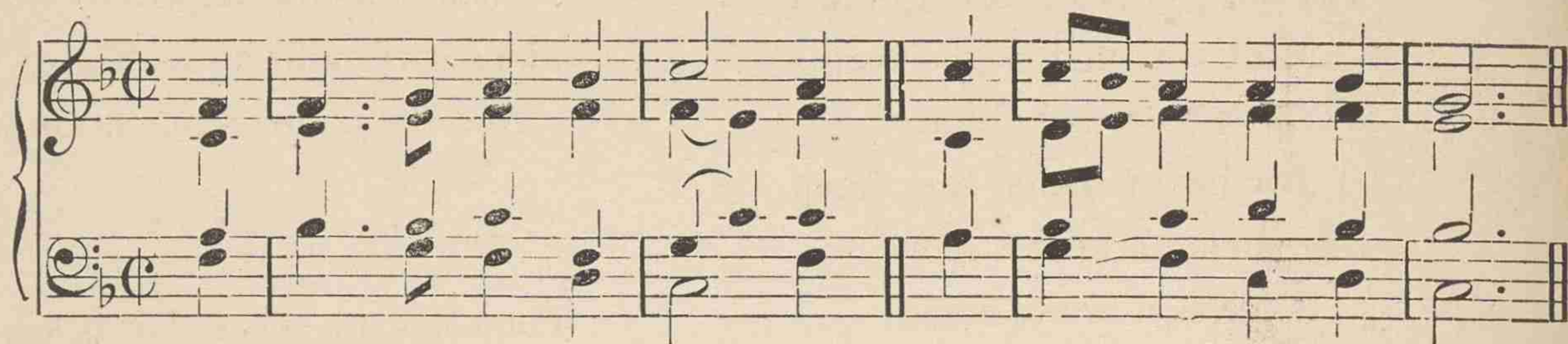
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*No. 20. For thee, O dear, dear Country.*

BALTIMORE, MD.



For thee, O dear, dear Country.



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I.

For thee, O dear, dear Country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
 For very love, beholding  
 Thy happy name, they weep.  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

II.

O one, O only Mansion !  
 O Paradise of Joy !  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
 And smiles have no alloy ;  
 The LAMB is all thy splendour,  
 The Crucified thy praise ;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise.

III.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in thee their rays ;

Thine ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethyst unpriced ;  
 The saints build up its fabric,  
 And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

IV.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
 Thou hast no time, bright day !  
 Dear fountain of refreshments  
 To pilgrims far away !  
 Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They raise thy holy tower ;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.

V.

O sweet and blessed country,  
 The Home of God's elect !  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect !  
 JESU, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest ;  
 Who art, with GOD the FATHER,  
 And SPIRIT, ever blest.

AMEN.







