

To his friend Arthur S. Sullivan

Two Hymn Tunes

written

for the Society's

for Promoting Christian Knowledge
new

Tune Book

by

July 1893.

Wm Goldsmith

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—REV. v. 12.

1 To Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him, the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Who gave His Soul our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who rose that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore!
Sing we Alleluia!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most High, our joy and boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

Amen.

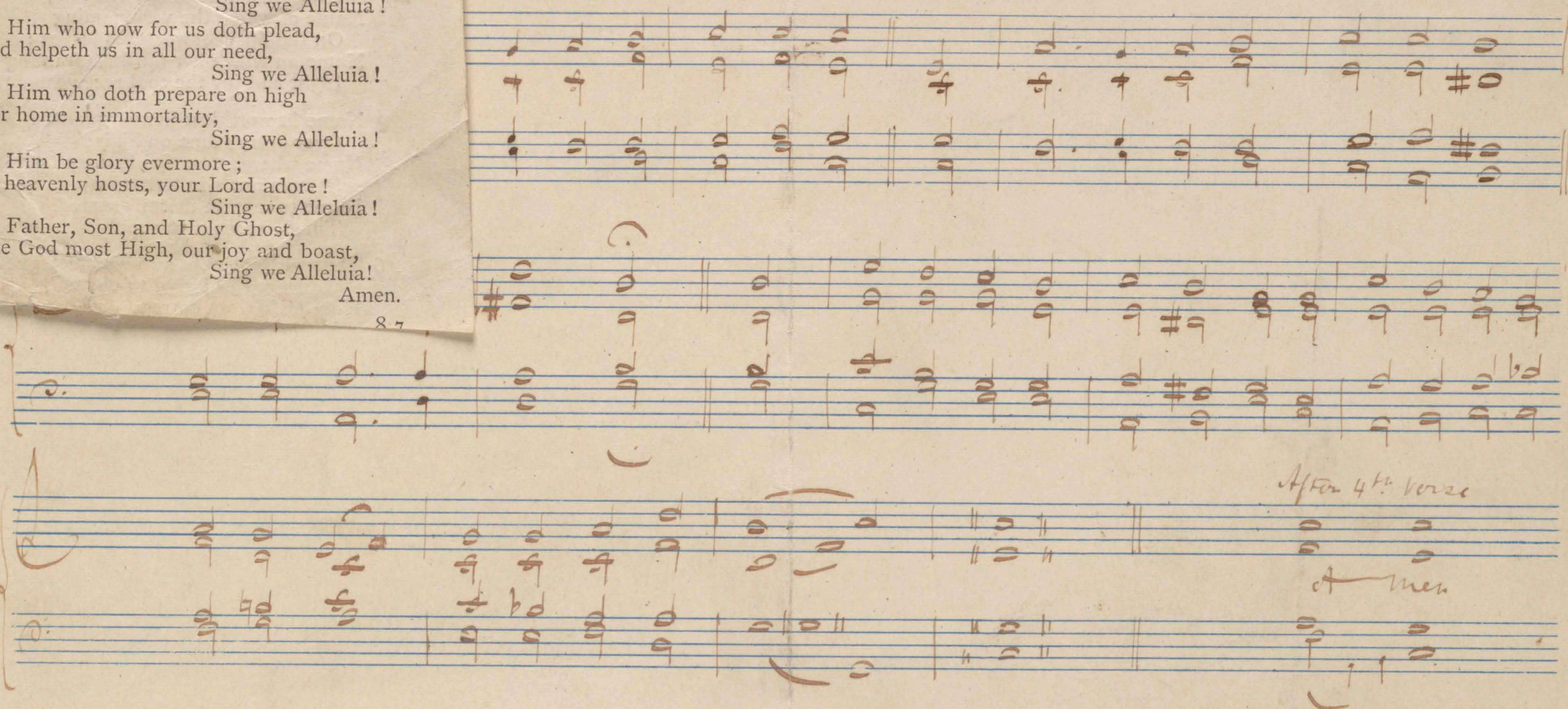
87

"To Him, who for our sins was slain."

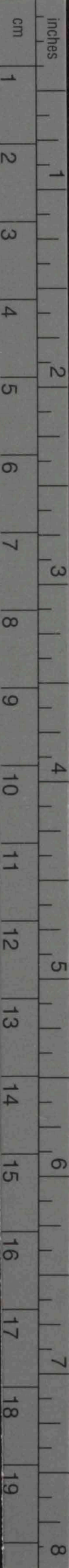
4 Verse

P. M.

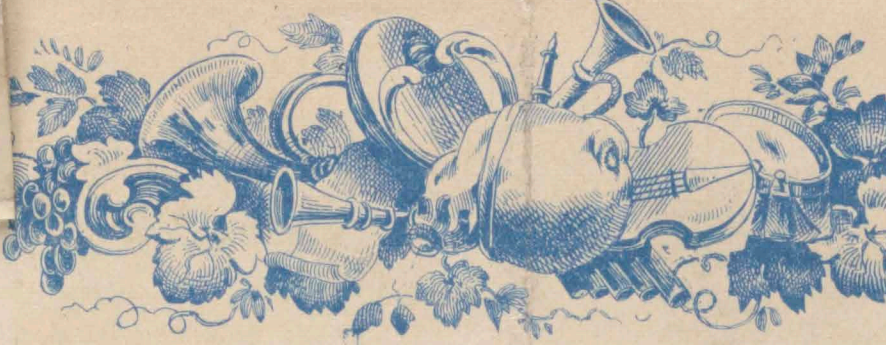
O. J. 1873.



Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

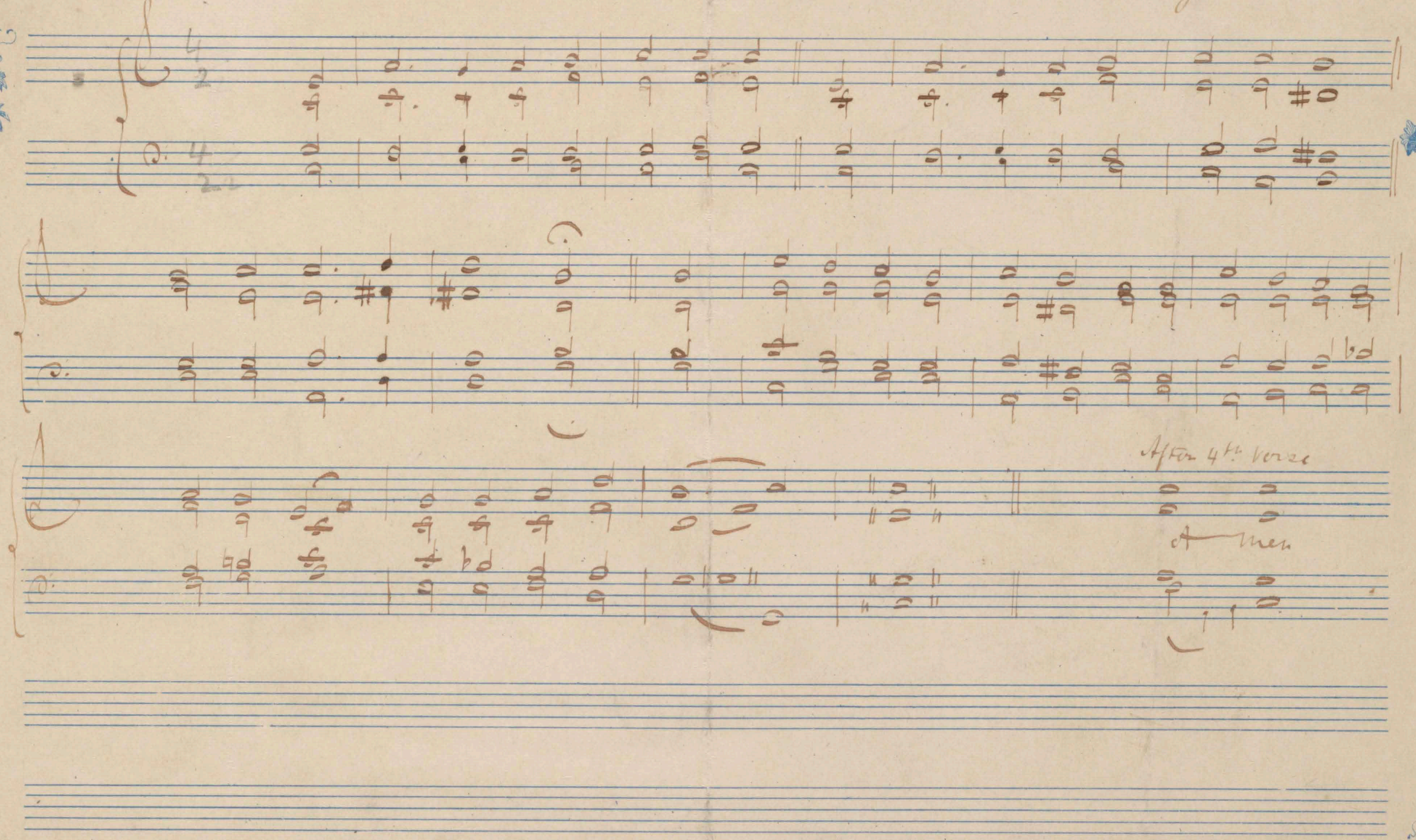


469
Name which yonder ransomed nation
Worthily alone can praise !
4 Name of which the true proclaiming
To the ear like music cleaves ;
Name of which the very naming
On the lips its sweetness leaves ;
Name on which her musings framing
Light and joy the soul receives.
5 Name in worthiest honour planted
Over every name on high ;
Name whereby our foe is daunted,
Satan's hosts in terror fly ;
Name to man in mercy granted,
Timely succour to supply.
6 Thus with reverent awe we greet Thee
Name most blessed to our sigh !
Holy JESU, we entreat Thee



P. M.
D. J. 1873.

" To Him, who for our sins was slain."
4 Verses



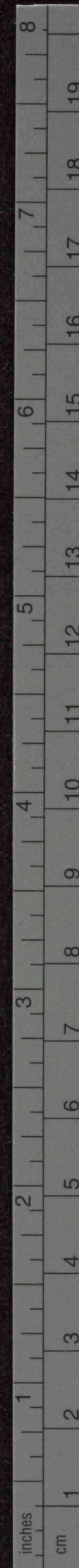
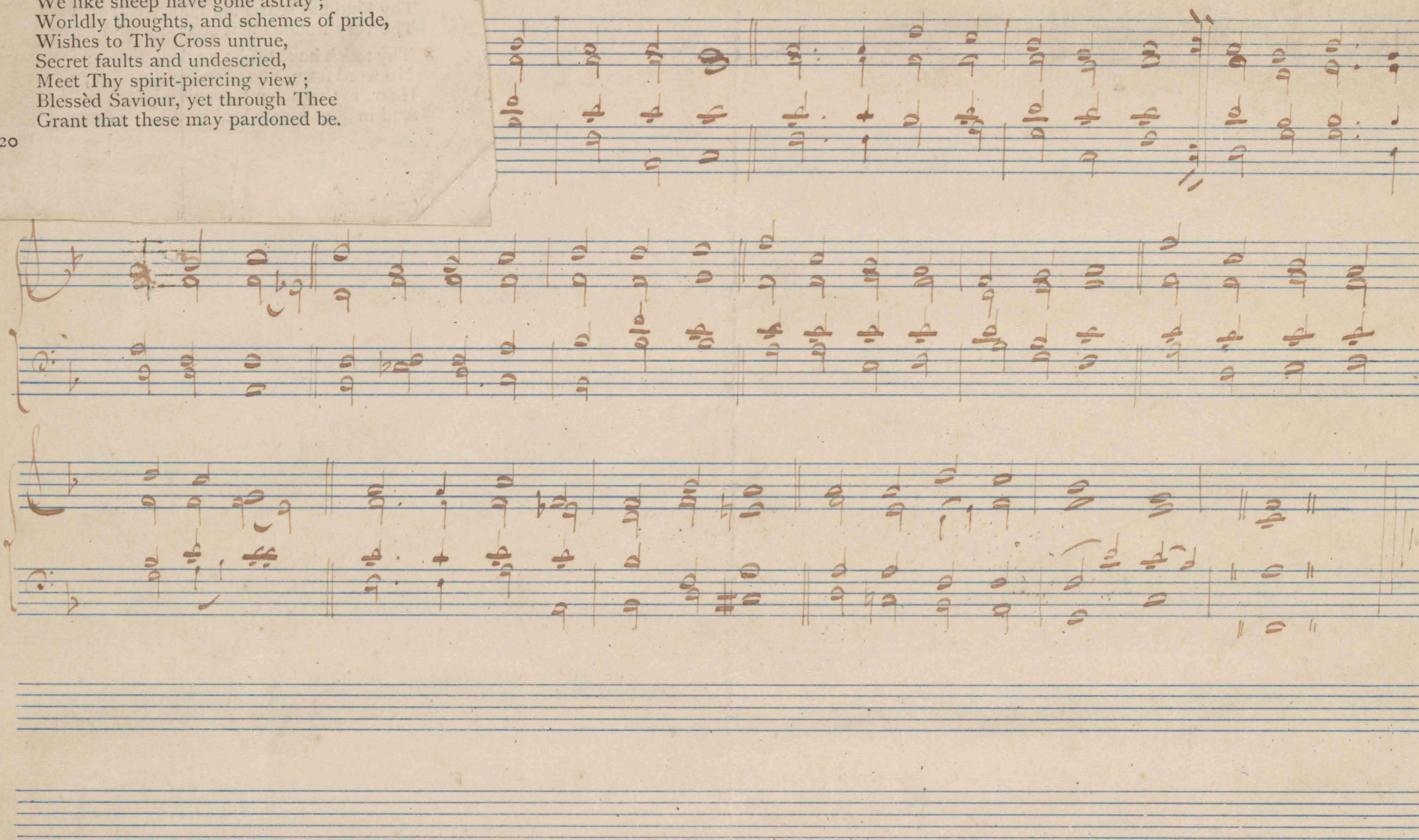
"The sun ... down, and hasteth to his place where he arose."
—ECCLES. i. 5.

- 1 FATHER, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour :
Light has vanished, labours cease
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our bed from ill,
Lull Thy creatures to repose.
We to Thee ourselves resign ;
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.
- 2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer :
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray ;
Worldly thoughts, and schemes of pride,
Wishes to Thy Cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried,
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view ;
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
Grant that these may pardoned be.

Father, by Thy love & power

2 Verses

O. G. 1873.



And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who vain would strive Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;
8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

Father, by Thy love & power

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O.G. 1873.

2 Verses

