



HYMNS

FOR USE AT

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION SERVICES & MEETINGS.

A Musical Edition of this Hymn Sheet is published by the Oxford University Press. Copies may be had at 4d. each (postage extra), from 15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

I

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

2

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent;
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stand.

3

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,
As one with Thee, to Whom we ever tend,
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine;
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

4

God is working His purpose out as year succeeds
to year,
God is working His purpose out and the time is
drawing near;
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that
shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of
God as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost east to utmost west where'er man's
foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the
voice of God :
'Give ear to Me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear
to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of
God as the waters cover the sea.'

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper
and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the
Prince of peace ?
What can we do to hasten the time, the time that
shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of
God as the waters cover the sea ?

March we forth in the strength of God with the
banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may
shine throughout the world ;
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set
their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of
God as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses
the deed ;
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives
life to the seed ;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time
that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of
God as the waters cover the sea.

By permission of the S.P.C.K.

5

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things
above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my
love,
The love that asks no question, the love that
stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the
best :
The love that never falters, the love that pays the
price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.
And there's another country, I've heard of long
ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to
them that know—
We may not count her armies, we may not see
her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffer-
ing—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds
increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her
paths are peace.

By permission of Mr. John Murray.

6

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps ;
They have builded Him an Altar in the evening
dews and damps ;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps ;
His Day is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
Judgment seat ;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ; be jubilant,
my feet ;
Our GOD is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
them free !
While GOD is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the
wave ;
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is succour to the
brave ;
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul
of time His slave ;
Our GOD is marching on.

7

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

I. Watts (1674—1748).

8

O God of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Ah ! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white.

We fight for truth ! We fight for God !
Poor slaves of lies and sin ;
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

Then, God of truth, for Whom we long—
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer—
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

9

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame ;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

10

O LORD our God, arise !
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled World
Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of Life, arise !
Nor let Thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace
And bless the earth with peace.

Thou Holy Ghost, arise !
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined World
Let light and order spring.

All on the earth, arise !
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

R. Wardlaw (1779—1853)

11

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—
And the choice goes by for ever
'Tixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit
And 'tis prosperous to be just ;

Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
And the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, Thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the Cross that turns not back,
New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong ;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong—
Yet the scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own.

Lowell.

12

PRAY that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity :
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sake,
Peace be in thee, I'll say ;
And for the house of God our Lord
I'll seek thy good away.

13

REJOICE, O land, in God thy might,
His will obey, Him serve aright ;
For thee the Saints uplift their voice :
Fear not, O land, in God rejoice.

Glad shalt thou be, with blessing crowned,
With joy and peace thou shalt abound ;
Yea, love with thee shall make his home
Until thou see God's kingdom come.

He shall forgive thy sins untold :
Remember thou His love of old :
Walk in His way, His word adore,
And keep His truth for evermore.

*By permission of Mrs. Bridges and
the Oxford University Press.*

14

RING out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good,
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.

Alfred Tennyson (1809—1892).

15

RISE up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things;
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
To serve the King of kings.

Rise up, O men of God!
His Kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

Rise up, O men of God!
The Church for you doth wait:
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up, and make her great.

Lift high the Cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod,
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

*By permission of the Rev. Dr. W. P. Merrill
and the Oxford University Press.*

16

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892)

17

THESE things shall be—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire, and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free:
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

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.

*J. Addington Symonds (1840-1893).
By permission of Mr. John Murray.*

18

THY Kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity and love?
When shall all hatreds cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more—
Oppression, lust and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet,
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise and never set!

L. Hensley (1827-1905).

19

Tune—IRISH.

THY kingdom come! on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day,

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

When knowledge, hand in hand with
Shall walk the earth abroad;— [peace,
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

*By permission of Mrs. Lanning and
the Oxford University Press.*

20

TURN back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways.
Old now is Earth, and none may count her days,
Yet thou her child, whose head is crowned with
flame,

Still wilt not hear thine inner God proclaim—
'Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways.'

Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.
Age after age their tragic Empires rise,
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming
weep:

Would Man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

Earth shall be fair, and all her people one:
Nor till that hour shall God's whole will be done,
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky,
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry—
'Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one.'

By permission of Mr. Clifford Bax.