

HALIFAX
Sunday School Union.

Hymns and Tunes

— FOR —

Whitsuntide
1923.

To be obtained from the

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WHITSUNTIDE HYMNS AND TUNES.

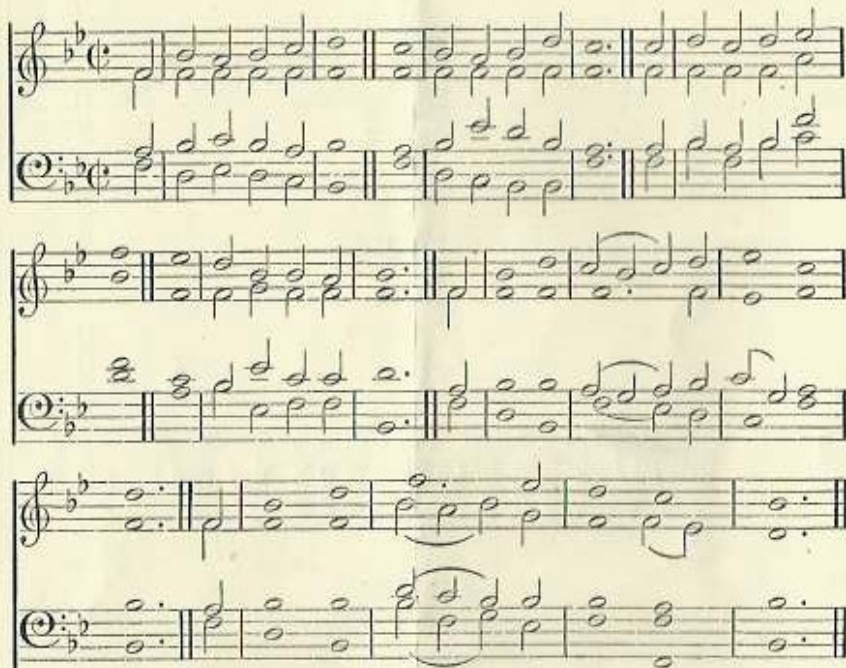


HYMN 1.

Braganza.

ABEL DEAN.

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1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still, and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat ! Thou God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

4 The Lord His people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From holy, humble souls :
Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

HYMN 2.

Setb.

S. MITCHELL.

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- mf* 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all His ways:
cres. Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.
- mf* 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown:
 The King of kings with glory crown;
cres. His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.
- mf* 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
 And fixed the starry lights on high:
cres. Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.
- mf* 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night:
cres. His mercies ever shall endure,
 When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- p* 5 He sent His Son with power to save
 From guilt and darkness and the grave:
cres. Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.
- mf* 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
 And leads us to His heavenly seat:
cres. His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.



HYMN 3.

A Hymn of Praise.

(Copyright. From the National Children's Home Music, by permission of
Rev. W. Hodson Smith).

ADA BLENKHORN,

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHORUS.—On - ward, for - ward, with hap - py hearts and free ; . . . On - ward,

On - ward, for - ward, bold - ly march, With hap - py, hap - py hearts and free! Then on - ward, for - ward

On - ward for - ward, bold - ly march - ing; On - ward,

for - ward, To glo - rious vic - to - ry!

bold - ly march to glo - rious, glo - rious vic - to - ry! While proud - ly floats our ban - ner bright O'er

for - ward, march to vic - to - ry!

HYMN 3.—Continued.

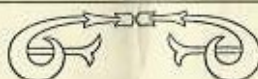
ev-ry sea and land, To win the world for Je-sus Christ, U - ni - ted we will stand !

- 1 **A** HYMN of praise to-day we raise To Christ our loving King ;
 And in reply the bending sky Shall with its echo ring.
 With heart and voice we will rejoice, Our praises to prolong,
 Till ev'ry one beneath the sun Shall learn our joyful song.

CHORUS.

Onward, forward, with happy hearts and free ;
 Onward, forward, To glorious victory ;
 While proudly floats our banner bright O'er ev'ry sea and land,
 To win the world for Jesus Christ, United we will stand !

- 2 Each foe we meet we will defeat With weapons sharp and strong,
 Till all shall yield, and from the field Shall fly the vanquished throng.
 Each gospel dart shall pierce apart The armour of our foe,
 And ours shall be the victory, wherever we may go. Chorus.
- 3 With zeal imbued and strength renewed, We'll gird us for the fray ;
 With courage bold the right uphold Till dawns the perfect day,
 When strife shall cease, and perfect peace On every heart shall fall ;
 Till all unite in holy rite To crown Him Lord of all. Chorus.



HYMN 4.**A Song of Praise.**

CECILY E. PIKE.

WILFRID SHAW.

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Cheerful.

REFRAIN.

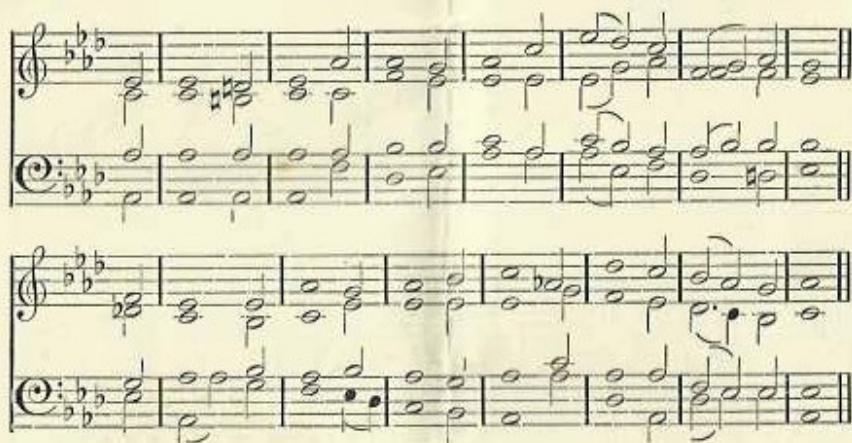


- 1 **L**ORD of little children,
 Who art ev'rywhere,
 Thanks we pay, this glad day,
 For Thy love and care.

CHORUS.

- Lord we praise Thee,
 While we meet at Thy feet,
 For Thy greatness
 And Thy mercy sweet.
- 2 Nature's happy voices,
 Ring in harmony,
 Every voice sings "rejoice!
 Jesus cares for thee."—Chorus.
- 3 In the glorious sunrise
 Doth Thy splendour shine:
 Moon and star glow afar
 By Thy power divine.—Chorus.
- 4 All the world of wonder
 That around us lies,
 Thou hast planned, and Thy hand
 Made each glad surprise.—Chorus.
- 5 All our choicest pleasures
 Thou from heaven dost send,
 Best of all, we may call
 Thee, O! Lord, our Friend.—Chorus.

(Copyright).



- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! My Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought:
 But when I see Thee as Thou art
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death!

HYMN 6.

Tettenball.

R. S. NEWMAN.

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mf 1 THE wise may bring their
learning,
The rich may bring their
wealth;
And some may bring their
greatness,
And some bring strength and
health.
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
p We have no wealth or learning—
What shall we children bring?
cr. 2 We'll bring Him hearts that
love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful
praise,

p And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
cr. And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.
3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
f And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.