THE LABOUR CHURCH HYMN & TUNE BOOK.
THE LABOUR CHURCH
HYMN & TUNE BOOK

First Complete Edition of Tunes
in connection with the new
Labour Church Hymnal which
was published in August, 1906

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence, net.

Published by the LABOUR CHURCH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK COMMITTEE,
at 87 BURFORD ROAD, THE FOREST, NOTTINGHAM,
and to be obtained from the same, or from the
Wholesale Agents: NATIONAL LABOUR PRESS Limited,
30 BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER,
100 JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
ST. BRIDE'S HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.
PREFACE.

The first Labour and Church Hymn and Tune Book was published by John Trevor, the founder of the Labour Church Movement, in 1893.

For some fourteen years that compilation stood the Movement in good stead. When, however, in 1906, we were able, with the assistance of the late John H. Belcher (of Plymouth) and Wm. Mitchell (of Nottingham) to issue a new book of words, a new Tune Book was found to be essential.

This present edition, therefore, whilst not the work of the whole of the intervening period, is nevertheless the fulfilment of our desires as far as it goes.

We desire to place on record the splendid work done by Mr. W. H. Bell, Fellow and late Professor of the Royal Academy of Music, A.R.C.O., etc., who undertook the compilation of this work. To him and to Mr. Robert Bullock, A.R.C.M., thanks are due for a number of new compositions.

Help in the way of transposing the Staff to Tonic Sol-fa has been rendered by Mr. S. Leech (of Stockport), Miss Ethel Lewis and Miss Christine Fletcher (of Birmingham), Mrs. Gertrude Gorle and Mr. A. C. Fellows (of London), and Miss E. Gutteridge, Nottingham.

We acknowledge with thanks an original tune by Mr. J. Beanland (of Manchester).

We tender thanks to Mr. J. B. McEwen (of London) and to Mr. Bullock (of Nottingham) for their services in correcting the proofs. For those friends who in the old days placed their services at the disposal of the founder of the Labour Church Union, Mr. Trevor, when the first Hymn and Tune Book was being prepared, namely Mr. R. T. Nicholson, M.A., Mr. Clement Templeton, Mr. Allen Clarke, Edward Carpenter, and others we give this word of acknowledgment.

Should we inadvertently have used any tunes without permission we tender our apologies, and should be indeed pleased to have the opportunity of giving acknowledgments in future editions.

87 Burford Road,
The Forest,
Nottingham.

March 28th, 1912.

T. A. PIERCE.
INDEX TO COMPOSERS.

Melodies, traditional and otherwise, from many nations, mainly selected and arranged by W. H. Bell, Fellow and late Professor of the Royal Academy of Music, A.R.C.O., etc.—


Adaptations.—4, 23, 41, 42, 119 (attributed to Bach).

J. S. Bach.—35, 91, 140, 175.
Beethoven.—114.

W. H. Bell, Fellow and late Professor of the Royal Academy of Music, A.R.C.O., etc.—1, 3, 8, 12, 15, 43, 45, 49, 59, 67, 74, 76, 78, 83, 94, 98, 103, 106, 111, 116, 117, 123, 129, 130, 131, 132, 137, 139, 143, 153, 155, 161, 166, 176.

J. Bishop (1665-1737).—104.
Rutland Boughton.—120.
Josiah Booth.—2.
L. Bourgeois.—21.
Dr. Boyce.—134.

Edward Carpenter.—6.
J. Clarke.—52.
Dr. Croft (1678-1737).—144.
La Feillée.—28.

Gibbons (1583-1625).—27.
Orlando Gibbons.—85.
Fr. Gluck.—172.

M. Greiter (b. 1525).—71.
J. Hatton.—69.
W. H. Havergal.—61.
Haydn (1732-1809).—7, 20.
W. Hayes (1705-1777).—57.
J. Hintze (1622-1702).—5 (harm. by J. S. Bach).
W. Jackson, of Exeter (1730-1803).—145.
J. M. Jolley.—88.
J. C. Kittel.—164.
C. Kocher.—87.

H. Lawes (1596-1662).—26.
Rouget de Lisle.—138.
Dr. Lowell Mason.—93.
Mendelssohn (harmonised by).—149.
E. Miller.—162.
Pearsall (1795-1856).—17.
R. H. Pritchard.—22.
M. Preamon (1571-1631).—11, 173.

Ravenscroft (1622).—38.
J. Schick (1753-1823).—37, 75.
J. A. P. Schulz.—95.
W. F. Sherwin.—178.
H. Smart.—51.
J. Smith.—31, 82, 174.
E. Josephine Trouv.—63.
A. H. Dyke Troybe.—124.

T. Weale (d. 1727).—33.
G. J. Webb.—29.
S. Webb (the elder).—109.
S. S. Wesley.—177.
A. Jarnack (1819).—133.
J. Zundal.—165.
## INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A dreamer dropped a random thought</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little kingdom I possess</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little sun, a little rain</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A merry Christmas, How the old words waken</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A new flag floats upon the breeze</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A nobler order yet shall be</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A storm sped over sea and land</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, happy they who feel their birth</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah me, how sweet and good it is</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All before us lies the way</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All good night</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All grim and soiled, and brown with tan</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All men are equal in their birth</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Along the street the shadows meet</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An offering to the shrine of power</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arise, my soul! nor dream the hours</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As o'er his furrowed fields which lie</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Behold the western evening light</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bide your time—the morn is breaking</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest be the light that shows the way</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Borne adown the distant ages</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Calmly, calmly, lay him down</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, friends, the world wants mending</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, gather, O people</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comrades, hark! the air about us</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dayspring of eternity</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do not crouch to-day and worship</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>E</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Each eve earth falleth down the dark</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>England, arise, the long, long night is over</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>F</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Faith comes in moments of heroic love</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For me—to have made one soul</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forward! the day is breaking</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----</td>
<td>-----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gather, ye nations, gather</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gently fall the evening shadows</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go forth to life, O child of earth!</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go not, my soul, in search of Him</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God bless the little children</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good night! Good night!</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail to thee! hail to thee! Child of Humanity!</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy they who are not weary</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark, the battle-cry is ringing!</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hast thou, midst life's empty noises!</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you heard the golden city</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He liveth long who liveth well</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He only does not live in vain</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He who has the truth and keeps it</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear a word, a word in season</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heir of all the ages I</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here let us rest awhile</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honour to all who are aiming</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honour to him who freely gives</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hush! now in silence, reverence</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have found peace in the bright earth</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I heard men saying, leave hope and praying</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I heard the bells on Christmas Day</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I love a lonely hour</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If you cannot on the ocean</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In law self made thy manhood lies</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In sacred books we read how God did speak</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In youth, as I lay dreaming</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is this a holy thing to see</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It singeth low in every heart</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Into the sunshine</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kind words can never die</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lead, Kindly Light</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let in light, the holy light!</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us be brave</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us be true</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us be wise</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us gather up the sunbeams</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us work on</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life is Onward—use it</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life of Ages, richly poured</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up the People's banner</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little words of kindness</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Live for something, be not idle</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! here we answer! see, we come</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long fed on boundless hopes</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love thou thy land</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INDEX.</td>
<td>M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men of England, heirs of glory</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men of England, wherefore plow</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men whose boast it is that ye</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mid pleasures and palaces</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning breaketh on thee</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Named and nameless all live in us</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never despair! Let the feeble in spirit</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now sound ye forth</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the last petals leave the rose</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O beautiful, my country</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O earth, the past is crowned and consecrated</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O happy days, O months, O years</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O high rocks looking heavenward</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O hills, O vales of pleasure</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O hearts that love and, yearning, trust</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O help the prophet to be bold</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, it is good to breathe and live</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O pure Reformers, not in vain</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, sometimes in our dreams we see</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, sometimes glimpses on my sight</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O vision green and golden</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of little children take fond care</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! call not this a vale of tears</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, sweeter than the sweetest flow'r</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once in the busy street</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One holy Church of God appears</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Onward, brothers, march still onward</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our fathers' faith, we'll sing of thee</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our fathers were high-minded men</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our heaven must be within ourselves</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our thought of thee is glad with hope</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out of the dark, the circling sphere</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raise your standard, brothers</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rise, for the day is passing</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saith man to man, we've heard and known</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say not the struggle nought availeth</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sit not blindfold, soul, and sigh</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shout it from the hill-tops</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So here hath been dawning</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sons of Labour, keep ye moving</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sow in the morn thy seed</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speak thou the truth. Let others fence.</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strong human love, within whose</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>T</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The future hides in it</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The good time is unfolding</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The harvest days are come again</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The morning light flingeth</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The People’s flag is deepest red</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The pure, the bright, the beautiful</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sun is sinking fast</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thanks for the light of morning</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There are three lessons I would write</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There are lonely hearts to cherish</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There came a voice that sought mine ear</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is beauty all around</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There sounds a call from land to land</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There’s life abroad, from each green tree</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There’s light upon the cornfield</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>These things shall be, a lofter race than e’er the</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thick is the darkness</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Think not that martyrs die in vain</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou must be true thyself</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through all the long dark night of years</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To light, that shines in stars and souls</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toil on and sow the seed</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toilers of the nations</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truth is growing—hearts are glowing</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truth is not dumb that it should speak no more</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

W

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>W</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>We cannot kindle when we will</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We mix from many lands, we march from very far</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We need it every hour</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welcome, welcome is the greeting</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Were half the power that fills the earth with terror</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We’ve heard the spring is lovely</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is man? Mysterious creature</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is the service the benignant Father</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is this, the sound and rumour</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What’s hallowed ground? Has earth a clod</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When a deed is done for Freedom</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When courage fails and faith burns low</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When earth produces, free and fair</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When wilt thou save the people?</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When with the virgin morn</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the day of toil is ended</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the dumb hour clothed in black</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Without haste and without rest</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where is the true man’s fatherland</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who is a brave man, who?</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who is thy neighbour? He who thou</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who will say the world is dying</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work, for the night is coming!</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Y

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Y</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ye are weary, O my brothers</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You cannot pay with money</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye sons of Freedom</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Freedom.

(Copyright.)
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

1. Freedom.
(Copyright.)
W. H. Bell.

8.8.8.8.8.
Key C.

\[ \text{Lo! here we answer! see, we come Quickly at Freedom's} \]

\[ \text{ho-ly call. We come! we come! we} \]

\[ \text{come! we come! To do the glorious work of} \]
God is our guide! from field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom
We come, our country's rights to save
And speak a tyrant faction's doom.

And hark! we raise from sea to sea
The sacred watchword, Liberty!}
Repeat.

God is our guide! no swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle fires;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires.

We raise the watchword Liberty!
We will, we will, we will be free!

Repeat.
2. Commonwealth.

By permission of the Composer.

Key G. Lah is E♭.

Josiah Booth.
God, are they: Let them not pass, like weeds, away. Their heritage a sunless day! God save the People!

Shall crime bring crime for ever, Strength aiding still the strong? Is it Thy will, O Father, That man shall toil for wrong? "No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies; "Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise, And songs ascend instead of sighs!"

God save the People!

When wilt Thou save the People? O God of mercy, when? The People, Lord, the People! Not thrones and crowns, but men! God save the People! Thine they are, Thy children, as Thy angels fair; Save them from bondage and despair! God save the People!

Ebenazer Elliott.
Con spirito.

Verse 1.

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand

Its storms roll up the sky

The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold

Key B♭
All dreamers toss and sigh.

The night is darkest before the morn.

When the clouds are heavy then breaks the dawn.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Verse 2.

And the Day of the Lord is at hand, The Day of the Lord is at hand.

Verse 2. Gather you, gather you angels of God, Freedom and mercy and Truth.
Oh Come for the earth is grown cow-ard and old Comedown and re-

new us her youth. Wisdom,Self - sac-ri-fice,

daring and Love Haste to the battle-field stoop from a - bove
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Verse 3.

Gather you, gather you hounds of hell

Famine and plague and war

Idleness, Bigotry,
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

CANT AND MISRULE
Gather and fall in the snare.

Hiring chammarite, Bigot and Knave
Crawl to the battle-field

Sneak to your grave
In the Day of the Lord at hand,
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK. Verse 4.

The Day of the Lord at hand. Verse 4. Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold While the Lord of all ages is here True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God And those who care suffer can
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Dare. Each old age of gold was an

iron age too And the meekest of saints may find

stern work to do In the Day of the Lord at hand,

The day of the Lord at hand.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

4. Truth is growing.

Smoothly.

Adapted from "Lasst uns erfreuen!"

Melody from Geistliche Kirchengesänge.

(Cöln 1623)

Key Eb

Truth is growing, hearts are glowing

With the flame of Liberty;

Light is breaking, Thrones are quaking, Hark! the

Trumpet of the free!

Long, in low-ly whispers

14
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

breath- ing,
Free
dom- wand- ered
drea- ri- ly.

Still in faith, her
lau- rel-wreath- ing
For the day when there should

be
Freemen
shout- ing
"Vic-
to- ry!"

Now, she seeketh him that speaketh
Fearlessly of lawless might;
And she speedeth him that leadeth
Brethren on to win the Right.

Soon the slave shall cease to sorrow,
Cease to toil in agony;
Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow
Over land and over sea—
"Brethren! shout! ‘Ye all are free!’"

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth
All day long and never tires;
No more sadness— all is gladness
In the hearts that she inspires:
For she breathes a soft compassion
Where the tyrant kindled rage;
And she saith to every nation—
"Brethren, cease wild war to wage!
Earth is your blest heritage."

From "Chartist Chaunt" by

Thomas Cooper.
5. Salzburg:

Melody from J. Hintze (1622-1702)
Harmonised by J. S. Bach.

Men whose boast it is that ye
If there breathe on earth a slave,

Come of fathers brave and free,
Are ye truly free and brave?

feel the chain When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,

Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetter for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell.

By Permission of the Composer.

Edward Carpenter.

Key C.

England arise, the long long night is o'ver. Faint in the east be-

hold the dawn appear; Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow-

Arise, O England, for the day is here; From your fields and hills,
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Hark! the answer swells—
A rise, O England, for the day is here!

Poople of England! all your valleys call you,
High in the rising sun the lark sings clear.
Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you?
Will you disown your native land so dear?
    Shall it die unheard—
    That sweet pleading word?
A rise, O England, for the day is here!

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
On its bent back sits Idleness enthroned.
    How long, while you sleep,
    Your harvest shall it reap?
A rise, O England, for the day is here!

Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers!
Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!
Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother,
Giants refreshed in Joy’s new-rising morn!
    Come and swell the song.
    Silent now so long.
England is risen!—and the day is here.

Edward Carpenter.
7. Austrian Hymn.

Sons of Labour, keep ye moving Onward in the
Every step your path improving, Leaving olden

March of mind, tracks behind. Ev'ry soul enslaving fetter,

Burst and break and cast away, That the world may
Sow good seed, that those who follow
Future blessings yet may reap;
Joy resound o'er hill and hollow,
When we all have gone to sleep;
Gems of truth and knowledge gather,
On the varied way ye go;
Know the present is the father
Of the future weal or woe.

'Mid the strifes and tribulations,
Toils and troubles of the day,
Freedom speaks to stir the nations,
Truth asserts her sovereign sway.
Onward then my toiling brothers
With the thoughtful and the true
Sisters, ye as loving mothers,
Have the noblest work to do.

Ever active, ever cheery,
Hope the burden of our song,
Let us help the weak and weary
On the way we move along.
Brighter days than we have seen yet,
Dawn upon our Babels old,
Changes greater than have been yet,
Time's vast ocean will unfold.

John Macleay Peacock.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

8. Fatherland.

8.8.8.8.8.
Key F.

Where is the true man's fatherland; Is it where
he by chance is born? Doth not the yearning
spirit scorn In such scant borders to be span'd?

W. H. Bell.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Is it alone where Freedom is?
Where God is God, and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh yes! his Fatherland must be
As the blue Heaven wide and free.

Where'er a human heart doth bear
Joy's myrtle-wreath on sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand
His is a world-wide Fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man can help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot on earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand
His is a world-wide Fatherland!

James Russell Lowell.

Key A.

1. Hark! the bat-tle-cry is ringing; Hope, with-in our bosoms springing.
   Tho' we wield nor spearnor sa-bre, We, the sturdy sons of La-bour.

2. Long in wrath and des-pera-tion Long in hunger, shame, pri-va-tion,
   Now, dis-dain-ing use-less sorrow Hope from bright-er thoughts well bor-row;

   Bids us jour-ney for-ward sing-ing Death to tyrants might!
   Help-ing ev-ery man his neigh-bour, Shrink not from the fight!

   Have we borne the de-gra-da-tion of the rich man's might.
   Of tenshines the fair-est mor-row After stern-est night.

1. See our homes be-fore us! Wives and babes im-plore us; So
2. Ty-rant heart take warn-ing! No-bler days are dawning; He
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

firm westand in heart and hand. And swell the daunt-less chorus.
ro - ice deeds, su - bli - mer creeds. Shall her - ald Free - dom morning!

Chorus.

Men of La bour, young or hoa - ry. Would ye win a name in sto - ry?

Fight for home for life, for glo - ry! Freedom, Right!

Fight for home for life, for glo - ry! God shall help the Right!

H. S. Scott.
10. Lugano.

**Italian Melody.**

Have you heard the Golden City mentioned in the legends old Everlasting light shines o'er it, Wondrous tales of it are told; Only righteous...
We are builders of that City;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building stones:
But the work that we have builted,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

It will be at last made perfect
In the universal plan;
It will help to crown the labours
Oft the toiling hosts of man:
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right,
It will merge into the splendours
Of the City of the Light!

*From "The City of the Light:"
*By Felix Adler."
7.6.7.6. D.
Key G.

M. Praetorius 1571-1621.

O beautiful, my country! Be thine a nobler care;

Than all thy wealth of commerce, Thy harvests waving fair;

Be it thy pride to lift up The manhood of the poor;
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Be thou to the oppressed Fair Freedom's open door!

\[ \text{\textit{p}} \text{ For thee our fathers suffered,} \\
\text{For thee they toiled and prayed!} \\
\text{Upon thy holy altar} \\
\text{Their willing lives they laid.} \\
\text{Thou hast no common birthright,} \\
\text{Grand memories on thee shine,} \\
\text{The blood of pilgrim nations} \\
\text{Commingled flows in thine.} \\

\text{\textit{f}} \text{ O beautiful, my country!} \\
\text{Round thee in love we draw} \\
\text{Thine be the grace of Freedom,} \\
\text{The Majesty of Law.} \\
\text{\textit{ff}} \text{ Be Righteousness thy sceptre,} \\
\text{Justice thy diadem;} \\
\text{And on thy shining forehead} \\
\text{Be Peace the crowning gem.} \\

\text{F. L. Hosmer.}
Boldly.

12. Onward.


Key C.

W. H. Bell.

Onward, brothers, march still onward Side by side and

hand in hand; We are bound for man's true kingdom,

We are an increasing band. Though the way seem
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

1: Often doubtful, Hard the toil which we endure,
   Though attimes our courage falter, Yet the promised land is sure.

   On-ward, bro-thers, march still on-ward,

Chorus:
   l: d' t: l: s

   m: sis: s d': d' r': t: d'
Olden sages saw it dimly,
   And their joy to madness wrought,
Living men have gazed upon it,
   Standing on the hills of thought.
All the past has done and suffered,
   All the daring and the strife,
All has helped to mould the future,
   Make man master of his life.

Onward, brothers, etc.

Still brave deeds and kind are needed
   Noble thoughts and feelings fair;
Ye too must be strong and suffer,
   Ye too have to do and dare.
Onward, brothers, march still onward,
   March still onward hand in hand,
Till ye see at last Man's Kingdom,
   Till ye reach the promised land.

Onward, brothers, etc.

*Havelock Ellis.*

Scatter blessings in your pathway,
Gentle words and cheering smiles,
Better far than gold and silver
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine faileth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort;
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain head.
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.
14. "O Earth, thy past."

Words by John Ellis.
Music by R. Bullock.

Key C.

O Earth, thy past is crowned and consecrated

With its Re-formers, Speaking yet, though dead;

Who unto strife and toil and tears were fated,

Tune "Northwood."
(Copyright.)
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Who unto fiery martyrdoms were led.

$\text{O Earth, thy present, too is crowned with splendour}$

By its Reformers battling in the strife;
Friends of humanity, stern, strong, and tender,
Making the world more hopeful with their life.

$\text{ff O Earth, thy future shall be great and glorious,}$

With its Reformers toiling in the van,
Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all victorious,
And Earth be given to Freedom and to Man.
15. Courage.

 Allegro.

 Key B♭

 Who is a braveman, who? Who is a braveman, who?

 He who dares to fend the right When right is miscalled wrong;

 He who shrinks not from the fight When weak contend with strong;
Who is a free man, who?
Who is a free man, who?
He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands;
He who loves what e'er is right,
And hath to sin no bands;
From every law but one set free,
The perfect law of liberty;
This man hath freedom true,
This man hath freedom true.

Who is a noble man?
Who is a noble man?
He who scorns all words or deeds
That are not just and true!
He whose heart for suffering bleeds
Is quick to feel and do;
Whose noble soul will ne'er descend
To treacherous act towards foe or friend.
This is a noble man,
This is a noble man.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

16: Difyrrwch Y. Brenin.

S.7.8.7.D.
Key G.

Welsh Tune.

Our fathers were high-minded men, who firm-ly kept the faith;
To freedom and to conscience true, In danger and in death.

Nor should their deeds be e'er for-got, For noble men were they.
Who strug-gled hard for
For all they suffered, little cared

Those earnest men and wise;

Their zeal for God, their love of truth,

Made them the shame despise.

Great names had they, but greater souls,

True heroes of their age,

That, like a rock in stormy seas,

Defied opposing rage.

And such as our forefathers were,

May we their children be,

And in our hearts their spirit live,

Thad baffled tyranny.

Then we'll uphold the cause of right,

The cause of mercy too;

To toil or suffer for the truth

Is the noblest thing to do.

H. M. Gunn.
17. Gloria.

Come, friends, the world wants mending. Let none sit down and rest,
But seek to work like heroes, And nobly do your best.

Do what you can for fellow-man With honest heart and true;

Much may be done by everyone There's work for all to do.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Chorus.

ff Come, friends, the world wants mending. Let none sit down and rest.

But seek to work like heroes, And nobly do your best.

Though you can do but little,
That little's something still;
You'll find a way for something
If you but have the will.
Now bravely fight for what is right,
And God will help you through;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

Come, friends, etc.

Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast;
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others should
Act always up to you;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

Come, friends, etc.
18. French Melody.

Comrades, hark! the air about us, Empty as it all appears, Thrills and pulses with the echoes of the long-departed years. There are
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

foo-t-steps all a-round us; Loud the an-cient drum-beat rolls;

Voices call from out the con-flict Of the times that tries men's souls.

Listen! for the deathless voices
Of the ages far away.
Shape themselves to one clear echo,
Ringing out above the fray—
"Sons, be worthy of your fathers!
They were men who dared to stake
Life and fortune, and fair honour,
For their perilled freedom's sake.

"Dare to be loyal unto duty;
Barter not your soul for gain;
Trade not principle for party;
Seek the highest to attain.
While to truth you are but faithful,
Shun not e'en alone to stand,
One with God, shall still be victor,
And th' Omnipotent command."

M. J. Savage.

Key G.  English Traditional Melody.

When earth produces, free and fair, The golden waving corn;

When fragrant fruits perfume the air, And fleecy flocks are shorn;

Whilst thousands move with aching head And sing the ceaseless song—
When wealth is wrought, as seasons roll,
From off the fruitful soil;
When luxury, from pole to pole,
Reaps fruit of human toil;
When from a thousand, one alone,
In plenty rolls along,
And others ne'er a joy have known,
There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away
To barrenness and drought,
There must be something in the way
That's worth the finding out.
When surfeit one great table bends,
And numbers move along;
While scarce a crust their board extends,
There must be something wrong.

Then let the law give equal right
To wealthy and to poor;
Let Freedom crush the hand of Might,
We ask for nothing more.
Until this system is begun,
The burden of my song,
It must and can be only done—
There must be something wrong.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

20. Haydn.

(6.5.6.5. ter)

Key G.  

Adapted from J. Haydn.

Life is on-ward—use it  
Life is on-ward—prize it,  

Toil is heavenly—choose it,  
Oh, do not despise it  

Look not to an-o-ther  
To perform your will;

Fine.
Let not your own brother Keep your warm hand still. D. C.

Life is onward—heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chant before you
Her prophetic strain.
Life is onward—prize it,
Sun-lit or in storm;
Oh, do not despise it
In its humblest form.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

21. Psalm 42.

8.7.8.7. 7.7.7.

Key G.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by;} \\
&\begin{align*}
&m.r:m.r:d.t, \quad &l.s:s.d:r \quad &m.f:m.r \quad &d:-:-
\\
&m.s:s:m.m \quad &d:d:m.s \quad &s.f:s:f \quad &m:-:-
\\
&d.s:d.t:l, \quad &m.f:f \quad &d:l:t, \quad &d.r:m.f:s \quad &d:-:-
\end{align*}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by;} \\
&\begin{align*}
&m.r:d.t:d.r \quad &m.r:t, \quad &d.f \quad &m.l:l \quad &s \quad &m:-:-
\\
&l.t:d.s:l,t, \quad &d.r:s:f,r \quad &d.f, \quad &l.s:s.f:s \quad &d:-:-
\end{align*}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue;} \\
&\begin{align*}
&s.s:m:r:s.s \quad &s:-:r.m \quad &f:m:d.s:s \quad &:-:-
\\
&d.d:d:l, \quad &d.t, \quad &d:-:a, a, \quad &l:e, \quad &d.d:d:t, l, l, t, l, t, \\
\end{align*}
\end{align*} \]
There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by,
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by,
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes,
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by!

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.
22. Hyfrydol.

Borne down the distant ages,
Voice of heroes and of sages,
Comes the echo of a song,
How it swells and rolls along!

Those who never faltered,
Accents of the
Tyrants scourged them, but with patience
Firm they stood nor turned the back;
Strong midst fiery tribulations,
At the stake and on the rack.
On through agony and anguish,
Toiling up the mountain height,
Never did they faint or languish,
Pressing upward to the light.

Now, adown the ages ringing,
Comes their song of hope and cheer,
As the voice of angels bringing,
Hope to all who labour here.
Forward, brothers! forward ever,
Till at last the goal be won,
Toiling still, and wearying never,
Faint not, strive, and follow on.

Clara Thomson.
23. Rusper.

Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.

Forward the day is breaking, Earth shall be dark no more,
Millions of men are waking on every sea and shore.

With trumpets and with
Forward! the world before us
Listens to hear our tread;
And the calm heavens o'er us
Smile blessings on our head.
Hope like an angel hovers
Above the way we go;
The shield of patience covers
Our hearts from every foe.

Forward! as near and nearer
Draw we unto our rest;
Joyous, the light shines clearer
In every faithful breast.
The past hath ceased to bind us,
Its chains are hurled away,
The deepest gloom behind us
Melts in the dawn of day.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK. 55

Chorus.

Hark the rolling 
of the thunder, Lo the sun and 
lo there under

Riseth wrath and hope and wonder, And the host comes marching on.

"Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend towards health and mirth,
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth,
Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth,
For the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,
All for thee this day — and ever. What reward for them is meet
Till the host comes marching on. Chorus: Hark the rolling etc.

P Many a hundred years passed over have they laboured deaf and blind;
Never tiding reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the wind,
And their feet are marching on.

O ye rich men, hear and tremble, for with words the sound is rife:
"Once for you and death we laboured; changed henceforward is the strife.
We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life:
And our host is marching on. Chorus: Hark the rolling etc.

P "Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?
Is it peace? then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.
Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world never tire;
And the hope is marching on."

O On we march, then, we the workers, and the rumour that ye hear
Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,
And the world is marching on."

Chorus: Hark the rolling etc.

W. Morris.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

25. German Air.

Key Eb

Our fathers' faith, we'll sing of thee, Dear faith which still we cherish; Nor may their children's children see That faith decay and perish.

'Tis faith in God, 'tis
We may not think our father's thought,
Their creed our lips may alter;
But in the faith they dearly bought
Our hearts shall never falter.
'Tis faith in God, etc.

O may that faith our hearts inspire
To earnest thought and labour,
That we may share its heavenly fire
With every friend and neighbour.
'Tis faith in God, etc.

J. W. Chadwick.

In sacred books we read how God did speak,
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present age no God to seek?
Or is God silent in these latter days?

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If he that spake it were not speaking still,
If all the light and all the shade around,
Were naught but issues of Almighty will.

So, then, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the fresh, green sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings,
To the pure spirit is a world of God.

*Harley Coleridge.*
Go forth to life, O child of earth!

Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:

Thou art not here for care or sin.
Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flame control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth,
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth;
For noble service thou art here,
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

*Samuel Longfellow.*
28. Annue Christe.

Key G.

1. Arise, my soul! nor dream the hours of life away;
   A rise, and do thy being's work while yet 'tis day.

2. Oh dreamer wake! your brother man is still a slave;
   And thousands go heart-crushed this morn un- to the grave.

La Feillée.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

{d: l, :t, d :d, r :d, r :m}

1. The do - er, not the dream - er, breaks The
m i g h t - g i r t
might.

2. The brow of wrong is With shame,
with spell,

3. From out Time's urn your love and truth and
the iron
Then by away.

From Time's hours Flow

Which binds the i - ron

m : d if : m
r : l - s

m : d - d d : l - d : d d : l - t : l - t : l - t

right as yet Are which we dwell.

hands to earth On

do. life's work While yet a name.

we, but a name.

f : f, : m, : r, s, : i s, : d, d, : l -
29. Morning Light.  

Key A.  

G. J. Webb.

Lift up the People's banner, Now trailing in the dust;  

A million hands are ready To guard the sacred trust.  

With steps that never falter, And hearts that grow more strong,
Through ages of oppression
We bore a heavy load,
While others reaped the harvest
From seeds the people sowed.
Down in the earth we burrowed,
Or fed the furnace heats:
We felled the mighty forests,
We built the mighty fleets.

But after bitter ages
Of hunger and despair,
The slave has snapped his fetters
And bids his foes beware.
We will be slaves no longer,
The Nations soon shall know
That all who live must labour,
That all who reap must sow.

So on we march to battle,
With souls that shall not rest
Until the world God gave us
Is by the world possessed;
And, filled with perfect manhood,
In beauty it shall move,
One heart, one home, one nation,
Whose king and lord is love.

Joseph Whittaker.
Then fill each hour with what will last;
Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap,
Buy up the moments as they go;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
The life above when this is past
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

Horatio Bonar.
31. Innocents.

Key D.  
J. Smith.

Life of Ages, richly poured,  Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word,  And the people's liberty.

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Secret of the morning stars,
Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars
Of the coming spirit's powers.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good.

Consecrating heart and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back.

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word,
And the People's liberty!

Samuel Johnson.
32. The Harp that once.

Key D.  
Irish Air.

It sing-eth low in ev'ry heart, We hear it each and all, — A song of those who answer not, How-ev'er we may call. They throng the si-lence.
'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore!

John W. Chadwick.
**33. Bedford.**

Key Eb.  

C. M.  

W. Call, d. 1727.

---

O Pure Reformers, not in vain

Your trust in human kind:

The good which blood shed could not gain,
The truths you urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought —
Light, Truth, and Love; your battleground
The free, broad field of Thought.

Oh may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man!

Press on! and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right.

J. G. Whittier.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

34. "Pe cawn I. hon."

Welsh Tune.

Key J.

Oh! call not this a vale of tears, A world of gloom and sorrow,

One half the grief that o'er us comes From self we often borrow.

The earth is beautiful and good, How long will man make it?
The folly is within ourselves. The world is what we make it.

Did we but strive to make the best
Of troubles that befall us,
Instead of meeting cares half-way,
They would not so appal us.
Earth has a spell for loving hearts—
Why should we seek to break it?
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns,
The world is what we make it.

If truth and love and gentle words
We took the pains to nourish,
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish.
Oh! has not each some kindly thought?
Then let's at once awake it;
Believing that, for good or ill,
The world is what we make it.
35. Eisenach.

Key D. J. S. Bach.

Out of the dark the circling sphere,
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
And Hope that lights her fadeless fires,  
And Faith, that shines a heavenly will,  
And Love, that courage re-inspires,  
These stars have we above us still.

O sentinels, whose tread we heard  
Through long hours when we could not see,  
Pause now, exchange with cheer the word,  
The unchanging watchword, Liberty!

Look backward, how much has been won;  
Look round, how much is yet to win!  
The watches of the night are done,  
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou whose mighty patience holds  
The night and day alike in view,  
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,  
O keep us steadfast, patient, true.

S. Longfellow.
36. “Mysterious Voices.”

Key F.

Hast thou'midst life's empty noises!

Heard the solemn steps of Time,

And the low mysterious voices Of an -

The LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.
Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth
With a deep and strong beseeching,
What and where is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.

Not to idle dreams and trances,
Length of face and solemn tone;
But to faith, in daily striving
And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavour
Of a spirit which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigour,
Steady heart and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaieth
Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.
37. Zu meinem Herrn.

What is the service the benignant Father

Requith at His earthly children's hands?

Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

For He whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken
The holier worship which He deigns to bless;
Restores the lost and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

O, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
Where pity dwells the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

J. G. WHITTLER.
38. Bristol.

Key G. Ravenscroft's Psalter 1621.

One holy Church of God appears

Through every age and race,

Unwasted by the lapse of years,
From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen presence she adores
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptised ones,
Love her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
Redeem the evil time!

S. Longfellow.
39. Dundee.

Key Eb

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,

And trim their words for pay;

In pleasant sunshine of pretence
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Let others bask their day.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream;
The truth must first be tried.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
Who creeps from age to youth;
Failing to grasp his Life's intent
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And, as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought
Presume thou not to teach.

Dean Alford.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

40. Deus Tuorum Niclitum (LM)

Key C.

Grenotie Church Melody.

A nobler order yet shall be

Than any that the world hath known

When men obey and yet are free,
Oh, boldly speak thy secret thought,
And tell thy want, and by the wise
Be unto nobler action brought,
And breathe the air of purer skies.

Strive less to bring the lofty down
Than raise the low to be thy peers;
Love is the only golden crown
That will not tarnish with the years.

Soon the wild days of war shall end,
And days of happier work begin,
When love and toil shall man befriend,
And help to free the world from sin.

W. M. W. Call.
41. "All before us lies the way."

Words by R.W. Emerson.

Lively.

Key D.\text{\small notes Organ}

\begin{align*}
\text{All before us} & \quad \text{lies the way,} \\
\text{Give the past} & \quad \text{unto the wind;}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{All before us} & \quad \text{is the day,} \\
\end{align*}
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Night and darkness are behind.

\[ \text{s : - .} \text{m :} \text{f :} \text{r :} \text{d : t, l} \text{d : -} \]

\[ \text{r : - .} \text{id : d :} \text{r :} \text{s, : s, l} \text{s, : -} \]

\[ \text{t, : - .} \text{id : f,} \text{s, : s, l} \text{d : -} \]

\[ \text{s : - .} \text{s : s : l :} \text{f :} \text{m : f :} \text{m : -} \]

\[ \text{t, : - .} \text{id : f,} \text{s, : s, l} \text{d : -} \]

\( p \) Not where long-past ages sleep
Seek we Eden's golden trees,
In the future, folded deep,
Are its mystic harmonies.

\( mf \) In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The true Eden we shall find.

\( p \) When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
\( cres. \) Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs Paradise around.

\( R. W. Emerson, 1841. \)
The Labour Church Tune Book.

42. Adapted from Old English Melody.

Key Eb

Smith man to man, we've heard and known That we no mas- ter need

To live upon this earth, our own, In fair and man-ly deed;

The grief of slaves long passed a-way For us hath forged the chain,
And we, shall we, too, crouch and quail,
Ashamed, afraid of strife,
And, lest our lives untimely fail,
Embrace the Death in Life!
Nay, cry aloud, and have no fear,
We few against the world:
Awake! Arise! the hope we bear
Against the curse is hurled.

It grows, it grows—are we the same,
The feeble band, the few?
Or what are these with eyes aflame,
And hands to deal and do?
This is the host that bears the word,
"No master high or low,"
A lightning flame, a shearing sword,
A storm to overthrow.

W. Morris.
43. Toilers.

6.5.6.5. (with refrain.)  (Copyright.)

Key D  

Toilers of the nations, Thinkers of the time, Sound the note of battle Loud thro' ev'ry clime. March we against the tyrants,

Heedless of their steel; Be a band of brothers,

W. H. Bell.
Seamstress in the hovel,  
Woman of the mill,  
Low indeed ye grovel,  
Tame ye are and still,  
Come, like the War-maidens,  
Beauteous in your might!  
Sing us songs of valour,  
Nerve us for the fight.  
Onward! friends of freedom, etc.

Toil ye now no longer  
For another’s gain,  
While our wives and children  
Pine in want and pain;  
Slaves we’ve been and cowards,  
But the night is o’er—  
Up, then, with the morning,  
Weep and sigh no more!  
Onward! friends of freedom, etc.

John Glasse.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

44. Men of England.

Air—Now the rosy morn appearing.

Key E.

Men of Eng-land, Wherefore plow-
Wherefore, Bees of Eng-land, forge Many a wea-

lay ye low? Where-fore weave with toil and care
chain, and scourge, That these sting- less drones may spoil

The rich robes your ty-rants wear? Where-fore feed and
The forced pro-duce of your toil? Have ye leis-ure,
clothe and save, From the cradle to the grave, Those ungrateful drones who would buy so dear, Drown your sweat, nay, drink your blood?

Men of England, wherefore plow For the lords who lay ye low?

Wherefore weave with toil and care The rich robes your tyrants wear?
45. Oldenham.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Key Eb

We've heard the spring is lovely, The whole earth leaps with glee

When the young May brings to the woodlands The rapture of being free!

But we know when the springtime cometh, Though we cannot see its grace;

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.
We know there are some with leisure
Who roam the world so sweet;
But we to our factory prisons
Are chained by the hands and feet:
For the cry of our babes is sounding
For ever into our ears,
And we toil for bread to feed them,
With a toil heaped full of tears;
And we toil for bread to feed them,
With a toil heaped full of tears.

We build the homes of our masters,
Where aye at ease they dwell,
And the sound of music greets them
"Mid the comfort they love so well;
But we know that their ease is built on
The hunger and pain we bear—
Their repose upon our toiling,
Their hope on our despair;
Their repose upon our toiling,
Their hope on our despair.

But the time will come when the beauties
Of earth shall be for all,
When none of his brother's slavehood
Shall base his escape from thrall;
When the spring shall bring us gladness,
And pleasure instead of pain—
Yea, for us who have toiled and sorrowed,
Nor enjoyed our toiling's gain:
Yea, for us who have toiled and sorrowed,
Nor enjoyed our toiling's gain.

F. Henderson.
46. Aeterna Munera.

Key F

I heard men saying, leave hope and praying,

All days shall be as all have been;

Today and tomorrow bring fear and sorrow,
When earth was younger, 'mid toil and hunger,
   In hope we strove and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
   And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read and in story their deeds and glory,
   Their names midst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow dying
   In that good world to which they led!

Where faster and faster our iron master,
   The things we made for ever drives;
Bids us grind treasure, and fashion pleasure,
   For other hopes and other lives.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
   And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we, the living, our lives are giving
   To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere earth grows older
   The cause spread over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
   And joy at last for thee and me.

W. Morris.
Through all the long dark night of years, The earth is wet with blood and tears, But the people's cry as our meek sufferance endeth. The few shall not for ever sway, The heavy toil in sorrow; The powers of hell are...
Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
For lo! our day bursts up the skies,
Lean out your soul and listen.
The world is rolling Freedom's way,
And ripening with her sorrow;
Take heart, who bears the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

Oh youth! Flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal;
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning opes a portal.
And though Age wearies by the way.
And hearts break in the furrow,
Youth sows the golden grain to-day,
The harvest comes to-morrow.

_Gerald Massey._
48. Eardisley. C. M.

Key Eb

English Traditional Melody.

Each eve earth fall - eth
down the dark As though its hopes are
"o'er;
Yet lurks the sun when
Grey grows the dawn while men-folk sleep;
Unseen spreads on the light,
Till the thrush sings to the coloured things,
And earth forgets the night.

No otherwise wends on our hope,
E'en as a tale that's told,
Are fair lives lost, and all the cost
Of wise, and true, and bold.

We've toiled and failed. We spake the word_
None hearkened. Dumb we lie,
Our hope is dead; the seed we spread
Fell o'er the earth to die.

What's this! For joy our hearts stand still,
And life is loved and dear,
The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
The day of days is here!

W. Morris.
49. Swinburne.

(Copyright)

W. H. Bell.

Key F.

We mix from many lands, we march from very

far;

In hearts and lips and hands our

staffs and weapons are;

The light we
At doth not flame and wane with years and spheres that roll,
Storms cannot shake nor stain the strength that makes is whole,
The fire that moulds and moves it is of the sovereign soul.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves, we heard you beat from far!
We bring the light that saves, we bring the morning star;
And freedom's light we bring you, whence all good things are.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen, come and be all souls fed
From field and street and prison come, for the feast is spread.
Live for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.
50. St. Patrick.

8.8.8.8.

Key F. Ray is G.

Verses 1 and 5 only.

1. These things shall be! a loftier race than e'er the

world has known shall rise With flame of freedom

in their souls, and light of science in their eyes.

Old Irish Melody.
3. Nation with nation, land with land, unharmed shall live as comrades free;  
In every heart and brain shall throb the pulse of one fraternity.

4. 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.

5. These things—they are no dreams—shall be for happier men when we are gone.  
These golden days for them shall dawn transcending aught we gaze upon.  

John Addington Symonds.
51. Everton.

Do not crouch to-day and worshipped. The old past whose
tender reverence, Crowned he lies, but
life is fled; cold and dead.
For the Present reigns our monarch
With an added weight of hours; Honour her, for

Key Eb

H. Smart.
See the shadows of his heroes,
    Girt about her cloudy throne,
Every day her ranks are strengthened
    By great arts to him unknown;
Noble things the great past promised,
    Holy dreams both strange and new;
But the present shall fulfil them,
    What he promised she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
    She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
    Is the lustre of his name.
She is wise with all his wisdom;
    Living, on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
    And his harvest in her hands.

Coward! Can she reign and conquer,
    If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
    As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
    Bids her rule and us obey;
Bids us cast our lives before her,
    Bids us serve the great to-day.

      *      *      *      *

    Adelaide Anne Proctor.
52. Brockham. (L. M.)

Key G.

J. Clarke.

He only does not live in vain,

Who all the means within his reach

Employs his wealth, his thought, his speech.

lsa lson s sa lsa lsa lsa

lson lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa

lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa

lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa

lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa lsa
T'advance the weal of other men.

His action no applause invites
Who simply good with good repays:
He only justly merits praise
Who wrongful deeds with kind requites.

To bad as well as good, to all,
A generous man compassion shows;
On earth no mortal lives, he knows,
Who does not oft through weakness fall.
53. Eryri Wen.

Key D.  

Welsh Melody.

O, high rocks looking heavenward, O valleys green and fair, Sea cliffs that seem to guard and guard our Island once so dear; In vain your beauty now ye spread, For

---

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.
The moonlight glides along the shore
And silvers all the sands,
It gleams on halls and castles hoar
Built by our fathers' hands;
But from the scene its beauty fades,
The light dies out along the glades.
A robber band has seized the land,
And we are exiles here.

The ploughman ploughs, the sower sows,
The reaper reaps the ear,
The woodman to the forest goes
Before the day grows clear;
But of our toil no fruit we see,
The harvest's not for you and me.
A robber band has seized the land,
And we are exiles here.

E. Carpenter.
54. In Ballilone.

Bide your time— the morn is breaking,
Millions from their trance a-waking
Every moment makes you stronger—

Bright with Freedom's blessed ray;
Soon shall stand in firm array.
Firm, unshaking, bide your time.

Man shall setter man no longer!
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Liberty shall march sublime!

Bide your time—one false step taken
Perils all you yet have done;
Undismayed, erect, unshaken,
Watch and wait, and all is won.
'Tis not by a rash endeavour
Man can e'er to greatness climb!
Would you win your rights for ever,
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time.

Bide your time—your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike in vain;
He whose arm would smite oppression
Must not need to strike again!
Danger makes the brave man study—
Rashness is the coward's crime;
Be for Freedom's battle ready
When it mes—but bide your time.

M. J. Barry.
55. Earl of Murray.

Key E\textsuperscript{b}

Adapted from old Scotch Melody.

Ye are weary, O my brothers, And my eyes grow dim with tears, For your burdens wax more heavy With the heavy-handed years: Hearken! Hearken! O my
Through the darkness, O my brothers,
Ye have toiled in heaviness;
Stinting neither soul nor body,
Stirring forward still to press—
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
Swift the daylight comes to bless.

Young men, reft of love, my brothers,
Maidens' beauty worn away,
Old men sore and sad with labour,
Children with no time to play—
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
What the grand new time will say!

Soon the trumpet, O my brothers,
Will arouse ye for the fight,
And the day must dawn in darkness
That shall end in perfect light!
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
Wrong must ever herald Right!

_Evelyn Pyne._
56. Affection. (L.M.)

Key C.

from "Greenwood's Psalmody"

Think not that martyrs die in vain;

Think not that truth so soon will fail;

We only break to form again,
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

There groweth up a mighty will,
And time will only give it force;
It tendeth to on object still,
Though somewhat swerving in its course.

Though vengeance were the battle cry,
And fell revenge first drew the sword,
We seek a nobler victory,
More firm in act, more true in word.

And all the failings in the past
But make the future more secure;
The triumph of our cause at last
By bygone sufferings is sure.

We cure in truth we wait the day,
As watchers wait the morning light;
The false alone need dread delay,
For time will only strengthen right.

Robert Nicoll.
To light, that shines in stars and souls;

To law, that rounds the world with calm; To love, whose

equal triumph rolls Through Martyr's prayer and
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

May purer sacrament be here
Than ever dwelt in right or creed;
Hallowed the hour with vow sincere,
To serve the time's all-pressing need;
And rear its heaving seas above,
Strongholds of freedom, folds of love.

Here be the wanderer homeward led;
Here living streams in fulness flow;
And every hungering soul be fed
That yearns the truer life to know,
And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears,
For harvests in serener years.

Samuel Johnson.
58. Herongate.

Key E♭  

O sometimes in our dreams we see

The perfect Church that is to be;

And then the shrines we build us here
All creeds, all peoples, every guild,
The universal Church must build:
High thoughts shall sermon be, and prayer,
And humblest serving, worship there.

Firm grounded on the earth it stands,
Yet lifts to heaven strong helpful hands.
It needs no temple and no shrine—
The all-embracing Love Divine.

Yet fireside lights, to toilers here
More fair may shine than sunlit sphere;
And so we build where'er we roam
One little place to call a home.

A place where weary souls may rest,
Where strong ones may find labour blest,
A place for silence or for prayer,
For helpful thought, for fostering care.
59. Dayspring.

Key C.

Day-spring of e-ter-ni-ty, Dawn on us this

mor-n ing tide! Light from light's ex-hau-ast-less sea,
Now no more thy radiance hide, But dispel with glorious might
All our night!

Let the morning dew of love
On our sleeping conscience rain;
Gentle comfort from above
Flow through life's long-parched plain:
Water daily us thy flock,
From the rock.

Let the glow of love destroy
Cold obedience faintly given;
Wake our hearts to strength and joy
With the flushing eastern heaven;
Let us truly rise, ere yet
Life be set.
60. Ar Hyd y Nos.

Key G.  

There is beauty all around  

There is joy in every sound  

When there’s love at home;  
When there’s love at home;  

Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on every side;

Old Welsh Tune.  

D.C.
In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home;
Roses blossom at our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles on high
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's joy at home;
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
O, there's one who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.
Once in the busy street
Did wisdom cry aloud;

And then she perished 'mid the scoffs
Of the misguided crowd.

Once in the quiet grove
Did Wisdom's accents charm;
And then she perished by the blows
Of Conquests iron arm.

But ever in the skies,
In earth and sea and air,
Does Wisdom teach the human heart,
And none can crush her there

In Palestine and Greece,
Thus Wisdom's voice was hushed;
Yet echo soft the sound renewed
Though Wisdom's sons were crushed

Systems and teachers change,
They flourish and decay;
But never from Nature's truth and love
Shall Wisdom pass away.
Go not, my soul, in search of Him, Thou wilt not find Him there,

Or in the depths of shadow dim, Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its Throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with His glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee
And show thee of His own.

Then go thou not in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find Him there.
With Vigour.

E. Josephine Troup.

Key G.

Raise your standard, brothers, Higher still and higher!
Work for man's salvation, Work with might and main;

Let the thought of justice All your deeds inspire!
Lift the poor and fallen To a higher plane;

Let your eyes be kindling With a love-lit fire!
Purge from law and custom Each and every stain.

128 THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

63. Raise your Standard.
Rest not till within you
Strength of virtue grow,
Till with streams of kindness
Heart and mind o'erflow,
Till a sense of kindred
Bindeth high and low.
Virtue for our armour, &c.

Fight till you have silenced
All the rebel throng,
Silenced lawless passions
Luring men to wrong—
Fight till all things human
To the right belong.
Virtue for our armour, &c.

Gustav Spiller.
64. Ives.

7.7.7.7 D.

Key D. {d : r m : d m : s l d : l s m : d}

Plymouth Collection (U.S.A.)

Sit not blind-fold, soul, and sigh
For immortal life on high.

Dreamer! seek not heaven afar

On the shores of some strange star.

This a star is,
Inmost heaven its radiance pours
Round thy windows, at thy doors,
Asking but to be let in,
Waiting to flood out thy sin;
Offering thee unfailing health,
Love's refreshment, boundless wealth;
Voices at thy life's gate say,
"Be immortal, soul to-day!"
Let in light, the holy light! Comrades fear it never!

Let in light for ever!

Let in light! when this shall be,
Joy will go with duty,
All, in common things, shall see Goodness, truth, and beauty.

Let us hope and work and love,
Singing to the hours,
While the stars are bright above,
And below the flowers.

Who, in such a world as this,
Could not heal his sorrow?
Welcome this sweet sunset bliss!
Sunrise comes to-morrow.

W. M. W. Call.
"Tis man alone who difference sees,  
O let man hasten to restore 
Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride  
Ye low, your shame and fear!
And speaks of high and low,  
To all their rights of love; 
And worships those, and tramples these,  
In power and wealth exult no more
While the same path they go.  
In wisdom lowly move.  
Live, as ye worship, side by side;  
Your brotherhood revere!
Harriet Martineau.
"Tis man alone who difference sees, O let man hasten to restore
And speaks of high and low, To all their rights of love;
And worships those, and tramples these In power and wealth exult no more
While the same path they go. In wisdom lowly move,

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride
Ye low, your shame and fear!
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood forever!

Harriet Martineau.
67. Leenane.

(Copyright.)

W.H. Bell.

The future hides in it

Gladness and sorrow; We press still

Small notes for verses 3 & 4
And, solemn before us,
Veiled the dark portal;
Goal of all mortal;
Stars silent o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The worlds, and the ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you.
Work and despair not!"

*After J.W. Goethe.*
68. Fitzwilliam.

There are three lessons I would write,

Three tracings, as with a burning pen,
Have hope! though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow:
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith!—where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
And all things on the earth.

Have love!—not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,—
Hope, faith, and love: and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, where thou else wert blind.
69. Dukestreet.
(L.M.)

A storm sped o'er sea and land:

Harvest and bloom were beaten low,
And
Where in the solitude it searched,
A child hath hung his one harp string:
The blast to melody is touched,
Prelude to blessings it would bring.

O heart, my heart, when clouds of fate
Shroud thy fair sky and on thee beat,
With childlike trust attuned wait:
Win from each storm its music sweet!

Nonente D Conway.
D.C.M. (Key G.)

Ho-nour to him who free-ly gives, As heaven has blessed his store;

Who shares the gifts that he re-ceives With those who need them more; Whose melting heart of pi-ty moves
Honour to him who shuns to do
An action mean and low,
Who will a nobler course pursue
To stranger, friend or foe;
Who seeks for justice more than gain,
Is merciful and kind;
Who will not cause a needless pain
In body or in mind.

Honour to him who scorns to be
To name or sect a slave;
Whose soul is like the sunshine, free,
Free as the ocean wave;
Who, when he sees oppression, wrong,
Speaks out with thunder-tones;
Who feels that he with truth is strong,
To grapple e'en with thrones.
Psalm 68.
6.6.6. Key Eb.

M. Greiter (c. 1525)

There came a voice that sought mine ear, A little whisper,
Such seemed the whisper at my side. "What is't thou know'st, sweet

silver-clear, A murmur. "Be of better cheer."
voice!" I cried. "A hidden hope," the voice replied:

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour From out my sultry

142 THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.
I wondered at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers;
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wondered while I paced along:
The woods were filled so full with song,
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seemed all things wrought,
I marvelled how the mind was brought.
To anchor by one gloomy thought.

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice
Than him that said, "Rejoice! rejoice!"
72. Tune “Elim”

Key E.  

Blest be the light that shows the way,

And blest the way the light has shown;

We welcome now the brighter day,

Baker.
A tyrant god, the soul's despair,  
No more beclouds our earthly lives;  
The heavens are wide, and room is there  
For every soul that upward strives.

In love to God and love to man,  
Our simple creed finds ample scope  
Secure in God's unerring plan,  
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

Then vanish, spectres of the night,  
That once enthralled the darkened soul;  
Our watchword be the inward light,  
The onward march, the endless goal.
73. Capel.
(c.m.)

Old English.

Key Eb

When courage fails and faith burns low,

And men are timid grown.
For unseen messengers she hath
   To work her will and ways,
   And even human scorn and wrath
   God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,
   In heavenly might secure;
   With her is pledge of victory,
   And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,
   The battle to the strong,
   When dawn her judgment days that sift
   The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth
   Can she on thee confer,
   If thou, O heart but give thy youth
   And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee inly bright,
   Thy self-love purge away,
   And lead thee in the path whose light
   Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,
   In her strength shall be strong.
   Shall see their shame become their pride,
   And share her triumph-song.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

74. Lowell.

(Copyright.)

W.H. Bell.

Key: E

15. 15. 15. 15.

Count me our earth's chosen heroes they were souls that stood

While the men they agonised for hurled the

Stood serene and down the future saw the

golden beam incline

To the side of perfect justice, mastered
Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause brings fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward turns aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning heretics, Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned.
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven unturned.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves;
Shall we make their creed our jailor? Shall we in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our vessel and steer boldly thro' the desperate wintry sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

J. R. Lowell.
75. Zu meinem Herrn.

11.10.11.10.

J. Schicht.

Were half the power that fills the earth with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us
In long reverberations reach our own.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the eternal harmonies.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear the voice of Christ once more say "Peace."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melody of love arise.

_H.W. Longfellow._
76. Goldington.
(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key G.

In law self made thy man-hood lies, Thy

own true words shalt thou obey: They shall have worship

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.
Link the pale present with the past,
   Live in the light of common hours,
Nor tremble at the passionate blast
   That rocks the world's great towers.

Thou lowly child of earth and sky,
   Love all the brothers of thy blood,
For others live, for others die
   Not great but nobly good.

The common earth, the general seas,
   Open to all the human race;
Unchain the sunlight, loose the breeze,
   Make free all time and space.

So shall the human city stand,
   Self-balanced, central, as the sun;
Each nation hath its fatherland,
   Yet are all nations one.

*W. M. W. Call.*
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

77. Palestine.

Key Ab. {s s - f l m : s f - m r f f m : d l r}

An offering to the shrine of power Our hands shall never bring;

A garland on the ear of pomp Our hands shall never fling;

Applauding in the
conqueror's path Our voices never shall be;

But

we have hearts to honour those Who bade the world go free!

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are!
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter still:
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free!

R. Nicoll.
When a deed is done for freedom through the broad earth's aching breast, Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west, And the slave, where'er he cowards, feels the soul within him climb To the awful verge of manhood, as the
For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.

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,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt the darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to ensnare her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown
Stundeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

J. R. Lowell.
O glory of our dreaming!—
The thought that gives us life,
The light about us gleaming,
Our comfort in the strife:
A hope in storm and sorrow,
A star-light in the dark,
A message from the morrow,
A sky-song of the lark.

In darkness and derision
We hold hope's banner high;
For if there were no vision
The world would droop and die;
And all who do their duty
This Heavenly Vision see,—
The Vision of the beauty,
When Brotherhood shall be.

The Wheel goes round but slowly,
Life's short, and progress long;
The world rejects the holy,
And folly seemeth strong;
But though the path be weary,
And long the toilsome way;
We sing, convinced and cheery,
The coming of The Day.

Allen Clarke.
80. Welcome, welcome.

Wellcome, wellcome is the greeting Which this day we give our friends; Joyous, joyous is the meeting Which their kindly presence lends. Hands of cheer, and
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Love is still our richest treasure,
Casting out each earth-born fear;
Let the smile of social pleasure
Beam on all who gather here.
Hands of cheer, &c.

Like the sun, our feelings glowing,
Clothe these happy hours in light;
Like the sun, when we are going,
Let us leave a radiance bright.
Hands of cheer, &c.

Shining truth and heavenly gladness
Quicken every soul with love;
Gild the twilight hour of sadness
With a radiance from above.
Hands of cheer, &c.

From the German.
81. Dix.

C. Kocher.

Key G.

Without haste and without rest
Bear it with thee as a spell;

Bind the motto to thy breast,
Storm or sunshine guard it well;

Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;

(7.7.7 7.7.7)
Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not—years can never alone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not—calm in strife;
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not, rest not; conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

After Goethe.
82. Innocents.

(7.7.7.7.)

Key D.

Heir of all the ages, I—Heir of all that they have wrought! All their store of empires...
Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labours, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary toiling years;

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that time
To earth's fainting zone hath given;

Aspirations pure and high,
Strength to do and to endure;
Heir of all the ages, I—
Lo! I am no longer poor!
83. Thurloe.

Key G.

Gather, ye nations, gather!
From Come

forge, and mine, and mill!
Come with your woven

wonder, The blossoms of the loom,
That rival nature's flowers
In all but their perfume;
Come with your brass and iron,
Your silver and your gold.
And arts that change the face of earth
Known to men of old.
Gather, ye nations,
Gather!
From every clime and soil,
The
We strive not for dominion;—
Who'er the worthiest be,
Shall bear the palm and garland,
And crown of victory.
In kindly emulation
His willing hand we'll seek,
And own him for a brother,
Whatever tongue he speak;
What'ever his clime or colour,
His lineage or his creed,
To him be honour given
For honourable deed.

Gather, ye nations, gather!
Exalt them—for you can—
The dignity of labour,
The brotherhood of man.

The world is growing wiser,
New thoughts and hopes are born;
Too long we've dwelt in darkness,
And tarried for the morn.
Too long in foolish warfare
We've dipped our bleeding hands;
But wisdom, taught by suffering,
Comes beaming o'er the lands.
Our princes and our people
The grateful truth have learned,
And strive for glory finer
Than Caesar ever earned.

Gather, ye nations, gather!
Let ancient discords cease,
And earth, with myriad voices,
Awake the song of peace!
84. Old 120th (adapted).

From Este's Psalter.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldn't reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.
85.

10. 10. 10. 10 D. 10. 10. 10. D.

Key F.

Orlands Gibbons.

Verses 1 and 2.

"Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of men
We live no more when we have done our span."

"How angrily thou spurnest all simpler fare!
Well then, for Christ, thou answerest, who can care?"
"Christ, some-one says, 'was human as we are;
From sin, which heaven records not, why forbear?

No judge eyes us from heaven, our sin to scan;
Live we like brutes our life without a plan?"
So answerest thou; but why not rather say:

"Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high!

Sits there no judge in heaven, our sin to see?
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey

Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try

If we, then, too can be such men as He!
86. Bridgewater.

5.4.4.4.D.  

Key G.  

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{In - to the} & \quad \text{sun - shine,} \\
\text{Full of the} & \quad \text{light,} \\
\text{Leap - ing and} & \quad \text{flash - ing} \\
\text{From morn till} & \quad \text{night!}
\end{align*}
\]
Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy the day!
Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;
Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine,
Thy element;—
Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

J. R. Lowell.
Key A.

Happy they who are not weary
Of this life's perpetual round,
Who, at each fresh task of duty,
Feel their powers in gladness bound;
Who are bent on
Voices from behind, before us,
   From within, and round us roll:—
Firm to truth and love, and loyal
   Be with lip, and hand, and soul.
Oh, what triumphs are before you,
   As the years and ages move;
Error banished by true knowledge,
   Coldness by the breath of love.

Noble thought becoming freer,
   Uttered whole in word or deed;
Bigotry and thraldom dying,
   Of the State and of the Creed;
Till of man a nobler pattern
   Sun and earth at length behold,
Broader minded, broader hearted,
   Tender, manly, reverent, bold.

T. W. Chignell.
88. Honour to all.

(From "General Gordon," by permission of Messrs J. Curwen & Sons.)

Key B♭

Key B♭

Honour to all who are aiming The welfare of others to serve, Still by their actions proving They never from duty will swerve. Fine.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK. 181

Honour to him who is striving
The mischiefs of life to abate,
Sorrowful spirits reviving,
And cheering the victims of fate.
Honour to him who will labour
That some who are weary may rest,
Willing to give to his neighbour
The peace that is filling his breast.
Honour to all who are aiming, etc.

These are the men to whose glory
The voice of the people should swell,
Men whose whole life is a story
That angels with pleasure might tell.
These are the men who have told us
The beauty of virtue and worth,
Who, by their conduct, withhold us
From doubting the good upon earth.
Honour to all who are aiming, etc.

A. J. Foxwell.
89. Was lebet, was schwebet.

(12.10.12.10.)

Key D.

Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Child of humanity!

Pledge of affection, and bond for all time;

German.
Heir of the blessings that mankind have won for thee
Blessings achieved by their courage and skill;
Child of the present, what others have done for thee
May'st thou excel by deeds loftier still!

Thou who art helpless, we open our arms to thee;
Thou for our sorrows a balm wilt provide;
Thy little storms we will kiss into calms for thee;
Thy little bark shall in safe waters glide.

Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Child of the bright new morn!
Clinging for help to the mother's heart now;
Hail to thee! Token of days when the light shall dawn
Over the hills of a world pure as thou.

F. W. Bockett.
90. Wigton.

D.C.M.

Scotch Psalter.

Key F.

Who is thy neighbour? He whom thou

Hast power to aid or bless; 'Tis

---

---
Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim:
Oh, enter thou his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the weary slave
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave:
Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbour? Pass no mourners by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him.

Rev. W. B. O. Peabody.
91. Das walt’ Gott Vater.

L.M.

Key Eb

J. S. Bach.

Love thou thy land with love far-brought

From out the storied past, and used
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Within the present, but transfus'd
Through future time by power of thought.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years;
Cut prejudice against the grain;
But gentle word are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers.

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise:
It grows to guerdon after-days;
Nor deal in watchwords over-much:

Nor clinging to some ancient saw,
Nor mastered by some modern term;
Nor swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law.

Tennyson.
92. Les commandemens de Dieu.

(9.8.9.8.)

Key G.

Say not, the struggle nought avail eth,

The labour and the wounds are vain;

Genevan Psalter.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look! the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough.
93. Work, for the night is coming!

Dr. Lowell Mason.

Work for the night is coming! Work through the morning hours:

Work, while the dew is sparkling,

Work mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows
Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

*Sidney Dyer.*
94. Kindly Light.

(Copyright.)

Irregular.

Key D♭.

W. H. Bell.

Lead, kindly light amid the circling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark and I am far from home, Lead thou me

\[
\begin{align*}
    \text{Key D♭:} & \\
    \text{Irregular:} & \\
    \text{W. H. Bell:} & \\
    \text{Lead, kindly light amid the circling gloom:} & \\
    \text{Lead thou me on:} & \\
    \text{The night is dark and I am far from home:} & \\
    \text{Lead thou me:} & \\
\end{align*}
\]
on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The
distant scene; one step enough for me.

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.

So long thy power hath blest me sure it will
Still lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angels' faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*John Henry Newman.*
95. Wir Pflüger.

J. A. P. Scholz.

There's light upon the corn-field, And yellow grows the grain,

The summer now is over, And the harvest comes again;

The year is crowned with glory, The vales with corn are glad,

But the reaper's voice is silent, The farmer's heart is sad.
Chorus.

Cheer up, despondent workers! When wine and corn abound,

For those who sow and reap our fields shall joy be found.

The lords have now their vintage,
The bankers claim the corn,
The produce of the farmer
By craft and guilt is torn
From both himself and household
To spend in court and hall
On minions and their masters
Who crowd the hunt and ball.

Arise, O downcast toiler!
With sickle in thy hand,
Two harvests lie this morning
The length of this good land!
The one is now before thee,
With plenty for thy need;
Let the idlers reap the whirlwind
Of which they've sown the seed.

John Glaston.
96. Queen Pastores Laudavere.

7.7.7.7. Key F.

Is this a holy thing to see

In a rich and fruitful land...
Babes reduced to misery,
Fed with cold and us'rous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor!
Is it a land of poverty?

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are black and bare,
And their ways are filled with thorns;
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
And where'er the rain does fall,
Babes should never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appal.

W. Blake.
97. Tune "Penkhull."

(© Copyright.)

Robert Bullock.
A.R.C.M.

Con Spirito.

The good time is unfolding, And on the rim of night,

Our glad eyes are beholding The blossoming of light.

Key A.
The world of warful ages,
Hath suffered and hath sought,
While prophets, teachers, sages,
And all who loved and wrought,
Have told the one great story,
And lived and died to prove—
How men shall grow to glory
When they have learned to love.

What martyrs strove and hoped for
In many an age and clime,
What generations groped for,
The sweet and splendid time,
When men no more shall perish
In bitterness and blood,
Shall come, and earth shall flourish
In love and brotherhood.

For sure as from the seed-time
The honest harvest grows,
The thought-time brings the deed-time
The cornfield and the rose.
Right from the sun's beginning,
All things below, above,
Have worked, and now are winning
The world to light and love.

Allen Clarke.
98. Harbinger.

6.6.8. 6.6.8. Unison.  
W. H. Bell.

Key B♭.

Toil on and sow the seed To fill the nation's need; Some day the harvest shall shine fair:

---

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.
Hope on, the Truth is ours;  March on, then, steadfast, brave,  
Storms, rain, and adverse powers  Sweet 'tis to help and save  
Cannot against our cause prevail:  Souls bound in want and woe and gloom,  
Falsehood shall fade away,  Strive to abolish strife,  
Night dawn into the day,  With fellowship fill life,  
For truth Eternal cannot fail.  And make the desert places bloom.  

Sing on, the songs of light,  Of duty, and the right.  
Until all evil discords cease,  For all things shall be well  
And the whole world shall dwell  In wisdom's harmony and peace.  

*Allen Clarke.*
99. Shipston.

Key Eb

He who has the truth and keeps it,

Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action.

That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman,
He at best must be a slave.

He who hears the truth and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

Be thou like the noble ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak! no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear.

Be thou like the first apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly—speak it all.

J. G. Whittier.
100. York.
(c.m.)

Key F.

O help the prophet to be bold,

The poet to be true!
With faith not pent within a book,
Or buried in a creed,
But growing with th'expanding thought
And deeping with the need.

A faith that laughs in little joys
Of children at their play,
That weeps in every woman-grief,
And joins each noble fray.

O help the prophet to be bold,
The poet to be true!
It yet remains for man to learn
What love to man may do.

Louisa F. Bevington.
(Slightly altered.)
101. Westminster.

J. Turle.

Key C.

A Dreamer dropped a random thought,

'Twas old and yet 'twas new—
The thought was small, its issue great
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ, O fount, O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Charles Mackay.
102. Adoro Te.

10. 10. 10. 10.

Key D.  

Ancient Plainsong Melody.

Faith comes in moments of heroic love,

Unjealous joy in joy not made for us;
In conscious triumph of the good within,
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.

Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears,
As patriots who may seem to die in vain
Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.

Presentment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one.

George Eliot.
Extract from "A Minor Prophet."
103. Linton.

(Copyright.)

Let us be brave! What use to flinch? We have no ground to spare.
Flinch not but dare! Out-step slow

time audaciously, and have!

Let us be brave!
Bold, not foolhardy; bravely self-controlled
To strike or hold,
To advance or bide — bow'er the head-strong rave.

Let us be brave!
The true man falters never; come what may
He treads alway
The same straight path towards his hero-grave.

W. J. Linton.
104. Illsley.
(L.M.)
J. Bishop (1665-1737)

Key F.

Oh, sometimes glimpses on my sight

Thro' present wrong, the eternal right;

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.
And step by step since time began
I see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad;
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men, the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle-graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

J. G. Whittier.
105. Es ist kein Tag.

Key D.

All grim and soiled, and brown with tan,

I saw a strong one, in his wrath,
The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
   Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
   With strange alarm,

Grey-bearded Use who, deaf and blind,
   Groped from his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff and wept to find
   His seat o'erthrown.

Yet louder rang the strong one's stroke,
   Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam!
Shudd'ring and sick of heart I woke
   As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,
   The waster seemed the builder, too;
Uprising from the ruined old
   I saw the now.

Twas but the ruin of the bad —
   The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
   Was living still.  

J. G. Whittier.
106. Elstree.

Key F.

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,

Rose with the sun-dawn of a reign

Whose grace should make the rough way plain,
Peace was to be on earth; men's hope
Was holier than their fathers had,
Their wisdom not more wise than glad.
They saw the gates of promise ope
And heard what love's lips bade.

War after war, change after change,
Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,
And hopes austere and faiths august
Have watched in patience stern and strange
Man's works, unjust and just.

As from some alpine watch-tower's height
Night, living yet, looks forth for dawn,
So from Time's mistier mountain-lawn
The spirit of men, with inward sight,
Yearns towards a hope withdrawn.

The morning comes not, yet the night
Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be
When conquered wrong and conquering right
Acclaim a world set free.

Swinburne.
107. Wer da wohnet.

Key D.
(D.L.M.)

Old German.

Ah! happy they who feel their birth Has
But he who has resigned the dream To

loftier origin than earth!
take his rank in Nature's scheme,

need not yet behind him cast The gathered greatness
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Since earlier men have raised their race
So high above its former place,
Why may not he as well aspire
To lift our place and purpose higher?
To feel within his hungry breast
Some goading spur of grand unrest,
Some glorious aim, an impulse rise,
That urges on to fuller life.

To love the right, eschew the wrong,
Defend the weaker from the strong;
Teach other, after men to be
Nobler and better far than he;
In spite of calumny and scorn,
Mould younger ages yet unborn
To loftier thoughts and loftier still,
Beyond all human hope or will!

Grant Allen.
8.7.8.7. D.  
Key D.  
Old Scotch Tune.

Who will say the world is dying,  Who will say the
Sparks of good within us lying,  Flash, and will flash

world is past?  to the last.  Fools! who fancy
hope mistaken;

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

108.
Still the race of hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits,
"Wife and child and fatherland."

Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wild and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause and good!

While a slave bewails his fetters,
While an orphan pleads in vain.
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages gain;

While a love is still confessing,
While a moan from men is wrung,
Know by every want and blessing
That the world is young.

Charles Kingsley
(slightly altered).

(L.M.)

S. Webbe
(the elder).

Key D.

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,

Dear country of our love and pray'rs,

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
The way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and airs.

Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest-rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold;

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,—
So runs our loyal dream of thee,
Land of our fathers! make it true.

O land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need, shall die for thee.

J. G. Whittier.
Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright!

The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die!

Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
For thou must die!

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

G. Herbert (slightly altered).
111. Kindly Light. (Irregular)

Key Db.

\[ \text{Copyright.} \]

W. H. Bell.

\[ \text{f Strong hu-man love! with-in whose stead-fast will} \]

\[ \text{dim. Is always peace; \&O stay with me, storm-toss'd on waves of} \]

\[ \text{ill. Let passion cease; Come thou in power within my} \]

\[ \text{ba:se:le - l:ba:se l: - l l:id':t t:id':r'} \]

\[ \text{r:imf} - \text{m:im:m l: - l l:id':t t:id':r'} \]
The days are gone when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way
Which leads thro' mist and rocks to Truth and Good,
Be with me, Love, thou fount of fortitude.

Whate'er of pain the passing years allot
I gladly bear;
With thee I triumph, whatsoe'er my lot,
Nor can despair.
Freedom from storms thou hast, immortal song;
Peace from the fierce oppression of all wrong.

So may I, far away, when night shall fall
On light and love,
Rejoicing, hear the quiet, solemn call
All life must prove;
Wounded, yet healed, by man beloved, forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke.
(Altered by permission).
112. Old 81st

D.C.M.
Key. D.

O it is good to breathe and live,
To feel the brain and heart,
To think, to care, to work, to give,
To suffer and take part:
To be of this great vital whole.

Part 1:
Part 2:
Part 3:
I hear the music of the plain,
The music of the sea,
The day, it hath a glad refrain,
The night soft melody;
I hear sweet music ev’rywhere,
Around, above, beyond,
The chant of earth and sea and air,—
Of mind and heart, respond!

Let mind and earth the parts unite,
And so complete the song,
To cheer, to comfort and delight,
To wake and make strong;
That all the wand’ring notes may blend,
Until at last there be
Through all the world, from end to end,
One perfect harmony.

R. H. N. Bloor.
113. Lodsworth.

8.8.8.8.8.

Key Eb.

We cannot kindle when we will

The fire that in the heart resides,

The spirit bloweth and is still,
With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of life's long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Matthew Arnold.
114. Bonchurch.

Key G.  

Beethoven.

You cannot pay with money The million sons of toil, The sailor on the ocean, The peasant on the soil, The labourer in the

D.t.
The workshop must be crowded,
To fill the home with light;
If ploughmen did not labour,
The poet could not write;
Then let all work be hallowed
That man performs for man,
And honest toil revered
As part of one great plan.

Ye men of thought and knowledge,
Rise like a band inspired;
And, poets, let your verses
With hope for man be fired;
Till earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one glad song;
Each happy in his part.
115. Forest Green. (D.C.M.)

Key F.

English Traditional Melody.

There's life abroad! From each green tree early dawn,

A busy murmur swells; Stirring the cowslip bells.

motion in the lightest leaf That
There's life abroad! The silvery threads
That float about in air,
Where'er their wanton flight they take,
Proclaim that life is there,
And bubbles on the quiet lake,
And yonder music sweet,
And stirrings in the rustling leaves
The self-same tale repeat.

All speak of life! And louder still
The spirit speaks within,
O'erpowering with its strong deep voice
The world's incessant din;
There's life without; and better far,
Within there's life and power,
And energy of heart and will
To glorify each hour.

Emily Taylor.
116. Salruck.

(Copyright.)

8.8.8.8.8.

Key D.

W. H. Bell.

Now the last petals leave the rose, The latest

swallows preen for flight, The summer's gone where
Cling to the flying hours, and yet
Let one pure hope, one firm desire,
Like song on dying lips be set,
That ere we fall in scattered fire,
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.

Here in the autumn months of time,
Before the great new year can break,
Some little way our feet should climb,
Some little mark our words should make
For liberty and manhood's sake.

Edmund Gosse.
117. Letchmore.

Key E.

Truth is not dumb, that it should speak no more;

If thou hast wand'ring in the wild-erness

And findest not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor:

There to're the mountain of the voice no less,
Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

J. R. Lowell.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

118. The Labourer's Battle Song.

Air—Wacht am Rhein.

Key Bb:

There sounds a call from land to land. Ye poor, give one an-

other hand! Then bid a halt to tyrann
ya! From your slavish yoke break free! The battle low

The
We wish for freedom, peace, our right
That no one slave in other’s might,
That all mankind to work be bound,
That bread for each be somewhere found.
The battle-cry low roillet by, &c.

You bring to others goods and gold,
Yet naught for self can ever hold,
Man scorning laughs you in the face,
And feareth not the judgment place.
The battle-cry low roillet by, &c.

H. Gewich.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

119. Ich halte treulich still. (Irregular.)

Key D.

Adapted from old German Chorale.
attributed to J. S. Bach.

For me to have made one soul
The better for my birth;

To have added but one flower
To the garden of the earth;

To have struck one blow for truth
In the daily fight with
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

1. Lies; To have done one deed of right
   In the face of calum-

2. S.m: s I. t: s I.s: f
   D: r I. m: m: I. t: t, t, t, t.

3. Thought that will never die,
   To have been a link in the

4. Chain of life: Shall be immor-
   tality.

Edwin Hatch.
A new Flag floats upon the breeze! Beneath its folds there stand

The vassals of the centuries, The toilers of our land.

Hark to their cry, mid the
A new Faith clothes them, as with mail,
And Right new strength affords;
crec. The powers of Hell shall not prevail
'Gainst their inspired swords!

Loud comes the cry 'mid the battle's din:
Brothers, stand firm, for we fight to win!

From bench and plough, from mill and mine,
They flock to join the fray;
crec. Their eyes with Hope and Courage shine,
For Labour fights to-day!

This is their cry, 'mid the battle's din:
Brothers, stand firm, for we fight to win!

From out thy drugged and ancient sleep,
crec. Democracy, arise!

See, where thy children onward sweep,
crec. Winning a glorious prize!

Hark to their cry, 'mid the battle's din:
Brothers, strike hard, for we fight to win!

Langdon Everard.
121. Home, sweet Home.

Key E.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, B'th ev'ry so humble there's no place like home! A charm from the sky seems to hallow us.
An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came to my call,
Give me these, with that peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There is no place like home.

J. H. Payne.
122. This endris nyght. (C. M.)

Key D.  

Old English Carol (15th Cent.)

I have found peace in the bright earth And

in the sunny sky;

By the low voice of summer seas, And

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.
I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love,
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove.

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought;
In calm, half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self taught.

But seldom have I found such peace,
As in the soul's deep joy,
Of passing onward, free from harm,
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high;
The constant flowers that line our way,
Alone can satisfy.

*Henry Alford.*
123. Campbell.

Key D.

What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod

Its Maker meant not should be trod By man, the image

of his God, Erect and free.
That's hallowed ground, where mourned and
The lips repose our love has kissed; [missed]
But where's their memory's mansion?
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were
That never are riven, [wound]
Is hallowed down to earth's profound
And up to heaven.

Lo! time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that once were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lothian's pool.

What hallow ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap:
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or geni twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

Then strew his ashes to the wind
Whose honest will has served mankind,
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause.

Give that, and welcome war to brace
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking
The colours planted face to face, [space]
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the
Shall still be dear. [chase]

We place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven—but Heaven rebukes our zeal!
The cause of Truth and Human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

T. Campbell.
124. Troyte No 1.

Key E♭

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>m</th>
<th>d</th>
<th>m</th>
<th>f</th>
<th>f</th>
<th>m</th>
<th>r</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Our heaven
must be with-in ourselves,

| s | d | s | f | m | s | s | s |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

Our home
and heaven the work of faith,

| m | m | d | t | l | s | s | s |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

All through
the race of life which shelves Downward to death.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
<th>s</th>
<th>f</th>
<th>m</th>
<th>f</th>
<th>m</th>
<th>r</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

So faith shall build the boundary wall,
And hope shall plant the secret bower,
That both may show magnifical
With gem and flower.

While over all a dome must spread,
And love shall be that dome above;
And deep foundations must be laid,
And these are love.

Christina G. Rosetti.
125. St. Flaxair.

To find the children eager-eyed,
Expectant of my tread—
Bright little angels scantily robed,
In readiness for bed!

To hear the music of a voice,
That welcomes me at night;
To see within her eyes of love
A rare and sudden light!

To watch the youngest at her heart,
And hear with ecstacy
His uncouth dialect of joy
When calling out to me!

The finest language lacking words
The world has ever had!
And how the spirit answers it!
And how the soul is glad!

Ah God! how good and sweet it is
To have so fair a rest,
For such a weary, weary head
On such a white, white breast!

Norman Gale. From a Country Muse.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

126. What is man?

Key A♭

German Air (Abridged).

What is man? Mysterious creature, Monarch of the peopled
Marvellous in ev’ry feature, From the dawning of his

earth, Now by fier­y passions dri­ven Onward

in the work of crime, Now as one to whom was

D.C.
Yet, with all his countless errors,
man is changing, moving on;
now no longer grim with terrors,
as in ghostly ages gone.
what though human thoughts may vary,
free opinion's in the van;
knowledge yet the crown will carry,
man will yet be all to man.

Every heart hath some fond feeling
burning in its inmost core,
every breast a wound worth healing,
every soul some hidden sore.
there is none, howe'er degraded,
none so reckless, rough, or rude,
but within whose bosom, shaded,
lies some angel-germ of good.

from "Thoughts on Man"
by John Macleay Peacock.
Not too slow.

Hear a word, a word in season; for the Day is drawing nigh, When the Cause shall call upon us,

some to live and some to die! He that dies shall not die lonely; many a one hath gone before,

Key D.

Air
Accompt.

English Air.

\[
\text{\textbf{127. Hear a Word.}}
\]

\[
\text{\textbf{THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.}}
\]

\[
\text{\textbf{256}}
\]
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore. No thing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday they bled, Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the valiant dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labour and their pain, But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.
Mourn not therefore, nor lament it that the world outlives their life; Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands for strife.
Some had name and fame and honour, learn'd they were and wise and strong; Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.
Hearken how they cry, "O happy, happy ye that ye were born "In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn. "Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to live "Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace to give."

William Morris.
128. Eisenach.
(L.M.)

Key D.

German (Harmonised by Bach)

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie

Beneath a coldly dropping sky,
Thus, Freedom! on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
cresc. And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ and fill the grain.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field,
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

cresc. Yet, where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with all great thought,
\( f \) The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed is done.

J. G. Whittier.
129. Sunward.

(Copyright)

Key G.

\[\begin{array}{cccc}
  \text{Thick is the darkness} \\
  \text{Sunward, O Sunward!}
\end{array}\]
Rough is the highway
Onward, still onward!

\*cresc.* Dawn harbours surely
East of the shadows,
Facing us somewhere
Spread the sweet meadows.

\*sf\* Upward and forward!
Time will restore us:
Light is above us.
Rest is before us.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

130, 131 and 132. Linton.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Let us be wise! Nor sort with policies of present wrong,
Which serve none long; We have no
Let us be wise!
Nor mate with men unworthy of our cause;
Nor win applause
Of fools by being their accomplices!

Let us be wise!
Prudent as truthful: our determined course
Shall hold such force,
Nor Time nor Chance shall bar us from the prize.

W. J. Linton.

131.
Let us be true!
Our cause is holy and our purpose pure;
Let us be sure
The means we choose hide not our aim from view,

Let us be true!
Our hope cannot consent to doubtful deeds:
Our strong will needs
None but clean hands our righteous work to do.

Let us be true!
Thought, word and deed, even as our cause is pure
And so endure
Firm to the end, whatever fate ensue!

W. J. Linton.

132.
Let us work on!
Truly and wisely; ever persevere;
Nor faint, nor fear:
True, prudent industry hath ever won.

Let us work on!
Work bravely; prove our faithfulness by deeds,
Sow wide the seeds
Of toil if you would reap! Let us work on!

Let us work on!
Work through all barreness, nor count the cost;
No toil is lost;
Work prophesieth triumph: on! aye on!

W. J. Linton.
133. The People’s Flag.

“Maryland”

Melody by A. Zarnack (1819).

Key G.

The people’s flag is deep red;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold.

It shrouded o’er our martyred dead,
Their hearts blood dyed its every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!

*) Small notes for third line of 3rd verse.
Look round—the Frenchman loves its blaze;  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;  
Chicago swells the surging throng.  
Then raise the scarlet &c.

It waved above our infant might;  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow;—  
We must not change its colour now.  
Then raise the scarlet &c.

It well recalls the triumphs past:  
It gives the hope of peace at last:  
The banner bright, the symbol plain  
Of human right and human gain.  
Then raise the scarlet &c.

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall.  
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.  
Then raise the scarlet &c.

J. Connell.
134. Heart of Oak.

Key B♭

Dr. Boyce.

Come gather, O people, for soon is the hour

princes must fall with their pomp and their pow'r; For the

pow'r of the future we know it shall be A people united and
Come sharpen your wits, for our tongues are our swords,
To fight all our foes whether Commons or Lords;
Our tongues shall speak truly, whatever the cost,
And when clean are the weapons no fight can be lost.

Our war cry is Freedom, and those who withstand
That cry have no place in our conquering band;
We strive for her sake from the cradle to grave,
'Tis Freedom we fight for, and Freedom we'll have.

E. Nesbit.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

135. Ellacombe.

Key B♭.

German.

Now sound ye forthwith trump-pet tone, Let all the nations fear.
Speak to the world the thrilling words That tyrants quail to hear; And write them bold on
Upon the sunny mountain brow,
Among the busy throng,
Proclaim the day for which our hearts
Have prayed and waited long;
The grandest words that men have heard
Since e'er the world began,
They are the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man.

Too long the night of ignorance
Has brooded o'er the mind;
Too long the love of wealth and power,
And not the love of kind;
Now let the blessed truth be flashed
To earth's remotest span,
Telling the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man.
136. Old English Carol.

I love a lonely hour at eve, Or in the silent night. When over the soul in stillness steals A solemn, sweet delight. To sit and think of...
I love the look of gratitude,
The tear of pity's eye,
The word of hope, the laugh of love,
The sympathetic sigh;
And that dear woman's loving look,
Whose soul with virtue glows,
And deeply, keenly feels for all
Her suffering sisters' woes.

I love the man whose soul disdains
To treat his kind with scorn,
However wretched be their lot,
However lowly born,
Whose chiefest end's to speak the truth,
To aid the world along,
And from the temples of all woe
To cast out every wrong.

I love the land to labour on,
Although there's none for me;
And dear as light, and life, and love,
The nation that is free.
And, oh! I love, of all I love,
The dearest yet of all,
To see the poor man's rights restored,
And mighty tyrants fall.

*From "Much that I Love," by John MACNEAY Peacock."
Men of England, heirs of glory, Heroes of an unwritten story,

Nurslings of one mighty mother, Hopes of her and one another,

Rise like lions after slumber, In unvanquishable number,

Shake your chains till earth like dew, Which in sleep had fallen on you.
Chorus.

Rise like lions after slumber, In unconquerable number; Shake your chains to earth like dew, Which in sleep has fallen on you. Ye are many, they are few.

What is freedom? Ye can tell That which slavery is too well, For its very name has grown To an echo of your own.

'Tis to work and have such pay As just keeps life from day to day In your limbs as in a cell For the tyrant's use to dwell.

Horses, oxen, have a home, When from daily toil they come; Household dogs when the wind roars Find a home within the doors.

Asses, swine, have litter spread, And with fitting food are fed; All things have a home but one—

Thou, O Englishman, have none.

P. B. Shelley.
Ye sons of free-dom, wake to glo-ry?
See now the dangerous storm is rol-ling,
With lux-u-ry and pride sur-round-ed,
O Li-ber-ty, can man re-sign thee,
Hark! Hark! what my-riads bid you rise!
Which ty-rant kings con-fede-rate raise;
The vile, in-sa-tiate des-pots dare.
Once hav-ing felt thy gen-er-ous flane?
Your child-ren, wives, and grand-sires hoa-ry,
The dogs of war let loose are how-ling,
Their thirst for pride and power un-bound-ed,
Can dun-geons, bolts, or bars con-fine thee,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
And lo, our fields and cities blaze.
To mete and vend the light and air;
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Behold their tears and hear their cries.
And lo, our fields and cities blaze.
To mete and vend the light and air.
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding;
Shall we basely view the ruin
Like beasts of burden would they load us;
Too long the world has wept wailing,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
While lawless force, with guilty stride.
Like gods would bid their slaves adore.
That false-hood's dagger tyrants wield;

After fright and desolation the land,
Spreads desolation far and wide.
But man is man, and who is more?
But Freedom is our sword and shield,

Whilst Peace and Liberty lie bleeding.
With crime and blood their hands impairing.
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
And all their arts are vanitying?

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
While lawless force, with guilty stride.
Like gods would bid their slaves adore.
That false-hood's dagger tyrants wield;

After fright and desolation the land,
Spreads desolation far and wide.
But man is man, and who is more?
But Freedom is our sword and shield,

Whilst Peace and Liberty lie bleeding.
With crime and blood their hands impairing.
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
And all their arts are vanitying?
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

To arms! to arms! ye brave! The

aven - ging sword unsheath! March on, March on.

All hearts re - solved On li - ber - ty or death.

Rouget de Lisle.
139. Stratford.
(Copyright)

W. H. Bell.

Key D♭

"The sun is sinking fast The daylight dies,
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

{:\ s} \ r': - . t \ Id' : s \}
{:\ f} \ f : r \ Id : d \}
{:\ t} \ l : t . s \ s \ s \}
{:\ s} \ f : - . f \ m \ m \}

Let love a - wake, and

pay Her sa - cri - fice.”

For all the tender care
That on us smiled,
Wherein a mother's love
Breathed o'er her child;

And for the gracious dower
The ages give,
And for the blessed hope
In which we live;

For faithful love that cheers
The darkest night
For our poor struggles made
Toward the light;

For all we owe—as fast
The daylight flies,
Bid love awake and pay
Her sacrifice.

E. B. Harrison.
8.7.8.7.7.

Key F.

When the day of toil is ended,

Clad in starry span-gled rai-ment,

And night com-eth cool and still

Trail-ing soft-ly o'er the hill,
Grateful presence of the night-time
Soft restraint of sleep so sweet,
Holding still our fervent fingers,
Gently chaining restless feet;—
They who labour in the light
Hail the holy, holy, night.

May we rise with hearts more hopeful
For to-morrow and its strife.
With a stronger aspiration
And resolve for nobler life,
Consecrated all anew,
To the good, the pure, the true.

R. H. U. Bloor.
141. Miserere Mei.

Melody from "Seven Sobs of a sorrowful soul" (1585)

8.4.8.4.

Key B♭

Hush now! in silence, reverence, As round the bier,

Ye take the last fare...
To joy or pain,
Nor lay the burden of our years
On her again.

But all of her is shining peace
Serene and still,
As yonder sunset fires that crown
That western hill.

Darkness for us, but through the gloom
Thrill memories dear,
And starlight rises on our night
A vision clear:

More crystal-clear than when in life
Beside us still,
We felt the throbings of that heart,
The steadfast will.

The flame of love-enkindling love
Nought shall abate,
And thus our hearts new-born to Love
Are consecrate.

E. B. Harrison.
142. All, Good-night!

German Air.

Key D.

All, good-night! All, good-night! Now is labour

end-ed quite, Now the day is soft-ly clos-ing,
Busy hands from toil resting, Till new morning wakes in light: All, good-night! All, good-night!

Sweetly rest! Sweetly rest! Weary eyelids downward pressed. Silence rests on field and mountain, Softly murmur brook and fountain, Every bird has sought its nest: Sweetly rest! Sweetly rest!

Peaceful sleep! Peaceful sleep! Sleep till morning's dawn doth peep! Sleep until another morrow Brings its duty, joy, or sorrow; Sleep, our Father watch will keep; Peaceful sleep! Peaceful sleep!

*From the German.*
Rise, for the day is passing, and you lie dreaming on; The others have buckled their armour, and forth to the fight are gone;
Rise, if the past detain you, her sunshine and storms forget;  
No chains so unworthy to hold you as those of a vain regret.  
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever; cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back save to learn the lesson of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise, for the day is passing; the sound that you scarcely hear  
Is the enemy marching to battle—arise, for the foe is here!  
Stay not to sharpen your weapons; or the hour will strike at last  
When, from dreams of a coming battle, you may wake to find it past.

A. A. Proctor.
Key B♭.

How beautiful on all the hills
  The crimson light is shed!
Tis like the peace the dying gives
  To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
  The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
  When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo! above the dews of night
  The vespers star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner’s heart,
  Whose eyes are dim with tears.
Night falls, but soon the morning light
  Its glories shall restore,
And this the eyes that sleep in death
  Shall wake to close no more.

W.B.O. Peabody.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

145. Exeter.

8.8.8.8.8.

Key D.

The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain,
The happy work goes on a main.

Pale streaks of cloud scarce

W. Jackson. 1780-1803.
And wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea,
The wains the sunny slopes roll down;
After the happy shout is blown
Of children, and of reapers brown.

May we into Time's furrow cast
Our deeds, as seed corn, thick and fast,
Whose fruit eternally shall last.

F. Tennyson.
Veil the blue: Against the golden
harvest hue. The autumn trees look fresh and new:

And wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea.
The wains the sunny slopes roll down;
After the happy shout is blown
Of children, and of reapers brown.

May we into Time's furrow cast
Our deeds, as seed corn, thick and fast,
Whose fruit eternally shall last.

F. Tennyson.
146. I blas Gogerddan.

Key D.  

Welsh Tune.

In youth, as I lay dreaming, I saw a country fair,

Where Plenty sheds its blessings down. And all have equal share.

There Poverty’s sad

Key D.

In youth, as I lay dreaming, I saw a country fair,

Where Plenty sheds its blessings down. And all have equal share.

There Poverty’s sad
There Honesty is reckoned
Something above a name,
And men perform their kindly deeds
For nobler meed than fame.
There Labour is respected,
And reaps its due reward,
And Idlers in the Brotherhood
Would meet with scant regard.

But long have I been seeking,
And still confess with pain,
I never yet have found the land
I wish to see again,
Still, as my years pass slowly,
Mingling with life's great stream,
I hope to find the Brotherhood
I saw in that young dream.

George Gilbertson.
147. Leyden.

(D.C.M.)

Key G.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer, The dreams of love and truth, The longings after

Dutch Melody.
The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed,
The plea for mercy gently breathed
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
Shall never, never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee
These things shall never die.
148. Aus der Tiefe.

Key F.

Largo

Calmly, calmly lay him down;

He hath fought a noble fight,
He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fade-less crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past;
He was faithful to the last,
Faithful through long toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Meek and gentle was his soul,
Yet it had a glorious might;
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down,
Many of the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown.

W. Gaskell.
149. Breslau.
(L.M.)

Key G: Harmonised by Mendelssohn.

Along the street the shadows meet

Of Destiny, whose hands conceal

THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.
The moulds of fate that shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

No jest is this, one cast amiss
May blast the hope of Freedom’s year.
O, take me where are hearts of prayer,
And foreheads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact, the kingliest act
Of Freedom, is the Freeman’s vote.

Our hearts grow cold, we lightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord, the axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain!

So shall our voice of sovereign choice,
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!
150. Gosterwood.

7.6.7.6. D.
Key G.

Old English Melody.

Thanks for the light of morning, Thanks
For meadow, wold, and woodland, For

for the seething sea, Thanks for each man of
green-herb, forest free;
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

For those who sojourn with us,
For souls of noble guise,
For radiance of the angel
That looks through stranger's eyes.
Thanks for the sunbeam flashing
In at the window pane,
For music that on mortals
Pours beautiful disdain.

The inevitable morning
Finds who in cellars be,
And the all-loving Nature
Smiles in a factory;
Still, still the secret presses,
The nearing clouds draw down,
Still flames the crimson morning
Into the idle town.

What if the world be sterile,
And ages be outworn,
God will from wreck and ruin
The fairer world adorn.
He suffers no despairing,
He fills his world with mirth,
Good, of men unimagined,
He brings to glorious birth.

Spring wakes the spring within us,
When three-score years are told:
Love in the heart is throbbing,
And we are never old;
Over the Winter glaciers
We see the Summer glow,
And thro' the wind piled snow-drift
We see the roses blow.
151. Adoro te.

6.5.6.5. D.

Ghent Church Melody.

Morning breaketh on thee Fresh life's pulses beat,

Earth and sky now kindled Once again to greet:
Day is all before thee,
Vanished is the night;
Would'st thou ought accomplish
Look towards the light;
Let a mighty purpose
In thee stir and live,
After highest being
Evermore to strive.

As through mist and vapour
Breaks the morning sun,
Shine and work, thou spirit,
Till thy task is done;
When from farthest hill-top
Fades the fire of day,
Blest in blessing others
Shalt thou pass away.

Rev. T.W. Chignell.
452. Omni Die.

8.7.8.7.

Key F.

Gently fall the evening shadows

O'er the hills and o'er the plains,
Whispering leaves in light winds quiver,
    Moonbeams flush the silent grove,
Stars gleam on the brimming river,
    Earth is wrapt in folds of love.

Have we in the day just going
    Breathed pure thoughts and purpose high,
Used the hours now past us flowing
    Wisely, ere the night draws nigh?

On our hearts sweet peace is falling
    Softly, like the shades of night,
And to each a voice is calling,
    "Be thou faithful to the right."

Elias Tischer.
153. Ballina.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key F.

The morning light
flingeth Its
wakeing

ray,
And as the day.
bringeth The
No life can be dreary
When work is delight;
Though evening be weary,
Rest cometh at night,
And all will be cheery
If faithful and right.

When duty is treasure,
And labour is joy,
How sweet is the leisure
Of ended employ!
Then only can pleasure
Be free from alloy.

Francis R. Havergal.
154. Truro.
(L.M.)

Key C.

Psalmody Evangelica.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old familiar carols play, And
Then from each black accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the south,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"Love is not dead nor doth it sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

Longfellow.
155. Carlyle.

Key G.

So here hath been dawning another blue day;

Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of eternity this new day is born;

Copyright.

W. H. Bell.
So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Behold it aforetime,
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.
So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Thomas Carlyle.
156. Tune "Ivella."

key C. M. M. d=50.

Robert Bullock, A.R.C.M.

When with the virgin morn thou dost arise,

Come thou in sober joy to sacrifice.
Wash thou in innocence thy heart, and bring

Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure everything.

pp (8) Then do thou humbly kneel,
And kneeling, thence
Give up thy soul in clouds
Of frankincense.

cres. (4) Love's golden censers filled
With odours sweet
Shall make thy acts with all
Their ends to meet.

*Robert Herrick.*
(Altered)
157. A Virgin unspotted.

Key G.

Old English Carol.

"A merry Christmas, how the old words awaken A

Bring a new thrill and throb for many a Christmas fled,

For hopes fulfilled not, the years have taken,
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Verses 1 & 4

In - to their keeping, like the tears we shed.

Verses 2 & 5

E'en as the dawn of morning after night.

“A merry Christmas!” let the happy chorus
Bring a new thrill, new freedom, new delight;
Past pain makes present joy but sweeter for us
E'en as the dawn of morning after night.

“A merry Christmas!” Be ye thankful ever
For friendship that is left warm, sure and strong
For love that fills your hearts with high endeavour
Live life anew; ye do the past no wrong.

“A merry Christmas!” Life has halting places,
Where ye maypause in all the busy strife
To comfort those whose sorrow-stricken faces
Tell their own story in the book of life.

“A merry Christmas!” Peace and love be stealing
O'er spirits answering to the sound of mirth;
And sorrow known shall bring the human feeling
That sheds “good will” and gladness o'er the hill.

Harriet Kendall.
158. "Ring out, Wild Bells."
Tune "Gibraltar."

Key C. (Briskly.)

Old English Air adapted.

Ring out wild bells to the wild, sky, The

fly-ing cloud, the fros-ty light; The

---
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW;

Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is dying, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true, ring in the true.

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

RING OUT THE SLOWLY DYING CAUSE,
And ancient forms of party strife;
RING IN THE NOBLER MODES OF LIFE,
With sweter manners, purer laws, with 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, THE LOVE OF GOOD.

RING OUT OLD SHAPES OF FEAL DISEASE,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
RING IN THE THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE, THE YEARS OF PEACE.

RING IN THE VALIANT MAN AND FREE,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
RING OUT THE DARKNESS OF THE LAND,
RING IN THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE, THAT IS TO BE.

Tennyson.
159. “Meironydd.”

O hills, O vales of pleasure, O

Woods with verdure drest; Where all the charms of leisure

So oft have calmed my breast. When far from you 1
In shady glens reclining,
I trace the wrong and right;
The beam of reason shining,
Shows virtue ever bright.
The book I read is Nature's
There simple truths appear,
And though she change her features,
Her dictates still are clear.

Yet must I now betake me,
To scenes of toil and strife,
Ah, why does Fortune make me
Still play the farce of life?
The called from you by duty,
Still waresoe'er I stray,
The thought of all your beauty
Will never fade away.

W. Bartholomew.
160. Oh Hearts that love.
Tune "Doreen"
(Copyright.)
R. Bullock A.R.C.M.

Key B♭. With expression.

mf Oh hearts that love, and yearning, trust
That
closer still love's wing may fold
About your home, and
never hold
You to the high, the true, the just,
We lift our hearts with yours this day,
May peace for ever with you stay!

Each burden that the years may bear
Is lighter, shared in sympathy
And joy makes sweetest melody
When fellow lives are glad and fair;
Let no narrow aim expel
The angels that may with you dwell!

As from a fortress calm within
And guarded from the heat of strife,
So may you daily bring to life
The eager aim fresh good to win—
The watchful step, the steady will,
The love of right that conquers ill.

And so, in mutual service bound
To service of a wider scope,
May each new morn bring you some new hope,
Each evening know some sweetness found!
We lift our heart with yours this day,
May love for ever with you stay!

E. J. T.
161. Silent Voices.

(Copyright.)

W. H. Bell.

Key B♭

When the dumb hour cloathed in black,
Call me not so often back,

Brings the dreams about my bed,
Silent voices of the death,
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

1st Verse.

Toward the low-land way behind me, And the sunlight

2nd Verse.

that is gone. On and always on!

Call me not so often back
Silent voices of the dead!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

Tennyson.
162. Rockingham. (L.M.)

Key D.

O happy days, O months, O years, Which

Even in this dim hour of woe,
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK. 325

'Tis now impossible can show The
print of grief, the stain of tears!

O blessed times, which now no more
Exposed to chance or change remain;
Which having been no after stain
Can dim the brightness that ye wore!

Dark shadows of approaching ill,
Fall thick upon life's forward track;
But on its past they stream not back,
What once was bright abides so still.

R. C. Trench.
163. Begone, Dull Care.

Key G. Old English Air.

Good-night! good-night! The chimes ring loud and clear, Good-night! good-night! A new-born day is near. Our mirth has rung, we've danced and sung, Our

* Omit for second verse.
eyes have gleamed for light; The day has passed, we
part at last, To each and all, good-night!

Sleep! gentle sleep!
Thy robe o'er nature lies!
Sleep! gentle sleep!
Steal softly on our eyes.
And not alone to us be known
Thy blessings calm and deep;
To pain and care be free as air;
And soothe them, gentle sleep.

Good-night! good-night!
The chimes give warning clear,
Good-night! good-night!
A new-born day is near.
Our mirth has rung, we've danced and sung,
Our eyes have gleamed delight;
The day has passed, we part at last;
To each and all, good night.

Charles Mackay.
164. Quedlinburg.
(Welcoming of a child.)

10. 10. 10. 10.
Key F.

Here let us rest a while, ere this day dies;

Strong be our inner light, clearer our eyes!
What can we give to thee, pure little child?
Must our world sully thee, leave thee defiled?

Love we would plant in thee, selfless and pure!
Peace we would promise thee, deep and secure,
Hope for each darkness and strength for each day,
Trust in humanity, these be thy stay.

Be our aim steadfast in striving towards worth,
That we may help thee to gladden the earth.
Duty, our strengthener! Duty, our rest!
Help us to make this new life truly blest.

Should the ceremony take place in the morning the following may be substituted for the first verse.

Frail, unknown blossom! whose petals may hold,
Hid in the heart of thee, sweetness untold,
Rich is the blessing thy young life may give;
How shall we train thee in beauty to live?

E. J. T.
Shout it from the hill-tops, Shout it on the plain,

Nevermore shall hatred Raise its brow again.

6.5.6.5. D. with refrain.

Key G.

J. Zundel.

Fine.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Here are love's battalions, Here a faithful band:

From this hour shall concord Rule this pleasant land. D.C.

Whisper it at night time, Waft it on the breezes,
Whisper it at noon, Waft it on the wind,
Falsehood and injustice Soon shall ties fraternal
They shall banish soon All the nations bind.
Bigotry shall perish None shall then be idle,
War shall lose its charm None shall then be poor,
Love shall on life's waters Everyone be able
Pour its soothing balm Justice to secure.

Spread it 'mong the many, Waft it, etc
Spread it 'mong the few
Love shall by its magic
All the earth subdue.
Greed shall die unpitied,
Passion shall be tame,
Love shall for its bondman
Every heart-beat claim.

Spread it, etc.

Gustave Spiller.
166 Seeds of Kindness.

Key C.

Let us gather up the sunbeams, Shining now our path about;

Let us keep the wheat and roses, Casting thorns and chaff all out;

Let us find our sweetest comfort, In the blessings of to-day,

With a patient hand removing All the briars from the way.

Copyright.

W. H. Bell.
Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by-and-by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter’s snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.
Then scatter seeds of kindness,

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow;
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now!
Then scatter seeds of kindness,

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewed along our backward track
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grass they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by!
Then scatter seeds of kindness,

Mrs. A. Smith.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

Composed for first labour Church Tune — Book in 1893.


Key C  G.t.

Never despair! Let the feeble in spirit

Bow like the willow that stoops to the blast.

Droop not in peril! 'Tis manhood's true merit

[Music notation]
When by the sunshine of fortune forsaken,
Faint sinks the heart of the feeble with fear,
Stand like the oak of the forest unshaken—
Never despair, boys! Oh! Never despair.

Never despair! Though adversity rages
Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore,
Firm as the rock in the ocean for ages,
Stand the rude torrent till danger is o'er.

Fate with its whirlwinds our joys may all sever;
True to ourselves we have nothing to fear;
Be this our hope and our anchor for ever—
Never despair, boys! Oh! Never despair.

(The above lines were written by Wm. SMITH O'BRIEN on the day on which sentence of death was passed upon him, October 9th, 1848.)
168. Goshen.

Little words of kindness: How they cheer the heart!

What a world of gladness Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion O'er it wildly roll!

Little acts of kindness
Nothing do they cost;
Yet, when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.
169. Service Song.

(8. 7. 8. 7. D)

Key F.

Named and nameless all live in us,
Ev'ry pain to count for nothing,

Thro' the battle, thro' the tangle

One and all they lead us yet;
Ev'ry sorrow to forget.

Peace to gain or peace to give.
Fair the crown the cause hath for us,
Well to die or well to live,

There, amidst the world new builded,
Shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten,
And the tale of how we died.
Life or death, then, who shall heed it,
What we gain or what we lose?
Fair flies life, amid the struggle,
And the cause for each shall choose.
A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.

For passion tempts and
How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my grateful heart
To sweetly sing all day?

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win:
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
The happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

Louisa M. Alcott.
171. Happy Land.

Key E.  

Kind words can never die, Cherished and

bled; God knows how deep they lie

Stored in the breast; Like childhood's
Sweet thoughts can never die;  
Bright, like the flowers,  
Their brightest hues may fly  
In wintry hours;  
But when the gentle dew  
Gives them their charms anew,  
With many an added hue  
They bloom again.

Childhood can never die;  
Thoughts of the past  
Float in the memory,  
Bright to the last;  
Many a happy thing,  
Many a sunny spring,  
Come on time's ceaseless wing,  
Back to the heart.

*1 The small notes for 2nd verse.

Abby Hutchinson.
172. The Mill-wheel.

Fr. Gluck.

Key: F, :s, m = m, m, r :m, f = r, t, = s, d = d, d, t, :d,

God bless the little children, The faces sweet and

:s s = s, s = s, s = l, f = t, d = d, d = d

:s d = d, d = d, s = l, s = f, m = m, l, = l

fair, The bright young eyes, so strangely wise, The

:s s = s, s = l, t, t, t, d, r m = d, l, = l

:t, = l, t, t, t, d, = d, l, f = f

:s s = s, s = l, s = l, f, m = r d = m, l, f = f
God love the little children
The angels at the door!
| The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor. |

God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
| And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers. |

God keep the little children
Whom we can no more see;
| Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be. |

J. Page Hopps.
173. Puer nobis nascitur.
L. M.

Key D.

M. Praetorius.

Of little children take fond

care, God is within them, they are
He in his goodness sends us those,
Endowed with messages of love;
Their sunny laugh His wisdom shows,
Their kiss, His pardon from above.

Their gentle brightness makes us glad,
For theirs is happiness untold;
The angels weep when they are sad;
The heavens shake if they are cold.

The misery of the child's pure soul
To vicious man alone is due,
Who holds the angels in control;
Oh! what a blot on heaven's blue.
174. Abridge.

C.M.

Key D.  

J. Smith.

Oh, sweeter than the sweetest flow'r At evening's dewy close,
The will, united with the pow'r,
To succour human woes.

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.

The youthful hopes which now expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land
In rich and yellow sheaves.

True helpful goodness strikes a root
That dies not nor decays,
And coming days shall yield the fruit
Which blossoms now in praise.

*Dr. W. Drennan.*
175. Jesu meines Glaubens Zier.

(8.8.8.8. D)

Slowly.

A little sun a little rain,

Soft wind blowing from the west,

And woods and fields are sweet again,

And warmth within the mountain's breast.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and light her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

Stopford A. Brooke.
176. Cross-path.

S. M.

(Copyright.)

Key C.

Sow in the morn thy seed,

At eve hold not thy hand;
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there:
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Light, heat, and moisture, all
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For harvest in the fall.

J. Montgomery.
177. Hawarden.

We need it ev'ry hour—
To give us strength and power
To pur-pose or high, we die.

We need it ev'ry hour—
To give us strength and power
To pur-pose or high, we die.
We need it every hour—
   A calm strong mind,
Enriched by reason's dower,
   Not warped nor blind.
We need it every hour—
   A patient love,
Which shall all souls endower
   From heights above.

We need it every hour—
   A conscience clear,
That shall be as a tower
   Of strength and cheer.
We need it every hour—
   A true pure life,
Which failure cannot sour
   Or turn to strife.

Sarah A. Underwood.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

178. Cleveland.
(By permission of the Sunday School Union)

Key F.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the

swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows,

Laughing at the storms you meet, You can stand a-

Fine.
THE LABOUR CHURCH TUNE BOOK.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer
They will not forget the song.

Do not then stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

Mrs. Gates.