

**GOSPEL AND EPISTLE
HYMNS FOR THE
CHRISTIAN YEAR**

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Gospel and Epistle Hymns for the Christian Year by John Anketell

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JOHN ANKETELL

**GOSPEL AND EPISTLE
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CHRISTIAN YEAR**

GOSPEL AND EPISTLE HYMNS

FOR

The Christian Year.

BY THE REVEREND

JOHN ANKETELL, A. M.,

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN DRESDEN, SAXONY; AND SOME TIME
PROFESSOR OF HEBREW AND GREEK EXEGESIS IN
SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL.

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By the Rev. John Anketell, A. M.,
1889.

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TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY FIRST-BORN SON,
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Born at Darien, Conn., S. Matthias's Day, 1861.
Entered into Rest, April 9, 1861.

For so He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

PREFACE.

A great and increasing desire has been manifested in many quarters for special hymns to be used on the different Sundays in the year. Hoping in some measure to be able to supply this need, the author of this work, who for many years has been engaged in the translation of hymns from the Latin, German, and other languages, has now prepared a series of original hymns for each Sunday and great Festival, based upon the Scriptural teaching of the service for the day, and written in a variety of easy, flowing and familiar metres. At present it has been found impossible to issue a musical edition; but, if sufficient encouragement be given to the work, another edition will be issued with the hymns set to simple and familiar tunes, carefully selected from the best English and German sources, with a very few original compositions. The proper tune for each hymn, with the name of the author, is indicated in this edition.

Whatever may be the lack of poetic merit in these simple hymns, the author fervently hopes and prays that, in these dark days of doubt and disbelief, they may be found full of intense adoration of our Lord Jesus Christ, as "*the true GOD and Eternal Life*," and endued with "*a Hope that is full of Immortality*." For his own reward he asks only that, which was so beautifully expressed by the saintly poet Lyte:

“Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart,
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart;

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod,
Might I thus live to bless my fellow men,
And glorify my GOD.”

THE AUTHOR.

Hymns for the Christian Year.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Innocents.
German.

1. 7s.

Behold, thy King cometh unto thee ! S. Matthew, 21: 5.

1. Sion, haste to meet thy King,
Psalms and glad hosannas sing,
Strew thy palms, thy garments spread
For the Judge of quick and dead!
2. Meek, He rides upon the colt;
God, Who wields the thunderbolt,
Lays His royal glory by
In our Flesh for man to die.
3. Enter now the temple gate,
Where He stands in princely state;
Join the children's song of praise
To the King of endless days.
4. For the LORD who comes with grace,
Soon shall show His shining face;
Christ, who for our sins atoned,
Comes 'mid angel hosts enthroned.
5. Heavens shall vanish like a scroll,
Sun and moon in darkness roll,
When the dead the trumpet hear,
When the Judgment books appear.
6. On that day of doom and grace,
Grant us with Thy saints a place,
Save us from the realms of night,
Clothe us with Eternal Light!

New York City, S. Barnabas's Day, 1889.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Corona.
W. H. Monk.

2. 8. 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

*Through patience and comfort of the Scriptures we
may have hope. Romans, 15: 4.*

1. Lord, Thy word abideth ever,
Swift to succor, sure to save,
If with Faith's supreme endeavor
We Thy promised mercy crave:
Let its glory
Light the darkness of the grave!
2. Sweetest peace and consolation
Dwell for ever in that word;
For its tidings of salvation
Tell us of a promised Lord,
Throned in Heaven,
By angelic hosts adored.
3. There the prophet's glowing vision
Shows the joy of latter days;
There the wise man's just decision
Guides our feet o'er earth's dark ways;
All its pages
Shine with truth's immortal rays.
4. There we read the wondrous story.
Of the Babe of Bethlehem,
Crucified, but crowned with glory,
Promised Rod of Jesse's stem;
Soon to meet us,
Decked with royal diadem.
5. Lord, be this our consolation,
When earth's joy shall pass away;
In death's hour of tribulation,
In the awful Judgment Day:
Heavens may vanish,
But Thy word shall stand for aye!

June 13, 1889.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Hernlein.
M. Hernlein, 1677.

3. 7s (a).

He shall prepare Thy way before Thee. S. Matt., 11: 10.

1. On the banks where Jordan rolled,
Preaching penitence and fear,
Stood the Prophet, long foretold,
Crying, "Haste, the Lord is near!"
2. Let the ministers of grace
So prepare, O Lord, Thy way,
That with joy we meet Thy face
On the awful Judgment Day.

June 13, 1889.

3. In the night their cry is heard,
"Lo! the Bridegroom soon shall come!"
Let the Bride at that glad word
Hasten to her heart's true home.
4. Year by year that Advent cry
Rings upon the startled air;
"Hasten, for the Lord is nigh;
Let your lamps be trimmed with care."
5. Let each eager, listening ear
Catch with joy that welcome sound:
Hasten, for the Lord is near;
Enter, where true joys are found.
6. Grant us, Lord, the perfect peace
Of a mind well stayed on Thee;
Rest, where earthly labors cease;
Light, where darkness cannot be!

1883 (*altered*).