TWENTY-FOUR HYMNS, WITH ORIGINAL TUNES. IN THREE SETS

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Twenty-four Hymns, with Original Tunes. In three sets by George F. Le Jeune

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GEORGE F. LE JEUNE

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TWENTY-FOUR HYMNS

With Original Tunes

BY

GEORGE F. LE JEUNE.

IN THREE SETS

FIRST SET-TWELVE HYMNS WITH ORIGINAL TUNE	S.		33.53	9.5	64
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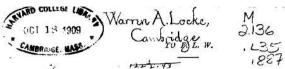
- 1. Brightest and best of the Sons of the Morning.
- Welcome happy Morning. (Easter.)
 The faithful Shepherds. (Christmas.)
 Amid the Fields. (Christmas.)
- 5. The Sun is sinking fast.
 6. Daily, daily, sing the praises.
 7. I heard the Voice of Jesus say.
- 8. Born of Mary, Lord of Glory. (Advent.)
- Love Divine, all love excelling.
 Glorious things of thee are spoken.
 O Mother dear, Jerusalem.
- 12. Lord, dismiss us.

- 13. The Sower went forth sowing. (Harvest.)
 14. The voice that breathed o'er Eden.
 15. Jerusalem, my happy Home.
 16. By the Cross. (Lent.)
- 17. The Saints of God.
- Oh! the golden glowing morning. (Easter.)
 Jerusalem the golden.
- 20. Hark | bark | my Soul.
- 21. Of the Father's love begotten. (Christmas.)
- 22. The roseate bues of early dawn.
 23. Saviour, blessed Saviour.
- 24. Jesu, gentlest Savlour.

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No. 1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.



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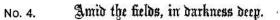




- 2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring, All good gifts return'd with her returning King: Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough, Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
- 8 Months in due succession, days of length ning light, Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight; Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and sea, Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all, Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall, Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son, Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
- 5 Thou of life the author, death didst undergo, Trend the path of darkness, saving strength to show; Come, then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word, 'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, my buried Lord!
- 6 Loose the souls long prison'd, bound with Satan's chain; All that now is fallen rise to life again; Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see, Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.



6 Then all the heavenly throng Their angel voices raise, To sing the everlasting song Of great Jehovah's praise. While faz, &c.







2 "Fear not!" he cried, with folded wing And voice like trumpet call, "Good tidings unto you I bring. Of great joy unto all! For unto you this blessed morn, Is God's Incernate Word, In David's holy city born The Saviour, Chriat the Lord!" And nearer 'neath the vault of heaven, The wondrous chorus ran: "To God above be glory given, Goodwill and peace to man."

3 "And if from me a sign ye seek
In humble garb arrayed,
The heavenly Babe and mother meek
Are in a manger laid,"
Then suddenly a multitude
Of angel voices rise
To praise the Author of all good,
Who rules o'er earth and skies.
And filling all the vault of heaven,
Again the chorus ran:
"To God shove be glory given,
Goodwill and peace to man." Amen.