

TWENTY HYMNS

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Twenty Hymns by James C. Knox

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JAMES C. KNOX

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By

James C. Knox, Mus. Doc.

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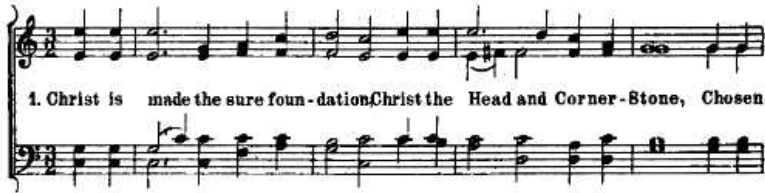
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Christ is made the sure foundation



1. Christ is made the sure foundation Christ the Head and Corner-Stone, Chosen



of the Lord and precious, Binding all the church in one; Ho-ly



Si-on's help for - e - ver, And her con-fi-dence a - lone. A - men.

2. All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3. To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4. Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Fair Waved the Golden Corn

Processional for Thanksgiving Day

1. Fair waved the gold-en corn In Ca naan's pleas-ant land, — When,

full of joy, some shin-ing morn, Went forth the reap-er band. —

2. To God so good and great, Their cheer-ful thanks they pour; — Then

car-ry to His tem-ple-gate The choic-est of their store. A - men.

Fifth verse to be sung to last half of tune

3. Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

4. Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

5. In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts

1. To Thee O Lord our hearts we raise In hum-ble ad-o - ra - tion,
 To Thee brings sac - ri - fice of praise Withouts of ex - ul - ta - tion.
 Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn The hills with joy are ring - ing,
cresc. *ff*
 The valleys stand so thick with corn That they are ev - er sing - ing. A - men.

2. And now on this our festal day,
 Thy bounteous hand confessing,
 Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
 The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
 By Thee the-souls of men are fed
 With gifts of grace supernal,
 Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
 Give us the Bread eternal.

3. We bear the burden of the day,
 And often toil seems dreary;
 But labor ends with sunset ray,
 And rest is for the weary.

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
 Stand at the last accepted,
 Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
 To garner bright elected.

4. Oh, blessed is that land of God,
 Where saints abide for ever;
 Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
 Where flows the crystal river:
 The strains of all its holy throng
 With ours to-day are blending;
 Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
 Which never hath an ending.

Lord of the Harvest.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail! Thine an - cient prom - ise
doth not fail; The va - ry - ing sea - sons haste their round; With
good - ness all our years are crowned; Our thanks we pay, This
ho - ly day; Oh, let our hearts in tune be found. A - men.

2.

When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When autumn yields its ripened grain,
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,
We still do sing
To Thee our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear,
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4.

Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

7

Slow

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

1. Through the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
Sing-ing songs of ex-pect-ta-tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
Clear be-fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:
Bro-ther clasps the hand of brother, Step-ping fear-less thru the night. A - men.

2. One, the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people ahd,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3. One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4. Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

Note: Composed for Elijah Festival at St. James' Church, New York