

**TWENTY-FIVE HYMNS:
FROM THE
HYMNAL OF THE CHURCH,
SET TO NEW TUNES**

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Twenty-five Hymns: From the Hymnal of the Church, Set to New Tunes by Henry E. Cooke

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HENRY E. COOKE

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SET TO NEW TUNES**

Twenty-five Hymns

from

The Hymnal of the Church ;
Set to New Tunes

by

Rev. Henry E. Cooke

George W. Jacobs & Co.
1216 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dedication.

In loving memory of one whose life was in itself a hymn of noble truths ; whose character was resonant with ever-change-ful and ever-beautiful harmonies, supporting melodies of strong and majestic purpose.

The composer dedicates these tunes to his father,

Jay Cooke.

HYMNS FROM THE HYMNAL SET TO NEW TUNES.

1

Sun of My Soul.

12 in Church Hymnal.

H. E. Cooke.

I Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not

night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise

To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1900, by H. E. Cooke.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Kobbé.

O'er the Distant Mountains Breaking.

46 In Church Hymnal.

H. E. Cooke.

1 O'er the dis - tant mount - ains break - ing, Comes the red - 'ning

dawn of day; Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wak - ing,

Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray; 'Tis thy Sav - iour,

'Tis thy Sav - iour, On His bright re - turn - ing way. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1906, by H. E. Cooke.

- 2 O Thou long expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?
- 3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,

Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

- 4 With my lamps well trimmed and burn -
Swift to hear and slow to roam, [ing,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.
J. S. B. Monsell,

O Jesu, Saviour of the Lost.

85 in Church Hymnal.

H. E. Cooke.

1 O Je - su, Sav - our of the lost,

My rock and bid - ing - place, By storms of sin and

sor - row tost, ... I seek Thy shel - t'ring grace. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1908, by H. E. Cooke.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry ;
Pursued by foes, I come ;
A sinner, save me, or I die ;
An outcast, take me home.

8 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on again ;
There danger never, never harms ;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

E. H. Bickerstaff.