

**CHRISTIAN CHORALS
FOR THE CHAPEL
AND FIRESIDE**

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Christian Chorals for the Chapel and Fireside by Melancthon Woolsey Stryker

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MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER

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EDITED BY

MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER.

"THOU SHALT COMPASS ME ABOUT WITH SONGS OF DELIVERANCE."

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO,

BIGLOW & MAIN.

1885.

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1885

FOREWORD.

A limited number of hymns, set to thoughtful music, are here offered to the steadily increasing groups of those who are tired of compromise with the paltry and the common-place.

Three hundred praise-songs, if carefully chosen, are enough to satisfy all the moods of Christian worship. This number is here, and in a simple yet precise topical order.

These closely selected words are united with truthful and sober Church tones, many of them of deep historic interest and so old that to some they will be entirely new, many of them appearing now for the first time in American print, all of them full of vitality and musical character. The great choralists, Bach, and Cruger, and Decius, and their fellows, sufficiently predominate to give this collection its name: but Barnby and Dykes, and their peers, are not in the background. Nor do these by any means exclude the work of some conscientious American composers. Of easy ditties and half-shriven ballad strains there are meant to be none.

The slothful, who would offer to the Highest ascriptions which cost little and are worth no more, will see no beauty to desire in these dignified movements, whose high devotional value must be spiritually discerned. But some, who are weary of glassy jingles and endless iterations of the three chords, will recognise and welcome the vigor of these harmonies, and handling them earnestly will experience their power.

A people that would put these measures to the fullest test, must realize the augment that lies in unisonous singing,—suffering the undertones to be supplied instrumentally. Male voices blending in the treble (and for most voices it is practicable) give a roll and sway to congregational song that nothing else is like. The melody of this book is especially suitable for such rendering.

May the hint be offered, that domestic praise and practice, together with timely assemblings of the people for united vocal work, are the two surest means toward making common song intelligent and hearty.

In modesty, forbearance must be asked for the frequent hymns over the editor's name. They chiefly appear to render available chorals of unusual metre, for which there were no English lines, or none that seemed adequate.

The generous assistance of Hubert P. Main, Benjamin C. Blodgett, Max Piutti, William Piutti, Frederic M. Bird, and other friends not a few, is gratefully acknowledged; and so is the courtesy of the publishers of John G. Whittier's verse, in permitting the use of four selections.

To his dearest earthly friend the editor lovingly inscribes this collection, with the prayer that it may be blessed to the pure praise of Christ the Lord.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
May, 12, 1885.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

"BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly :
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
Oh ! may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light."

JOHN MILTON, 1639.

Christian Chorals.

I. Come, O Creator Spirit, come!

"For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people."

L. M.

"Veni Creator Spiritus."

*Latin. RABANUS MAURUS, d. 856.
Trans. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.
Maestoso.*

*OLD CHURCH SONG. KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, 1533-
Har. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, d. 1750.*

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it, come! And all these minds of Thine in - vest.
With grace su - per - nal fill the home, Which Thou hast built in ev - ery breast.

2.
Thou, Who art called the Paraclete,
The Gift of God most high Thou art,
The Font of life, love's Light and Heat,
And Unction of the inmost heart.

3.
Thou seven-fold Bounty, ever new,
Thou Finger of the hand divine,
Thou Promise of the Father due,
Enriching all our speech by Thine!

4.
Light Thou a flame in every sense;
Upon our hearts Thy love in flood;
And, for our bodies impotence,
Confirm us with perpetual good.

5.
Further repel the enemy;
Right soon Thy gift of peace begin;
So then, if Thou our Vanguard be,
Safe shall we shun each hateful sin.

6.
Thro Thee to know the Father teach;
The knowledge of the Son outpour;
For Thou the Spirit art of each,
And thus believe we evermore.

7.
Be praise to Father, and to Son,
And Holy Paraclete, in One.
So may the Son on us confer
The blessings of the Comforter!

2. Meet and right it is to sing.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

7s & 6s P.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749, *abr.*

Excelsius.

JOHN H. CORNELL, 1872.

1. Meet and right it is to sing, In ev-ery time and place, Glo-ry to our

heavenly King.—The God of truth and grace: Join us, then, with sweet ac-cord,

All in one thanksgiving join: Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord! E-ter-nal praise be Thine.

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2.

Thee the first-born sons of light,
 In choral symphonies
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease:
 Angels, and archangels, all
 Praise the mystic Three in One,
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelmed before Thy throne!

3.

Father, God! Thy love we praise,
 Which gave Thy Son to die:
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify:
 Spirit, Comforter Divine!
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And Earth is turned to Heaven.

3. My heart her incense burning.

"Bring your sacrifices every morning."

7s & 6s P.

Ger. J. MATTHEIUS, d. 1565.
Tr. HENRY MILLS, 1856, abr.

Thurifer.

JOHANN LEONARD HASLER, 1601.
Arr. J. HERMANN SCHEIN, 1627.

1. { My heart her in - cense burn - ing, I'll of - fer thanks and praise, }
 { Now, with re - turn of morn - ing, And thro all fu - ture days; }

I'll praise Thee on Thy throne, Great source of ev - 'ry bless - ing.

My song to Thee ad - dress - ing Thro Christ, Thine on - ly Son.

2.

Thy mercy asks my praises
 That kept me thro the night;
 And now from sleep it raises,
 To greet the dawning light.
 Thro out the coming day,
 In mercy still direct me:
 From Satan's wiles protect me,
 From sin and from dismay:

3.

Thy plan of grace pursuing,
 To me Thy grace impart:
 Control, in all I'm doing,
 The wishes of my heart:
 Thy shield hold Thou above;
 Then nothing shall distress me,
 To duty I'll address me,
 Rejoicing in Thy love.