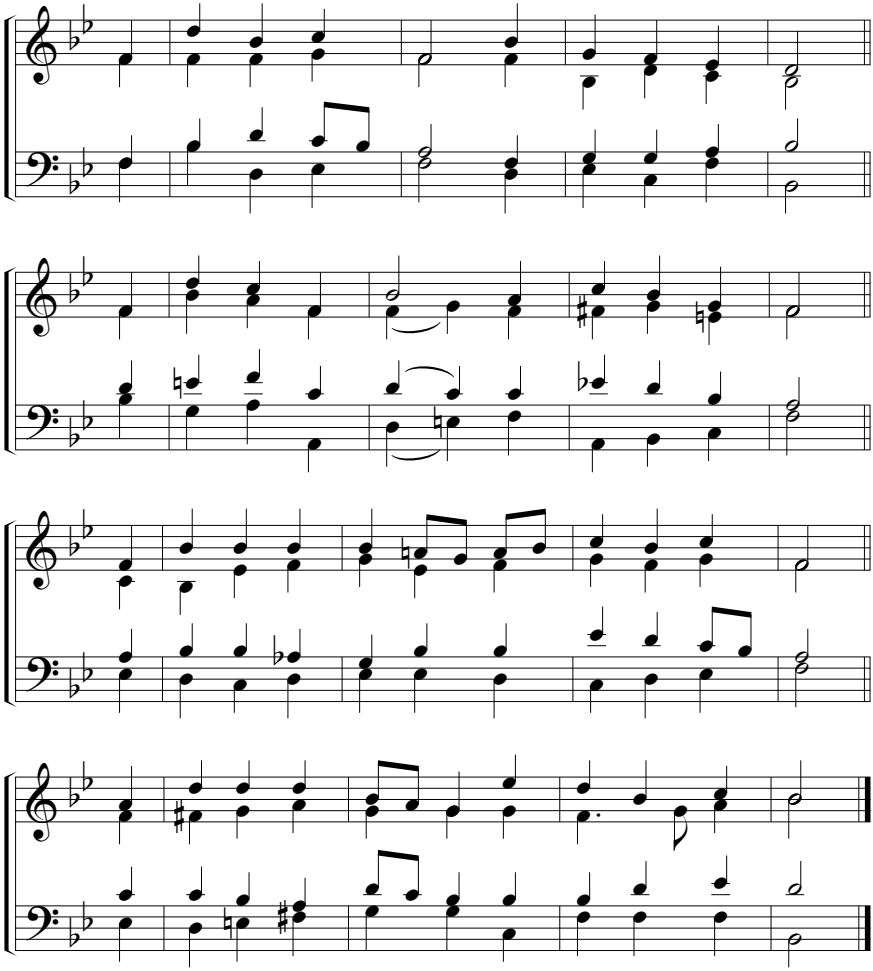
UPPINGHAM SCHOOL

SAMPLES

202 LAUDATE DOMINUM (PARRY) 10 10. 11 11. Sir Hubert Parry (1848-1918)



O praise ye the Lord! praise him in the height;
Rejoice in his word, ye angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore him, by whom ye were made,
And worship before him, in brightness arrayed.

2 O praise ye the Lord! praise him upon earth,
In tuneful accord, ye sons of new birth;
Praise him who hath brought you his grace from above,
Praise him who hath taught you to sing of his love.

3 O praise ye the Lord, all things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord re-echo around;
Loud organs, his glory forth tell in deep tone,
And, sweet harp, the story of what he hath done.

4 O praise ye the Lord! thanksgiving and song
To him be outpoured all ages along:
For love in creation, for heaven restored,
For grace of salvation, O praise ye the Lord! (Amen)*

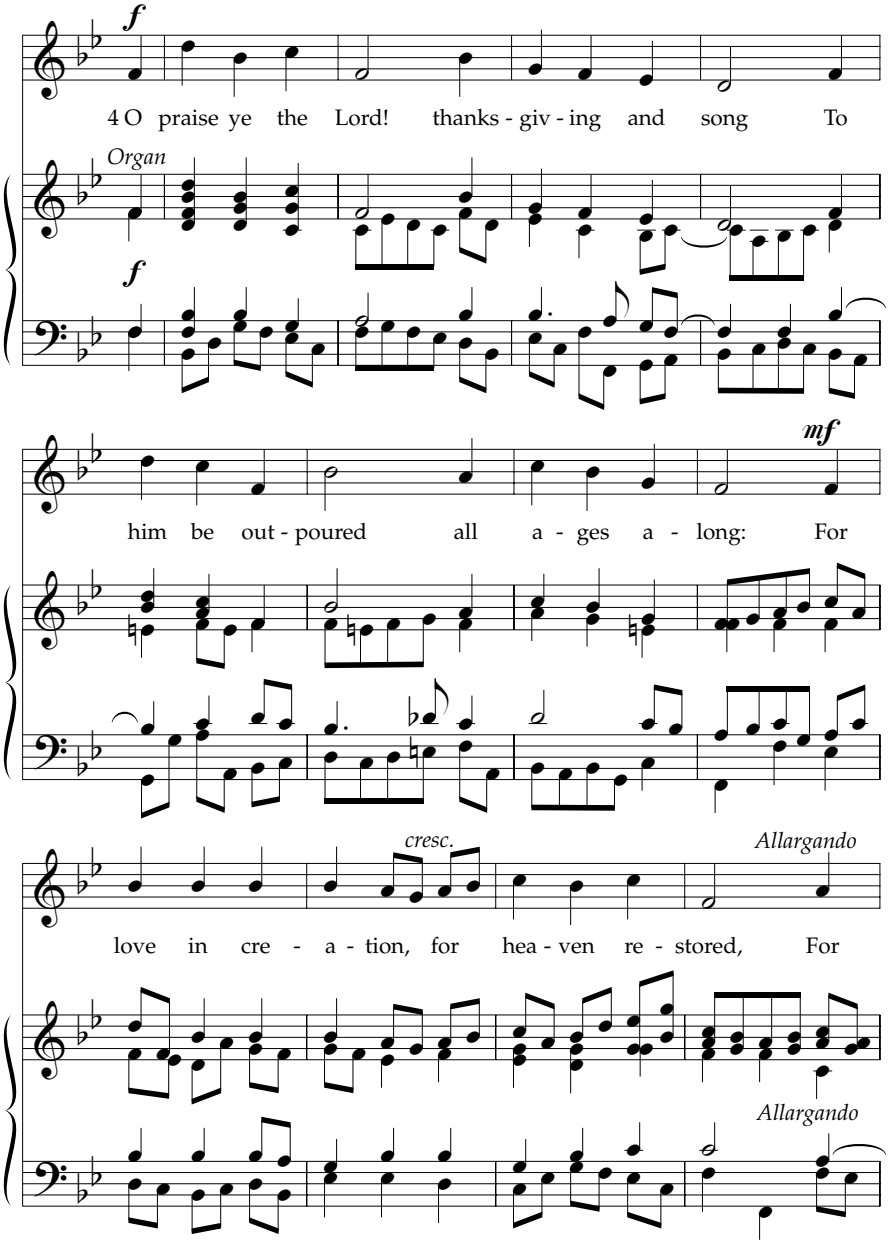
H. W. Baker (1821-77)
Based on Psalms 148 and 150

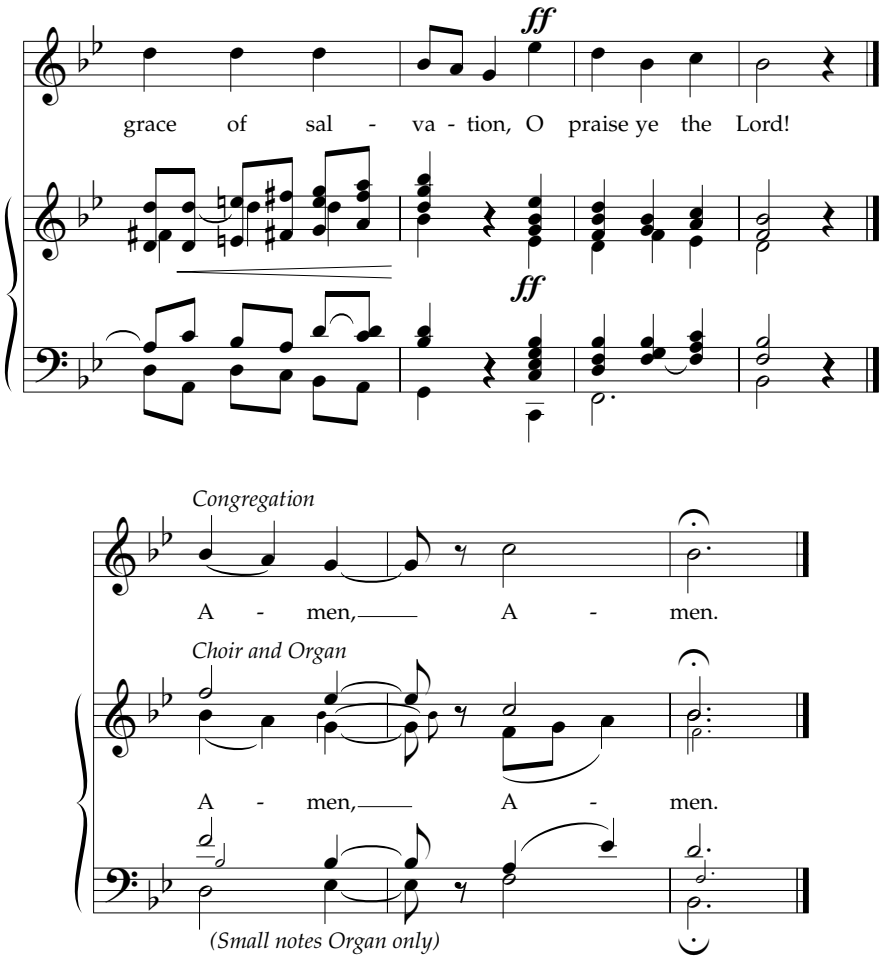
** to be sung when alternative harmonization is used*

See overleaf for alternative harmonization of verse 4

ALTERNATIVE HARMONIZATION OF VERSE 4

Sir Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

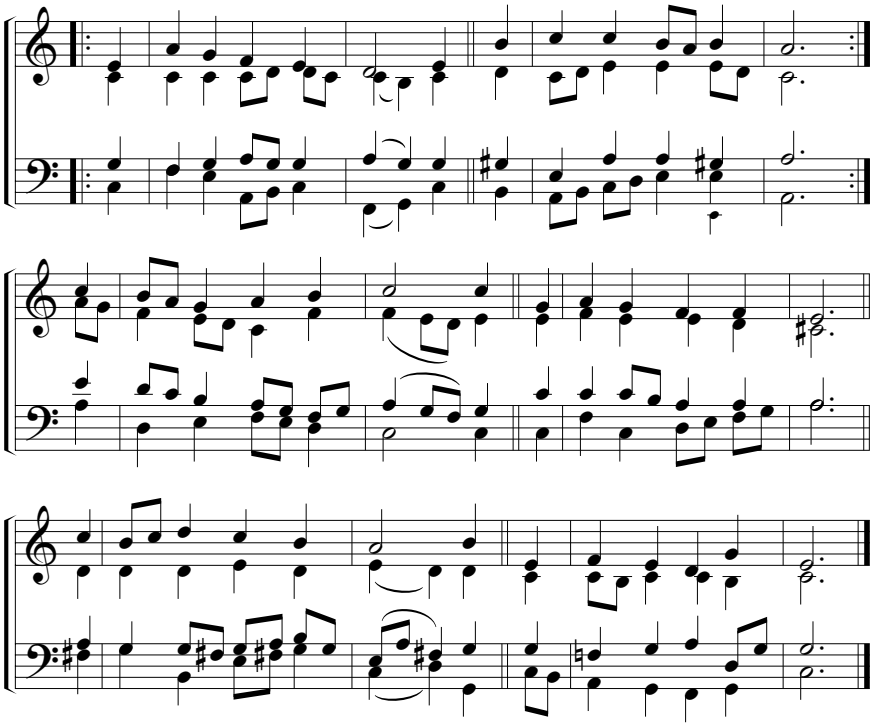



ff
grace of sal - va - tion, O praise ye the Lord!
ff
Congregation
A - men, A - men.
Choir and Organ
A - men, A - men.
(Small notes Organ only)

203 PASSION CHORALE 76. 76. D.

Melody by H. L. Hassler (1564-1612)
as set by J. S. Bach in the *St. Matthew Passion* (1729)

FIRST VERSION

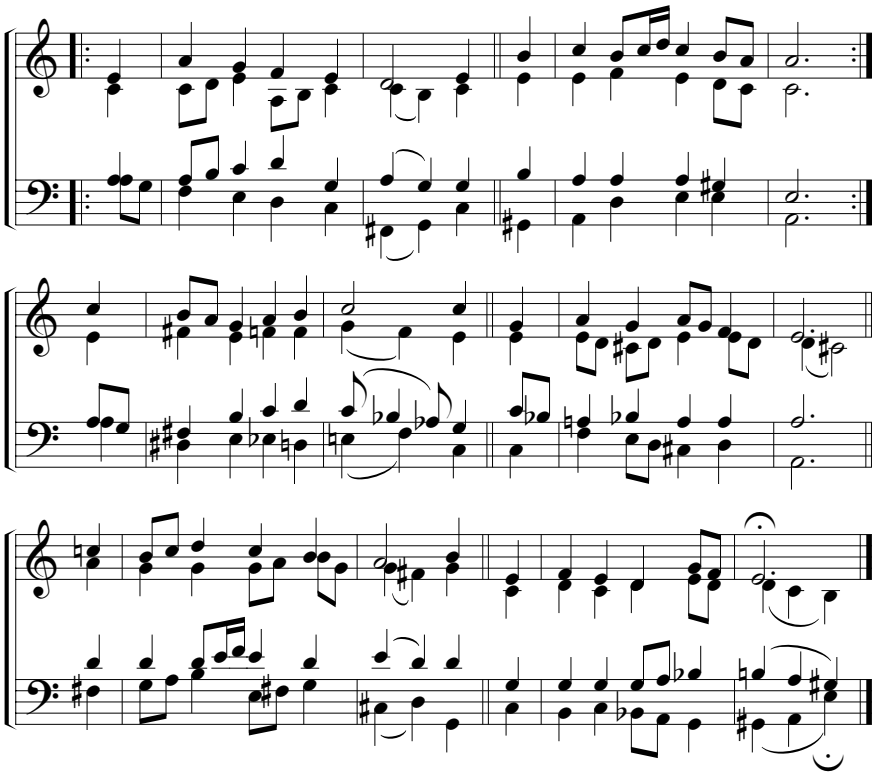


O Sacred Head! sore wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
O Kingly Head! surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown;
O Lord of Life and Glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
I read the wondrous story,
And joy to call thee mine.

2 Thy grief and bitter passion
Were all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

Melody by H. L. Hassler (1564-1612)
PASSION CHORALE 76. 76. D. as set by J. S. Bach in the *St. Matthew Passion* (1729)

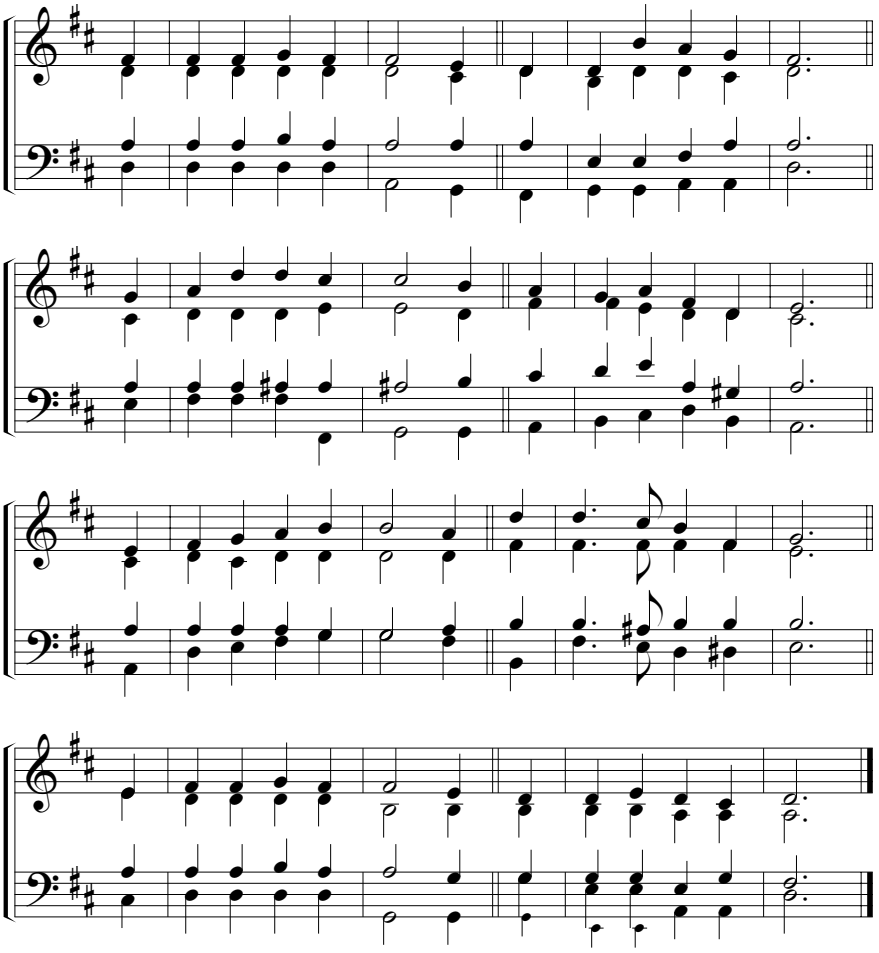
SECOND VERSION



3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy love that hath no end?
Lord, make me thine for ever,
O may I faithful be!
And, Saviour, let me never
Outlive my love to thee.

P. Gerhardt (1607-76) *from a Latin poem*
Tr. J. W. Alexander (1804-59) *and others*

254 AURELIA 76. 76. D. S. S. Wesley (1810-76)



The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride,
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

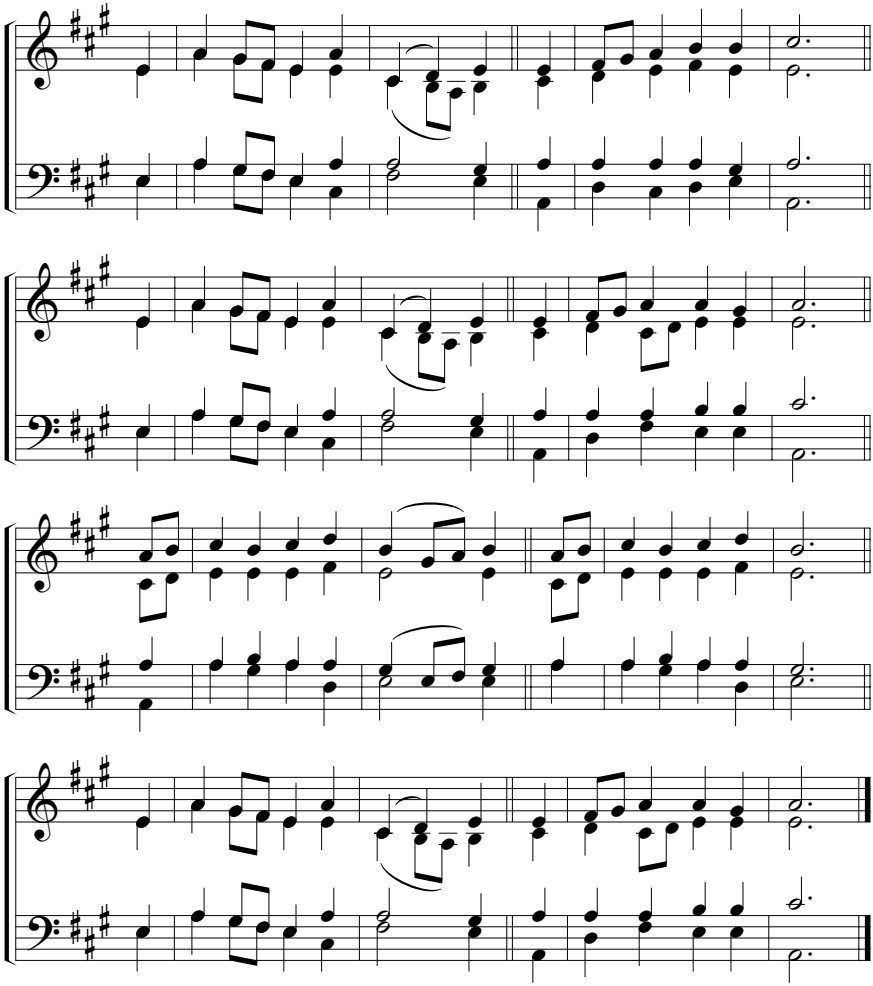
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

S. J. Stone (1830-1900)

255 ELLACOMBE 76. 76. D.

18th century German melody
as adapted and set in the St. Gall *Gesangbuch* (1863)



The day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own 'All hail,' and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

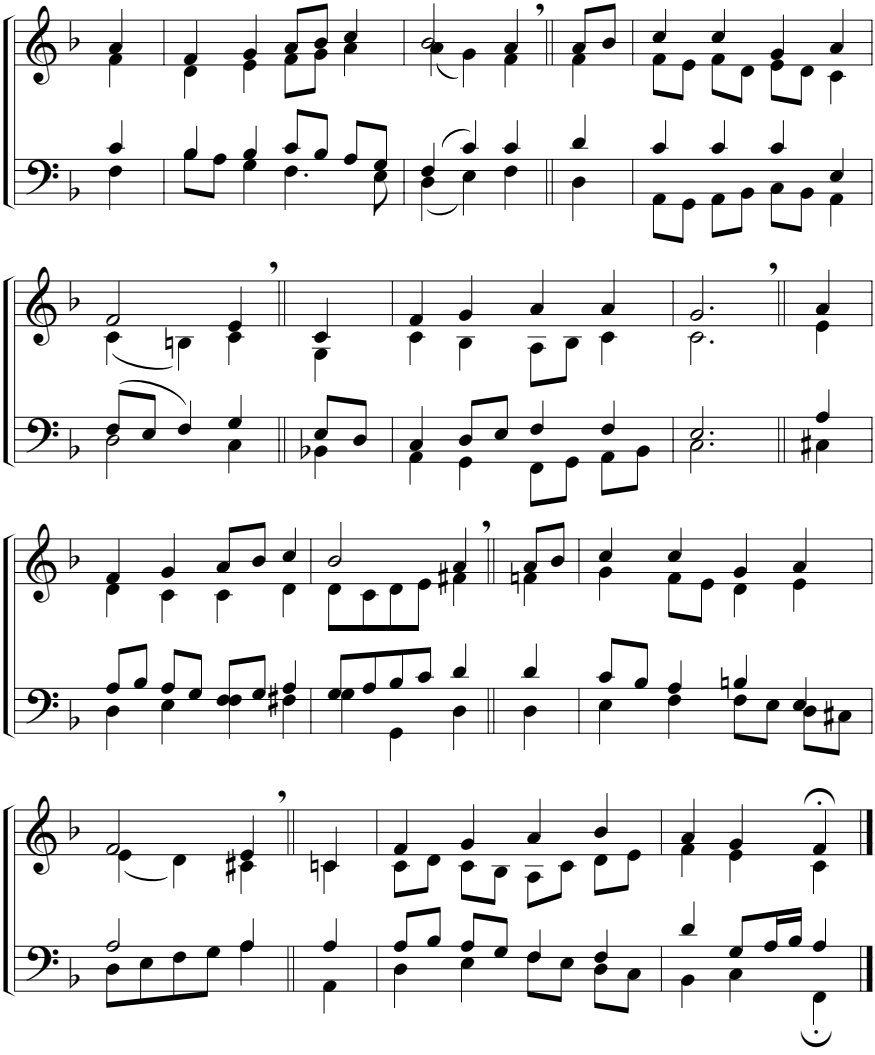
3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

St. John of Damascus (*died* c.750)
Tr. J. M. Neale‡ (1818-66)

256 INNSBRUCK 776. 778.

German Traditional Melody
as set by J. S. Bach in the *St. Matthew Passion* (1729)

First Version



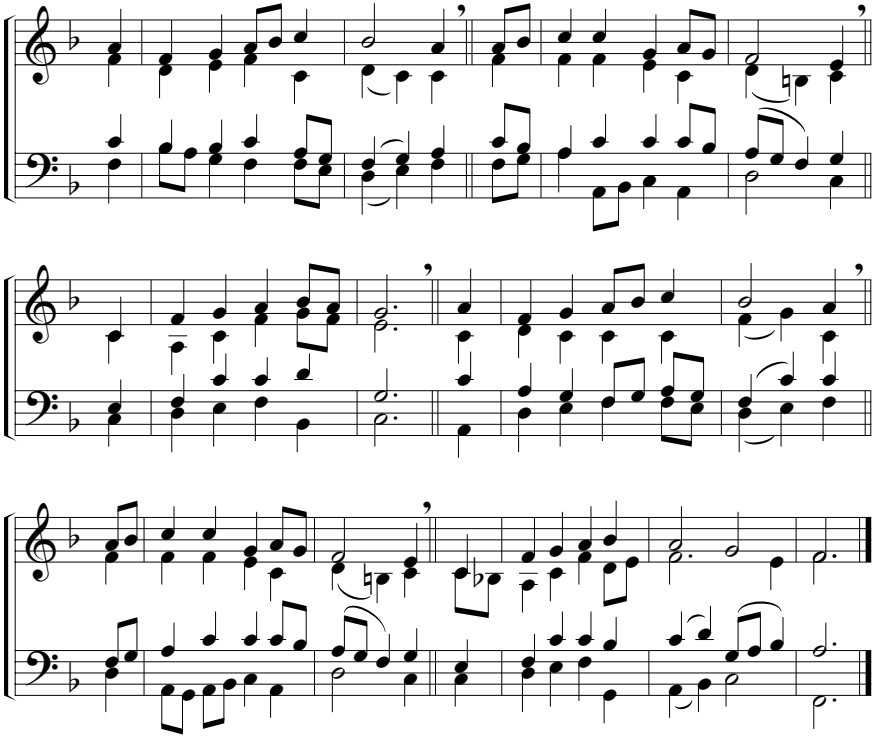
The duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree reposeth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood:
Let us, as night is falling,
On God our Maker calling,
Give thanks to him, the Giver good.

2 Now all the heavenly splendour
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being,
For joy of beauty not his own.

SECOND VERSION

INNSBRUCK 776. 778.

Variant form of the melody
with harmony chiefly based on J. S. Bach

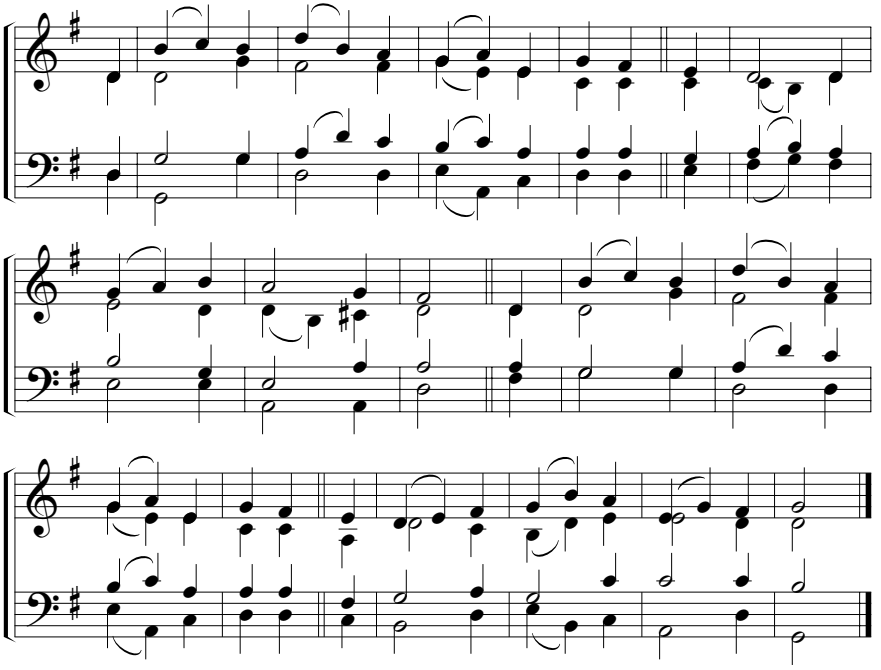


3 His care he drowneth yonder,
Lost in the abyss of wonder;
To heaven his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4 Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's loving-kindness,
And grope in faithless strife:
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

Robert Bridges (1844-1930)
Based on the German of P. Gerhardt (1607-76)

257 ST. CLEMENT 98. 98. C. C. Scholefield (1839-1904)



The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

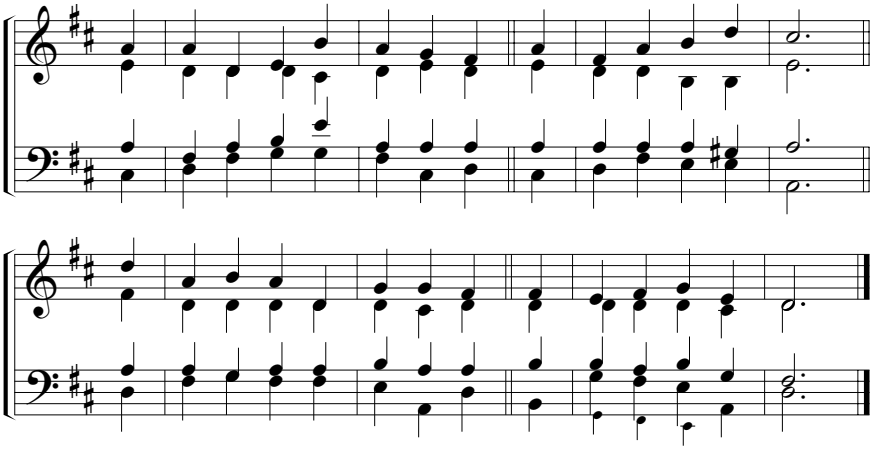
3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

J. Ellerton (1826-93)

258 ST. FULBERT C.M. H. J. Gauntlett (1805-76)



The eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below
Our treasure be in heaven.

5 That, where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95)