

THE  
SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST  
HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

FOR USE IN

DIVINE WORSHIP.

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PUBLISHED BY  
THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

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BATTLE CREEK, MICH.:  
REVIEW & HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE.  
OAKLAND, CAL.:  
PACIFIC PRESS.  
1888.

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# P R E F A C E .



**T**HE importance of sacred song, as a part of the worship of GOD, has been recognized from the very beginning of the denomination in whose behalf the present work is issued. Among their earliest publications was a small collection of hymns, expressive of their faith, and breathing a spirit of consecration and devotion to GOD and his work. This was revised and republished from time to time, till some four different editions had been issued, accompanied by other smaller works.

But notwithstanding the good service done by these, it came to be generally felt that a larger work, more varied in its contents, and of broader scope—a work, in short, better suited to the present progress and development of our cause—was demanded. Accordingly at the session of the General Conference of October, 1884, a committee of five was appointed to draw up a plan of action by which the new hymn book should be prepared.

The plan suggested by this committee was that a large committee of twenty-five, located in different States, be appointed to gather material in the form of hymns and tunes, for the book, taking care to secure those which had been found to be useful, or had become favorites in any locality. The work of this committee was to pass under the supervision of a central committee of seven, who should recommend definitely what selections should be used.

This latter committee devoted considerable time to the work till the Conference session of 1885, to which they reported accordingly. Their report being approved, a committee of five was appointed to carry into effect the plan proposed, and issue the book.

This committee was composed of GEO. I. BUTLER, URIAH SMITH, J. H. WAGGONER, A. R. HENRY, and EDWIN BARNES, who took immediate steps to perform the duty assigned them. They employed F. E. BELDEN and EDWIN BARNES as musical editors of the work, the former devoting all his

time while in the employ of the committee, and the latter a large portion of his time, to the discharge of the duties to which they were appointed. Their work has given eminent satisfaction to the committee, as we trust it will to the Church at large.

The setting of the type, both of the music and the words, was allotted to the "J. E. White Publishing Company;" the electrotyping, printing, and binding, to the "S. D. Adventist Publishing Association." To the efficiency of the work, in all departments, the appearance of these pages will bear witness.

The plan of the book provides for one or more pieces of music for each page; and generally every hymn on the page can be sung to the tune which there appears; but as others may in some instances be preferred, two or three appropriate tunes are referred to by numbers at the head of each hymn; and whenever a hymn is set to a new tune, the first reference is always to an old and familiar tune. All references are to the number of the hymn, *not to the page*. Whenever a hymn is given that cannot be sung to the tune given on the same page, the tune in which it can be sung, together with its number, is given at the head of the hymn. Due attention to these facts will enable all to avoid mistakes. A few favorite tunes which have become inseparably connected with a number of hymns, are for this reason repeated.

The theology of the present day is still largely tinged, in some particulars, with pagan and papal errors. To eliminate these, it has been necessary to change the phraseology of some hymns. This has been done only so far as it has been conscientiously felt to be a necessity. Some hymns found to have been unnecessarily changed from their originals have been changed back. Other changes which have been so long used that but few know them in any other form, have been for this reason suffered to remain. The hymns will be found generally of a high order of literary merit, and strictly in harmony with the teachings of the Scriptures.

A special effort has been made to gather up and preserve some old melodies which were favorites in the great Advent movement of 1840-44, but which have for some reason fallen into disuse. The older members of the household of faith, at least, will be pleased to meet with these again, in this book.

That all will be pleased with everything in this collection, would be, of course, too much to expect; but that all will find enough in it to make it a

## PREFACE.

treasure to them, we confidently hope. It is printed on an all-linen paper, and bound in a manner to make it substantial and durable. No pains nor expense have been spared to make it first-class in every respect,—a worthy representative of the cause to which it belongs.

For the use of those who do not care for the music, a book of words only, is issued, containing all the hymns of the large book, and numbered in exactly the same manner, so that both books can be used simultaneously without any confusion. But in order to promote congregational singing, and uniformity in the rendering of the hymns, the committee recommend all to procure the large book, and all to join in the singing. All the profits arising from the sale of the book are to be appropriated to the missionary work.

Parties wishing to republish any of the pieces marked “copyrighted” or “by permission,” must obtain the privilege from those who own the copyrights.

We now commend this work to the charitable acceptance of that people who are waiting for the coming and kingdom of CHRIST, humbly hoping that it may prove a means of increasing their love to GOD and his worship, and aid them in the preparation necessary to associate with the redeemed, and join in singing the new song on MOUNT ZION.

COMMITTEE.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,  
*Sept. 1, 1886.*

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# HYMNS AND TUNES.

## WORSHIP.

1

OLD HUNDRED, L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANÇ.

1. O Thou who dwellest up on high, To whom our prayers and prais-es fly,

Once more our voic-es all u-nite In song to thee, O God of light!

54, 3, 19.

- 2 Our humble gratitude we speak,  
For all the blessings of the week,  
As at thy throne of grace we bow  
And ask thee for a blessing now.
- 3 O bless us as we meet to-day,  
While unto thee we sing and pray;  
O bless the word of truth we hear,  
And to each heart be very near.
- 4 'T is vain within these walls to kneel  
Unless our need of thee we feel;  
'T is vain to lift the voice in praise  
Unless devotion tunes our lays.
- 5 Help us to worship thee aright;  
Let self be banished from our sight,  
Unless thy Spirit prompts the view  
To search our motives through and through.

Anon.

2

47, 64, 168.

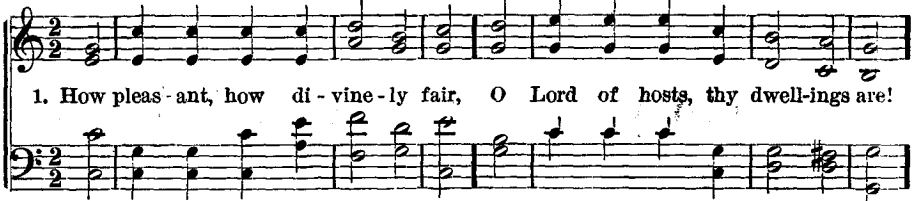
- 1 FATHER supreme, whose wondrous love  
Our utmost thought so far exceeds,  
We seek thy blessing from above,  
A rich supply for all our needs.
- 2 On thee alone our hopes we rest,  
To thee alone we lift our eyes;  
Regard our prayer, though unexpressed,  
Accept our spirit's sacrifice.
- 3 'T is not for present power or wealth,  
Or worldly fame, we look to thee;  
We ask thy gift of heavenly health,  
The gift of immortality.
- 4 Fulfill in us thy faithful word,  
Through Him who died to make it sure,—  
Our Mercy-seat, our Righteousness,  
Who lives again to die no more.

Anon.

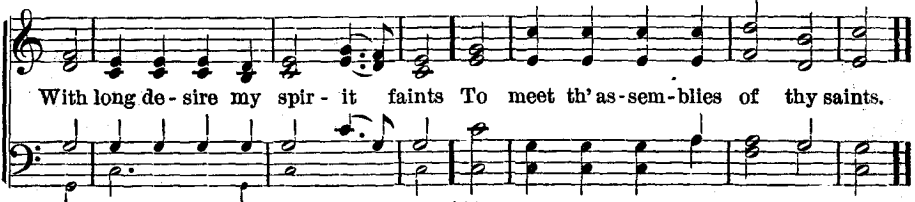
3

BURTON, L. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. How pleas-ant, how di-vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwell-ings are!



With long de-sire my spir-it faints To meet th'as-sem-bles of thy saints.

136, 101, 104.

- 2 I long to rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee?
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace;  
There they behold thy gentle rays,  
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate:  
God is their strength; and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

4

47, 64, 58.

- 1 LORD, grant thy blessing here to-day;  
O give thy people joy and peace!  
The tokens of thy love display,  
And favor that shall never cease.
- 2 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;  
His path of light we long to tread;  
May here his holy word be taught,  
And here its purest influence shed.
- 3 May faith and hope and love abound,  
Our sins and errors be forgiven;  
And we, from day to day, be found  
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

Aton.

5

316, 104, 23.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,  
And seek the presence of our Lord!  
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,  
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee:  
Dear Lord, behold us at thy feet!  
Let this the gate of heaven be.
- 3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face;  
O speak, that we thy voice may hear!  
And let thy presence fill this place.

Thomas Kelly.

6

58, 51, 336.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;  
Prepare us to receive thy word;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts on things above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply  
With sovereign power and energy,  
And may we in thy faith and fear  
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do thy will:  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett.



1. A - gain our earth-ly cares we leave, And to Thy courts re - pair;  
A - gain with joy - ful feet we haste, To meet our Sav - iour there.

201, 204, 183.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, here  
Thy presence now display:  
We bow within thy house of prayer;  
O give us hearts to pray!

3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,  
In pity, Lord, remove;  
Dispose our minds to hear aright  
The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind, bestow;  
And shine upon us from above,  
To make our graces grow.

*John Newton.*

8

523, 70, 147.

1 JESUS, our Lord, make no delay  
To meet us with thy love;  
Drive interposing clouds away,  
And make our guilt remove.

2 What do we here without thy grace,  
O blessed Lamb of God?  
'T will be a dark and tiresome place  
Unless we feel thy word.

3 Come in with power to every soul,  
O thou immortal Dove;  
Make every wounded spirit whole  
With thy redeeming love.

4 We long to meet our God to-day,  
And taste his grace divine;  
That every soul with joy may say,  
"My Lord, my God, I'm thine."

*Anon.*

9

27, 395, 308.

1 COME, thou Desire of all thy saints!  
Our humble strains attend,  
While with our praises and complaints,  
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine.  
A heaven on earth appear.

3 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hopes to raise;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
To aid our feeble praise.

4 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,  
"Come, great Redeemer! come,  
And bring the bright, the glorious day,  
That calls thy children home."

*Anne Steele.*

10

120, 227, 70.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his God,  
What rites, what honors shall he pay?  
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall clouds of incense rise?  
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord  
Thy offerings well may spare;  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

*Anne L. Barbauld.*

11

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Je - sus, we look to thee, Thy prom - ised pres - ence claim;

Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As - sem - bled in thy name.

151, 266, 30,

- 2 Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove;  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride  
Or selfishness we meet;  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet the grace to take  
Which thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.

*Charles Wesley.*

12

688, 191, 403.

- 1 WITH joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before thy throne we bow,  
O thou almighty King!  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 While in thy house we kneel  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

*Thomas Jervis.*

13

85, 30, 688.

- 1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,  
And love him while ye fear,  
Come, and with heart and hand record  
Your vow and covenant here.
- 2 Here to his altar brought,  
Your holy vows renew,  
To be in heart, and deed, and thought,  
Faithful to him, and true.
- 3 And true and faithful he  
To you will ever prove,  
Though hills were swept into the sea,  
And mountains should remove.
- 4 Then be his paths your choice,  
The joy of young and old;  
As sheep that hear their shepherd's voice,  
And follow to the fold.

*James Montgomery.*

14

191, 236, 266.

- 1 How charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer, God,  
Unveils the beauty of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not earth's fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of thy God.

*Samuel Stennett*

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O do not our

suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

240, 272, 457.

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend,  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from thy word  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart,
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek, and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

*William Hammond.*

16

240, 407, 272.

- 1 LORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,  
E'en on earth thy temples are!  
Here thy waiting people see  
Much of heaven and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows  
Bliss that softens all our woes,  
While thy Spirit's holy fire  
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne;  
Here thy pardoning grace is known;  
Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

*Daniel Turner.*

17

37, 457, 158.

- 1 GRACIOUS Father, lend thine ear,  
Deign our humble songs to hear;  
Purer praise we hope to bring  
When around thy throne we sing.
- 2 While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way,  
Till we come to dwell with thee,  
Till we all thy glory see.
- 3 Then, with angel-harps again,  
We will wake a nobler strain;  
There, in joyful songs of praise,  
Our triumphant voices raise.

*Anon.*

18

240, 37, 339.

- 1 IN thy house, while now we sing,  
Tune our hearts, O heavenly King!  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.
- 2 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend;  
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While we hear thy word with awe,  
While we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's wondrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 4 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn,  
That at evening we may say,  
"We have walked with God to-day."

*James Montgomery.*

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and he destroy.

1, 58, 336.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.  
*Isaac Watts.*

20

108, 101, 23.

- 1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays  
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;  
His glorious name let all adore,  
From age to age, forevermore.
- 2 Who is like God? so great, so high,  
He bows himself to view the sky;  
And yet, with condescending grace,  
Looks down upon the human race.
- 3 He hears the uncomplaining moan  
Of those who sit and weep alone;  
He lifts the mourner from the dust;  
In him the poor may safely trust.
- 4 O then aloud, in joyful lays,  
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;  
His saving name let all adore,  
From age to age, forevermore.  
*James Montgomery.*

21

64, 592, 104.

- 1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing  
Her great Creator and her King;  
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,  
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Ye seraphs who sit near his throne,  
Begin to make his glories known;  
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound  
Throughout creation's utmost bound.
- 3 O may our ardent zeal employ  
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs!  
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,  
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;  
The highest notes that angels raise  
Fall far below thy glorious praise.  
*Anon.*

22

212, 307, 304.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days,  
Thy love shall tune my thankful tongue  
With humble prayer and grateful song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Let distant climes and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise;  
And every kindred make thy song  
The joy and triumph of their tongue.  
*Isaac Watts.*

23

ANGELS. L. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

1, 168, 215.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing ;  
God's great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy his glorious name.
- 4 In every land begin the song,  
To every land the strains belong ;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

*Isaac Watts.*

24

197, 47, 108.

- 1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,  
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing  
tongue.
- 2 Not now on Zion's hight alone  
Thy favored worshippers may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—  
The incense of the heart—may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,  
And childhood lisp with reverent air  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

*John Pierpont.*

25

3, 58, 272.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the humblest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace !  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory, too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No needed good from upright souls.

*Isaac Watts.*

26

19, 54, 58.

- 1 ETERNAL God, celestial King,  
Exalted be thy glorious name ;  
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,  
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.
- 2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God,  
I rest my hope on thee alone ;  
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,  
To all mankind thy love make known.
- 3 With those who in thy grace abound,  
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice,  
Till every land, the earth around,  
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

*William Wrangham.*

27

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. With reverence let the saints appear, And bow be-fore the Lord; His

high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word; And tremble at his word.

74, 446, 396.

2 How terrible thy glories be!  
How bright thine armies shine!  
Where is the power that vies with thee,  
Or truth compared with thine?

3 Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing;  
Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound,  
Be joyful in your King.

4 O Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven,  
Our life and joy, to thee  
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given  
Through all eternity.

Isaac Watts.

28

201, 7, 546.

1 **WHAT** shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house  
My offering shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord

Isaac Watts.

29

227, 548, 395.

1 **HOLY** and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King;  
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;  
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul! to God;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve our souls  
From all pollution free;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.

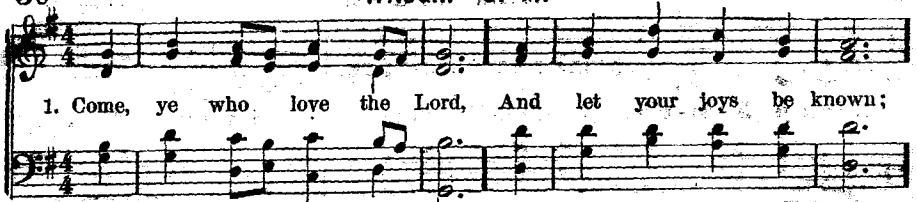
5 Till then thy service shall be ours,  
Thy praise our constant theme;  
We'll worship thee with all our powers,  
Whose mercy doth redeem.

John Needham.

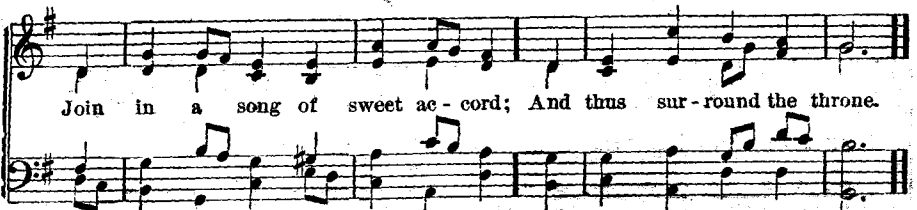
30

WAUGH, S. M.

RALPH HARRISON.



1. Come, ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known;



Join in a song of sweet ac-cord; And thus sur-round the throne.

11, 26c, 55b.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground.  
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

31

39, 85, 601.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,  
And his salvation ours;  
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

James Montgomery.

32

30, 11, 151.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deep unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And his the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his work, and not our own;  
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

33

35, 688, 151.

- 1 SING to the Lord, our Might,—  
With holy fervor sing;  
Let hearts and instruments unite  
To praise our heavenly King.
- 2 As unto them of old,  
Who roamed this wilderness,  
Our God is still as near his fold,  
To pity and to bless.
- 3 Then let us open wide  
Our hearts for him to fill;  
And he who Israel's God is called,  
Will help his Israel still.

James F. Lytle.

1. Praise ye Jo - ho - vah's name, Praise through his courts proclaim, Rise and a - dore. High o'er the

heavens a - bove, Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove Vast as his power.

127, 155, 694.

- 2 Now let the trumpet raise  
Sounds of triumphant praise,  
Wide as his fame.  
There let the harp be found;  
Organs of solemn sound,  
Roll your deep notes around,  
Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise you sing,  
Shake every sounding string;  
Sweet the accord!  
He vital breath bestows;  
Let every breath that flows,  
His noble fame disclose;  
Praise ye the Lord.

*William Goode.*

35

127, 694, 155.

- 1 God of the morning ray,  
God of the rising day,  
Glorious in power!  
In thee we live and move,  
And thus we daily prove  
Thy condescending love  
Each passing hour.
- 2 God of our feeble race,  
God of redeeming grace,  
Spirit all-blest!  
Our own eternal Friend,  
Thy guardian influence lend,  
From every snare defend;  
In thee we rest.

*Thomas Hastings.*

36

155, 127, 694.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise,  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Rule now in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.
- 4 Thou art the mighty One,  
On earth thy will be done,  
From shore to shore.  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And through eternity  
Love and adore.

*Charles Wesley.*



by F. E. Belden.

1. Glo - ry, hon - or, praise, and power Un - to God this ver - y hour,

Copyright 1886

For the work of grace be - gun Through his well - be - lov - ed Son.

15, 240, 272.

- 2 While our prayers and praises rise,  
Lord, as incense to the skies,  
May thy Spirit's quickening fire,  
Every heart and tongue inspire.
- 3 Praises for thy love to man,  
For redemption's wondrous plan,  
For the life that thou didst give,  
Lord, that we, thy foes, might live!
- 4 Daily gifts of love untold  
From thy bounteous hand unfold;  
Thine's a never-failing store,—  
O for hearts to praise thee more!

*F. E. Belden.*

38

240, 15, 272.

- 1 **MAGNIFY** Jehovah's name;  
For his mercies, ever sure,  
From eternity the same,  
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let his ransomed flock rejoice,  
Gathered out of every land  
As the people of his choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 To the Lord their God they cry;  
He inclines a gracious ear,  
Sends deliverance from on high,  
Rescues them from all their fear.
- 4 O that men would praise the Lord  
For his goodness to their race!  
For the wonders of his word,  
And the riches of his grace!

39

240, 15, 272.

- 1 **PRAISE** the Lord—his power confess:  
Praise him in his holiness;  
Praise him as the theme inspires,  
Praise him as his fame requires.
- 2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound  
Spread its loudest notes around;  
Let the harp unite in praise,  
With the sacred minstrel's lays.
- 3 Let the organ join to bless  
God, the Lord of righteousness;  
Tune your voice to spread the fame  
Of the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 All who dwell beneath his light,  
In his praise your hearts unite;  
While the stream of song is poured,  
Praise and magnify the Lord.

*William Wrantham.*

40

240, 272, 15.

- 1 **ALL** ye nations, praise the Lord,  
All ye lands, your voices raise;  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, forever praise;
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,  
Past and present and to be,  
Like the years of his right hand,  
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love;  
Praise him from the depths beneath;  
Praise him in the heights above;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

*James Montgomery.*

41

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. God of light and match - less splendor, Fee - ble though the praise we bring,

Let thy Spir - it touch and ten - der Ev - ery heart as now we sing.

162, 92, 277.

- 2 Heaven above cannot contain thee;  
At thy presence earth would flee;  
And though every sin doth pain thee,  
Still thy mercy spareth me!
- 3 Grateful praise my tongue shall offer,  
'Neath thy smile or 'neath thy rod;  
Take the humble gift I proffer,—  
Heart and mind, and strength, O God!
- 4 Living only to thy glory,  
From all selfish motives free,  
So shall I proclaim the story  
Of the One who died for me.

*F. E. Belden.*

42

162, 277, 130.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;  
Praise him, angels in the high;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;  
Never shall his promise fail;  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high his power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify his name.

*John Kemphorne.*

43

277, 162, 130.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!  
Praise to thee from every tongue;  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:  
Hail the God of our salvation,  
Praise him for his love divine!
- 3 For thy countless blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his name through earth and heaven,  
Let his praise your tongues employ.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,  
Till in heaven your song you raise;  
Then, enraptured, fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

*John Fawcett.*

44

162, 277, 92.

- 1 LORD of heaven and earth and ocean,  
Hear us from thy bright abode;  
While our hearts, with true devotion,  
Own their great and gracious God.
- 2 Now with joy we come before thee,  
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing;  
Lord of life, of light and glory,  
O, accept the praise we bring!
- 3 Health, and every needful blessing,  
Unto us are daily shown;  
And with joy thy love confessing,  
Now we bend before thy throne.

*Crosse.*

45

SOUTHAMPTON. 12s & 10s.

EDWIN BARNES.

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1. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;

With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness, Kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name.

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayer-fulness,  
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling  
and fearfulness,

3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as  
thine:

He will accept for the Name that is dear;  
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Anon.

46

THANKSGIVING. 11s & 8s.

F. E. BELDEN.

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1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O serve him with gladness and fear!

Exult in his presence with mu-sic and mirth, With love and de-votion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,  
Creator and ruler o'er all;  
And we are his people, his scepter we own,  
His sheep, and we follow his call.

His praise with melodious accordance pro-  
long,  
And bless his adorable name.

3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and  
song,  
Your vows in his temple proclaim;

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,  
And we are the work of his hand;  
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
And shall to eternity stand.

James Montgomery.

47

AMES. L. M.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMN.

1. High in the heavens, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines ;

Thy truth shall break through every cloud That veils thy just and wise de - signs.

19, 3, 101.

- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise as the wonders of thy hands,  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort spring !  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.
- 4 In the provisions of thy house  
We still shall find a sweet repast ;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

*Isaac Watts.*

48

64, 58, 694.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,  
Tumultuous passions all be still,  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 In realms of cloudless light he dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;  
And though his footsteps are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth and air and seas  
He executes his firm decrees ;  
And by his saints it stands confessed  
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
With reverence bow before his seat,  
And 'mid the terrors of his rod  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

49

101, 68, 51.

- 1 THINE, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone ;  
Justice and truth before thee stand :  
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne  
Mercy withhold thy lifted hand.
- 2 Each evening shows thy tender love,  
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace ;  
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,  
Thy willing mercy flies apace.
- 3 To thy benign, indulgent care,  
Father, this light, this breath, we owe ;  
And all we have, and all we are,  
From thee, great Source of being, flow.
- 4 Thrice Holy ! thine the kingdom is,  
The power omnipotent is thine ;  
And when created nature dies,  
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

*Ernest Lange.*

50

136, 54, 51.

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds !
- 2 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,  
And worms have learned to lisp thy name ;  
But O ! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 3 God is in heaven, and men below ;  
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;  
A solemn reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

*Isaac Watts.*

51

MILLER, L. M.

CARL P. E. BACH.

1. God is the ref-uge of his saints When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade:

Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.

316, 58, 197.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

52

58, 108, 171.

1 LORD of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star,—  
Center and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn,  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign,—  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

53

316, 542, 314.

1 LORD! thou hast searched and seen me  
through;

Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak  
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there!

Isaac Watts.

With these words own 21  
concluded "God's attributes"  
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54

ROTHWELL. L. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

19, 47, 108.

- 2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?  
Sinners, a vile and thankless race!  
O God, what tongue aright can tell  
How vast thy love, how great thy  
grace?
- 3 The dictates of thy sovereign will  
With joy our grateful hearts receive;  
All thy delight in us fulfill:  
Lo, all we are, to thee we give.
- 4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,  
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;  
O, fix thy sacred presence there,  
And seal the abode forever thine!

*Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.*

55

64, 592, 108.

- 1 O God, how great thy glory is!  
Thy wondrous ways, O who can know?  
O hight immense! what words suffice  
Thy countless attributes to show?
- 2 Greatness unspeakable is thine,—  
Greatness whose undiminished ray,  
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall  
shine,  
When earth and heaven are fled away.
- 3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,  
Essential life's unbounded sea,  
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;  
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.
- 4 High is thy power above all height;  
Whate'er thy will decrees, is done;  
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,  
Only to thee, O God, is known!

*Ernest Lange.*

56

19, 592, 108.

- 1 ERE mountains reared their forms sub-  
lime,  
Or heaven and earth in order stood,  
Before the birth of ancient time,  
From everlasting thou art God.
- 2 A thousand ages, in their flight,  
With thee are as a fleeting day;  
Past, present, future, to thy sight  
At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,  
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,  
That fades with morning's earliest beam,  
And fills the musing mind no more.
- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,  
Each passing moment so to spend  
That we at length with thee may live,  
Where life and bliss shall never end.

*Harriet Auber.*

57

301, 336, 104.

- 1 GOD is our refuge and defense,  
In trouble our unfailing aid;  
Secure in his omnipotence,  
What foe can make our souls afraid?
- 2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,  
And mountains down the gulf be  
hurled,  
His people smile amid the shock;  
They look beyond this transient world.
- 3 Built by the word of his command,  
Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest;  
All living things are in his hand,  
And he who trusts his word is blest.

*James Montgomery.*

1. God of my life, whose gracious power Through varied scenes my soul hath led,

Or turned a-side the fa-tal hour, Or lift-ed up my sink-ing head,

160, 212, 343.

- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see;  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 How do thy mercies close me round!  
Forever be thy name adored;  
I blush in all things to abound;  
The servant of a gracious Lord.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou O God, my wisdom art:  
I ever into danger run,  
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 I rest beneath thy kindly shade;  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,  
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their  
frame;  
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe;  
Thy ministers are living flame.
- 5 How shall polluted mortals dare  
To sing thy glory or thy grace?  
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,  
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light?  
Who can approach consuming flame?  
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;  
None but thy word can speak thy name.

Isaac Watts.

60

301, 701, 212.

59

47, 514, 365.

Charles Wesley.

- 1 God is the name my soul adores,  
Almighty, high, Eternal One:  
Both heaven and earth, with all their  
powers,  
Proclaim the Infinite Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice ordained the rolling spheres,  
And bade the countless planets shine:  
But nothing like thyself appears  
Through all these spacious works of  
thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,  
From change to change thy creatures  
run;  
Thy being no succession knows,  
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none;  
Thy holiness is all thine own;  
A drop of that unbounded sea  
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,  
Thy brightest glory we declare;  
And, humbled into nothing, own,  
Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,  
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,  
Let all on earth bow down to thee,  
And own thy peerless majesty.
- 4 Thy power unequalled we confess,  
Established on the rock of peace;  
The rock that never shall remove,  
The rock of pure, almighty love.

Charles Wesley

61

LUTON. L. M.

GEORGE BURDER.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays, At-tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;

But O what tongue can speak his fame! What mor - tal verse de-clare his name!

19, 47, 68.

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears;  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;  
His works, through all this wondrous frame,  
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;  
And let his praise employ thy tongue  
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

*Thomas Blacklock.*

62

212, 336, 54.

- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,  
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
The Lord omnipotent is King!
- 2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just,  
Holy and true are all his ways;  
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains,  
Your God is King, your Father reigns;  
And he is at the Father's side,  
The man of love, the Crucified.
- 4 Come, make your wants, your burdens  
known,  
He will present them at the throne;  
And angel bands are waiting there,  
His messages of love to bear.

- 5 O when his wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, his love forsake,  
Then may his children cease to sing,  
The Lord omnipotent is King!

*Josiah Conder.*

63

3, 19, 58.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord!—'t is good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
And gathers nations to his name;  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He formed the stars,—those heavenly  
flames,—  
He counts their numbers, calls their names:  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,  
And all his glories infinite;  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 5 But saints are lovely in his sight;  
He views his children with delight;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks, and loves his image there.
- 6 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest:  
He's your defense, your joy, your rest:  
When terrors rise and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

*Isaac Watts.*



64

HEBRON, L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Lord, how mys - te - rious are thy ways! How blind are we, how mean our praise!

Thy steps no mor - tal eyes explore; 'Tis ours to won - der and a - dore.

58, 23, 51.

- 2 I do not ask that I may see  
What in the future waits for me;  
Let righteousness attend my days,  
And thine shall be the humble praise.
- 3 Are darkness and distress my share?  
Give me to trust thy guardian care;  
Enough for me, if love divine  
At length through every cloud shall shine.
- 4 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
Be this my only wish below,—  
That Christ is mine!—this great request,  
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

Anne Steele.

65

301, 58, 304.

- 1 LORD, my weak thought in vain would  
climb  
To search the starry vault profound;  
In vain would wing her flight sublime,  
To find creation's outmost bound.
- 2 But weaker yet that thought must prove  
To search thy great eternal plan,—  
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love  
Long ages ere the world began.
- 3 When my dim reason would demand  
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,  
By some vast deep I seem to stand,  
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
- 4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,  
And all is dark as night to me,  
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;  
That so it seemeth good to thee.

- 5 Be this my joy, that evermore  
Thou rulest all things at thy will:  
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,  
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

Ray Palmer.

66

171, 219, 315.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee belong  
The grateful heart, the joyful song;  
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord  
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?  
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear  
A useless cumberer of the ground,  
On which so little fruit is found?
- 3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,  
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;  
Its fruit and verdure yet shall be  
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

Anon.

67

168, 23, 51.

- 1 WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,  
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!  
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,  
A glimpse of thee, great God! to gain.
- 2 Who, by the closest search, can find  
The eternal, uncreated mind?  
Nor men nor angels can explore  
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.
- 3 That power we trace on every side;  
O may thy wisdom be our guide;  
And while we live, and when we die,  
May thy almighty love be nigh.

Anon.

68

CREATION. L. M. D.

FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. { The spacious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue, e - the - real sky, }  
 { And spangled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim: }

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day Does his Cre - a - tor's power display,

And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an almight - y hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
 And nightly, to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth;  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 Forever singing as they shine,  
 "The hand that made us is divine."

*Joseph Addison.*

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole;  
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
 And darkness when to veil the skies

2 The flowery spring, at thy command  
 Perfumes the air, adorns the land;  
 The summer rays with vigor shine,  
 To raise the corn, to cheer the vine:  
 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;  
 And winters, softened by thy care,  
 No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,  
 Demand successive songs of praise;  
 And be the grateful homage paid,  
 With morning light and evening shade.  
 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
 Where days and years revolve no more.

*Philip Doddridge.*

69

518, 667, 994.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ  
 While in thy temple we appear,  
 To hail thee Sovereign of the year!

70

ZERAH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your thoughts a-bove; Let er - ery heart and voice accord,

To sing that "God is love;" Let er - ery heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that "God is love."

27, 187, 264.

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove;  
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,  
To show that "God is love."
- 3 Behold his patience bearing long  
With those who from him rove,  
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues  
To teach them "God is love."
- 4 O may we all, while here below,  
This best of blessings prove,  
Till warmer hearts in brighter worlds  
Proclaim that "God is love."

G. Burder.

71

114, 147, 227.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In psalms of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouth with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord;  
How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pardoning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.

Isaac Watts.

72

27, 183, 187.

- 1 THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;  
Thy paths I cannot trace,  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 As through a glass I dimly see  
The wonders of thy love,  
How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys above!
- 3 'Tis but in part I know thy will;  
I bless thee for the sight:  
When will thy love the rest reveal  
In glory's clearer light?
- 4 With rapture shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace,  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett.

73

669, 550, 201.

- 1 LORD, when my raptured thought surveys  
Creation's beauties o'er,  
All nature joins to teach thy praise  
And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak their source divine.
- 3 On me thy providence has shone  
With gentle, smiling rays;  
O let my lips and life make known  
Thy goodness and thy praise!

Anne Steele.

74

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANÇ.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form;  
He plants his foot - steps in the sea And rides up - on the storm.

677, 636, 446.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings o'er your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

*William Cowper.*

75

70, 677, 120.

- 1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power  
On every hand we see;  
O may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee!
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed  
To earth's remotest bound.  
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,  
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 How good thou art! how large thy grace!  
How ready to forgive!  
Thy mercies crown our fleeting days,  
And by thy love we live.

- 4 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
Thy goodness never dies.
- 5 From morn till noon—till latest eve,  
Thy hand, O God, we see;  
And all the blessings we receive  
Proceed alone from thee.

*John Thomson.*

76

120, 70, 395.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some wondrous thing—  
The mighty works or mightier name  
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his praise abroad;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
- 3 His every word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all these promises.
- 4 Let every tongue his goodness speak,  
The sovereign Lord of all;  
Whose gracious hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 5 O, might I hear that heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

*Isaac Watts.*

77

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.

When all thy mercies, O my God!  
 1. When all thy mer - cies, O . . . my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys,  
 When all thy mercies, O my God!

Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.  
 Trans - ported with the view, I'm lost

120, 117, 147.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart discerned  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 O, how can words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my raptured heart?—  
But thou canst read it there.
- 5 Through all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!

*Joseph Addison.*

78

27, 70, 114.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite thou art!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears,  
Nor aught to thee is new!

- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares;  
While thy eternal thought moves on  
Thy undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite thou art!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

*Isaac Watts.*

79

546, 120, 114.

- 1 "My God, how wonderful thou art!  
Thy majesty how bright!  
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord!  
By prostrate angels day and night  
Incessantly adored!
- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful,  
The sight of thee must be!—  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!
- 4 O how I fear thee, living God!  
With deepest, tenderest fears;  
And worship thee with trembling hope  
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!  
Almighty as thou art;  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

*Frederick W. Faber.*

1. There is a book that all may read, Which heavenly truth imparts; And all the lore its

scholars need, And all the lore its schol-ars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

227, 114, 70.

- 2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,  
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,  
It steals in silence down;  
But where it falls, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see,  
And love for what is fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

*John Keble.*

81

120, 175, 686.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
To thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see;  
Each blessing to my soul is dear,  
Because conferred by thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
Because it rests on thee.

*Helen M. Williams.*

82

70, 120, 204.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore;  
A spring whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest  
In every cheerful ray;  
Love draws the curtain of the night,  
And love restores the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns  
With all the bliss it yields;  
With joyful clusters bend the vines,  
With harvests wave the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord,  
Are in the gospel seen;  
There like the sun, thy mercies shine  
Without a cloud between.

*Thomas Gibbons.*

1. I sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise, That spread the flow-ing

seas abroad, And built the loft-y skies; I sing the wis-dom that ordained The

sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o-bey.

436, 434, 450.

- 2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.  
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn my eye!  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 3 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.  
Creatures that borrow life from thee  
Are subject to thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts.

436, 291, 636.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by countless signs,  
By countless through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill;  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

- 2 But, when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms,—  
Here the whole Deity is known;  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone—  
The justice, or the grace.

- 3 Now while the glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
While seraphs chant Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains,  
O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.

85

EL KADER, S. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. My Mak - er and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sov - ereign boun - ty is the spring

Whence all my blessings flow; Thy sov - ereign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow.  
Thy sov - ereign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

11, 89, 191.

- 2 The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live;  
My God, thy benefits demand  
More praise than I can give.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart  
When all is thine before?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart;  
The gift, alas! how poor.
- 4 O! let thy grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine;  
Let every word and each desire  
And all my days be thine.

Anne Steele.

86

688, 30, 89.

- 1 O LORD, our heavenly King,  
Thy name is all divine;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 Lord, what is worthless man,  
That thou shouldst love him so?  
Next to thine angels he is placed,  
And lord of all below.
- 3 How rich thy bounties are,  
And wondrous are thy ways!  
In us O let thy power frame  
A monument of praise!

Isaac Watts.

87

11, 236, 89.

- 1 THE God who rules on high,  
And all the earth surveys,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas,—

- 2 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down his heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 4 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thought of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

Isaac Watts.

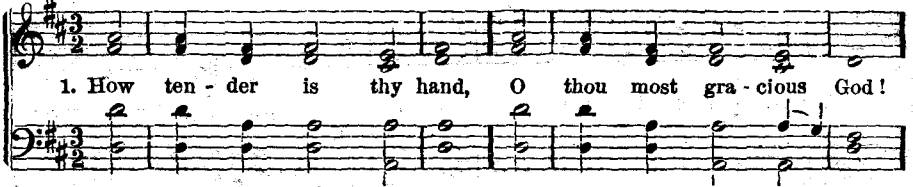
88

607, 558, 236.

- 1 MY soul, repeat His praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 His power subdues our sins;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

Isaac Watts.





1. How ten - der is thy hand, O thou most gra - cious God!



Af - flic - tions come at thy command, And leave us at thy word.

151, 688, 403.

- 2 How gentle is the rod  
That chastens us for sin!  
How soon we find a smiling God  
Where deep distress has been!
- 3 A Father's hand we feel,  
A Father's love we know,  
'Mid tears of penitence we kneel,  
And find his promise true.
- 4 We tell him all our grief,  
We think of Jesus' love;  
A sense of pardon brings relief,  
And lids our pains remove.
- 5 Now will we bless the Lord,  
And in his strength confide;  
Forever be his name adored,  
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings.

90 147, 286, 286.

- 1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul!  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee whole again.

- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave;  
He that redeemed my soul from hell  
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferers rest;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud  
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways  
To us he hath made known;  
And sent the world his truth and grace,  
By his beloved Son.

Isaac Watts.

91 151, 688, 191.

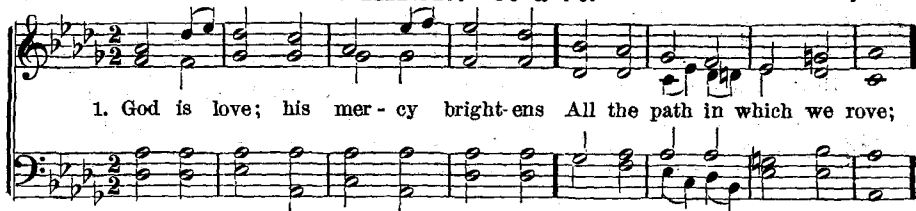
- 1 How gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved  
Through each succeeding day:  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

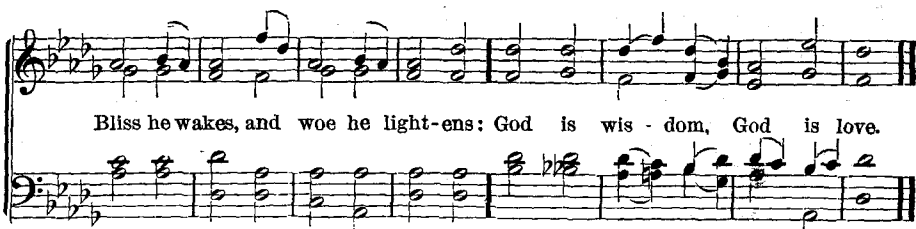
92

WELLESLEY, 8s & 7s.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. God is love; his mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;



Bliss he wakes, and woe he light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love.

162, 41, 277.

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But his mercy waneth never:  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will his changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth:  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere his glory shineth:  
God is wisdom, God is love.

*Sir John Bowring.*

93

162, 41, 534.

- 1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in his justice,  
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

*Frederick W. Faber.*

94

277, 130, 41.

- 1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,  
May a mortal lip thy name?  
Lord of men, as well as angels!  
Thou art every creature's theme:
- 2 Lord of every land and nation!  
Ancient of eternal days!  
Sounded through the wide creation  
Be thy just and awful praise.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—  
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;  
For the wonders of creation,  
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
- 4 For thy providence, that governs  
Through thine empire's wide domain,  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—  
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 5 For thy rich, thy free redemption—  
Bright, though veiled in darkness long—  
Thought is poor, and poor, expression;  
Who can sing that wondrous song?
- 6 Christ the brightness of thy glory,  
By thy mercy came to die;  
How can mortal tongue be silent?  
How can praise unuttered lie?
- 7 Leaving all his exaltation,  
Bearing all our sin and woe,—  
O, what love divine was shown us!  
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

*Robert Robinson.*

1. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heaven; Earth is with its fullness stored; Un-to thee be glory

giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord! Heaven is still with anthems ringing; Earth takes

up the angels' cry, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

132, 501, 844.

2. Ever thus in God's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite;  
While our thought his greatness raises,  
And our love his gifts excite:  
With his seraph train before him,  
With his holy church below,  
Thus unite we to adore him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3. Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fullness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Thus thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, blessing  
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

*Richard Mant.*

503, 499, 466.

1. LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
For the bliss thy love bestows;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows:

Help, O God, my weak endeavor;  
This dull soul to rapture raise;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

*Francis Scott Key.*

97

LYONS. 10s & 11s.

FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. O worship the King, all-glorious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing his won-der-ful love;

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pa- villioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.

2 O tell of his might and sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light; whose canopy,  
space;

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-  
clouds form,

And dark is his path on the wings of the  
storm.

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the  
light;

It streams from the hills, it descends to  
the plain,

And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;  
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to  
the end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and  
Friend!

*Robert Grant.*

98

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-  
fright;

Though friends should all fail, and foes all  
unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, "The Lord will  
provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house,  
are fed;

From them let us learn to trust for our  
bread;

His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be  
denied,

So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will  
provide."

3 When Satan appears to close up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by  
faith;

He cannot take from us, though oft he  
has tried,

The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord  
will provide."

4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:  
But when such suggestions our graces  
have tried,

This answers all questions, "The Lord  
will provide."

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness, we  
claim,

Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear  
name;

In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power—"The Lord will  
provide."

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us  
through;

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ at  
our side,

We'll still trust his promise,— "The Lord  
will provide."

*John Newton.*

99

NICÆA. P. M.

JOHN B. DWYERS.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and mighty! God o-ver all, who rules e-ter-ni-ty.

2 Holy, holy, holy! angels adore thee,  
Casting down their bright crowns around  
the glassy sea;  
Thousands, and ten thousands worship low  
before thee,  
Which wert and art and evermore shalt  
be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though darkness hide  
thee,  
Though the eye of man thy great glory  
may not see;  
Only thou art holy; there is none beside  
thee,  
Perfect in power, in love and purity.  
*Reginald Heber.*

100

MEDELSSOHN. 10s.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. As pants the wea-ried hart for cooling springs, That sinks exhaust-ed in the summer's chase,

So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

249, 568.

2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the  
tedious day;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades  
of night,  
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful  
lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's  
aid?  
Thy God the God of mercy still shall  
prove;  
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be  
paid;  
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and  
love.

Anon.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of thee?

Ashamed of thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?

108, 58, 315.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Twas midnight with my soul till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

102

3, 104, 746.

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray,  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,  
That face which I have often seen?  
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,  
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

- 3 Thou art the glorious Gift of God  
To sinners weary and distressed;  
The first of all his gifts bestowed,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Since I can say this gift is mine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I will keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart;  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never shall from thence depart.

Anon.

103

108, 104, 47.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Eternal truth and mercy shine  
In him, and he himself is thine;  
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms,  
forget?
- 3 O no! till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 4 Then through eternity I'll sing  
The matchless love of Christ, my King;  
And finding there no end of days,  
So shall I find no end of praise.

Krishna Pal.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs,—The an-gels first be-gan the strain,—

The homage which to Christ be-longs: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

212, 101, 347.

- 2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,  
To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
- 3 To him who suffered on the tree,  
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
- 4 To him enthroned by filial right  
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,  
Honor, and majesty, and might:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
- 5 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in heaven with him we reign,  
This song our song of songs shall be:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

*James Montgomery.*

105

136, 101, 68.

- 1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of peace that groaned and  
died,  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,  
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
Let every creature say, Amen!

*Isaac Watts.*

106

108, 101, 787.

- 1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
Till I shall make my last remove,  
To dwell forever with my love.
- 3 In Paradise, within the gates,  
A higher entertainment waits,—  
Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
There we shall hunger nevermore.

*Isaac Watts*

107

136, 212, 47.

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,  
And every labor of his hands  
Shows something worthy of a God;
- 2 But in the grace that rescues man  
His brighter form of glory shines;  
Here on the cross 't is fairest drawn  
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 O, the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where Christ, the Saviour, loved and  
died!  
The noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 4 I would forever speak his name  
In tones to mortal ears unknown,  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

*Isaac Watts.*

108

MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus, thou joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou fount of life! thou light of men!

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un - filled to thee a - gain.

101, 336, 301.

- 2 Thy truth unchanged has ever stood ;  
Thou savest those that on thee call ;  
To them that seek thee, thou art good,  
To them that find thee, all in all.
- 3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon thee still ;  
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill !
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay ;  
Make all our moments calm and bright ;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light !

109

301, 336, 215.

- 1 O THAT I could forever dwell  
Delighted at my Saviour's feet,  
Behold the form I love so well,  
And all his tender words repeat !
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,  
And heaven brought in with all its  
bliss,  
O, is there aught, from pole to pole,  
One moment to compare with this ?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,—  
A life of penitential love ;  
When most my follies I despise,  
And raise my highest thoughts above ;

- 4 When all I am I clearly see,  
And freely own, with deepest shame ;  
When the Redeemer's love to me  
Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live till nature fail,  
And all my former sins forsake ;  
Then rise to God within the veil,  
And of eternal joys partake.

Andrew Reed.

110

1168, 101, 47.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise :  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, O, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate :  
His loving-kindness, O, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along :  
His loving-kindness, O, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood :  
His loving-kindness, O, how good !
- 5 And when earth's rightful King shall  
come  
To take his ransomed people home,  
I'll sing upon that blissful shore  
His loving-kindness evermore.

Samuel Medley.



111

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And

crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

114, 70, 1220.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant, weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

*Edward Perronet.*

112

27, 438, 264.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb who died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus;  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 To him who reigns in worlds of light,  
The eternal King of heaven,  
Be honor, majesty, and might,  
And praise, and glory given.

5 Let all creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.*

113

438, 114, 227.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned  
With glories all divine,  
And tell the wondering nations round  
How bright those glories shine.

3 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise:  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.

5 Since thou art ours, most gracious Lord,  
Can hope and comfort die?  
We'll trust in thine almighty word,  
That built the earth and sky.

*Anne Steele.*

114

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-ers praise!

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of his grace.

677, 176, 120.

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease,—  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the cruel power of sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avails for me.
- 5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; praise him, ye dumb,—  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

*Charles Wesley.*

115

227, 646, 147.

- 1 My Saviour! my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And, since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.

- 3 Sweet is thy speech with heavenly grace,  
Thy form divinely fair;  
There's none of all the mortal race  
Can e'er with thee compare
- 4 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage, in thy strength,  
To see my Father God.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King!  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

*Isaac Watts.*

116

546, 201, 227.

- 1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
O, let the humblest of thy flock  
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe  
To thine amazing love;  
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,  
And nobler bliss above.
- 3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,  
With sin and grief oppressed;  
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,  
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 4 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,  
No evil shall I fear;  
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,  
And praise thee better there.

*Ottiwell Heginbotham.*

117

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee, With sweet-ness fills the breast;

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest.

227, 80, 193.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,<br/>Nor can the memory find<br/>A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,<br/>The Saviour of mankind.</p> <p>3 O hope of every contrite heart!<br/>O joy of all the meek!<br/>To those who fall, how kind thou art!<br/>How good to those who seek!</p> <p>4 But what to those who find? Ah! this<br/>Nor tongue nor pen can show:<br/>The love of Jesus,—what it is,<br/>None but his loved ones know.</p> <p>5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,<br/>As thou our prize wilt be;<br/>In thee be all our glory now,<br/>And through eternity.</p> | <p>4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend!<br/>My Prophet, Priest, and King!<br/>For all the blessings thou dost send,<br/>Accept the praise I bring.</p> <p>5 Weak is the effort of my heart,<br/>And cold my warmest thought;<br/>But when I see thee as thou art,<br/>I'll praise thee as I ought.</p> <p>6 Till then I would thy love proclaim<br/>With every fleeting breath;<br/>So shall the music of thy name<br/>Refresh my soul in death.</p> |
|--|---|

*John Newton.*

119

120, 147, 227.

- 1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 The mighty Former of the skies  
Stooped to our vile abode,  
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,  
And hailed the incarnate God.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss, a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice!  
My Saviour, and my All!

*Anne Steele.*

(1094-1193) *Bernard of Clairvaux.*

118

27, 187, 114.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'T is manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build!  
My shield and hiding-place!  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace!

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His

head with radiant light is crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

183, 227, 201.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom he manifests his love,  
And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name—an everlasting name,  
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
- 5 To them the cross is life and health,  
Though shame and death to him;  
His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

121

395, 446, 183.

Samuel Stennett.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with  
thorns  
Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,  
Is his by sovereign right;  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
He reigns in glory bright;—

122

546, 308, 395.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
I love to hear of thee;  
No music's like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let me ever hear thy voice  
In mercy to me speak;  
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,  
And thy salvation seek.
- 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme  
While in this world I stay;  
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name  
While all things else decay.
- 4 When I appear in yonder cloud,  
With all thy favored throng,  
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be my song.

John Cennick

123

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings And vie with Gabriel

while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

235, 658.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine!  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the character he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will take me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

124

235, 658.

- 1 COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,  
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,  
And worship at his feet;  
Come, take his praises on your tongues,  
And raise to him your thankful songs;  
In him ye are complete!
- 2 In him, who all our praise excels,  
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,  
And all perfections meet:  
The head of all celestial powers,  
Divinely theirs, divinely ours:  
In him ye are complete!
- 3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,  
Dependent on him day by day,  
His presence still entreat;  
His precious name forever bless,  
Your glory, strength, and righteousness:  
In him ye are complete!

Anon.

125

DIADEMATA, S. M. D.

GEORGE J. ELVRY.

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne; Hark! how the heavenly

anthem drowns All mu - sic but its own! Awake, my soul, and sing

Of him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Through all eterni- ty.

817, 899.

- 2 Crown him the Lord of love!  
Behold his hands and side,  
Those wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified:  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wondering eye  
At mysteries so great.
- 3 Crown him the Lord of peace!  
Whose hand a scepter sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise:  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round his pierced feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend,  
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 4 Crown him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime!  
All hail! Redeemer, hail!  
For thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

126

899, 817.

- 1 BEYOND the starry skies,  
Far as the eternal hills,  
There in the boundless world of light  
Our great Redeemer dwells.  
Around him angels fair  
In countless armies shine;  
And ever, in exalted lays,  
They offer songs divine.
- 2 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,  
"Whose unexampled love  
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms  
And royalties above."  
And when he stooped to earth,  
And suffered rude disdain,  
They cast their honors at his feet,  
And waited in his train.
- 3 They saw him on the cross,  
While darkness veiled the skies;  
And when he burst the gates of death,  
They saw the Conqueror rise.  
They thronged his chariot wheels,  
And bore him to his throne;  
Then swept their golden harps and sung,  
"That glorious work is done."

Daniel Turner.

1. Come, all ye saints of God, Wide thro' the earth a-broad Spread Je-sus' fame;

Tell what his love hath done, Trust in his name alone, He is the loft-y One, Worthy the Lamb!

34, 155.

- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!  
Dry all your mournful tears,  
Swell the glad theme;  
To Christ, our gracious King,  
Strike each melodious string,  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 Hark! how the choirs above,  
Filled with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on his name!  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
Worthy the Lamb!

*James Borden.*

128

34, 155.

- 1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad!  
Bear ye the word of God  
Through the wide world;  
Tell what our Lord has done,  
Tell how the day is won,  
And from his lofty throne  
Satan is hurled.
- 2 Ye who, forsaking all  
At your loved Master's call,  
Comforts resign;  
Soon will your work be done,  
Soon will the prize be won;  
Brighter than yonder sun  
Then shall ye shine.

*Thomas Kelly.*

129

34, 155.

- 1 GLORY to God on high!  
Ye harpers of the sky,  
Praise ye his name.  
Ye saints, his love adore  
Who all your sorrows bore;  
Sing joyful, evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name,  
Ye who have felt his blood  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound his dear name abroad,  
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless:  
Praise ye his name.  
In him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb!
- 4 Soon shall we see his face,  
And in that heavenly place  
We'll praise his name.  
To him our songs we'll bring,  
Hail him our gracious King,  
And through the ages sing,  
Worthy the Lamb!

*James Allen.*

130

SHIRLEY. 8s & 7s.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - ering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

41, 162, 534.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring.

131

SUNSHINE. 8s & 5.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er Of the love that chang - es

nev - er; Who or what from him can sev - er Those he makes his own?

2 With his precious blood he bought us,  
When we knew him not he sought us,  
And from all our wand'rings brought us;  
His the praise shall be.

3 Through the desert drear he leads us,  
With the bread of heaven he feeds us,  
And through all the journey speeds us  
To our home above.

Anon.



WORSHIP—ADORATION OF CHRIST.

132

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; }  
 { Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love; }

See, he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world above;  
 See, he sits Je - sus rules the world above;

lone. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men.

501, 466, 503.

- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens  
 All above, and gives it worth;  
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:  
 When we think of love like thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine.  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! amen.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever,  
 Thine an everlasting crown;  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou shalt call thine own;  
 Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Destined to behold thy face!  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! amen.
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;  
 Bring, O bring, the glorious day  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away!  
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King!  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! amen."

Thomas Kelly.

133

501, 499, 95.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, O dear Redeemer,  
 For the riches of thy grace;  
 Bow, my soul, no idle dreamer,  
 Worship him who saves the race;  
 He who reigned with God on high,  
 He who laid his glory by:  
 Sing his praises, sing his praises,  
 Sing of him who came to die.
- 2 How shall mortal man adore thee,  
 Thou the high, Immortal One?  
 Sinful dust might bow before thee  
 While the countless ages run;  
 Yet 't were vain to worship thee  
 Unless love the motive be.  
 O my Saviour! O my Saviour!  
 Grant this gift of love to me.
- 3 Vain are all the words I've spoken,  
 Lord, to show that love is mine;  
 Godly life shall be the token  
 Of my love for things divine.  
 This I covet, this bestow,—  
 Strength to live aright below;  
 Then how much thy child doth love thee,  
 O my Saviour, thou shalt know!

F. E. Belden.

1. O, Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af-flict-ion I call,

My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!

2 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone?  
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone.

3 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer  
sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.

4 His lips, as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
To water the gardens of grace;  
From which their salvation the Gentiles  
shall know,  
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels  
rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his  
voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Joseph Swain.

UNKNOWN.

1. Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb; Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.

Chorus.  
Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise him, hal-le-lu-jah; Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb.

2 Saviour, let thy kingdom come!  
Now the man of sin consume;  
Bring thy blest millenium,  
Holy Lamb.

3 Thus may we each moment feel.  
Love him, serve him, praise him still,  
Till we all on Zion's hill  
See the Lamb.

Anon.

136

WARE, L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Come, gra-cious Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;

Be thou our guardian, thou our guide; O'er all our thoughts and steps pre-side.

47, 8, 58.

- 2 To us the light of truth display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with him forever blest;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—  
Fullness of joy forever there!

*Simon Browne.*

137

58, 140, 47.

- 1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;  
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe us all with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness, with meekness from above,  
To bear thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom thou dost love;
- 3 To watch and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night strict guard to keep;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,  
In humble hope our charge resign:  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God! may they and we be thine!

*James Montgomery.*

138

168, 212, 215.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,  
Whose power and grace are unconfined.  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To my enlightened eyes display  
The glorious truth thy words reveal;  
Cause me to run the heavenly way,  
Make me delight to do thy will.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,  
The wonders of redeeming love,  
The vanity of things below,  
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through these dubious paths I stray,  
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;  
Show me the dangers of the way,  
And guide my feeble steps to God.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

139

215, 171, 219.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
O, kindle now the sacred flame;  
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

*Stewart.*

140

MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN.

1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire Which shone so bright in saints of old ;  
Which bade their souls to heaven as - pire, Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold !

212, 3, 47.

- 2 Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt  
In Abram's breast, and sealed him thine ?  
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,  
And glow with energy divine ?—
- 3 That spirit which from age to age  
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy  
ways ?  
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,  
And breathed in David's hallowed lays ?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now  
As when Elijah felt its power ?  
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour ?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;  
Renew thy work, thy grace restore ;  
And while to thee our hearts we raise,  
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

*Wm. H. Bathurst.*

141

3, 64, 51.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,  
And make thy mansion in my breast ;  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Thou God of love and peace divine,  
O make thy light within me shine !  
Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 3 Come with thy healing from above,  
Fill each and every heart with love ;  
O turn to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy sovereign power be known !

*Philip Doddridge.*

142

136, 101, 53.

- 1 As when in silence vernal showers  
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,  
So, in the secrecy of love,  
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 2 That heavenly influence let me find  
In holy silence of the mind ;  
While every grace maintains its bloom,  
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined  
To me, but poured on all mankind,  
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,  
And blooming Eden bless our eyes.

*John Rippon.*

143

136, 101, 3.

- 1 O BLESSED Comforter, draw nigh !  
Cheer and sustain my fainting heart ;  
Without thee every hope would die,  
And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 When'er to call the Saviour mine  
With ardent wish my heart aspires,  
Can it be less than power divine  
That animates these strong desires ?
- 3 And when my cheerful hope can say  
I love my God and taste his grace,  
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray  
That brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart  
Forever dwell, O God of love !  
And light and heavenly peace impart,  
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

*Anne Steele.*



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quickening powers;  
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

27, 74, 147.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 O raise our thoughts from things below,<br/>From vanities and toys!<br/>Then shall we with fresh courage go<br/>To reach eternal joys.</p> <p>3 Awake our souls to joyful songs;<br/>Let pure devotions rise;<br/>Till praise employs our thankful tongues,<br/>And doubt forever dies.</p> <p>4 Father, we would no longer live<br/>At this poor, dying rate,<br/>To thee our thankful love we give,<br/>For thine to us is great.</p> <p>5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,<br/>With all thy quickening powers;<br/>Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,<br/>And that shall kindle ours.</p> | <p>4 Then with our spirits witness bear<br/>That we are sons of God,<br/>Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,<br/>Through Christ's atoning blood.</p> <p>5 God, through himself, we then shall know,<br/>If thou within us shine;<br/>And sound, with all thy saints below,<br/>The depths of love divine.</p> |
|---|---|

Isaac Watts.

Thomas Cotterill.

146

114, 117, 120.

145

74, 120, 546.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 ETERNAL Spirit, power of truth,<br/>Our contrite hearts inspire;<br/>Revive the flame of heavenly love,<br/>And feed the pure desire.</p> <p>2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,<br/>With guilt and fear oppressed;<br/>'Tis thine to bid the dying live,<br/>And give the weary rest.</p> <p>3 Subdue the power of every sin,<br/>Whate'er that sin may be;<br/>That we, in singleness of heart,<br/>May worship only thee.</p> | <p>1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,<br/>And make our hearts thy home;<br/>Descend with all thy gracious power:<br/>Come, Holy Spirit, come!</p> <p>2 Come as the light, to us reveal<br/>Our sinfulness and woe,<br/>And lead us in those paths of life<br/>Where all the righteous go.</p> <p>3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,<br/>Like sacrificial flame;<br/>Let our whole soul an offering be<br/>To our Redeemer's name.</p> <p>4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,<br/>With Pentecostal grace;<br/>And make the great salvation known,<br/>Wide as the human race.</p> <p>5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,<br/>And make our hearts thy home;<br/>Descend with all thy gracious power:<br/>Come, Holy Spirit, come!</p> |
|--|---|

Isaac Watts.

Andrew Reed.

147

BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der, last farewell,

A guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeathed, With us on earth to dwell.

395, 7, 187.

- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All-powerful as the wind he came,  
And all as viewless, too.
- 3 He comes sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to fix his rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, calms every fear,  
And whispers thoughts of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
And every virtue won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Is his, and his alone.

Harriet Auber.

148

669, 117, 201.

- 1 SPIRIT of life, and light, and love,  
Thy heavenly influence give;  
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,  
That we in Christ may live.
- 2 To our benighted minds reveal  
The glories of his grace,  
And bring us where no clouds conceal  
The brightness of his face.
- 3 His love within us shed abroad,  
Life's ever-springing well;  
Till God in us, and we in God,  
In love eternal dwell.

Thomas Haweis.

149

227, 669, 204.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;  
Let us thine influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Water with heavenly dew thy word,  
In this appointed hour;  
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,  
And bid it come with power.
- 3 Open the hearts of them that hear,  
To make the Saviour room;  
Now let us find redemption near;  
Let faith by hearing come.

Charles Wesley.

150

70, 183, 204.

- 1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power  
All creatures live and move,  
On us thy benediction shower;  
Inspire our souls with love.
- 2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;  
Darkness and doubt dispel;  
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;  
In us forever dwell.
- 3 From death to life our spirits raise,  
And full redemption bring;  
New tongues impart to speak the praise  
Of Christ, our God and King.
- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown  
To all the world beside;  
Exulting then, we feel and own  
Our Saviour glorified.

Thomas Haweis.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let thy bright beams a - rise,

Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.

688, 30, 89.

- 2 Convince us all of sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The Father, Son, and thee.

*Joseph Hart.*

152

568, 11, 30.

- 1 'T is God's own Spirit leads  
In paths before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,  
We still pursue our way,  
And hope at last to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'T is he that works to will,  
'T is he that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

*James Montgomery.*

153

11, 89, 601.

- 1 COME, Spirit, source of light,  
Thy grace is unconfined;  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
The darkness of the mind.
- 2 Now to our eyes display  
The truth thy words reveal;  
Cause us to run the heavenly way,  
Delighting in thy will.
- 3 Thy teachings make us know  
The mysteries of thy love,  
The vanity of things below,  
The joy of things above.

*Anon.*

154

89, 191, 236.

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine,  
Let rays of heavenly love  
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
And point our souls above.
- 2 Turn us with gentle voice  
From every sinful way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice  
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath  
Make every cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 O, fill thou every heart  
With love to all our race;  
Great Comforter, to us impart  
These blessings of thy grace.

*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a-bove Thine own bright ray: Di-vine-ly

good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To glad-den each sad heart; O, come to-day.

34, 127.

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,  
Our most delightful Guest,  
With soothing power;  
Rest, which the weary know,  
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,  
Peace, when deep griefs overflow,  
Cheer us, this hour.

3 Come, Light serene, and still  
Our inmost bosoms fill;  
Dwell in each breast:  
We know no dawn but thine,  
Send forth thy beams divine  
On our dark souls to shine,  
And make us blest.

± Exalt our low desires,  
Extinguish passion's fires,  
Heal every wound;  
Our stubborn spirits bend,  
Our icy coldness end,  
Our devious steps attend  
While heavenward bound.

*Robert II., King of France.*

156

34, 127.

1 SPIRIT of truth and love,  
Life-giving holy Dove!  
Speed forth thy flight;  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

2 Thou, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray;  
And where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light!

3 Thou, who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick and blind,  
Sight to the darkened mind,  
O now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light!

*John Marriott.*

157

[Tune, Promise, No. 772.] 8s & 7s. 6l.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed;  
Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing  
Which thy word's designed to give;  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive,  
And forever  
To thy praise and glory live.

*Jonathan Evans.*



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine,

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

240, 272, 407.

- 2 Holy Spirit, power divine,  
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
 Long has sin, without control,  
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine,  
 Bid my many woes depart,  
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine,  
 Cast down every idol-throne,  
 Reign supreme, and reign alone.

*Andrew Reed.*

159

15, 467, 480.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,  
 Let thy light within me shine,  
 All my guilty fears remove,  
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
 Set the burdened sinner free,  
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
 Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,  
 Seal salvation on my heart,  
 Breathe thyself into my breast  
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,  
 Keep me in the narrow way,  
 Fill my soul with joy divine,  
 Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

*John Stocker.*

160

407, 531, 240.

- 1 COME, divine and peaceful Guest,  
 Enter each devoted breast;  
 Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
 Kindle there the gospel fire.
- 2 God, the everlasting God,  
 Makes with mortals his abode;  
 Whom the heavens cannot contain,  
 He vouchsafes to dwell in man.
- 3 Never will he thence depart,  
 Inmate of a humble heart;  
 Carrying on his work within,  
 Striving till he cast out sin.
- 4 Crown the agonizing strife,  
 Principle and Lord of life;  
 Life divine in us renew,  
 Thou the Gift and Giver too!

*Charles Wesley.*

161

15, 339, 407.

- 1 HOLY SPIRIT, truth divine,  
 Dawn upon this soul of mine;  
 Word of God, and inward light,  
 Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, love divine,  
 Glow within this heart of mine,  
 Kindle every high desire,  
 Perish self in thy pure fire.
- 3 Holy Spirit, power divine!  
 Fill and nerve this will of mine;  
 Be my law, and I shall be  
 Firmly bound, yet ever free.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

162

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Let thy Spir - it, bless - ed Sav - iour, Come and bid our doubtings cease;

Come, O, come with love and fa - vor, Fill us all with joy and peace.

41, 92, 277.

- 2 Fearful dangers are around us,  
Satan watches to destroy;  
Lord, our foes would fain confound us;  
O, for us thy might employ!
- 3 On thy word our souls are resting;  
Taught by thee, thy name we love;  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus;  
How it doth our spirits move!
- 4 Let us not, O Lord, be weary  
Of the roughness of the way;  
Though the road be often dreary,  
Thou shalt drive our gloom away.

Anon.

163

130, 41, 92.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,  
Shine amid the clouds of night;  
O'er our weariness and sadness  
Breathe thy life and shed thy light;
- 2 Send us thine illumination;  
Banish all our fears at length;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of unfailing strength.
- 3 Let that love which knows no measure  
Now in quickening showers descend,  
Bringing us the richest treasure  
Man can wish or God can send.
- 4 Hear our earnest supplication;  
Every struggling heart release;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of eternal peace.

Paul Gerhardt.

164

960, 130, 660.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, fount of blessing,  
Ever watchful, ever kind;  
Thy celestial aid possessing,  
Prisoned souls deliverance find;—
- 2 Seal of truth, and bond of union,  
Source of light, and flame of love,  
Symbol of divine communion,  
In the olive-bearing dove.
- 3 Heavenly guide from paths of error,  
Comforter of minds distressed;  
When the billows swell with terror,  
Pointing to an ark of rest;—
- 4 Promised pledge! Eternal Spirit!  
Greater than all gifts below,—  
May our hearts thy grace inherit;  
May our lips thy glories show.

Thomas J. Judkin.

165

277, 41, 92.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down:  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,—  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all thy grace inherit;  
Let us find thy promised rest.

Charles Wesley.

WORSHIP—HOLY SPIRIT.

166

SALISBURY, 7s & 5.

EDWIN BARNES.

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1. Ho - ly Spir - it, lamp of light, Shine up - on our na - ture's night;

Give thy bless - ed in - ward sight, Com - fort - er di - vine!

2 We are sinful ; cleanse us, Lord :  
We are faint ; thy strength afford :  
Lost,—until by thee restored,  
Comforter divine !

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill ;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter divine !

4 In us "Abba Father," cry,—  
Earnest of our rest on high,  
Hope of immortality,  
Comforter divine !

5 Search for us the depths of God ;  
Bear us up the starry road  
To the hight of thine abode,  
Comforter divine !

George Rawson.

167

ZEBULON. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O thou that hear-est prayer, At-tend our hum-ble cry, And let thy servants share

Thy blessing from on high : We plead the promise of thy word ; Grant us thy Ho-ly Spirit, Lord.

252, 264, 359.

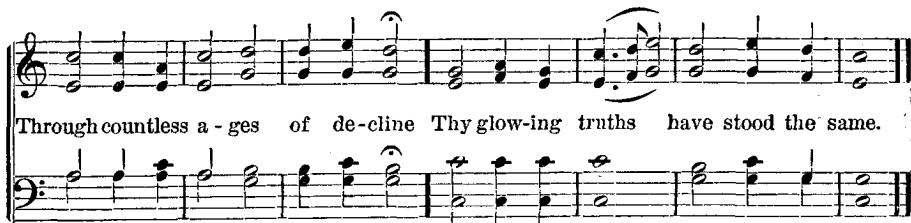
2 If earthly parents hear  
Their children when they cry,  
If they, with love sincere,  
Their varied wants supply,  
Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;  
We children of thy grace ;  
O, let thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place !  
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,  
And all unite to praise thy name.

John Burton.



1. O ho-ly book of truth di-vine! E-ter-nal as thy Mak-er's name;



Through countless a-ges of de-cline Thy glow-ing truths have stood the same.

3, 47, 215.

- 2 The dust of time is on thy page,  
Yet dims no pure and hallowed thought;  
In every clime, in every age,  
Have saints thy holy comfort sought.
- 3 Thou art the life, the joy, the light,  
The hope of trusting thousands here,  
Whose faith shall find eternal sight  
Beyond this dreary mortal sphere.
- 4 No other rule by which to live,  
No other faith like thine to save;  
No other hope such peace can give  
When near the cold and silent grave.
- 5 O wondrous lamp of promise sweet!  
Thy light illumines the trusting soul  
With glory that shall be complete  
When days and years have ceased to roll.

F. E. Belden.

169

3, 101, 336.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou didst write,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So, when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and lightened every land.

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed  
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

170

171, 58, 101.

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And stored the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon;  
With deep distress the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree!  
How wise and holy thy commands!  
Thy promises, how firm they be,  
How sure our hope and comfort stands!
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.

171

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. I love the sa - cred book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;

It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.

168, 275, 343.

- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern  
The image of my absent Lord ;  
From thy instructive page I learn  
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply  
His place, and tell me of his love ;  
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,  
And thus partake of joys above.
- 4 Within thy sacred lids is found  
A transcript of my Maker's will ;  
Treasures of knowledge here abound,  
The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.
- 5 Light of the world, thy beams impart,  
To lead my feet through life's dark way ;  
O, shine on this benighted heart,  
Nor let me from thy guidance stray.

*Thomas Kelly.*

172

223, 542, 592.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;  
Here I can fix my hope secure ;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

*Isaac Watts.*

173

279, 168, 51.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
'T is here his richest mercy shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;  
Its influence makes the sinner live ;  
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our rising passions it controls,  
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;  
It brings a better world in view,  
And guides us all our journey through.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

174

168, 336, 51.

- 1 THE starry firmament on high,  
And all the glories of the sky,  
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,  
So brightly as thy written word.
- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,  
Its truths divine and precepts wise,  
In each a heavenly beam I see,  
And every beam conducts to thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,  
The moon her borrowed glory veil,  
And deepest reverence hush on high  
The joyful chorus of the sky :
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,  
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,  
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,  
When heaven and earth have passed away

*Robert Grant.*

175

DENFIELD, C. M.

CARL G. GLASER.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word What end - less glo - ry shines!

For - ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

74, 114, 698.

- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Jesus, thy word with friendly aid  
Restores our wandering feet,  
Converts the sorrows of the mind  
To joys divinely sweet.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour here.

Anne Steele.

176

179, 227, 147.

- 1 How precious is the book divine  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears,  
And life and light and joy imparts,  
To banish all our fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

177

120, 114, 27.

- 1 How blest the children of the Lord,  
Who, walking in his sight,  
Make all the precepts of his word  
Their study and delight !
- 2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,  
Which cannot know decay ;  
Which moth and rust shall ne'er devour,  
Or spoiler take away.
- 3 For them that heavenly light shall spread  
Whose cheering rays illumine  
The darkest hours of life, and shed  
A halo round the tomb.
- 4 Their works of piety and love,  
Performed through Christ, their Lord,  
Forever registered above,  
Shall meet a sure reward.

Harriet Auber.

178

27, 74, 70.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,  
On all thy works I look ;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace  
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been,  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
Forgiveness for my sin.
- 3 Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies,  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And here my hopes arise.

Isaac Watts.

179

ORTONVILLE, C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. A glo - ry in the word we find Whengrace restores our sight; But

sin has darkened all the mind, And veiled the heavenly light, And veiled the heavenly light.

175, 117, 183.

- 2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,  
How bright the doctrines shine!  
Their holy fruits and sweetness show  
The author is divine.
- 3 How blest are we, with open face  
To view thy glory, Lord,  
And all thy image here to trace,  
Reflected in thy word!
- 4 O teach us, as we look, to grow  
In holiness and love,  
That we may long to see and know  
Thy glorious face above.

*Campbell's Collection.*

180

227, 201, 546.

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display;  
It makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

*Wm. Cowper.*

181

546, 395, 446,

- 1 LET others boast of wealth or power,  
And glory in their pride;  
Thy word, O God, we value more  
Than all the world beside.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy  
Are open to our sight,  
The purest gold without alloy,  
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace  
These sacred leaves unfold,  
And here the Saviour's lovely face  
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Here light, descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet;  
Here promises of heavenly love  
Our ardent wishes meet.

*Samuel Stennett.*

182

175, 446, 147.

- 1 THERE is an ancient, blessed book,  
Sent down from age to age;  
Admiring angels bend to look  
Upon its hallowed page.
- 2 Preserved by wondrous care and skill,  
For our instruction given,  
It speaks of God, and shows his will,  
And points the way to heaven.
- 3 O let us seek for heavenly grace  
To hear and read aright!  
Till we behold the Saviour's face,  
And faith gives place to sight.

*Anon.*

1. How shall the young se-cure their hearts And guard their lives from sin ?

Thy word the choicest rules im - parts To keep the conscience clean.

120, 7, 227.

- 2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides me all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead my way.
- 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;  
I hate the sinner's road ;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide my youth,  
And well support my age.

Isaac Watts.

184

175, 395, 438.

- 1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls ;  
Thy grace to us afford ;  
And while we meet to learn thy truth,  
Be thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once thou didst thy word expound  
To those that walked with thee,  
So teach us, Lord, to understand,  
And its blest fullness see ;
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power, and depth,  
Its holiness discern ;  
Its joyful news of saving grace  
By blest experience learn.
- 4 Thus may thy word be dearer still,  
And studied more each day ;  
And as it richly dwells within,  
Thyself in it display.

Anon.

185

438, 227, 187.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book :  
Great God, if once compared with thine,  
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could show one sin forgiven,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;  
But thine conducts to heaven.
- 3 Yet men would fain be just with God  
By works their hands have wrought ;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to every thought.
- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace  
Fall far below thy word ;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

Anon.

186

175, 120, 669.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays  
Dispel the shades of night,  
Diffusing o'er a ruined world  
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,  
Restores our wandering feet ;  
Converts the sorrows of the mind  
To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 O send thy light and truth abroad,  
In all their radiant blaze ;  
And bid the admiring world adore  
The glories of thy grace.

John Buttress.



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1. Lamb of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;



Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace; Brook by the traveler's way;

114, 147, 208.

- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed ;  
True manna from on high ;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky.
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day ;  
When waves would toss our tossing  
bark,  
Our anchor and our stay ;
- 4 Word of the everlasting God ;  
Will of his glorious Son, —  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won ?-
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts,  
And to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, childlike hearts.

Barton.

188

669, 227, 395.

- 1 JESUS, thy word is my delight,  
There grace and truth are seen ;  
O could I study day and night,  
And meditate therein !
- 2 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,  
And to our hearts explain ;  
Let all its life and spirit feel,  
And heavenly wisdom gain.
- 3 That thou for us didst live and die,  
Make known to us, dear Lord ;  
To us the promises apply,  
Recorded in thy word.

William Hammond.

189

201, 227, 183.

- 1 WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,  
When set against the wheat ?  
Can it a dying soul sustain  
Like that immortal meat ?
- 2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread  
Thy children doth supply ;  
And those who by thy word are fed,  
Their souls shall never die.
- 3 'T is like a field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown,  
And he indeed is truly wise  
Who makes this pearl his own.

Isaac Watts.

190

669, 117, 175.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast  
Like seed upon the ground ;  
O let the dew of heaven descend,  
And shed its influence round.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
May it take root in every heart,  
And grow in faith and love.
- 3 Let not this life's deceitful cares,  
Nor worldly wealth and joy,  
Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast,  
The rising plant destroy.
- 4 Where'er the word of life is sown,  
A large increase bestow,  
That all who hear thy message, Lord,  
Its saving power may know.

John Caswood.

1. How per - fect is thy word! Thy judg - ments are all just;

And ev - er in thy prom - ise, Lord, May man se - cure - ly trust.

11, 688, 236.

- 2 I hear thy word in love,  
In faith thy word obey;  
O send thy Spirit from above,  
To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain,  
Thy precepts all are pure;  
And long as heaven and earth remain,  
Thy truth shall still endure.
- 4 O, may my soul with joy  
Trust in thy faithful word;  
Be it through life my glad employ,  
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

Isaac Watts.

192

[Tune, Pleyel, No. 240.]

78.

- 1 HOLY Bible! book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!  
Mine to tell me whence I came;  
Mine to teach me what I am;
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove;  
Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet;  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine to show by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death;
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O thou holy book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

John Burton.

193

85, 89, 601.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads the curious eye;  
But sacred truths the test invite,  
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain  
A meek, ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~ring~~ <sup>ring</sup> mind,  
Assured we shall not search in vain,  
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blessed,  
Created to be free,  
Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
We trust alone in thee.

Anon.

194

[Tune, Stockwell, No. 162.]

88 & 73.

- 1 BLESSED Bible, how I love it!  
How it doth my bosom cheer!  
What hath earth like this to covet?  
O, what stores of wealth are here!
- 2 'T is a fountain ever bursting,  
Whence the weary may obtain  
Water for the soul that's thirsting,  
That it may not thirst again.
- 3 'T is a chart that never faileth,  
One which God to man has given;  
And though oft the storm assaileth,  
It will guide you safe to heaven.
- 4 'T is a pearl of price exceeding  
All the gems in ocean found;  
And, its sacred precepts heeding,  
So shall you in grace abound.

Anon.

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195

CHENIES. 7s & 6s. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. O word of God in-car-nate, O wis-dom from on high, O truth un-changed, un-

changing, O light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the ra-diance That

from the hallowed page, A lamp to guide our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.

492, 246, 415.

- 2 The church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled,  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the stormy world ;  
It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's raging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to thee !
- 4 O, make thy church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old ;  
O, teach thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see thee face to face.

William How.

196

492, 611, 246.

- 1 THE heavens declare his glory,  
Their Maker's skill, the skies ;  
Each day repeats the story,  
And night to night replies.  
Their silent proclamation  
Throughout the earth is heard,—  
The record of creation,  
The page of nature's word.
- 2 But there's a radiance streaming  
More bright than that of day,  
'Tis God's own glory beaming  
In truth's celestial ray :  
So pure, so soul restoring,  
It makes the simple wise ;  
And, balm of comfort pouring,  
Each aching heart supplies.
- 3 Thy word is richer treasure  
Than lurks within the mine ;  
And daintiest fare less pleasure  
Yields than this food divine.  
How wise each kind monition !  
Led by thy counsels, Lord,  
How safe the saints' condition !  
How great is their reward !

Josiah Conder.

197

WARREN, L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. God's law demands one liv - ing faith, And not a crowd of life - less creeds ;

Its war - rant is a firm "God saith ;" Its claim not words, but liv - ing deeds.

212, 101, 58.

2 Yet, Lord, forgive—thy holy law  
Grows tarnished in our earthly clasp ;  
Pure in itself, without a flaw,  
It dims in our too worldly grasp.

3 Forgive the sacrilege, and take  
From every soul the unholy stain,  
And help us for thy Son's dear sake,  
To keep thy perfect law again.

Anon.

198

108, 343, 64.

1 O LAW of God! blest and divine!  
Penned by the Everlasting Hand!  
Long shall thy sacred precepts shine,  
Firm as the eternal hills shall stand.

2 God's covenant shall e'er abide,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass  
away ;  
That rule which is the angel's guide  
Shall I not fear to disobey ?

3 With all my power, from morn till night,  
I'll publish 'mong the sons of men  
That sacred law, though others scorn  
To keep thy holy precepts ten.

4 O that an angel's tongue were mine !  
Then would I magnify that word,  
Which, echoing from lips divine,  
From Sinai's rugged mount was heard.

5 And when old earth shall be restored  
To Eden beauty, fair and bright,  
And God himself shall dwell with men,  
Still in that law shall I delight.

Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.

199

212, 215, 51.

1 TRUTH is the gem for which we seek,  
O tell us where shall it be found !  
For this we search, and pray, and weep,  
That truth may in our hearts abound.

2 We want the truth on every point,  
We want it all to practice by ;  
Do thou, O Lord, our eyes anoint  
With a fresh unction from on high.

3 Were not the ten commandments given  
By the great Source of light and truth,  
For all who tread the path to heaven  
From the dark wilderness of earth ?

4 Then, as we would our God obey,  
In letter and in spirit too,  
O, let us keep the seventh day,  
For it is plainly brought to view.

Charlotte Haskins.

200

136, 108, 215.

1 O PERFECT law of the Most High !  
Law ever holy, just, and good !  
No other code with thee can vie,  
Unrivalled thou hast ever stood.

2 Let thy ten words my soul convert  
From every false and sinful way ;  
Write thy pure precepts on my heart,  
That from thy truth I may not stray.

3 Then in the glorious world to come,  
No more I'll need the chastening rod ;  
For all who reach that blissful home  
Will be in harmony with God.

R. F. Cottrell.

201

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his stat-utes still!

O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!

27, 7, 204.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart,  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes,  
Let no corrupt design  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands  
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts.

202

114, 395, 70.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God!  
Soon as I know thy way,  
I hasten to obey thy word,  
And suffer no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choice;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before mine eyes;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways;  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine,  
O, save thy servant, Lord!  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
My hope is in thy word.

Isaac Watts.

203

120, 70, 114.

- 1 God's perfect law converts the soul,  
Reclaims from false desires;  
With sacred wisdom his sure word  
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere delight;  
His pure commands of living truth  
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fixed,  
On sure foundations laid;  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weighed;
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,  
Or gold refined with skill;  
More sweet than honey, or the drops  
That from the comb distill.
- 5 My trusty counselors they are,  
And friendly warning give;  
Divine rewards attend on those  
Who by thy precepts live.

ANON.

204

AVON, C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Lord, how se - cure my conscience was, And felt no in - ward dread!

I was a - live with - out the law, And thought my sins were dead.

183, 147, 187.

- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright :  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing power and light,  
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thy eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,—  
My sins revived again ;  
I had provoked a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

Isaac Watts.

205

201, 117, 187.

- 1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean ;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,  
And practice thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steadfast feet aside.

Anon.

206

114, 7, 117.

- 1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light,  
Thy testimonies sure ;  
The statutes of thy realm are right,  
And thy commandments pure.
- 2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
Let these be gladness to my heart,  
The dayspring to mine eyes.
- 3 So may the words my lips express,  
The thoughts that throng my mind,  
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,  
With thee acceptance find.

Anon.

207

120, 201, 227.

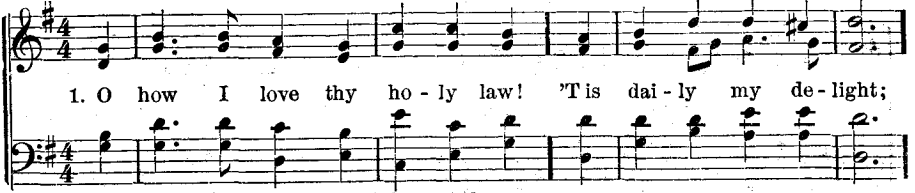
- 1 WHEN God confirmed his law to men,  
Through Israel's waiting flock,  
He spake aloud his precepts ten,  
And graved them in the rock.
- 2 Within the tent's most holy place  
That sacred law was brought,  
Nor can the hand of man efface  
What great Jehovah wrought.
- 3 But God well knew perdition's son  
Would ne'er his precepts love ;  
He gave a duplicate alone,  
And kept his own above.
- 4 There in the tabernacle true,  
Pitched not by hands of men,  
The sacred law is kept in view,  
The holy precepts ten.

R. F. Cottrell.

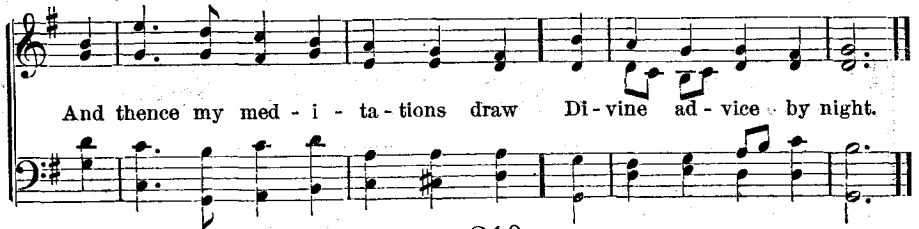
208

WINCHESTER, C. M.

THOMAS ESTE'S PSALTER.



1. O how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light;



And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.

114, 70, 446.

- 2 How doth thy word my heart engage!  
How well employ my tongue!  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 3 No treasures so enrich the mind,  
Nor shall thy word be sold,  
For loads of silver well-refined,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 4 When all the powers of nature droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support the hope  
Of my abiding-place.

Isaac Watts.

209

176, 395, 698.

- 1 WITH all my heart I've sought thy face,  
O let me never stray  
From thy commands, O God of grace!  
Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart  
To keep my conscience clean,  
And be an everlasting guard  
From every rising sin.
- 3 My ear with sacred reverence hears  
The threatenings of thy word;  
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears  
The judgments of the Lord.
- 4 My God! I long, I hope, I wait,  
For thy salvation still;  
While thy whole law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

Isaac Watts.

210

546, 114, 117.

- 1 How blest are they who always keep  
The pure and perfect way;  
Who never from the sacred paths  
Of God's commandments stray!
- 2 How blest, who to his righteous laws  
Have still obedient been,  
And have with fervent, humble zeal  
His favor sought to win!
- 3 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,  
To learn thy sacred will;  
And all our diligence employ  
Thy statutes to fulfill.
- 4 O then that thy most holy will  
Might o'er my ways preside;  
And I the course of all my life  
By thy direction guide!

Anon.

211

395, 204, 546.

- 1 O THAT thy statutes every hour  
Might dwell upon my mind!  
Thence I derive a quickening power,  
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;  
It is my constant joy.
- 3 My lips with courage shall declare  
Thy statutes and thy name;  
I'll speak thy word, though kings should  
hear,  
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Isaac Watts.

122

PARK STREET, L. M.

FREDRICK M. A. VENNA.

1. Lord of the Sab-bath and its light, I hail thy hallowed day of rest; It is my

wea-ry soul's delight, The sol-ace of my care-worn breast, The solace of my care-worn breast.

54, 47, 58.

- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,  
Thy hours are ever dear to me;  
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy  
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 How sweetly now they glide along!  
How hallowed is the calm they yield!  
Transporting is their rapturous song,  
And heavenly visions seem revealed.
- 4 O Jesus, let me ever hail  
Thy presence with the day of rest;  
Then will thy servant never fail  
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

Anon.

213

215, 343, 47.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL day, best gift of heaven,  
By man in Eden first possessed;  
Jehovah's rest-day, kindly given  
That all his creatures might be blessed.
- 2 Memorial of creation's King,  
We welcome now thy glad return;  
And while his praise we join to sing,  
Our hearts with love and rapture burn.
- 3 We bless thy name, almighty Lord,  
We love the keepsake thou hast given;  
Our voices raise with one accord  
In honor of the King of heaven.
- 4 All praise to Jesus, by whose blood  
We are redeemed from sin and death;  
Give glory to the Son of God,—  
Praise him all creatures that have breath.

- 5 By sin we are exposed to wrath;  
He died for us, that he might draw  
Our wandering feet to virtue's path,  
Where we may keep God's holy law.
- 6 That law shall still be our delight,—  
The holy Sabbath is a part,—  
And when we gain that world so bright,  
All flesh shall keep it with one heart.

R. F. Cottrell.

214

58, 219, 101.

- 1 AWAKE, my heart! my soul, arise!  
This is the day believers prize;  
Improve this Sabbath, then, with care;  
Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O, solemn thought! Lord, give me power,  
Wisely to fill up every hour;  
O for the wings of faith and love  
To bear my longing heart above!
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail  
To worship thee within the veil,  
To glorify thy matchless grace,  
To see the beauties of thy face.
- 4 Be with me in thy house to-day,  
And tune my heart to praise and pray;  
Command thy word to fall like dew,  
Refreshing, quickening all anew.
- 5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove  
O'er the green pastures of thy love;  
O let not sin prevent my rest,  
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

Anon.



215

HEBRON, L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day that God has blessed.

212, 343, 514.

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to weary minds:  
A blessed antepast is given,  
On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And draw from Christ that sweet repose  
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast -  
Is the best pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

*Samuel Stennett.*

216

58, 47, 212.

- 1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires  
To hold communion with his God,  
To send to heaven his warm desires,  
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign  
Their empire o'er his anxious breast;  
While all around, the calm divine  
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,  
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,  
To shun the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,  
Foretastes of future bliss are given;  
And mortals find his earthly courts  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

*Thomas Raftes.*

217

212, 343, 101.

- 1 WE'VE entered now on holy time,  
God's blessed rest-day all divine;  
The labors of the week are past,  
Now let earth's cares aside be cast.
- 2 O let us help repair the breach,  
And all of God's commandments teach,  
Calling his rest-day our delight,  
Thus walking blameless in his sight,
- 3 This holy rest to us is given,  
To call our minds from earth to heaven;  
That we may not forget the Lord,  
And trample down his holy word.
- 4 The faith of Jesus, too, we need;  
For thus the flying angel said:  
Commands of God and Jesus' faith  
Will shield us in the day of wrath.

*Anon.*

218

228, 101, 58.

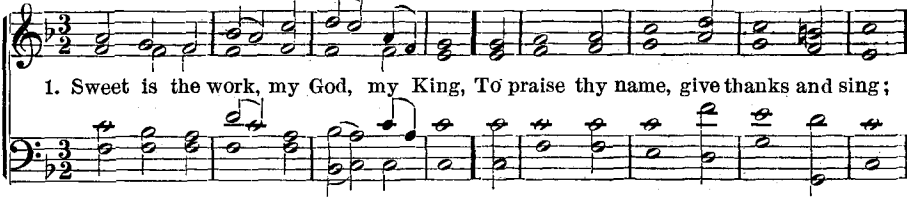
- 1 THUS far we're spared again to meet  
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat;  
To seek his face, to sing and pray,  
And hail another Sabbath-day.
- 2 Now met to praise his holy name,  
Whose mercies flow each day the same,  
Whose kind compassions never cease,  
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Let every tongue its silence break,  
Let every one his goodness speak,  
Who deigns his glory to display  
On each returning Sabbath-day.

*Anon.*

219

ALWAY. L. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;



To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

171, 215, 212.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord  
And bless his works and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 When grace has purified my heart,  
Then I shall share a glorious part ;  
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see and hear and know  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every hour find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

*Isaac Watts.*

220

212, 215, 104.

- 1 THIS is the day of sacred rest,  
Which God hath sanctified and blessed,  
When throned in majesty he stood,  
And viewed his works, and called them  
good.
- 2 The heavenly host their harps employ,  
The sons of God gave shouts of joy ;  
Through heaven and earth his praises rang,  
The morning stars together sang.
- 3 Come, then, ye weary souls oppressed  
Come and enjoy this holy rest ;  
Let humble songs like incense rise,  
And prayer and praise ascend the skies.

*Dr. H. Clarke.*

221

223, 171, 101.

- 1 SWEET is the Sabbath of the Lord  
To those who in his law delight ;  
Who love the precepts of his word,  
And tread the narrow path of right.
- 2 This holy day Jehovah blessed  
Ere sorrow, pain, or death were born,  
And sanctified for man his rest  
In glad creation's sinless morn.
- 3 It speaks of him whose wondrous might  
The heavens and earth from nothing  
made ;  
Who formed the glorious orbs of light,  
And the deep sea's foundations laid.
- 4 Its sacred hours, ye saints of God,  
Remember with respect and love ;  
And through obedience to his word  
Your love for your Creator prove.
- 5 And, when, immortalized we see  
The treasures of the new earth bright,  
God's holy Sabbath still shall be  
A source of blessing and delight.

*J. S. Thorp*

222

223, 347, 343.

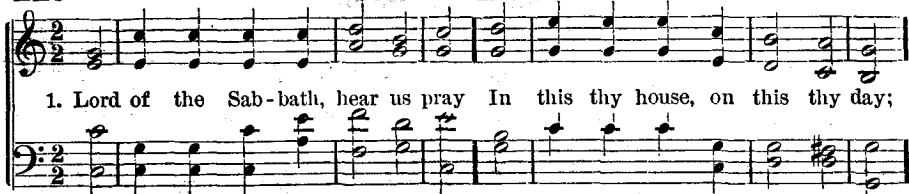
- 1 THE day of rest once more comes round,  
A day to all believers dear ;  
The silver trumpets seem to sound,  
That call the tribes of Israel near.
- 2 Oh, hasten, Lord, the day when those  
Who know thee here shall see thy face ;  
When suffering shall forever close,  
And they shall reach their destined place.

*Thomas Kelly.*

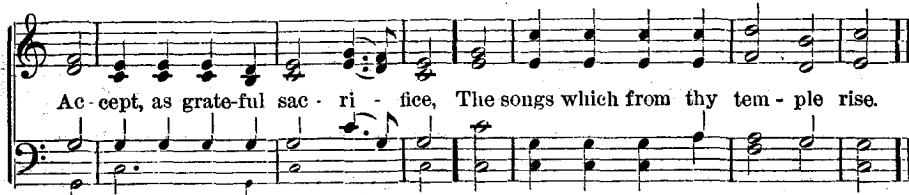
223

BURTON, L. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. Lord of the Sab-bath, hear us pray In this thy house, on this thy day;



Ac-cept, as grate-ful sac-ri-fice, The songs which from thy tem-ple rise.

215, 219, 58.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our laboring souls aspire  
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
No sin nor death can reach that place;  
No tears shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarm of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would I leave this weary road,  
And go to meet my blessed Lord.

*Philip Doddridge.*

224

108, 336, 171.

1 LORD, on this Sabbath-day of rest  
We lift to thee our earnest praise,  
Obedient to the high behest  
Which thou didst give to guide our ways.

2 We thank thee for the holy light  
That from thy law shines full and clear,  
Directing our weak steps aright  
Through earth's low path of doubt and fear.

3 For Jesus, too, whom thou didst send  
To teach the way of grace and truth,  
We bow before thy throne, and blend  
The thanks of age, the love of youth.

4 O, write thy word on every heart!  
In us let thy pure Spirit live,  
That his rich presence may impart  
Such peace as thou alone canst give.

*T. R. Williamson.*

225

1, 219, 343.

1 THIS day the Lord has called his own;  
O, let us, then, his praise declare!  
Fix our desires on him alone,  
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,  
Which bids the burdened soul be free;  
And with united heart and voice,  
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things  
No more our groveling thoughts employ,  
But faith be taught to stretch her wings  
In search of heaven's unfading joy.

4 O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
Be to our lasting welfare blessed!  
The purest comfort here afford,  
And fit us for eternal rest.

*William H. Bathurst.*

226

108, 171, 212.

1 I LOVE thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
For they are days of holy rest;  
And thou hast passed thy changeless word,  
That they shall be forever blest.

2 I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
That congregate thy people here,  
To join their hearts in sweet accord,  
And fit them for a higher sphere.

*Anon.*

227

HERBERT, C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called his own; With

joy the summons we obey, To wor-ship at his throne, To wor-ship at his throne.

70, 80, 147.

- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!  
Where willing votaries throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell  
Within thy church below;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found;  
Let all her sons unite  
To spread with grateful zeal around,  
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Then hail! thou sacred, blessed day,  
The best of all the seven,  
When hearts unite their vows to pay  
Of gratitude to heaven.

Henry F. Lyte.

228

70, 201, 208.

- 1 DEAR Lord, we would thy praises sing  
On this thy holy day;  
With grateful hearts our tribute bring;  
To thee our homage pay.
- 2 This day, which thou for us hast blessed,  
And set apart as thine,—  
This day, when God himself did rest,  
Hath honors all divine.
- 3 Lord, we would turn away our feet  
From this thy holy day,  
And call its rest and worship sweet,  
Not doing our own way.

- 4 That we may thus restore the breach  
Which in thy law is made,  
We need thy grace our hearts to teach,  
We need thy Spirit's aid.
- 5 O, give us wisdom from above  
To worship thee aright,  
Till we shall meet Him whom we love,  
And faith is lost in sight.

Anon.

229

120, 117, 183.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,  
On this sweet day of rest;  
O bless this flock, and make this fold  
Enjoy a heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome and precious to my soul.  
Are these sweet days of love,  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
When I shall rest above!
- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;  
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;  
Here, in thine own appointed way,  
I wait to see thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days  
On which my Lord I've seen;  
And oft, when feasting on his word,  
In raptures I have been.
- 5 O, if my soul, when Christ appears,  
In this sweet frame be found,  
I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,  
And leave this earthly ground!

William Mason.

1. How sweet up - on this sa - cred day, The best of all the seven,

To cast our earth - ly thoughts a - way, And think of God and heaven!

201, 227, 114.

- 2 How sweet to be allowed to pray,  
Our sins may be forgiven!  
With filial confidence to say,  
"Father, who art in heaven!"
- 3 How sweet the words of peace to hear  
From him to whom 't is given  
To wake the penitential tear,  
And lead the way to heaven!
- 4 And if to make our sins depart,  
In vain the will has striven,  
He who regards the inmost heart  
Will send his grace from heaven.

*Mrs. Follen.*

231

227, 120, 80.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,  
And sighs her God to seek,  
How sweet to hail the hours that close  
The labors of the week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the Sabbath-day,  
The day of holy rest;  
From earth's wild cares to soar away  
To regions pure and blest.
- 3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;  
Yet, while they gently roll,  
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
A sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 Soon will my pilgrimage be done,  
The world's long week be o'er,—  
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,  
That day which fades no more.

*James Edmeston.*

232

546, 446, 438.

- 1 How bright a day was that which saw  
Creation's work complete!  
All nature owned her Maker's law,  
And worshiped at his feet.
- 2 The world, arranged by power divine,  
In perfect order stood;  
And, resting from his great design,  
God saw that all was good.
- 3 Not such a Sabbath now appears,  
For sin has ruined all;  
No longer man with pleasure hears  
A gracious Father's call.
- 4 Yet, Lord, bring back the reign of peace,  
Let brighter days begin;  
And teach vain creatures how to cease  
From folly and from sin.
- 5 Let sinners be again made thine,  
Though once with vengeance cursed;  
And let the holy Sabbath shine,  
As glorious as at first.

*Anon.*

233

438, 227, 117.

- 1 COME, thou beloved Redeemer, come,  
Thy waiting church to bless;  
Shine forth upon this Sabbath-day,  
Thou Sun of righteousness.
- 2 Thou art our Maker, thou our God,  
And thy great name we own;  
All praise and honor and renown  
We yield to thee alone.

*Anon.*

234

NASHVILLE. L. M., 6L.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail, peace-ful day! di-vine-ly blest! Sweet-ly thy glo-ries would we sing, Me-mo-rial of that

sa-cred rest { Of vast cre-a-tion's might-y King; } A fore-taste of the bliss of heaven.  
 { This hallowed time to man was given, }

657, 320.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Hark! through the shining courts above<br/>                 What rapturous praises echo now!<br/>                 Around that holy law of love<br/>                 Seraphs in adoration bow;<br/>                 Let alone, responsive to the strain,<br/>                 Exalt earth Jehovah's name.</p> | <p>3 O come, thou bright, immortal day!<br/>                 When at his temple all adore,<br/>                 And own his universal sway<br/>                 From age to age, forevermore;<br/>                 Then Zion shall in triumph reign,<br/>                 And Eden bloom on earth again.</p> |
|---|--|

Annie R. Smith.

235

CHARDON. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail, peaceful morn, thy dawn I hail; How do thy hours my mind re-gale With feasts of heaven - ly joy!

Nor can I half thy blessings name, Which kin-dle in my soul a flame, And all my powers em-pley.

123, 658.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 How shall I best improve thy hours?<br/>                 Lord, on me shed in copious showers<br/>                 Thy Spirit and thy grace;<br/>                 That when thy sacred courts I tread,<br/>                 My soul may eat the heavenly bread,<br/>                 And sing Jehovah's praise.</p> <p>3 Thou hallowed season of repose,<br/>                 Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes<br/>                 Of this care-stricken breast;</p> | <p>Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,<br/>                 And with the faithful will I meet,<br/>                 To taste thy holy rest.</p> <p>4 Thus may the Sabbath pass away,<br/>                 My best, my holiest, happiest day,<br/>                 The sweetest of the seven;<br/>                 But yet a rest for saints remains,<br/>                 The Sabbath free from ills and pains,<br/>                 Eternal, and in heaven.</p> |
|---|--|

Anon.

54 910

WORSHIP—THE SABBATH.

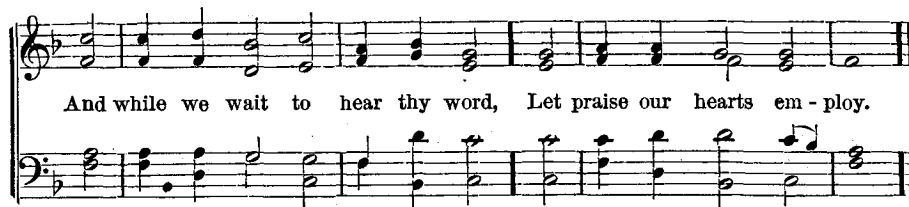
236

BADEA, S. M.

GERMAN.



1. Thy ho - ly Sab - bath, Lord, Thy peo - ple hail with joy;



And while we wait to hear thy word, Let praise our hearts em - ploy.

11, 85, 30.

- 2 With sweet delight the day  
That thou hast called thine own  
We hail, and all our homage pay  
To thine exalted throne.
- 3 O may thy saints be blessed !  
Assist us while we pray ;  
May we enjoy a holy rest,  
And keep the sacred day.
- 4 When Sabbaths here shall end,  
And from these courts we move,  
May we an endless Sabbath spend  
In heavenly courts above.

Anon.

237

89, 11, 151.

- 1 Six days of toil and care,  
I bid you all adieu ;  
And now, O peaceful Sabbath hours,  
I gladly welcome you.
- 2 My heart with rapture turns  
To Eden's vale so fair ;  
Then forward to the heavenly world,  
And views the Sabbath there.
- 3 Sweet day of rest, through thee  
Shall memory faithful prove  
To him who made the earth and sea,  
And starry worlds above.
- 4 Each Sabbath spent aright  
Shall bring us nearer thee,  
Till in that glorious land of light  
We're made forever free.

Anon.

238

191, 266, 85.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
The day believers prize,  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and taste his cheer,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place  
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of folly and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this  
Till called to rise and soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

239

688, 601, 151.

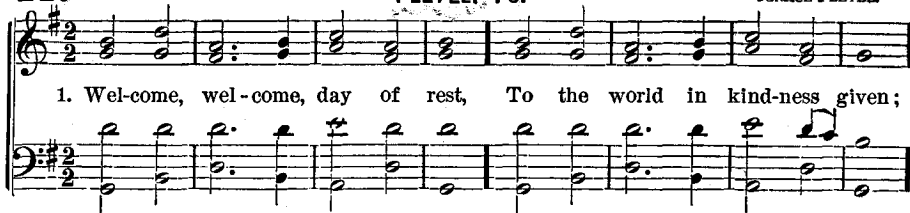
- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,  
Thy glorious name to sing ;  
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,  
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice  
With those who love and serve thee best,  
And in thy name rejoice.
- 3 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ  
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

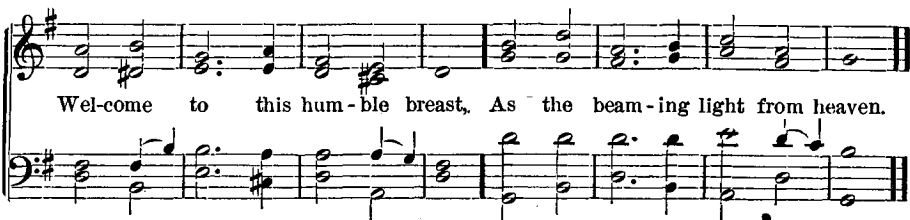
240

PLEVEL, 7s.

IGNACE PLEVEL.



1. Wel-come, wel-come, day of rest, To the world in kind-ness given;



Wel-come to this hum-ble breast, As the beam-ing light from heaven.

15, 531, 457.

- 2 Day of calm and sweet repose,  
Gently now thy moments run;  
Balm to soothe our cares and woes,  
Till our labor here is done.
- 3 Holy day that most we prize,  
Day of solemn praise and prayer,  
Day to make the simple wise,  
O, how great thy blessings are!
- 4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,  
With thy influence all divine;  
May thy hallowed hours be blessed  
To this waiting heart of mine.

Anon.

241

15, 339, 531.

- 1 HOLY Sabbath, sacred rest,  
Welcome to each waiting breast;  
Cheering hour that points away  
To eternity's glad day.
- 2 Ever since creation's birth,  
Thou hast been to cheer our earth;  
When the course of time began,  
Thou wast made, and made for man.
- 3 While thou bringest peaceful rest,  
Man by thee is doubly blest;  
Thou dost tend our thoughts to raise  
To our great Creator's praise.
- 4 Thus drawn nearer to our Lord,  
Hearts attuned to sweet accord,  
We shall hail the glorious day  
When all flesh shall own thy sway.

R. F. Cottrell.

242

15, 272, 37.

- 1 HOLY day! Jehovah's rest!  
Of creation's week the best;  
Last of all the chosen seven,  
Blest of God, to man 't was given
- 2 First his six day's work was done,  
Then the Sabbath hour begun;  
Thus he blessed the seventh day,  
Thus in resting we obey.
- 3 While we praise our Maker's name,  
We his faithful promise claim;  
Meet with us, dear Lord, we pray,  
Thine are we, and thine this day.
- 4 Let thy Spirit on us shine,  
Help us keep thy law divine;  
Day by day so shall we be  
Shining lights, O Lord, for thee.

F. E. Belden.

243

407, 457, 480.

- 1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest!  
Sweet repose from worldly care,  
Day above all days the best,  
When our souls for heaven prepare.
- 2 Gracious Lord, we love this day,  
When we hear thy holy word;  
When we sing thy praise, and pray;  
Earth can no such joys afford.
- 3 But a better rest remains,—  
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,  
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,  
Endless joys, and endless praise.

Anon.



1. Safe-ly through ano-th-er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing

seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day, — Day of all the week the best, Emblem

of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

1114, 827, 885,

2 While we seek supplies of grace  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face,  
Take away our sin and shame;  
From our worldly cares set free  
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,  
May we feel thy presence near,  
May thy glory meet our eyes  
While we in thy courts appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief to all complaints;  
Thus may all our Sabbaths be  
Till we rise to reign with thee.

*John Newton.*

Scarcely shines the morn, the noon,  
Ere the evening brings thy last!  
And another Sabbath flies,  
Solemn witness! to the skies.

2 What is the report it bears  
To the secret place of God?  
Does it speak of worldly cares,  
Thoughts which cling to earth's low sod?  
Or has sweet communion shone  
Through its hours from God alone?

3 Could we hope the day was spent  
Prayerfully, with constant heart,  
We might yield it up content,  
Knowing, though so soon it part,  
We should see a better day,  
Which could never pass away.

4 God of Sabbaths, O, forgive  
That we use thy gifts so ill;  
Teach us daily how to live  
That we ever may fulfill  
All thy gracious love designed,  
Giving Sabbaths to mankind.

*Amen.*

1114, 489, 827.

1 CLOSING Sabbath! Ah, how soon  
Have thy sacred moments passed:

246

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and  
 sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly.  
 Who bend before the throne, Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the E - ter - nal One.

492, 611, 415,

- 2 Thou art a port protected  
 From storms that round us rise,  
 A garden intersected  
 With streams of paradise;  
 Thou art a cooling fountain  
 In life's dry, dreary sand;  
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
 We view our promised land.
- 3 A day of sweet reflection  
 Thou art, a day of love;  
 A day to raise affection  
 From earth to things above.  
 New graces ever gaining  
 From this our day of rest,  
 We seek the rest remaining  
 In mansions of the blest.

*Christopher Wordsworth.*

247

492, 330, 195,

- 1 THY holy day's returning  
 Our hearts exult to see,  
 And, with devotion burning,  
 Ascend, great God, to thee.  
 To-day, with purest pleasure,  
 Our thoughts from earth withdraw;  
 We search for heavenly treasure,  
 We learn thy holy law.

- 2 We join to sing thy praises,  
 O God of Sabbath-day!  
 Each voice in gladness raises  
 Its loudest, sweetest lay.  
 Thy richest mercies sharing,  
 Inspire us with thy love;  
 By grace our souls preparing  
 For nobler praise above.

*Ray Palmer.*

248

[Tune, Sabbath, No. 244.] 7s. 6l

- 1 HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,  
 Risen with gladness in thy beams!  
 Light, which not of earth is born,  
 From thy dawn in glory streams;  
 Airs of heaven are breathed around,  
 And each place is holy ground.
- 2 Great Creator! who this day  
 From thy perfect work didst rest,  
 By the souls that own thy sway  
 Hallowed be its hours and blest,  
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,  
 This day given to God alone.

*Julia A. Elliot.*

1. Again the day re - turns of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;

When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be pl - e - ty, and all be peace.

- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;  
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise  
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
- 3 Lord of all worlds, incline thy gracious ear;  
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;  
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in  
mind,  
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.
- 4 Father in heaven, in whom our hopes  
confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose pre-  
cepts guide,  
Through life our surest guardian and  
friend,  
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

*William Mason.*

250

- 1 HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest;  
What heavenly peace and transport fill  
our breast  
When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love  
descends,  
And kindly holds communion with his  
friends!
- 2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,  
Move from my sight, and leave my soul  
alone;  
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,  
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.
- 3 Fain would I mount, and penetrate the  
skies,  
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:

O meet my rising soul, thou God of love,  
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

- 4 O Son of God, exalted on thy throne,  
Impart that grace which comes from thee  
alone:  
Thou, by whose love our light and peace  
are given,  
Bring us, dear Saviour, to thyself and  
heaven.

*P. H. Brown.*

251

- 1 As time rolls on amid earth's gloom pro-  
found,  
And wearing toil presents a ceaseless  
round,  
'Tis good to have some way-marks on our  
road,  
To cheer our hearts, and lift our thoughts  
to God.
- 2 The Sabbath to this end divinely blest,  
Not only gives the body timely rest,  
But by its influence helps our minds to  
raise  
And tune our hearts to our Creator's  
praise.
- 3 Then hail the glad memorial of our King!  
Let us give thanks, and join his praise to  
sing;  
And learning now to celebrate his praise,  
So shall we sing of him through endless  
days.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

252

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. The God that made the earth, And all the worlds on high, Who gave all creatures birth,

In earth, and sea, and sky, Aft - er six days in work employed,

Aft - er six days in work employed, Up - on the seventh a rest en - joyed.

167, 254, 359.

- 2 The Sabbath-day was blessed,  
Hallowed, and sanctified ;  
It was Jehovah's rest,  
And so it must abide ;  
'T was set apart before the fall,  
'T was made for man, 't was made for all.
- 3 And when from Sinai's mount,  
Amidst the fire and smoke,  
Jehovah did recount,  
And all his precepts spoke,  
He claimed the rest-day as his own,  
And wrote it with his law on stone.
- 4 The Son of God appeared  
With tidings of great joy ;  
God's precepts he revered,  
He came not to destroy ;  
None of the law was set aside,  
But every tittle ratified.
- 5 Our Saviour did not die  
To render null and void  
The law of the Most High,  
Which cannot be destroyed ;

But, bruised for us, our stripes he bore,—  
We'll go in peace and sin no more.

R. F. Cottrell.

253

359, 167, 254.

- 1 WELCOME, the Sabbath hour,  
The holy and the blest !  
With sweet, subduing power  
It calms the soul to rest ;  
And hope and love spring up anew,  
To cheer us on our journey through.
- 2 Our only care and aim  
Throughout this hallowed day,  
To glorify thy name,  
And grateful homage pay ;  
Advance the glory of thy cause,  
And vindicate thy righteous laws.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove !  
E'en while we wait and sing ;  
Come from the throne of love,  
With healing on thy wing ;  
With ardent zeal each heart inspire,  
And rebaptize with holy fire.

H. N. Smith.

254

LISCHER, H. M.

F. SCHNEIDER.

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest; }  
 { I hail thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these moments blest. } From the low train of mor-tal toys

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.  
 I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

252, 167, 359.

2 Now may the King descend,  
 And fill his throne of grace;  
 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,  
 While saints address thy face;  
 Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,  
 And bless these sacred hours:  
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
 Nor Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

Hayward.

255

OTTO. 11s.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Our Fa-ther in heaven, thy promise we claim, To meet with a few who have met in thy name;

We thank thee to-day for this Sabbath of rest, Di-vine is its mission, di-vine-ly 'tis blest.

512, 511.

2 We praise thee, our Maker, our God, and  
 our King,  
 Extolling thy goodness we joyfully sing;  
 For thou hast preserved us, and guarded  
 our way,  
 From hour unto hour, and from day  
 unto day.

3 O send us thy Spirit, and teach us thy  
 word,  
 Nor let thy sweet blessings from us be  
 deferred;  
 O help us, our Father, thy will to discern,  
 And ever to practice the truths that we  
 learn.

F. E. Bider.

256

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANÇ.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise him all creat-ures here be-low;

Praise him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost!

257

223, 171.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;  
Cleanse us from sin through Jesus' blood;  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

*Joseph Hart.*

3 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
And small and great before him stand,  
O may the flock assembled here  
Be with the saved at his right hand!

*Anon.*

260

47, 64.

1 THY presence, ever-living God,  
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;  
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,  
In every place thy children keep.

2 To thee we now commit our ways,  
And still implore thy heavenly grace;  
Still cause thy face on us to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as thine.

3 Give us within thy house to raise  
Again united songs of praise;  
Or if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

*Anon.*

258

212, 58.

1 ERE to the world again we go,  
To meet its cares and idle show,  
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,  
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard,  
The lessons of thy holy word,  
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,  
And all our souls from error keep.

3 O may the influence of this day  
Long as our memory with us stay,  
And as an angel guardian prove,  
To guide us to our home above!

*Anon.*

261

347, 223.

1 BE with us, Lord, where'er we go;  
Teach us what thou wouldst have us do;  
Suggest whate'er we think or say;  
Direct us in the narrow way.

2 Prevent us, lest we harbor pride;  
Lest we in our own strength confide;  
Show us our weakness, let us see  
We have our power, our all, from thee.

3 Enrich us always with thy love;  
Our kind Protector ever prove:  
Thy signet put upon each breast,  
And let thy Spirit on us rest.

*John Cennick.*

259

136, 171.

1 Now may the Lord, our Shepherd, lead  
To living streams his little flock;  
May he in flowery pastures feed,  
Shade us at noon beneath the rock.

2 Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,  
And gladly answer to his call;  
Now may our hearts in him rejoice  
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.

262

MASON. L. M.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, God of love, Cre - a - tor of the u - ni - verse,

Pour out thy Spir - it from a - bove As from thy tem - ple we dis - perse.

223, 212, 54.

- 2 Keep thou our lips, that all we say  
May honor thee, our God and King;  
That our example day by day  
May teach the sacred truths we sing.
- 3 Direct our wayward steps aright,  
Our Guide and Guard forever be;  
In thine eternal arms of might  
Infold and draw us nearer thee.

F. E. Belden.

263

268, 223.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word  
Which through thy grace we now have heard;  
O may the precious seed take root,  
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face;  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

Anon.

264

ROSE. C. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. Be perfect; ho - li - ness pur - sue; In love be sure to dwell; And God through Christ will

com - fort you; So, breth - ren, all fare - well, So, breth - ren, all fare - well.

27, 201, 395.

- 2 Be of one mind; give God your hearts,  
And of his mercies tell,  
Which he through grace to you imparts;  
So, brethren, all farewell.
- 3 Now live in peace and holy fear;  
In love strive to excel;  
For Christ, our King, will soon appear;  
So, brethren, all farewell.

Anon.

265

70, 446, 183.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.
- 2 Thou wilt redeem us by thy blood,  
And set the prisoners free,  
And make us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

Anon.

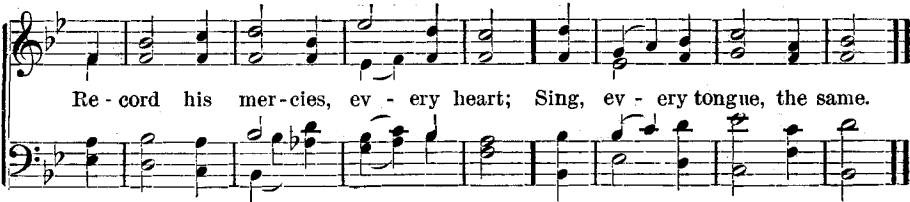
266

NARES. S. M.

JAMES NARES.



1. Once more be - fore we part, We'll bless the Sav - iour's name;



Re - cord his mer - cies, ev - ery heart; Sing, ev - ery tongue, the same.

11, 85, 88.

- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,  
Thy blessing still impart;  
We met in Jesus' sacred name,  
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 May we receive his word,  
And feed thereon, and grow;  
Go on to seek and know the Lord,  
And practice what we know.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come!"  
Soon will he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

*Joseph Hart.*

267

688, 151, 191,

- 1 LORD, at this closing hour  
Establish every heart  
Upon thy word of truth and power,  
To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give,  
Fill all our hearts with love;  
In faith and patience may we live,  
And seek our rest above.
- 3 Through changes, bright or drear,  
We would thy will pursue,  
And toil to spread thy kingdom here  
Till we its glory view.

*E. T. Fitch.*

268

11, 89, 601.

- 1 To God, the only wise,  
Who keeps us by his word,  
Be glory now and evermore,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
- 2 Hosanna to the Word,  
Who from the Father came;  
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
And ever bless his name.
- 3 The grace of Christ our Lord,  
The Father's boundless love,  
The Spirit's blest communion, too,  
Be with us from above.

*Isaac Watts.*

269

191, 151, 688.

- 1 STILL with thee, O my God!  
I would desire to be;  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with thee.
- 2 With thee when dawn comes in,  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind;  
The setting, as the rising sun,  
With thee my heart would find.
- 4 With thee, in thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with thee.

*James Burns.*



1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace

wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never,—no, nev - er!

2 When shall love freely flow  
 Pure as life's river?  
 When shall sweet friendship glow,  
 Changeless forever?  
 Where joys celestial thrill,  
 There bliss each heart shall fill,  
 And fears of parting chill  
 Never,—no, never!

3 Then to that world of light  
 Take us, dear Saviour;  
 May we all there unite,  
 Blessed forever;  
 Where kindred spirits dwell,  
 There may our music swell,  
 And time our joys dispel  
 Never,—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,  
 Meet ne'er to sever;  
 Soon shall peace wreath her chain  
 Round us forever;

Our hearts will then repose,  
 Secure from worldly woes;  
 Our songs of praise shall close  
 Never,—no, never!

*Alaric A. Watts.*

271

1 GRACIOUS God, ere we part  
 Give us thy Spirit,  
 And as children of thine  
 May we inherit  
 That land of light and joy  
 Where sin can ne'er annoy,  
 And peace without alloy  
 Reigneth forever.

2 There shall saints ever dwell,  
 Free from all sorrow,  
 In that home of delight,  
 On that blest morrow.  
 Lord fill us with thy grace,  
 And give us each a place,  
 Where we may see thy face,  
 Glorified ever.

*Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.*

272

HART. 7s.

HART.

1. For a sea - son called to part, Let us now our - selves com - mend

To the gra - cious eye and heart Of our ev - er - pres - ent Friend.

240, 457, 37.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong  
Sweeten every cross and pain,  
And our wasting lives prolong  
Till we meet on earth again.

4 Then if thou thy help afford,  
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who regards our humble cries.

*John Newton.*

273

15, 407, 531.

1 For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Oft our services have been  
Mingled with the taint of sin;  
But thou canst and wilt forgive;  
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,  
May thy love our footsteps lead;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above,  
While their steps thy children bend  
To the rest that knows no end.

*James Montgomery.*

274

240, 15, 339.

1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore;  
There released from toil and pain,  
Saints with joy shall meet again.

*Henry K. White.*

275

158, 407, 457.

1 THOU, from whom we never part,  
Thou, whose love is everywhere,  
Thou, who seest every heart,  
Listen to our closing prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,  
Love unfailling, full and free;  
Love that no alarm can move,  
Love that ever rests on thee.

*Anon.*

276

[Tune, Rock of Ages, No. 1114.] 7s. 6l.

1 IF 't is sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer,  
If 't is sweet with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise,  
O, how sweet that state must be,  
Where they meet eternally!

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations from above;  
As we leave this sacred place,  
May we go from grace to grace,  
Till we each, in his degree,  
Fit for endless glory be.

*Anon.*

277

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

CARL M. VON WEBER.

1. Praise to Him by whose kind fa - vor Heavenly truth has reached our ears;

May its sweet re - viv - ing sav - or Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

162, 41, 92.

- 2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!  
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;  
Vain the hope and short the pleasure  
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,  
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;  
In the day of thy appearing  
May we share thy people's part
- 4 Till we leave this world forever,  
May we live beneath thine eye;  
This our aim, our sole endeavor,  
Thine to live, or thine to die.

Anon.

278

162, 130, 960.

- 1 PRAISE the God of all creation,  
Praise the Father's boundless love,  
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,  
Priest and King, enthroned above.
- 2 Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
Him in whom his people live;  
Undivided adoration  
To the Lord Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder.

279

162, 660, 534.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

280

162, 660, 960.

- 1 GUIDE and guard us, O our Father,  
Till another Sabbath-day;  
Shield us with thy holy presence,  
Lead us in the righteous way.
- 2 Now we thank thee for thy blessing  
On this sacred day of rest,  
And for truths which thou hast shown us  
In thy word divinely blest.
- 3 Every day and every moment  
We are safe if thou art near;  
From all danger thou canst rescue,  
In our sorrows thou canst cheer.
- 4 We will trust thy constant watch-care,  
For thou knowest what is best;  
O, forever guide and guard us,  
Till we reach our final rest!

F. E. Belden.

281

41, 162, 92.

- 1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;  
Bless, O, bless us, ere we go;  
When we join the world, he near us,  
Lest we cold and careless grow.
- 2 May we live in view of heaven,  
Where we hope to see thy face;  
Let thy Spirit's light be given,  
All our hidden paths to trace.
- 3 As our steps are drawing nearer  
To the place we call our home,  
May our view of heaven grow clearer,  
Hope more bright of joys to come.

Thomas Kelly.

282

GRACIOUS TOKEN. P. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. { Of thy love some gracious to-ken Grant us, Lord, before we go; }  
 { Bless the word which has been spok-en, Life and peace on all bestow. } When we join the world a-gain, Let our

hearts with thee remain; O di-rect us! O protect us, Till we gain the heavenly shore, Where thy peo-ple want no more!

2 Then, O Lord of mercy, hear us,  
 Guard our souls from every foe;  
 In all peril be thou near us,  
 In our weakness, strength bestow.  
 God of Israel, be our stay

While we tread life's rugged way;  
 Nor forsake us,  
 Till thou take us,  
 To thyself to dwell with thee,  
 Through a bright eternity.

Anon.

283

SICILY, 8s & 7s. 6L.

SICILIAN.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing. Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

{ Let us each thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deeming grace; }  
 { O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Traveling through this wilderness! }

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound;  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found.

3 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
 May we give them, Lord, to thee;  
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
 May we run, nor weary be,  
 Till thy glory  
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

Fawcett & Kelly.

284

## HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. All praise to thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;

Choos - ing a man - ger for thy throne, While worlds on worlds are thine a - lone!

256, 223, 47.

- 2 Once did the skies before thee bow ;  
A virgin's arms contain thee now :  
Angels, who did in thee rejoice,  
Now listen to thy infant voice.
- 3 A little child, thou art our guest,  
That weary ones in thee may rest ;  
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,  
That we may rise to heaven from earth.
- 4 Thou comest in the darksome night,  
To make us children of the light ;  
To make us, in the realms divine,  
Like thy own angels round thee shine.
- 5 All this for us thy love hath done,  
By this to thee our love is won ;  
For this we tune our cheerful lays,  
And tell our thanks in songs of praise.

*Martin Luther.*

285

108, 212, 197.

- 1 WAKE ! O my soul, and hail the morn ;  
For unto us a Saviour's born :  
See how the angels wing their way  
To usher in the glorious day !
- 2 Hark ! what sweet music ! what a song  
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng !  
Sweet song, whose melting strains impart  
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
- 3 Come, join the angels as they cry,  
" Glory to God who reigns on high ;  
Let peace and love on earth abound,  
While spheres revolve and years roll  
round."

Anon.

286

47, 58, 101.

- 1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion's hill ;  
When Salem's shepherds through the night  
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light ;
- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Like music o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;  
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
While angels struck their harps and sung.

*Thomas Campbell.*

287

168, 64, 136.

- 1 BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word ;  
With God he was, the Word was God !  
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars ;  
His generation who can tell,  
Or count the number of his years ?
- 3 But lo ! he leaves those heavenly forms ;  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may converse hold with worms,  
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
- 4 The angels leave their high abode,  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

*Isaac Watts.*

288

## CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Whileshepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The

an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glo-ry shone around.

27, 74, 70.

- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,—  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All humbly wrapped in swathing-bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God on high,  
Who thus addressed their song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease."

*Tate and Brady.*

289

114, 322, 201.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,  
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.

- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled;  
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat,  
"Glory to God on high!"  
Good-will and peace are now complete,  
Through Christ who came to die.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!  
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

*Samuel Medley.*

290

111, 114, 147.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born;  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
Forevermore adored,  
The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
The great and mighty Lord!
- 3 His power increasing still shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.

*John Morrison.*

291

CAROL. C. M. D.

RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;  
D. S.—The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.

“Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven’s all - gra - cious King.”

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love song which they bring:  
O cease, ye mortals, cease your strife,  
And hear the angels sing!

*Edmund H. Sears.*

292

488, 450, 83.

1 CALM on the listening ear of night,  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains;  
Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet from all their holy heights  
The Dayspring from on high:  
O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm;  
And Sharon waves in solemn praise  
Her silent groves of palm.

3 “Glory to God!” the lofty strain  
The realm of ether fills;  
How sweeps the song of solemn joy  
O'er Judah's sacred hills!  
“Glory to God!” the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring:  
“Peace on the earth; good will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King.”

4 To-day shall Christian tongues be mute,  
And Christian hearts be cold?  
O catch the anthem that from heaven  
O'er Judah's mountains rolled  
When, sweetly burst from seraph-harps  
The high and solemn lay,—  
“Glory to God; on earth be peace;  
Salvation comes to-day!”

*Edmund H. Sears.*

293

HERALD ANGELS, 7s. D. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her-ald angels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sin-ners reconciled!" { Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, } { Join the triumph of theskies; } With the an-gel host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!" With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

328, 901, 464.

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ the everlasting Lord;  
In the manger born a king,  
While adoring angels sing,  
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;"  
Bid the trembling soul be still,  
Christ on earth has come to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
- 3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!  
Life and light to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

*Charles Wesley.*

294

823, 464, 901.

- 1 HE has come! the Christ of God  
Left for us his glad abode,  
Stooping from his throne of bliss  
To this darksome wilderness.

He has come! the Prince of peace;  
Come to bid our sorrows cease,  
Come to scatter with his light  
All the shadows of our night.

- 2 He, the mighty King, has come!  
Making this poor earth his home;  
Come to bear our sin's sad load;  
Son of David, Son of God!  
He has come, whose name of grace  
Speaks deliverance to our race;  
Left for us his glad abode;  
Son of Mary, Son of God!
- 3 Unto us a child is born!  
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,  
Among all the morns of time,  
Half so glorious in its prime.  
Unto us a Son is given!  
He has come from God's own heaven,  
Bringing with him from above  
Holy peace and holy love.

*Horatius Bonar.*



1. From the lips of angels spoken, Fell the song with falling dews; Was there ever si-lence broken

## Chorus.

By such joyous welcome news? Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is born.

162, 41, 92.

2 Startled shepherds, all awaking,  
Hear the song the angels sing,  
And their frightened flocks forsaking,  
Go to seek the Saviour-king.

3 Son of God, in manger lowly,  
Prince of light and Lord of love;  
King of heaven, high and holy,  
Boon on earth from courts above!

4 We exalt thee, we adore thee,  
We rejoice, and praise thy name;  
Every knee shall bend before thee,  
Every tongue thy love proclaim.

F. E. Belden.

## 296

162, 534, 277.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly warbling in the skies?  
All the heavenly host rejoices,  
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy,—  
“Glory in the highest, glory;  
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 “Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth his glory sing;  
Glad receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 5 “Hasten, mortals! to adore him;  
Learn his name and taste his joy;  
Till in heaven you stand before him,  
And his praise your tongues employ.”

John Carwood.

## 297

277, 92, 41.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
- CHO.—Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant light.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen his natal star.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Come with all your guilty stains;  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you,—break your chains.

James Montgomery.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the east, the ho-ri - zon adorning, Guide where our infant Re-deem-er is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

1. { As with glad-ness men of old Did the guiding star behold;  
{ As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; } So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,

Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

4 Blessed Saviour, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

## AVISON. 11s &amp; 10s.

CHORUS.

C. AVISON.

Shout the glad tidings, exulting-ly sing; . . . Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King! 1. Zion, the

marvelous story be telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth! The brightest of angels in

glo-ry ex-celling, He stoops to redeem thee, is born up-on earth! Shout the glad tidings, ex-

*Close with 1st Chorus.*

*Chorus after last verse.*

ult-ing-ly sing, . . . Jerusalem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King, Messiah is King, Messiah is King!

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,

The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;

How free to the faithful he offers salvation!  
His people with joy everlasting are crowned!

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bring-  
ing,

And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;

Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

301

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My blest Re-deem-er and my Lord. I read my du - ty in thy word;

But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

223, 58, 101.

2 What truth and love thy bosom fill!  
What zeal to do thy Father's will!  
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.*

5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;  
Yet love through all thy torture glow'd,  
And mercy with thy life-blood flow'd.

6 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be  
Still more and more conformed to thee,  
And learn of thee, the lowly One,  
And like thee, all my journey run.

*A. Cleveland Cox.*

302

168, 223, 542.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine  
That in thy meekness used to shine,  
That lit thy path, O Son of God!  
The lonely path thy feet have trod.

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so mild,  
So patient, pure, and undefiled?  
Oh, who like thee did ever go  
So sinless through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?  
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
So glorious in humility?

4 A suffering life by thee was led;  
Thou hadst not where to lay thy head;  
And since, O Lord, 'twas all for me,  
Shall I not gladly follow thee?

303

64, 542, 23.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,  
The lowly Jesus wandered here,  
Where'er he went, affliction fled,  
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,  
Beheld his face—for God is light;  
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,  
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,  
To hail their great Deliverer came;  
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,  
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,  
In his inspiring presence smiled;  
The storm of horror ceased to roll,  
And reason lighted up the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,  
Where Jesus triumphed, we would tread;  
To all with willing hands dispense  
The gifts of our benevolence.

*James Montgomery*

304

GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?

Nor from those bless - ed footsteps werve Which lead me to his seat a - bove?

301, 343, 58.

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,  
 Forbid that I should e'er repine;  
 Still let me turn to Calvary,  
 Nor heed my grief, remembering thine.

3 O, let me think how thou didst leave  
 Thy heavenly home of pure delights,  
 To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
 Through toilsome days, through lonely  
 nights!

4 All this thou didst, then died for me!  
 Thou camest not thyself to please;  
 And, dear though earthly comforts be,  
 Shall I not love thee more than these?

*Josiah Conder.*

305

215, 136, 514.

1 WHEN the blind suppliant in the way,  
 By friendly hands to Jesus led,  
 Prayed to behold the light of day,  
 "Receive thy sight," the Saviour said.

2 At once he saw the pleasant rays  
 That lit the glorious firmament;  
 And, with firm step and words of praise,  
 He followed where the Master went.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,  
 On eyes oppressed by moral night,  
 And touch the darkened lids, and say  
 The gracious words, "Receive thy sight."

4 Then, in clear daylight, shall we see  
 Where walked the sinless Son of God;  
 And, aided by new strength from thee,  
 Press onward in the path he trod.

*William C. Bryant.*

306

212, 58, 301.

1 O WONDROUS type! O vision fair  
 Of glory that the church shall share,  
 Which Christ upon the mountain shows,  
 Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 From age to age the tale declare,  
 How with the three disciples there,  
 Where Moses and Elias meet,  
 The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,  
 Christ deigns to manifest to-day  
 What glory shall be theirs above,  
 Who live below in perfect love.

4 And faithful hearts are raised on high  
 By this great vision's mystery;  
 For which in joyful strains we raise  
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

*Sarum Breviary.*

307

171, 104, 343.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound  
 From lips of gentleness and grace,  
 When listening thousands gathered round,  
 And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
 To heaven he led his followers' way;  
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
 Unveiling an immortal day.

3 He points us to his Father's home,  
 "Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"  
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

*Sir John Bowring.*

308

EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round thy steps be - low ;

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.

114, 147, 227.

- 2 For, ever on thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung ;  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O, give us hearts to love like thee !  
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins, than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

*Sir Edward Denny.*

309

546, 201, 117.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,  
Appears each grace divine !  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
He meek and patient stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,  
Who labored for their good.
- 4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,  
His image may we bear ;  
O, may we tread his holy steps  
Till we his glory share !

*William Enfield.*

310

395, 438, 446.

- 1 THE chosen three, on mountain high,  
While Jesus bowed in prayer,  
Beheld his vesture glow with light,  
His face shine wondrous fair.
- 2 And lo ! with the transfigured Lord,  
Leader and seer they saw ;  
With Carmel's hoary prophet stood  
The giver of the law.
- 3 From the low-bending cloud above,  
Whence radiant brightness shone,  
Spake out the Father's voice of love,  
" Hear my beloved Son ! "
- 4 Lord, lead us to the mountain high ;  
To prayer's transfiguring glow ;  
And clothe us with the Spirit's might,  
For grander work below.

*David H. Ela.*

311

120, 227, 204.

- 1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour passed ;  
A mourner all his life was he,  
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave ;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord ; and shall we fear  
The cross, with all its scorn ?  
Or love a faithless, evil world,  
That wreathed his brow with thorn ?

*Sir Edward Denny.*

CHRIST—LIFE AND CHARACTER.

312

INVITATION. C. M.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heaven-ly steeps To bring the Sav - iour down ;

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.

201, 27, 147.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet

A present help is he ;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress

Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame ;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine !

*John G. Whittier.*

313

ST JOSEPH. 8s & 7s. P.

H. H. STATHAM.

1. { Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same ; }  
{ Kinsman, Friend, and el - der Brother, Is his ev - er - last - ing name. }

Sav - iour, who can love like thee, Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,

I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul :  
Surely, none can feel like thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany !

3 Jesus wept ! and still in glory

He can mark each mourner's tear,  
Living to retrace the story

Of the hearts he solaced here.  
Lord, if I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept ! those tears of sorrow  
Are a legacy of love ;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany !

*Sir Edward Denny.*

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

314

OLIVES' BROW, L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suffering Sav-iour prays a-lone.

316, 171, 61.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,  
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;  
E'en that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

Yet he who hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt  
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;

315

MCCABE, L. M.

E. S. WIDDEMER.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

58, 101, 104.

2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Forbid it, then, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.

3 Since I, who was undone and lost,  
Have pardon through his name and  
word;

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

Isaac Watts.



316

OLDEN, L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head, and died:

'Tis finished! yes, the race is run; The battle fought; the victory won.

314, 316, 171.

- 2 'Tis finished! that which heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old;  
And truths are opened to our view  
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round;  
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise,  
And swell the chorus of the skies!

*Samuel Stennett.*

317

428, 64, 471.

- 1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and shed your tears anew  
For him who groaned beneath your  
load;  
He shed his precious blood for you,  
Then freely be your tears bestowed.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo, what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 He lives forever, wondrous King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save;  
Then ask, O death, where is thy sting?  
And where 's thy victory, boasting grave?

*Isaac Watts.*

318

301, 361, 58.

- 1 'Tis finished! the Messiah dies,—  
Cut off for sins, but not his own;  
Accomplished is the sacrifice;  
Now his incarnate work is done.
- 2 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;  
Justice divine is satisfied;  
The grand and full provision made:  
Christ for a guilty world hath died.
- 3 The veil is rent; in him alone  
The living way to heaven is seen;  
The middle wall is broken down,  
And all mankind may enter in.
- 4 The types and figures are fulfilled;  
Exactd is the legal pain;  
The precious promises are sealed:  
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

*Charles Wesley.*

319

361, 314, 428.

- 1 LORD JESUS, when we stand afar,  
And gaze upon thy holy cross,  
In love of thee and scorn of self,  
O, may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,  
And the rough way that thou hast trod,  
Make us to hate the load of sin  
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord! uplifted high  
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,  
Embracing in thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below!

*William W. How.*

320

STELLA. L. M. 6L.

UNKNOWN.

1. O Love di-vine, what hast thou done! The incarnate God hath died for me!

The Fa-ther's well-be-lov-ed Son Bore all my sins up-on the tree!

The Son of God for me hath died,—My Lord, my Love, is cru-ci-fied.

234, 706, 682.

- 2 Behold him, all ye passers by—  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!  
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,  
And say, was ever grief like his?  
Come, feel with me his blood applied,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God;  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;  
Pardon for all flows from his side,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream;  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him!  
Of nothing think or speak beside,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

321

234, 683, 706.

- 1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange expiring cry?  
Sinners, he prays for you and me:  
“Forgive them, Father, O forgive!  
They know not that by me they live.”
- 2 Jesus, descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world through thee may live.  
In us a quickening spirit be,  
And witness thou hast died for me.
- 3 O, let thy love my heart constrain,—  
Thy love, for every sinner free,—  
That every fallen son of man  
May taste the grace that rescued me,  
That all mankind his love may prove—  
That sovereign, everlasting love.

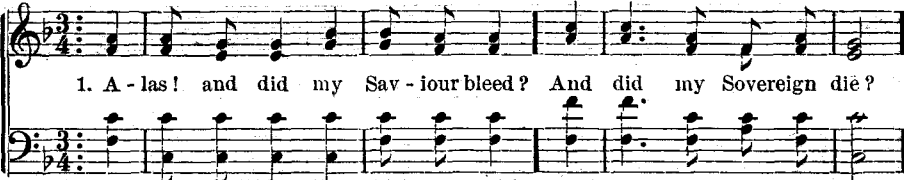
Charles Wesley.

322

## REMEMBER ME. C. M.

ASA HULL.

by Asa Hull.



1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

CHO.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be;  
*Chorus may be omitted unless desired.*

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Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 And when thou sit-test on thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

80, 7, 179.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ the Lord was crucified  
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While his dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
 'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

323

396, 179, 187.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
 Nailed to the shameful tree!  
 How vast the love that him inclined  
 To die for you and me!
- 2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,  
 And earth's strong pillars bend;  
 The temple's vail in sunder breaks,  
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
 'Tis done, the Saviour cries;  
 See where he bows his sacred head;  
 He bows his head, and dies.

Samuel Wesley.

324

546, 227, 117.

- 1 SEE! through his holy hands and feet  
 The cruel nails they drive:  
 Our ransom thus is made complete,  
 Our souls are saved alive.
- 2 And see! the spear has pierced his side,  
 And shed that sacred flood—  
 That holy, reconciling tide—  
 The water and the blood.
- 3 O holy cross! from thee we learn  
 The only way to heaven;  
 And O, to thee may sinners turn,  
 And look, and be forgiven!

V. Fortunatus.

325

80, 183, 147.

- 1 THERE is a dear and hallowed spot,  
 Oft present to my eye;  
 By saints it ne'er can be forgot—  
 That place is Calvary.
- 2 O, what a scene was there displayed,  
 Of love and agony,  
 When our Redeemer bowed his head,  
 And died on Calvary!
- 3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,  
 Unto the cross I'll fly,  
 And trust the merits of the blood  
 That flowed at Calvary.
- 4 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,  
 On Jesus I'll rely,  
 And in the sharp, conflicting hour,  
 Repair to Calvary.

Anon.

326

CHINA. C. M.

TIMOTHY SWAN.

1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;

His sweat like drops of blood ran down, In ag - o - ny he prayed:—

546, 120, 117.

- 2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,  
If such thy sacred will;  
If not, content to drink it up,  
Thy pleasure I fulfill."
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see  
Those precious drops that flow;  
The heavy load he bore for thee,  
For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,  
Thy Father's will obey;  
And, when temptations press thee near,  
Awake to watch and pray.

*Thomas Haweis.*

327

120, 546, 204.

- 1 JESUS, thy love shall we forget,  
And never bring to mind  
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,  
And bade us pardon find?
- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,  
Thy fasting and thy prayer,  
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,  
To save us from despair?
- 3 Gethsemane can we forget—  
Thy struggling agony  
When night lay dark on Olivet,  
And none to watch with thee?
- 4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid  
On thee, alone on thee;  
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—  
Thine all the glory be!

*Wm. Mitchell.*

328

207, 204.

- 1 O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed  
While at thy cross I kneel,  
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,  
And all thy sorrows feel.
- 2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,  
This heart so hard before;  
I hear thee for the guilty plead,  
And grief o'erflows the more.
- 3 I know this cleansing blood of thine  
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;  
For me, for all,—O, grace divine!—  
Who look by faith on thee.
- 4 In patient hope the cross I'll bear,  
Thine arm shall be my stay;  
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare  
On thy great Judgment-day.

*Ray Palmer.*

329

175, 201, 476.

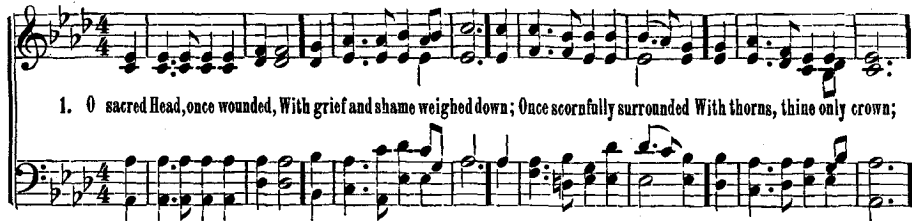
- 1 O, LOVING wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.
- 2 O, wisest love! that flesh and blood  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail!
- 3 O, generous love!—that he who smote  
In Man for man the foe,  
The double agony in Man  
For man should undergo!

*John H. Newman.*

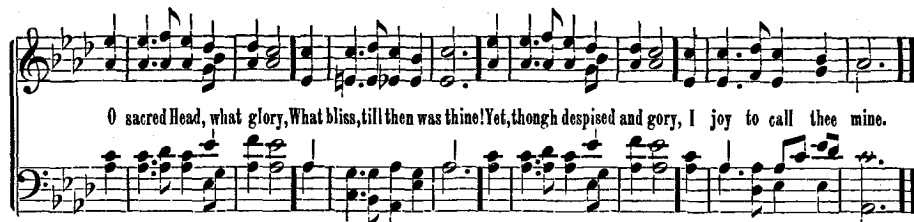
330

## MEMORIAL. 7s &amp; 6s. D.

UNKNOWN.



1. O sacred Head, once wounded, With grief and shame weighed down; Once scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine only crown;



O sacred Head, what glory, What bliss, till then was thine! Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

492, 246, 415.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain;  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserved thy place;  
Look on me with thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee dearest Friend,  
For this, thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Lord, make me thine forever,  
Nor let me faithless prove;  
O, let me never, never  
Abuse such dying love!

*Paul Gerhardt.*

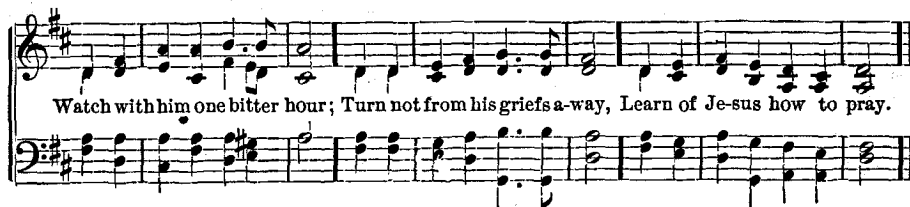
331 CH122

## GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6L.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Redeemer's conflict see,



Watch with him one bitter hour; Turn not from his griefs a-way, Learn of Je-sus how to pray.

1114, 244, 299.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
O, the wormwood and the gall!  
O, the pangs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete:  
"It is finished!" hear him cry;  
Learn of Jesus how to die.

*James Montgomery.*

332

## CALVARY. P. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. Come, O my soul, to Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry, And see the Man who died for thee, Up-on th' accursed tree.

## Chorus.

How can I for-get thee! How can I for-get my Lord! How can I for-get thee! Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Behold the Saviour's agony<br/>While groaning in Gethsemane<br/>Beneath the sins of men.</p> <p>3 With purple robe and thorny crown,<br/>And mocking soldiers bowing down,<br/>The Saviour bears my shame.</p> <p>4 Behold, they shed his precious blood!<br/>O, hear him cry, "My God, my God,<br/>Hast thou forsaken me?"</p> <p>5 He died! the earth was robed in gloom!<br/>They laid him then in Joseph's tomb,<br/>While soldiers watched around.</p> | <p>6 But in the light of dawning day<br/>Bright angels rolled the rock away,<br/>And Christ, the Conqueror, rose.</p> <p>7 Now he who died on Calvary<br/>Still lives to plead for you and me<br/>And bids us look and live.</p> <p>8 Soon he who once was scourged and bound<br/>Shall come again, with glory crowned,<br/>And reign forevermore.</p> <p>9 His saints shall crown him Lord of all;<br/>Before him every foe shall fall,<br/>And every knee shall bow.</p> |
|--|--|

Anon.

333

## PLEYEL, 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Wonder of the countless spheres! See the Son of God in tears! He by whom the worlds were made, He on whom our sins were laid.

531, 563, 457.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 See him bear the cross of shame;<br/>Hear the world revile his name:<br/>Lo! he dies that we may live,—<br/>All who on his name believe.</p> <p>3 In the tomb behold him laid<br/>Whom the universe obeyed;<br/>See him rise, ascend to God,<br/>There to plead his precious blood.</p> | <p>4 Now he stands before the throne,<br/>Pleading for his loved, his own:<br/>"Father, I my life-blood gave<br/>These to ransom, these to save."</p> <p>5 "If I go I'll come again,"<br/>Preach this gospel to all men;<br/>Now redemption's work goes on,<br/>Then redemption's work is done.</p> |
|--|---|

F. E. Belden.

1. A-mong the mount-ain trees The winds were whispering low, And night's ten thou-sand har-mo-nies

Were har-mo-nies of woe; A voice of grief was on the gale, It came from Ked-ron's gloomy vale.

2 It was the Saviour's prayer  
That on the silence broke,  
Imploring strength from heaven to bear  
The sin-avenging stroke;  
As in Gethsemane he knelt,  
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful starlight shone  
In dim and misty gleams;  
Deep was his agonizing groan,  
And large the vital streams  
Which trickled to the dewy sod,  
While Jesus raised his voice to God.

4 The chosen three that staid  
Their nightly watch to keep,  
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,  
And gave themselves to sleep;  
Meekly and sad he prayed alone,  
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's bank  
The reckless traitor came,  
And heavy on his bosom sank  
The load of guilt and shame;  
Yet unto those who waited nigh,  
He gave the Lamb of God to die!

6 Among the mountain trees  
The winds were whispering low,  
And night's ten thousand harmonies  
Were harmonies of woe;

For cruel voices filled the gale  
That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

*Anon.*

## 335

[*Tune Martyr, No. 464.*]

7s. D.

1 BOUND upon the accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the drooping, death-dewed brow;  
Son of man, 't is thou! 't is thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the sun at noonday pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
By the earth enwrapt in gloom,  
By the saints who burst their tomb,  
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow!  
Son of God! 't is thou! 't is thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
"Lord! they know not what they do!"  
By the spoiled and empty grave,  
By the souls he died to save,  
By the rainbow round his brow,  
Son of God! 't is thou! 't is thou!

*Henry H. Milman.*

336

BROCKHAM, L. M.

J. CLARKE.

1. Our Lord is ris-en from the dead; Our Je-sus is gone up on high!

A captive host he joy-ful led To the bright por-tals of the sky.

223, 196, 343.

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 3 Loose all your bars of golden light,  
And wide unfold the beauteous scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory? Who?—  
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 6 Who is this King of glory? Who?—  
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;  
The King of saints and angels too;  
God over all, forever blest.

*Charles Wesley.*

337

223, 64, 68.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives—  
What joy the blest assurance gives!  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead:  
He lives, my everlasting Head!
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,  
He lives to plead for me above,  
He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;  
He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
He lives my mansion to prepare,  
He lives to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name!  
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;  
What joy the blest assurance gives,—  
I know that my Redeemer lives!

*Samuel Medley.*

338

108 514, 592.

- 1 THE morning kindles all the sky,  
The heavens resound with anthems high  
The shining angels, as they speed,  
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"
- 2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,  
While Roman warriors stood on guard.  
Majestic from the spoiled tomb  
In pomp of triumph, he has come!
- 3 When the amazed disciples heard,  
Their hearts with speechless joy were  
stirred;  
Their Lord's beloved face to see,  
Eager they haste to Galilee.
- 4 His pierced hands to them he shows,  
His face with love's own radiance glows;  
They with the angels' message speed,  
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"
- 5 O Christ, thou King compassionate!  
Our hearts possess, on thee we wait;  
Help us to render praises due,  
To thee the endless ages through!

*Ambrosian.*



339

VIENNA, 7s.

GERMAN CHORALE.

1. Morn-ing breaks up - on the tomb, Je - sus scat - ters all its gloom;

Day of tri-umph through the skies, See the glo - rious Sav - iour rise.

333, 37, 272.

- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade;  
Drive your anxious cares away;  
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;  
Chase your unbelieving fears;  
Look on his deserted grave;  
Doubt no more his power to save.

*William B. Collyer.*

340

333, 407, 15.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
And ascend his native skies!  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;  
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!  
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 See, he lifts his hands above!  
See, he shows the prints of love!  
Hark! his gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on his church below.
- 5 Saviour, parted from our sight,  
High above yon azure hight,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following thee beyond the skies.

*Charles Wesley.*

8

341

15, 37, 407.

- 1 ANGELS! roll the rock away;  
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;  
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Hark! the wondering angels raise  
Louder notes of joyful praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Saints on earth lift up your eyes;  
Now to glory see him rise  
In long triumph through the sky,  
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!  
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;  
King of glory! mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.

*Thomas Scott.*

342

15, 531, 37.

- 1 CHRIST is risen, our Lord and King,  
Let the whole creation sing;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heavens, let earth reply.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ the mighty, to conceal;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
He hath opened paradise.
- 3 Lead us, Lord, where thou hast led,—  
Thou, our high, exalted Head;  
Made like thee, by thee we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

*Charles Wesley.*

113

343

*R. F. Cottrell* ANVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

47, 64, 514.

- 2 A Minister of holy things,  
At God's right hand exalted high,  
He pleads his own, his precious blood,  
That chosen Israel may not die.
- 3 Once was he offered,—once for all,  
A Sacrifice for guilty man,—  
What wondrous, what unbounded love  
Is seen throughout salvation's plan!
- 4 All glory to his holy name!  
To those who love him will he come  
The second time; then to redeem,  
And take them to his glorious home.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

344

514, 23, 136.

- 1 JESUS, my Advocate above,  
My Friend before the throne of love,  
If now for me prevails thy prayer,  
If now I find thee pleading there,—
- 2 Do thou the secret wish convey  
That prompts my wayward heart to pray;  
Hear, and my weak petition join,  
Almighty Advocate, to thine.
- 3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain,  
My earnest suit present, and gain;  
My fullness of corruption show;  
The knowledge of myself bestow.
- 4 My sovereign Lord, to thee I cry;  
Without thy mercy I must die:  
My life, my only heaven thou art;—  
O may I feel thee in my heart!

*Charles Wesley.*

345

*R. F. Cottrell*  
58, 347, 23.

- 1 THERE is a house in heaven built,  
The temple of the living God,  
The tabernacle true, where guilt  
Is washed away by precious blood.
- 2 Long since, our High Priest entered there,  
Who knows the frailties of our frame,  
Who loves to hear his people's prayer,  
And offer to our God the same.
- 3 The daily ministry he bore,  
Till ended the prophetic days;  
He opened then the inner door,  
To justify the sacred place.
- 4 Before the ark of ten commands,  
On which the mercy-seat is placed,  
Presenting his own blood, he stands,  
Till Israel's sins are all erased.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

346

101, 336, 592.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Mid hosts of sin, in these arrayed,  
My soul shall never be afraid.
- 2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,  
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,  
Forever doth for sinners plead,  
Can cleanse my guilty soul indeed.
- 3 Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full provision made.

*Nicolaus Zinzendorf*

347

WARD, L. M.

SCOTCH, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Where high the heavenly temple stands, The house of God not made with hands,

A great High Priest our nature wears, The Guardian of man-kind appears.

136, 343, 23.

- 2 He who for men their surety stood,  
And poured on earth his precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows had a part;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aid of heavenly power,  
To help us in the evil hour.

*Michael Bruce.*

348

361, 64, 101.

- 1 THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean  
In water of the driven snow,  
My soul would yet its spots retain,  
And sink in conscious guilt and woe.
- 2 God's law in all its power divine  
Condemns my erring soul to death;  
Declares the foulness of its sin,  
And shows the vileness of its worth.
- 3 There must a Mediator plead  
Whom God and man may both embrace,  
With God for man to intercede,  
And offer us the purchased grace.
- 4 And thus the Son of God is slain  
To be this Mediator crowned;  
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,  
In him thy righteousness be found.

*Anon.*

349

1394, 518.

- 1 O SOLEMN thought! and can it be  
The hour of Judgment now is come,  
Which soon must fix our destiny,  
And seal the sinner's fearful doom?  
Yes, it is so; the Judgment hour  
Is swiftly hastening to its close;  
Then will the Judge, in mighty power,  
Descend in vengeance on his foes.
- 2 He who came down to earth to die,  
An offering for the sins of men,  
And then ascended up on high,  
And will ere long return again,  
Is standing now before the ark,  
And mercy-seat, and cherubim,  
To plead his blood for saints, and make  
The last remembrance of their sin.
- 3 The solemn moment is at hand  
When we who have his name confessed,  
Each in his lot must singly stand,  
And pass the final, searching test.  
Jesus! we hope in thee alone;  
In mercy now upon us look,  
Confess our names before the throne,  
And blot our sins from out thy book.
- 4 O blessed Saviour! may we feel  
The full importance of this hour.  
Inspire our hearts with holy zeal,  
And aid us by thy Spirit's power,  
That we may, in thy strength, be strong,  
And brave the conflict valiantly;  
Then, on Mount Zion, join the song,  
And swell the notes of victory.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

350

BRADFORD, C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

395, 147.

- 2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to thyself receive.
- 3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars  
To meet thee from above;  
Thy goodness thankfully adores,  
And tastes thy precious love.
- 4 When God is mine and I am his,  
Of paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

*Charles Wesley.*

351

227, 114.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out his cries and tears;  
And in full measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

*Isaac Watts.*

352

354, 187.

- 1 BEFORE the throne of God above  
Our Intercessor stands;  
Pleads for his own with deathless love,  
With pierced and bleeding hands.
- 2 The barren rocks of Calvary  
Echoed his dying cries,  
When Christ became, as sin for me,  
A wondrous Sacrifice.
- 3 Not yet may victors' songs be sung  
In realms of endless light,  
Not yet the notes of triumph rung  
By saints all robed in white.
- 4 Not yet do pilgrims' weary feet  
Find sweet abiding rest;  
But when redemption is complete,  
We'll dwell among the blest.

*L. D. Santee.*

353

227, 354.

- 1 JESUS, the Lord of glory, died  
That we might never die;  
And now he reigns supreme, to guide  
His people to the sky.
- 2 Weak though we are, he still is near,  
To lead, console, defend;  
In all our sorrow, all our fear,  
Our all-sufficient Friend.
- 3 From his high throne of grace he deigns  
Our every prayer to heed;  
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,  
Supplies our every need.

*Baptist W. Noe.*

354

WOODLAND, C. M.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD.

1. The won-ders of re-deem-ing love Our highest thoughts exceed; The Son of God comes

from above, The Son of God comes from a-bove For sin-ful man to bleed.

669, 27, 70.

- 2 He gives himself, his life, his all,  
A sinless Sacrifice.  
For man he drains the cup of gall,  
For man the victim dies.
- 3 And now before his Father's face  
His precious blood he pleads;  
For those who seek the throne of grace  
His love still intercedes.
- 4 He knows the frailties of our frame,  
For he has borne our grief;  
Our great High Priest once felt the same,  
And he can send relief.
- 5 His love will not be satisfied,  
Till he in glory see  
The faithful ones for whom he died  
From sin forever free.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

355

669, 27, 114.

- 1 ERECTED high in heaven stands  
The tabernacle true;  
And Jesus there in mercy pleads  
For all the faithful few.
- 2 His blood he offers freely now  
For all who will receive,  
For all who to his truth will bow,  
And in his word believe.
- 3 The Jewish priesthood shadowed forth  
His ministration there,  
The cleansing of the inner court,  
His coming to prepare.

- 4 His work performed, he leaves the seat  
Of mercy, where is found  
The law of God, the ten commands,  
And comes with glory crowned.
- 5 He that is holy then shall be  
In holiness preserved,  
While sinners vainly strive to flee  
The wrath they've long deserved.

*Anon.*

356

114, 581, 636.

- 1 COME, let us join our songs of praise  
To our ascended Priest;  
He entered heaven with all our names  
Engraven on his breast.
- 2 He died to wash our guilt away,  
By his atoning blood,  
Which now he pleads before the throne,  
And brings us near to God.
- 3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows  
The weakness of our frame,  
And how to shield us from the foes  
Which he himself o'ercame.
- 4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench  
The fervor of his love;  
For us he died in kindness here,  
For us he lives above.
- 5 O, may we ne'er forget his grace,  
Nor blush to speak his name!  
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,—  
Our lips his praise proclaim.

*Alexander Pirrie.*

1. { The sprinkled blood is speaking Be-fore the Father's throne, } The sprinkled blood is telling  
 { The Spir-it's power is seek-ing To make its virtues known; }

Je- hovah's love to man, While heavenly harps are swelling Sweet notes to mercy's plan.

492, 246, 415.

- 2 The sprinkled blood is speaking  
 Forgiveness full and free,  
 Its wondrous power is breaking  
 Each bond of guilt for me;  
 The sprinkled blood's revealing  
 A Father's smiling face,  
 The Saviour's love is sealing  
 Each monument of grace.
- 3 The sprinkled blood is pleading  
 Its virtue as my own,  
 And there my soul is reading  
 Her title to Thy throne.  
 The sprinkled blood is owning  
 The weak one's feeblest plea;  
 'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning,  
 It pleads, O Lord, with thee.
- 4 O wondrous power, that seeketh  
 From sin to set me free!  
 O precious blood, that speaketh!  
 Should I not value thee?  
 The sprinkled blood is shedding  
 Its fragrance all around,  
 It gilds the path we're treading,  
 It makes our joys abound.

Anon.

358

[Tune, Autumn, No. 501.] 8s &amp; 7s. D.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!  
 Crowned in mockery a king!  
 Thou didst suffer to release us;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring.

- Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!  
 Bearer of our sin and shame!  
 By thy merits we find favor;  
 Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid;  
 By Almighty Love anointed.  
 Thou redemption's price hast paid.  
 All thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of thy blood;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory!  
 There forever to abide;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side:  
 There for sinners thou art pleading;  
 There thou dost our place prepare,  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give;  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

John Bakewell.

359

MURRAY. H. M.

GERMAN.

1. Arise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac-ri-fice In  
my be-half ap-pears; Before the throne my Saviour stands; My name is written on his hands.

252, 360, 167.

- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead;  
His blood was shed for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,

- They strongly speak for me:  
Forgive him, O, forgive! they cry,  
Nor let the contrite sinner die!
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear, anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I'm a child of God.

*Charles Wesley.*

360

LOGAN. H. M.

L. A. LOGAN:

1. His earth-ly work is done, The Vic-tim's blood is shed, And Je-sus now is gone His  
peo-ple's cause to plead; He stands in heaven, their great High Priest, He bears their names up-on his breast.

252, 786, 369.

- 2 He sprinkles with his blood  
The mercy-seat above;  
He seals our brotherhood  
With his atoning love;  
And justice threatens us no more,  
But mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands  
His place of service is;  
In heaven itself he stands,

- A heavenly priesthood his:  
In him the shadows of the law  
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile he be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again;  
In brightest glory he will come,  
And take his waiting people home.

*Thomas Kelly.*

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there;

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav - el - er.

58, 171, 316.

2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,  
Is thy Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain that heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Let thy sweet Spirit me sustain,—  
O guide me all life's journey through.

*Isaac Watts.*

362

171, 28, 314.

1 LORD, we are vile, and full of sin,  
We're born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;  
Our only refuge is thy grace:  
No outward forms can make us clean;  
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor earthly priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,  
Hath power sufficient to atone;  
Thy blood can make us white as snow;  
No other tide can cleanse us so.

*Isaac Watts.*

363

171, 58, 365.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;  
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;  
See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such help as nature cannot give.

*Anne Steele.*

364

171, 58, 316.

1 SHALL this vile race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their Creator, God?  
Shall mortal worms presume to be  
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2 From night to day, from day to night,  
We die by thousands in thy sight;  
Buried in dust whole nations lie,  
Like a forgotten vanity.

3 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;  
How frail are we! how glorious thou!  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

*Isaac Watts.*



1. When, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,

One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sin-ner's wandering eye.

212, 336, 58.

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering  
bark.
- 3 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 4 It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall  
It led me to the port of peace.

*Henry Kirke White.*

366

215, 23, 428.

- 1 JESUS, engrave it on my heart  
That thou the one thing needful art ;  
I could from all things parted be,  
But never, never, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Needful is thy most precious blood,  
To reconcile my soul to God ;  
Needful is thy indulgent care,  
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,  
True peace and comfort to afford ;  
Needful thy promise, to impart  
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.
- 4 Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay,  
Through all life's dark and weary way ;  
Nor will at last less needful be  
To bring me home to heaven and thee.

*Samuel Medley.*

367

171, 64, 314.

- 1 INFINITE Love! what precious stores  
Thy mercy has prepared for us !  
The costliest gems, the richest ores,  
Could never have endowed us thus.
- 2 But thy soft hand, O gracious Lord,  
Can draw from suffering souls the sting ;  
And thy rich bounty to our board  
Can bread for hungering sinners bring.
- 3 How rich the grace ! the gift how free !  
'T is only "ask,"—it shall be given ;  
'T is only "knock," and thou shalt see  
The opening door that leads to heaven.
- 4 O then arise, and take the good,  
So full and freely proffered thee,  
Remembering that it cost the blood  
Of Him who died on Calvary.

*Jared Waterbury.*

368

215, 301, 336.

- 1 AGAINST the God that rules the sky  
I fought, with weapons lifted high ;  
I madly ran the sinful race,  
Regardless of a hiding-place.
- 2 But a celestial voice I heard,  
A bleeding Saviour then appeared ;  
Led by the Spirit of his grace,  
I found in him a hiding-place.
- 3 On him the weight of vengeance fell  
That else had sunk a world to hell ;  
Then, O my soul, forever praise  
Thy Saviour, God, thy hiding-place !

*Schoida Brewer.*

369

MELODY, C. M.

I. P. COLE

1. Not all the out-ward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given,

Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven.

227, 669, 581.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone,  
Creates us heirs of grace;  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Breathes on the sons of flesh,  
New-models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise  
From the long sleep of death;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

*Isaac Watts.*

370

179, 207, 147.

- 1 THOU art the Way; to thee alone,  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone,  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

*Anon.*

371

395, 227, 546.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is;  
Our sin—how deep it stains!  
And Satan holds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come!  
And trust a pardoning Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord;  
O, help my unbelief!
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
In thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Saviour and my All.

*Isaac Watts.*

372

546, 395.

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,  
That leads to joys on high;  
'T is but a few that find the gate,  
While thousands pass it by.
- 2 Belovèd self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed,  
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm  
Fulfill a task so hard?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

*Isaac Watts.*

373

MONSON. C. M.

S. R. BROWN

1. How help-less guilt-y na-ture lies, Un-con-scious of its load!

The heart, unchanged, can nev-er rise To hap-pi-ness and God.

179, 201, 227.

- 2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,  
The stubborn will subdue?  
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit! thine,  
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise;  
To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord! be thine.

Anne Steele.

374

399, 446, 201.

- 1 IN vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own:  
No other plea than Jesus' blood  
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of the broken law  
Impress the soul with dread;  
If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thine illustrious sacrifice  
Hath answered these demands,  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Are offered by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!  
'Tis on thy cross we rest:  
Forever be thy love adored,  
Thy name forever blessed.

Isaac Watts.

375

326, 546, 147.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief:  
He saw, and, O amazing love!  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining courts above,  
With joyful haste he sped,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The Saviour's praises speak.

Isaac Watts.

376

396, 446, 669.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,  
And all their actions, guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile equal stand,  
Without a murmuring word;  
And the whole race of Adam own  
Their guilt before the Lord.
- 3 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace;  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts.

377

HOLY CROSS. C. M. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Thou Sav - iour of the sin - sick soul, Thou Ref - uge in dis - tress,  
When doubt's dark bil - lows near me roll, Close to thy side I press.

179, 395, 581.

- 2 The burdened heart must seek in vain  
For merit of its own;  
There's freedom from each crimson stain  
In thee, and thee alone.
- 3 Let him who feels his load of guilt  
Strive not its weight to bear;  
The hopes that man on self has built  
Are doomed to dark despair.
- 4 But thou, O Christ, whose blood was shed  
For all who plead its power,  
Wilt lift the load that bows the head  
In deep contrition's hour!
- 5 Thy tender heart has felt the weight  
Of sins that were not thine,  
And lo! within that burden great  
I view these sins of mine.
- 6 'Tis faith that points them out to me  
When, fainting 'neath the load,  
I turn my longing eyes to thee,  
Far up the narrow road.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul, dark spot,  
One only stream—a stream of blood—  
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief;  
His heart that's touched with all our joys,  
And feels for all our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!  
Unseal that cleansing tide:  
We have no shelter from our sin  
But in thy wounded side.

*Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.*

379

399, 798, 201.

378

175, 179, 581.

- 1 WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand—a piercèd hand—  
Can heal the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart—a broken heart—  
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,  
The suffering which he bore;  
How low he stooped, how high he rose,  
And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 With them let us our voices raise,  
And still the song renew;  
Salvation well deserves the praise  
Of men and angels too.

*F. E. Belden.**Benjamin Beddome*

1. O, where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'T were vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

89, 191, 151.

- 2 This world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
Its fairest glories shortest live,  
And all its pleasures die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 Through Christ, the Life, the Way,  
May we that life obtain;  
And through the merits of his blood,  
That endless glory gain.

*James Montgomery.*

381

89, 403, 11.

- 1 God's holy law, transgressed,  
Speaks nothing but despair;  
Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,  
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,  
Nor works which we have done,  
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,  
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found  
In Jesus' precious blood;  
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,  
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,  
The spotless Victim dies;  
This is salvation's only source,  
Whence all our hopes arise.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

382

236, 89, 191.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God,—  
Each wandering in a different way,  
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,  
When God our wanderings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,  
When Christ sustained the stroke!  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,  
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense his pain.

*Isaac Watts.*

383

688, 601, 736.

- 1 NOT what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,  
Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.

*Horatius Bonar.*

384

OLMUTZ, S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Ah, how shall fall - en man Be just be - fore his God?

If he con - tend in right - eousness, We sink be - neath his rod.

151, 89, 403.

- 2 If he our ways should mark  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!  
Who can with thee contend?  
Or who, that tries the unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake;  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah! how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God?  
None, none, can meet him and escape,  
But through the Saviour's blood.

Isaac Watts.

385

89, 191, 403.

- 1 My former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins;  
I feel, alas! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah! whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom  
Until a friendly whisper says,  
"Flee from the wrath to come."

William Couper.

386

688, 736, 266.

- 1 Is this the kind return,  
Are these the thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduced our mind!  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mold our souls afresh;  
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.

Isaac Watts.

387

236, 736, 568.

- 1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,  
Who love this world so well?  
Or dream of future happiness,  
While on the road to hell?
- 2 Shall they hosannas sing,  
With an unhallowed tongue?  
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand  
Which does its neighbor wrong?
- 3 Can sin's deceitful way  
Conduct to Zion's hill?  
Or those expect with God to reign  
Who disregard his will?
- 4 Thy grace, O God, alone,  
Good hopes can e'er afford:  
The pardoned and the pure shall see  
The glory of the Lord.

Anon.

388

DESIRE. L. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Come, wea-ry souls with sin distressed, Come, and ac-cept the promised rest ;

The Sav-iour's gra-cious call o-bey, And cast your gloom-y fears a-way.

787, 431, 212.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
O, come and spread your woes abroad !  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;  
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful hearts,  
The hopes thy gracious word imparts ;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

*Anne Steele.*

389

428, 216, 47.

1 "TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,  
" If thou wouldst my disciple be ;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;  
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,  
And calmly every danger brave ;  
'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ ;  
Nor think till death to lay it down ;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.  
*Charles W. Everest.*

390

431, 787, 215.

1 GOD calling yet ! shall I not hear ?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumber lie ?

2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?  
Can I his loving voice despise,  
And basely his kind care repay ?  
He calls me still ; can I delay ?

3 God calling yet ! and shall he knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock ?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve ?

4 God calling yet ! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live ?  
I wait, but he does not forsake :  
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !

5 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;  
My heart I yield without delay ;  
Vain world, farewell ! from thee I part ;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

*Jane Borthwick.*

391

BERA. L. M.

1. Why do we waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares,

While in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?

215, 108, 136.

- 2 Shall God invite us from above?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give us pain?  
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so our eyes will always view  
Those objects which we now pursue;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.

*Philip Doddridge.*

392

58, 101, 431.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls;  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mold and guide us at thy will.

*Isaac Watts.*

393

787, 542, 51.

- 1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and laden hands;  
O, matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will, the very friend you need—  
The Friend of sinners; yes, 't is he,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine—  
That soul-destroying monster, sin—  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit him ere his anger burn;  
His feet, departed, ne'er return:  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
When at his door denied you'll stand.

*Joseph Grigg.*

394

212, 336, 361.

- 1 HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on,  
And many a shining hour is gone;  
The storm is gathering in the west,  
And thou art far from home and rest.
- 2 Then linger not in all the plain,  
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;  
Look not behind, make no delay,  
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

*William B. Collier.*



395

BALERMA. C. M.

ARR. BY R. SIMPSON.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek thy Fa - ther's face;  
Those new de - sires which in thee burn, Were kin - dled by his grace.

227, 339.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
He hears thy humble sigh;  
He sees thy softened spirit moura,  
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return;  
Thy Saviour bids thee live;  
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn  
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe the falling tear;  
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;  
'Tis love invites thee near.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return;  
Regain thy long-sought rest;  
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn  
To clasp thee to his breast.

Wm. B. Collyer.

396

354, 308.

- 1 THE Saviour calls;—let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow,  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come; 't is mercy's voice;  
The gracious call obey:  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,  
And can you yet delay?

Anne Steele.

397

201, 204.

- 1 O SINNER, heed the voice of God,  
It speaks to you to-day,  
And calls you by his sacred word  
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 It bids you turn to him, and live  
Through his abounding grace;  
His mercy will the guilt forgive  
Of those who seek his face.
- 3 Bow to the scepter of his word,  
Renouncing every sin:  
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
And bid him reign within.

John Fawcett.

398

581, 147.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:—
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there.

Edmund Jones.

1. Come to the liv - ing wa - ters, come! O - bey your Mak - er's call; Re -

turn, ye weary wanderers, home; My grace is free for all, My grace is free for all.

176, 117, 114.

- 2 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;  
Leave all you have behind;  
Freely the gift of God receive,  
And peace in Jesus find.
- 3 I bid you all my goodness prove;  
My promises are free:  
Come, taste the manna of my love,  
Delight your souls in me.
- 4 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words in faith receive;  
Quickened, your souls by faith divine,  
Eternal life shall live.

*Anon.*

400

179, 201, 227.

- 1 THERE is a line by us unseen,  
That crosses every path,—  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.
- 2 O! where is this mysterious bourne  
By which our path is crossed,—  
Beyond which God himself hath sworn  
That he who goes is lost?
- 3 How far may we go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end? And where begin  
The confines of despair?
- 4 An answer from the skies is sent:  
"Ye that from God depart,  
While it is called to-day, repent,  
And harden not your heart."

*F. Addison Alexander.*

401

364, 176, 581.

- 1 WHY should we boast of time to come,  
Though but a single day?  
This hour may fix our final doom,  
Though strong, and young, and gay.
- 2 The present we should now redeem;  
This only is our own;  
The past, alas! is all a dream;  
The future is unknown.
- 3 O think what vast concerns depend  
Upon a moment's space,  
When life and all its cares shall end  
In vengeance or in grace.
- 4 O for that power which melts the heart,  
And lifts the soul on high!  
Where sin and grief and death depart,  
And pleasures never die.

*M. Wilkes.*

402

111, 438, 74.

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord!  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Give us ourselves and thee to know,  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.
- 3 Convince us first of unbelief,  
And freely then release;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.

*Charles Wesley.*

403

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.

1. O sin - ner, mark thy fate! Soon will the Judge ap - pear,

And then thy cries will come too late—Too late for God to hear.

236, 736.

- 2 The day of mercy gone,  
The Spirit grieved away,  
The cup, long filling, now o'erflown,  
Demands the vengeful day.
- 3 Thy God, insulted, seems  
To draw his glittering sword;  
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,  
To vindicate his word.
- 4 One only hope I see;  
O sinner, seize it now;  
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!  
No other hope hast thou.

*Anon.*

404

732, 266.

- 1 "ALL things are ready," come!  
Come to the supper spread;  
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young;  
Come, and be richly fed.
- 2 "All things are ready," come!  
The invitation's given  
Through Him who now in glory sits  
At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 "All things are ready," come!  
The door is open wide;  
O feast upon the love of God;  
For Christ, his Son, has died.
- 4 "All things are ready," come!  
To-morrow may not be;  
O sinner, come! the Saviour waits  
This hour to welcome thee.

*Albert Midlane.*

405

732, 236.

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"  
The holy Bride of Christ proclaims  
To all her children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the Fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come:"  
Lord, even so, we wait thy hour;  
O blest Redeemer, come.

*Henry Onderdonk.*

406

688, 236.

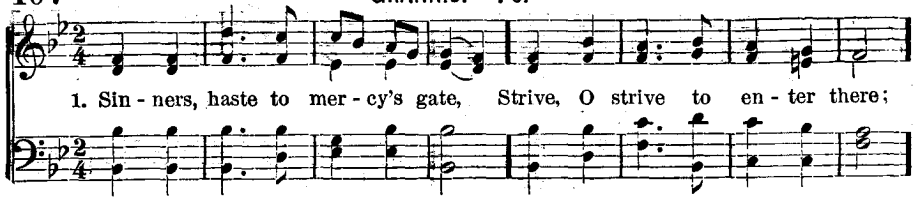
- 1 SINNERS, the call obey,—  
The latest call of grace;  
The day will come—the vengeful day—  
Of a devoted race.
- 2 To shelter the distressed,  
He did the cross endure;  
Enter into the clefts, and rest  
In Jesus' wounds secure.
- 3 Jesus, to thee we fly  
From the devouring sword;  
Our city of defense is nigh,  
Our help is in the Lord.

*Anon.*

407

GRANNIS. 7s.

W. O. PERKINS.



1. Sin - ners, haste to mer - cy's gate, Strive, O strive to en - ter there;



Hast - en, lest ye come too late, Lest in vain shall be your prayer.

15, 457, 272.

- 2 Soon the Saviour will arise,  
And forever shut the door:  
Hopeless then will be your cries;  
God will welcome you no more.
- 3 From his glorious seat within,  
Zion's King so long forgot,  
Then will say, "Ye slaves of sin,  
Hence depart, I know you not."
- 4 O! the anguish of that word,—  
Anguish which no measure knows,—  
Sinners, haste to seek the Lord,  
Ere the door of mercy close.

Anon.

408

720, 826, 339.

- 1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice:  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Hither come; for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld.

409

240, 720, 587.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Never can by thee be won.
- 2 Hasten, sinner, to return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere thy work of grace be done.

Thomas Scott.

410

333, 15, 537.

- 1 HEAVY clouds are gathering fast,  
Tokens of destruction sure;  
Sinner, now before the blast,  
Seek a shelter to secure.
- 2 Thousand voices from afar,  
Warn thee of thy coming fate:  
Careless sinner, now beware!  
Haste thee, ere it be too late!
- 3 Crimes in every shape increase;  
Judgments stalk throughout the land;  
Signs are borne on every breeze,  
That destruction is at hand.
- 4 Darker clouds will soon arise,  
Louder still the thunders roar,  
Fiercer lightnings pierce the skies,—  
But the sinner's day is o'er.

Anon.

411

240, 605, 407.

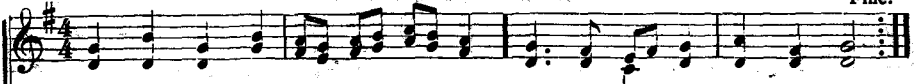
- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 At his presence nature shakes;  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;  
Solid mountains melt like wax;  
What will then become of thee?
- 3 Who his advent may abide?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide,  
When the world is wrapped in flame?

Anon.

412

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s. D.

UNKNOWN.  
Fine.

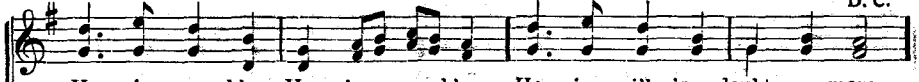


1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, }  
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power. }



D. C.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

D. C.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.



854, 860, 295.

2 Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome;  
 God's free bounty glorify!  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh,  
 Without money  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him;  
 This he gives you;  
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

Joseph Hart.

By the perfect law convicted,  
 Through the cross behold the crown;  
 Look to Jesus;  
 Mercy flows through him alone,

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it;  
 Love will make obedience sweet;  
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
 While his wisdom guides your feet  
 Safe to glory,  
 Where his ransomed captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
 Light to newly opened eyes,  
 Or full springs in deserts dreary,  
 Is the rest the cross supplies;  
 All who taste it  
 Shall to rest immortal rise.

Joseph Swain.

413

854, 295, 860.

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,  
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,

414

TO-DAY, 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



1. To - day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?



2 To-day the Saviour calls!  
 O listen now;  
 Within these sacred walls,  
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls!  
 For mercy flee;  
 For all the guilty soon  
 Must guilty be.

4 To-day the Saviour calls!  
 For refuge fly;  
 The storm of vengeance falls;  
 Ruin is nigh.

5 The Spirit calls to-day!  
 Yield to its power;  
 O grieve it not away;  
 'T is mercy's hour.

S. F. Smith.

415

AURELIA. 7s &amp; 6s. D.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

1. O, Com-fort to the drear-y! O, Joy to the oppressed! "Come un-to Me, ye

wea-ry, And I will give you rest." O, come with all your weakness, Come

with your load of woe; And learn of him with meekness All righteousness to know.

492, 246, 357.

- 2 Enslaved of Romish error,  
Worn out with fruitless pains,  
Reapers of doubt and terror,  
Come, cast away your chains!  
Renounce the superstition  
By all the world preferred;  
And turn from vain tradition  
To His redeeming word.
- 3 Ye who the world have courted,  
And suffered from its spite;  
Ye who with sin have sported,  
And felt its serpent bite;  
Come, learn, your follies quitting,  
That this world's gain is loss;  
To Christ's light yoke submitting,  
Come, and take up the cross.
- 4 O come, and make the trial;  
Christ's service is release;  
If hard the self-denial,  
Its fruit is joy and peace.  
His word your faith defending,  
Shall nerve you for the strife;  
Peace all your steps attending;  
The prize,—eternal life!

416

492, 742, 246.

- 1 O JESUS! thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
We bear the name of Christians,  
Thy name and sign we bear:  
O, shame, thrice shame upon us!  
To keep thee standing there.
- 2 O Jesus! thou art knocking;  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns thy brow encircle,  
And tears thy face have marred:  
O, love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O, sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!
- 3 O Jesus! thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,—  
"I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore!

Anon.

William How.

417

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

JOSIAH HOPKINS.

1. O turn ye, O turnye; for why willye die, When God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh?

Now Je-sus invites you, the Spirit says, Come, And an-gels are waiting to welcome you home.

512, 781.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;  
O, how can you question when you may believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

Anon.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace  
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight,  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,  
The earth shall dissolve, and the heav-en's shall fade,  
The dead, small and great, in the Judgment shall stand;  
What power then, O sinner! will lend thee its aid?

Thomas Hastings.

418

511, 781.

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near!  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?  
A fountain is open; how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in his pardon-ing blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come;  
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;  
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

419

511, 781, 783.

1 ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God;  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;  
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head;  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God;  
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad,  
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,  
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

Knox.

420

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer-vently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray-  
ing,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-  
ing,  
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-  
not cure."

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters  
flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure  
from above;  
Come to the feast of love—come, ever  
knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can  
remove.

Thomas Moore.

421

AVA. P. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS. D. C.

1. { Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dismay, } Heaven bids thee come While yet there's room.  
{ Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day: }  
D. C.—Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die?  
Come while thou canst borrow  
Help from on high:  
Grieve not that love  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

Thomas Hastings

Exiled from home,  
Sadly to roam,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Where wilt thou flee?

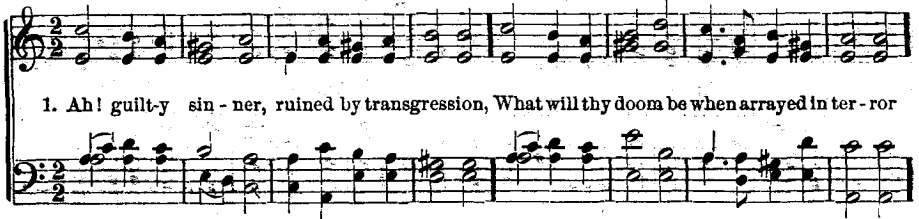
2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Lift up thine eye;  
Heirship thou canst borrow  
In worlds on high:  
Bright mansions fair  
Are waiting there;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Now homeward fly.

Anon.

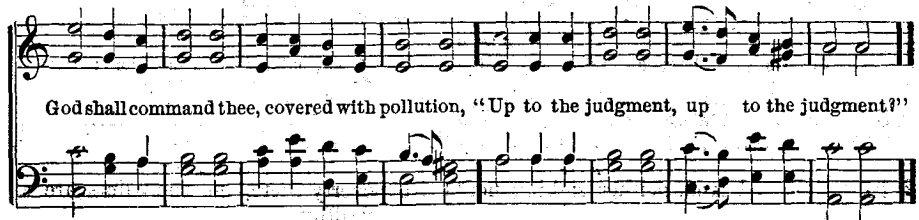
422

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
Where wilt thou flee  
Through the long to-morrow,—  
Eternity?





1. Ah! guilty sin - ner, ruined by transgression, What will thy doom be when arrayed in ter - ror



God shall command thee, covered with pollution, "Up to the judgment, up to the judgment?"

2 Oft he has called thee, but thou would'st  
not hear him;  
Mercies and judgments have alike been  
sighted;  
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded  
Waits to embrace you.

3 But if you trifle with his gracious message,  
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty  
pleasures,  
Mercy, grown weary, will in righteous  
judgment  
Leave you forever.

4 Then you shall call, but he will not regard  
you;  
Seek for his favor, yet will never find it;  
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his  
presence  
Deep in their caverns.

5 O! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warn-  
ing;  
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon:  
So shall you meet him, and with joy  
triumphant,  
Coming to judgment.

Anon.

424

[Tune, I Love Thee, No. 511.]

11s.

- 1 THE last call of mercy now lingers for thee;  
O sinner, receive it; to Jesus now flee!  
He often has called thee—but thou hast  
refused;  
His offered salvation and love are abused.
- 2 O slight not the warning now offered at  
last,  
Till summer is ended and harvest is  
passed;  
Till mercy, long slighted, has left thy  
heart's door,  
And pardon, sweet pardon, is offered no  
more.
- 3 While Jesus is calling, O turn not away;  
For swiftly approacheth the dread judg-  
ment day:  
The Spirit invites you, O why will you  
roam?  
Come now to life's waters, ye thirsty ones,  
come.
- 4 The last call of mercy now lingers for thee;  
O, break the strong fetters of sin, and be  
free!  
The Bride is now calling; ye wanderers,  
come;  
Accept of salvation, in heaven there's  
room.

Anon.

425

WILL YOU GO? 12s & 11s. P.

UNKNOWN.

1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love; }  
 { Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of fol-ly, O say, will you go to the E - den a-bove? }

Chorus.

Will you go, will you go, Will you go, will you go? O say, will you go to the Eden a-bove?

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish<br/>                 Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove:<br/>                 Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,<br/>                 O say, will you go to the Eden above?</p> | <p>4 No poverty there, no, the saints are all wealthy,<br/>                 The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;<br/>                 No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;<br/>                 O say, will you go to the Eden above?</p> |
| <p>3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,<br/>                 Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;<br/>                 No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;<br/>                 O say, will you go to the Eden above?</p>     | <p>5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,<br/>                 We halt yet a moment as onward we move;<br/>                 O, come to thy Lord! in his arms he will take thee,<br/>                 And bear thee along to the Eden above.</p>     |

Anon.

426

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. P. M.

UNKNOWN.

Other stanzas on opposite page.

1. All you that are wea-ry and sad, come, And you that are cheer-ful and glad, come;

{ In robes of hu - mil - i - ty clad, come; The Saviour invites you to-day. }  
 { In robes of hu - mil - i - ty clad, come; The Saviour invites you (omit.) } to - day.

1. { Hark, sin-ner, while God from on high doth en-treat thee, And warnings with accents of mer-cy doth blend; }  
 { Give ear to his voice, lest in judg-ment he meet thee, "The har-vest is pass-ing, the sum-mer will end." }

Refrain.

The har-vest is pass-ing, the sum-mer will end; The har-vest is pass-ing, the sum-mer will end.

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!

How oft still the message of mercy doth send!

Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despised and rejected, at length he may leave thee:

What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!

Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee;

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power;

Our God will arise, with his foes to contend;

Haste, haste thee, O sinner! prepare for that hour!

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him;

O, bow to his scepter, and make him thy friend!

Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him;

Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end.

Anon.

[See No. 426, on opposite page.] P. M.

1 ALL you that are weary and sad, come;

And you that are cheerful and glad, come;

In robes of humility clad, come;

The Saviour invites you to-day.

2 Let youth in its freshness and bloom, come;

Let man in the pride of his noon come;

Let age on the verge of the tomb come;

Let none in his pride stay away.

3 Let the halt, and the maimed, and the blind come;

Let all who are freely inclined come;

With humble and peaceable mind, come

Away from the waters of strife.

4 The Spirit and Bride freely say, Come!

Let him that now heareth it say, Come!

Let all that are thirsty, to-day come,

And drink of the Fountain of Life.

Anon.

428

WOODWORTH, L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

168, 101, 212.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt—  
“Fightings within, and fears without,”  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, thy love I own  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, and thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

*Charlotte Elliott.*

429

624, 361, 314.

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:  
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and his cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But thou dost all my anguish see:  
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
“God has been merciful to me!”

*Cornelius Elven.*

430

471, 316, 347.

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea,  
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, “Come to me.”

2 It tells me of a place of rest;  
It tells me where my soul may flee:  
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, “Come to me.

3 “Come, for all else must fail and die!  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;  
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion; come to me.”

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above!  
And gently whisper, “Come to me.”

*Charlotte Elliott.*

431

HAMBURG. L. M.

GREGORIAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub - mit

At Je - sus' feet to lay it down—To lay my all at Je - sus' feet!

514, 314, 624.

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power ;  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

*Charles Wesley.*

432

374, 343, 212.

- 1 FORGIVE us, Lord! to thee we cry ;  
Forgive us thro' thy matchless grace ;  
On thee alone our souls rely ;  
Be thou our strength and righteousness.
- 2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive  
The ills we suffer from our foes ;  
Restore us, Lord! and bid us live ;  
O! let us in thine arms repose.
- 3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great !  
Our wretched souls no merit claim ;  
For sovereign mercy still we wait,  
And ask but in the Saviour's name.

*Thomas Hastings.*

433

212, 101, 28.

- 1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,  
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep ;  
Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,  
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.
- 2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,  
Look down upon my soul in love ;  
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,  
And make my soul rejoice again.
- 3 By thy divine, transforming power,  
My ruined nature now restore ;  
And let my life and temper shine,  
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

*Thomas Moore.*

434

624, 538, 101.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !  
Let a repenting sinner live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not the guilty trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
O, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean !
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

*Isaac Watts.*

1. { O, hap - py day! that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God; }  
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad. }

Chorus.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }  
 { And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day; }

Fine. D. S.

212, 223, 47.

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
 With him of every good possessed.
- 4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in time's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless at last a bond so dear.
- 5 And when the bright celestial train,  
 From highest heaven to earth shall come;  
 Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign  
 Forever in that happy home.

Philip Doddridge.

436

538, 171, 108.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
 The road that leads from banishment,  
 The King's highway of holiness,  
 I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourned because I found it not;  
 My grief a burden long has been,  
 Because I was not saved from sin.

- 4 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;  
 Nothing but sin have I to give,  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to all around,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick.

437

361, 101, 624.

- 1 LORD, I was blind: I could not see  
 In thy marred visage any grace;  
 But now the beauty of thy face,  
 In radiant vision dawns on me.
- 2 Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear  
 The thrilling music of thy voice;  
 But now I hear thee and rejoice,  
 And all thy uttered words are dear.
- 3 Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak  
 The grace and glory of thy name;  
 But now, as touched with living flame,  
 My lips thine eager praises wake.
- 4 Lord, I was dead: I could not stir  
 My lifeless soul to come to thee;  
 But now, since thou hast quickened me,  
 I rise from sin's dark sepulcher.
- 5 Lord, thou hast made the blind to see,  
 The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,  
 The dead to live; and lo, I break  
 The chains of my captivity!

W. T. Mason.

438

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. A - wake, my heart, a - rise, my tongue, Pre - pare a tune - ful voice;

In God, the life of all my joys, A - loud will I re - joice.

354, 794, 369.

- 2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor, polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far that heavenly robe excels  
What earthly princes wear!  
These ornaments, how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love  
And hope, and every grace;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.

*Isaac Watts.*

439

396, 399, 636.

- 1 SALVATION!—O, the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation!—let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

*Isaac Watts.*

440

354, 369, 636.

- 1 O, how divine, how sweet the joy,  
When but one sinner turns,  
And, with an humble, broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns!
- 2 Pleased with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is filled with joy.
- 3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner's moan;  
Jesus receives him in his arms,  
And claims him as his own.

*John Needham.*

441

364, 446, 147.

- 1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

*John Newton.*

442

Downs, C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus, to thee I now can fly, On whom my help is laid:

Opressed by sins, I lift mine eye, And see the shad - ows fade.

207, 227, 114.

- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find  
A sure and present aid;  
On thee alone my constant mind  
Be every moment stayed.
- 3 What'er in me seems wise, or good,  
Or strong, I here disclaim;  
I wash my garments in the blood  
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,  
On thee will I depend,  
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,  
When faith in sight shall end.

*Charles Wesley.*

443

646, 117, 681.

- 1 JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,  
To bear our griefs and woes?  
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,  
For thy rebellious foes?
- 2 Well might the heavens with wonder view  
A love so strange as thine!  
No thought of angels ever knew  
Compassion so divine!
- 3 Is there a heart that will not bend  
To thy divine control?  
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,  
And melt that stubborn soul!
- 4 O, may our willing hearts confess  
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway!  
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,  
Thy righteous rule obey.

*Anne Steele.*

444

399, 308, 644.

- 1 GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,  
And all thy glory see;  
This is my stay, and this alone,  
That Jesus died for me!
- 2 How can a soul condemned to die,  
Escape the just decree?  
Helpless, and full of sin am I,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,  
O, how can I get free?  
No peace can all my efforts gain,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,  
This must be all my plea;  
Save me by thy almighty grace,  
For Jesus died for me.

*Anon.*

445

179, 395, 147.

- 1 LORD! at thy feet we humbly lie,  
And knock at mercy's door;  
With heavy heart and downcast eye  
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;  
We would thy pity move:  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
- 3 O, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,  
Our numerous sins forgive!  
Thy grace our stony hearts can break:  
Heal us, and bid us live.

*Simon Browne.*



446

DENTON, C. M.

E. HAMILTON.

1. All that I was—my sin, my guilt, My death was all my own;

All that I am I owe to thee, My gra-cious God, a-lone.

546, 596, 117.

- 2 The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is thine, and only thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage, all was mine;  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty, is thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin;  
It taught me to believe;  
Then, in believing, peace I found,  
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, even here on earth,  
All that I hope to be,  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

*Horatius Bonar.*

447

227, 546, 669.

- 1 THE Lord first empties whom he fills,  
Casts down whom he would raise;  
He quickens, when the letter kills,  
Exalting thus his praise.
- 2 When he applies his healing blood  
Unto a sin-sick soul,  
This balsam, powerful, precious, good,  
Ne'er fails to make it whole.
- 3 On us he spent his life and blood,  
Our losses to retrieve;  
Mankind's redemption now holds good  
For sinner's who believe.

*Erskine.*

448

179, 201, 396.

- 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart  
That bows before the Lord;  
That owns how just and good thou art,  
And trembles at thy word!
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears  
Which from repentance flow;  
That sense of guilt which, trembling,  
fears  
The long-suspended blow!
- 3 O, fill my soul with faith and love,  
And strength to do thy will;  
Raise my desires and hopes above,—  
Thyself to me reveal.

*Charles Wesley.*

449

179, 354, 114.

- 1 BE merciful to me, O God!  
Be merciful to me;  
For though I sink beneath thy rod,  
Yet do I trust in thee.
- 2 Thou art my refuge, and I know  
My burden thou dost bear;  
And I would seek, where'er I go,  
To cast on thee my care.
- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,  
Strong though my spirit be;  
O, then assist, when foes assail,  
The soul that clings to thee!
- 4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,  
A thankful heart be mine,—  
A heart that answers to thy call,—  
One that is wholly thine.

*Anon.*

450.

JERUSALEM. G. M. D.

LOUIS SPONZ.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
D. S.—I found in him a resting-place,"

Thy head up-on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was—Wear-y, and worn, and sad;  
And he has made me glad."

486, 83.

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto me: thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my star, my sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

451

486, 83.

- 1 I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice  
That mortal ever heard;  
O, how it made my heart rejoice,  
And every feeling stirred!  
'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild;  
He called me to his side,  
And said; although with heart-defiled,  
I might in him confide.
- 2 I saw his face, the fairest face  
That mortal ever saw;  
I longed the Saviour to embrace,  
From him new life to draw,

"Come unto me," he kindly said,  
"And I will give thee rest;  
The ransom-price I fully paid;  
Repent! believe! be blest!"

- 3 I felt his love, the strongest love  
That mortal ever felt;  
O, how it drew my soul above,  
And made my hard heart melt!  
My burden at his feet I laid,  
And knew the joy of heaven,  
As in my willing ear he said  
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

Peter Stryker.

452

486, 83.

- 1 My God, my God, to thee I cry;  
Thee only would I know:  
Thy purifying blood apply,  
And wash me white as snow.  
Touch me, and make the leper clean;  
Purge mine iniquity:  
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
I have no part in thee.
- 2 But art thou not already mine?  
Answer, if mine thou art;  
Whisper within, thou Love divine,  
And cheer my drooping heart.  
Behold for me the Victim bleeds,  
His wounds are open wide;  
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

453

CONTRITION. S. M.

EDWIN BARNES.

by Edwin Barnes.

1. Ah! whith - er should I go, Bur - dened, and sick, and faint?

Copyrighted 1886

To whom should I my troub - le show, And pour out my com - plaint?

89, 191, 558.

- 2 My Saviour bids me come;  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part,—  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take all sin away.

Charles Wesley.

454

403, 384, 688.

- 1 IN mercy, not in wrath,  
Rebuke me, gracious God!  
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,  
I sink beneath thy rod.
- 2 Touched by thy quickening power,  
My load of guilt I feel;  
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed  
O let that Spirit heal!
- 3 In trouble and in gloom,  
Must I forever mourn?  
And wilt thou not at length, O God,  
In pitying love return?
- 4 O come; ere life expire,  
Send down thy power to save;  
For who shall sing thy name in death,  
Or praise thee in the grave?

Anon.

455

384, 732, 736.

- 1 I SEEK the mercy-seat,  
Where Thou dost answer prayer;  
There humbly fall before thy feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my plea;  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest hurdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath my sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed;  
By wars without and fears within;  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my hiding-place;  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace—  
In Jesus crucified.

Anon.

456

403, 89, 151.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
The wondering angels see!  
Be thou astonished, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

457

ALETTA, 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?

Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

720, 767, 568.

- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face,  
Would not hearken to his calls,  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;  
God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

*Charles Wesley.*

458

720, 581, 407.

- 1 DOES the gospel word proclaim  
Rest for those that weary be?  
Then, my soul, put in thy claim;  
'Tis that promise speaks to thee.
- 2 Marks of grace I cannot show,  
All polluted is my best;  
But I weary am, I know,  
And the weary long for rest.
- 3 Burdened with a load of sin.  
Harassed with tormenting doubt;  
Hourly conflicts from within,  
Hourly crosses from without.
- 4 All my little strength is gone,  
Sink I must without supply;  
Sure upon the earth is none  
Can more weary be than I.

- 5 In the ark the weary dove  
Found a welcome resting place;  
Thus my spirit longs to prove  
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.

*John Newton.*

459

393, 272, 826.

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,  
Thine and only thine I am:  
Take me, body, spirit, soul;  
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be;  
Let me ever cleave to thee;  
Let me choose the better part;  
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men!  
Do not let me turn again,  
Nor the Fountain-head of bliss,  
Leave for creature happiness.

*Anon.*

460

720, 272, 480.

- 1 LORD, forgive me, day by day,  
Debts I cannot hope to pay;  
Duties I have left undone,  
Evils I have failed to shun;
- 2 Trespasses in word or thought;  
Deeds from evil motive wrought;  
Cold ingratitude; distrust;  
Thoughts unhallowed, or unjust.
- 3 Much forgiven, may I learn  
Love for hatred to return;  
Then assured my heart shall be  
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

*Josiah Conder.*

461

MARIETTA. 7s & 6s.

J. E. WHITE.

by J. E. White.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God ;

Copyrighted 1878

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.

492, 246, 357.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fullness dwells in him,  
He healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.

3 I lay my grieves on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrow shares.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child.

*Horatius Bonar.*

462

492, 611, 246.

1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am very poor ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.

2 I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need the Holy Spirit  
To teach me what I am,  
To show me more of Jesus,  
To point me to the Lamb.

5 I need thee, precious Jesus,  
I hope to see thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow,  
And seated on thy throne.

6 There, with thy blood-bought children,  
My joy shall ever be  
To sing thy praises, Jesus,  
To gaze, my Lord, on thee!

*Frederick Whitefield.*

463

1 We stand in deep repentance,  
Before thy throne of love ;  
O God of grace, forgive us,  
The stain of guilt remove.

2 Behold us while with weeping  
We lift our eyes to thee ;  
And all our sins subduing,  
Our Father, set us free !

3 O, shouldst thou from the fallen  
Withhold thy grace to guide,  
Forever we should wander,  
From thee, and peace, aside.

4 Our souls—on thee we cast them,  
Our only refuge thou !  
Thy cheering words revive us,  
When pressed with grief we bow.

5 Thou bearest the trusting spirit  
Upon thy loving breast,  
And givest all thy ransomed  
A sweet, unending rest.

*Ray Palmer.*

D. C.—In my heart a sense of wrong Shades with sad - ness e'en my song.

D. C.

On my back's a bur - den high,—Sins of years that mul - ti - ply;—

828, 567.

2 Long I've wandered round and round,  
Sought relief, but none have found;  
Now at last I come to thee,  
Save me, Lord; O, set me free!  
Yes, I hear the potent word;  
Yes, my earnest prayer is heard;  
Once in bondage, now I'm free;  
Saved, dear Lord, and saved by thee!

3 From my back the burden rolled,—  
Burden high of sins untold;—  
From my heart all sense of shame  
Passed away when Jesus came.  
O what love in Christ I found!  
Love so high, so broad, profound;  
Love that I can never tell;  
Love that saved my soul from hell.

4 How shall I the debt repay,—  
Debt that swells from day to day?—  
How can I in words reveal  
That which in my heart I feel?  
Ah! my soul, it ne'er can be;  
Love divine's too high for thee;  
What I owe to Christ to-day  
Words or deeds can ne'er repay.

5 Bankrupt 'neath the cross I stand:  
Thus I sing,—O, sea! O, land —  
“In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

Such a song my Lord approves,  
Sung by one the Spirit moves;  
Love is all he asks from me,  
That he has, most full, most free.

W. H. Littlejohn.

465

828, 567.

1 JESUS, merciful and mild,  
Lead me as a helpless child:  
On no other arm but thine  
Would my weary soul recline;  
Thou art ready to forgive,  
Thou canst bid the sinner live,  
Guide the wanderer, day by day,  
In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace  
For the heavenly dwelling-place;  
All thy promises are sure,  
Ever shall thy love endure;  
Then what more could I desire,  
How to greater bliss aspire?  
All I need, in thee I see;  
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,  
Hast thou made me truly thine?  
Hast thou bought me by thy blood?  
Reconciled my heart to God?  
Hearken to my tender prayer,  
Let me thine own image bear;  
Let me love thee more and more,  
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Thomas Hastings.

466

DEERHURST. 8s & 7s. D.

LANGRAN.

1. Je - sus, full of all com - pas - sion, Hear thy hum - ble suppliant's cry;

Let me know thy great sal - va - tion; See, I languish, faint and die;

{ Guilt-y, but with heart re - lent - ing, Overwhelmed with helpless grief, }  
 { Prostrate at thy feet re - pent - ing, Send, O send me (omit) . . . } quick re - lief!

3 4. 501, 132.

- 2 Whither should my soul be flying  
 But to him who comfort gives?  
 Whither from the dread of dying  
 But to him who ever lives?  
 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
 Breathless on the cursed tree,  
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
 Thou didst suffer thus for me.
- 3 With thy righteousness and Spirit  
 I am more than angels blessed;  
 Heir with thee, all things inherit,—  
 'Peace and joy, and endless rest:  
 Saved! the deed shall spread new glory  
 Through the shining realms above;  
 Angels sing the pleasing story,  
 All enraptured with thy love.

Daniel Turner.

467

132, 501, 536.

- 1 YE who know your sins forgiven,  
 And are happy in the Lord,  
 Have you read that gracious promise  
 Which is left us in his word?  
 I will sprinkle you with water,  
 I will cleanse you from all sin,  
 Sanctify and make you holy,  
 I will dwell and reign within.

- 2 Though you have much peace and comfort  
 Greater things you yet may find,—  
 Freedom from unholy tempers,  
 Freedom from the carnal mind.  
 To procure your perfect freedom,  
 Jesus suffered, groaned, and died;  
 On the cross the healing fountain  
 Gushes from his wounded side.

Anon.

468

501, 503, 844.

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it!  
 Make and keep it all thine own;  
 Let thy Spirit melt and break it,  
 This proud heart of sin and stone.  
 Father, make it pure and lowly,  
 Fond of peace and far from strife,  
 Turning from the paths unholy,  
 Of this vain and sinful life.
- 2 Ever let thy grace surround it,  
 Strengthen it with power divine;  
 Till thy cords of love have bound it,  
 Make it to be wholly thine.  
 May the blood of Jesus heal it,  
 And its sins be all forgiven;  
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it,  
 Guide it in the path to heaven.

Anon.

469

CONVERT. P. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. O, how hap-py are they Who their Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their treasure above!

Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

- 2 That sweet comfort is mine,  
Since the favor divine  
I received through the blood of the Lamb;  
Since my heart first believed,  
What a joy I've received,  
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!
- 3 'Tis a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know;  
And the angels can do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
Is my joy and my song;  
O that all to this refuge might fly!  
He hath loved me, indeed,  
He did suffer and bleed,  
To redeem such a rebel as I.
- 5 On the wings of his love,  
I am carried above  
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;  
O, that all would believe,  
And by sin never grieve,  
And thus cause him to suffer again.

Charles Wesley.

470

[Tune, Chardon. No. 235.]

C. P. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest the prayer of faith,  
Wilt thou not save a soul from death  
That casts itself on thee?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done,  
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
His spotless righteousness I plead,  
And his availing blood:  
That righteousness my robe shall be,  
That merit shall atone for me,  
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from the second death,  
The Spirit of adoption breathe,  
His consolations send;  
By him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
"Thy Maker is thy friend."
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;  
Come, take possession of thine own;  
For thou hast set me free:  
Released from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers in waiting stand,  
To be employed by thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.



471

MALVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Je-sus, where'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be-hold thy mer - cy - seat;

Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And ev-ery place is hal-lowed ground;

514, 542, 701.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies now renew;  
And to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

*William Cowper*

472

538, 347, 816.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone!  
Let my religious hours alone:  
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire:  
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!  
How sweet thine entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste, above,  
Redeeming grace and dying love.

*Isaac Watts.*

473

624, 314, 315.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,  
Amid this little company;  
To them unvail my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

*Samuel Stennett.*

474

431, 787.

1 Now we have met in Jesus' name,  
To glorify our Lord we aim;  
We strive each duty to fulfill,  
With anxious thoughts to do his will.

2 We've met in love and holy fear,  
To hear the happy saints declare  
The rich compassion of a God—  
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

3 O Saviour, help them to express  
The wonders of triumphant grace,  
While to the church they freely own  
What for their souls the Lord hath done.

*Samuel Stennett.*

475

228, 514, 212.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,  
O God, on all assembled here;  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!  
May we thy true disciples be;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word,—  
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,  
Spirit of truth! and fill the place  
With wounding and with healing power,  
With quickening and confirming grace.

*James Montgomery.*

476

LAUREL HILL. C. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face,

My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

201, 724, 308.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine:  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice  
As thy forgiving love.

Isaac Watts.

477

399, 354, 204.

- 1 GRANT me within thy courts a place,  
Among thy saints a seat,  
Forever to behold thy face,  
And worship at thy feet,—
- 2 In thy pavilion to abide  
When storms of trouble blow,  
And in thy tabernacle hide,  
Secure from every foe.
- 3 "Seek ye my face!" Without delay,  
When thus I hear thee speak,  
My heart would leap for joy, and say,  
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."
- 4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,  
And earthly comforts flee;  
When father, mother, kindred fail,  
My God, remember me!

James Montgomery

478

179, 147, 117.

- 1 WHEREVER two or three may meet  
To worship in Thy name,  
As they approach thy mercy-seat,  
Thy promise they may claim.
- 2 Jesus in love will condescend  
To bless the hallowed place;  
The Saviour will himself attend,  
And show his smiling face.
- 3 O blest assurance! gracious Lord,  
Thou Fount of peace and love,  
Fulfill to us thy precious word,  
Thy loving-kindness prove.

Thomas Hastings.

479

[Tune, St. Thomas, No. 11.]

S. M.

- 1 WE all are yet alive,  
And see each other's face:  
Glory and praise to Jesus give  
For his redeeming grace.
- 2 What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we passed,—  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last!
- 3 But out of all, the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love;  
And still his help he doth afford,  
And hides our life above.
- 4 Let us take up the cross  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

480

DURHAM, 7s.

ANCIENT TANTUM ERGO.

1. Sweet the time, ex - ceed - ing sweet! When the saints to - geth - er meet,

When the Sav - iour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

333, 457, 272.

- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move:  
He beheld the world undone,  
Loved the world and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love;  
How he left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;  
With our stubborn hearts he strove,  
Filled our minds with grief and fear,  
Brought the precious Saviour near.
- 5 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,  
When the saints in heaven shall meet;  
Jesus still will be the theme,  
They shall always sing of him.

*George Burder.*

481

720, 531, 272.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,  
Panteth for the water-brooks,  
So my soul, athirst for thee,  
Pants the living God to see;
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?  
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;  
Why art thou disquieted?  
God shall lift thy fallen head.
- 3 When, O, when, with filial fear,  
Lord, to thee my soul draws near,  
Let thy countenance benign  
Be the saving health of mine.

*James Montgomery.*

482

333, 605, 464.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
And when Christ our Lord shall come,  
We shall all be gathered home.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seats are now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

*John Cennick.*

483

720, 333, 457.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim;  
We are gathered in thy name:  
In the midst do thou appear;  
Manifest thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;  
Come and dwell within each heart,  
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in thee complete;  
Make us all for glory meet;  
Meet to stand before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light.

*Anon.*

484

PERSEVERANCE, C. M. D.

UNKNOWN.

1. { Thou com-ing One, our wants re-lieve In this our e - vil day; } Long as our fie-ry  
To all thy tempted fol-lowers give The power to watch and pray. }

tri-als last, Long as the cross we bear, O let our souls on thee be cast, In all-prevailing prayer.

2 The power of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim;  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden name.  
Till then thy perfect love impart;  
Till thou appear below  
Be this the cry of every heart,—

"I will not let thee go."

3 I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me;  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee.  
Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold thy open face,  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in joyful praise.

John Fawcett.

485

OAK, 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; } Dan-ger and sor-row stand  
Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home; }

Round me on ev-ery hand, Heaven is my Fa-therland, Heaven is my home.

666, 766.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home,  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
There'll be the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best,  
There, too, I soon shall rest;  
Heaven is my home.

Thomas R. Taylor.

83, 484.

2 From thee that I no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
 The tender conscience, give.  
 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make;  
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,  
 That moment, Lord, reprove;  
 And let me weep my life away  
 For having grieved thy love.  
 O, may the least omission pain  
 My well-instructed soul!  
 And drive me to the blood again  
 Which makes the wounded whole.

*Charles Wesley.*

487

83, 450.

1 O SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,  
 And to thy armor cling;  
 With girded loins the call obey  
 That grace and mercy bring.  
 There is a battle to be fought,  
 An upward race to run,  
 A crown of glory to be sought,  
 A victory to be won.

2 The shield of faith repels the dart  
 That Satan's hand may throw;  
 His arrow cannot reach thy heart  
 If Christ control the bow.  
 The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
 Thee on thy anxious road;  
 'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,  
 And guide thee to thy God.

488

*1269 Hymns 2) Anon.  
 83, 992. 409*

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace  
 For those with cares oppressed,  
 When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,  
 And all be hushed to rest.  
 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears  
 And doubts which here annoy;  
 Then they that oft have sown in tears  
 Shall reap again in joy.

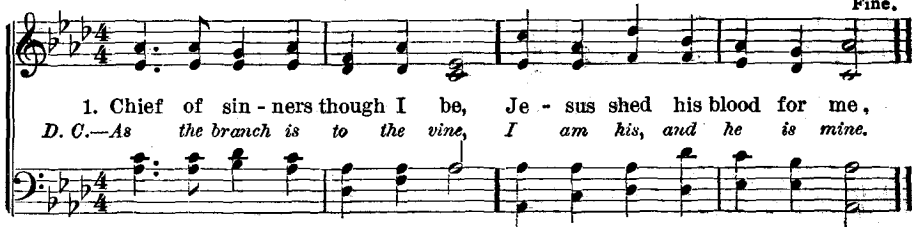
2 There is a home of sweet repose,  
 Where storms assail no more;  
 The stream of endless pleasure flows  
 On that celestial shore.  
 There purity and love appear,  
 And bliss without alloy;  
 There they that oft had sown in tears  
 Shall reap again in joy.

*William B. Tappan.*

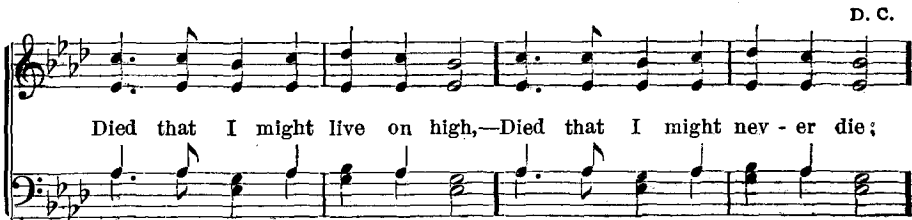
489

SPANISH HYMN. 7s; 6l.

SPANISH.  
Fine.



1. Chief of sin - ners though I be, Je - sus shed his blood for me,  
D. C.—As the branch is to the vine, I am his, and he is mine.



Died that I might live on high,—Died that I might nev - er die;  
D. C.

1114, 331.

- 2 O' the hight of Jesus' love!  
Higher than the heaven above,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lasting as eternity;  
Love that found me,—wondrous tho't!  
Found me when I sought him not!
- 3 Chief of sinners though I be,  
Christ is all in all to me;  
All my wants to him are known,  
All my sorrows are his own;  
Safe with him from earthly strife,  
He sustains the hidden life.

McComb.

Actuate and fill the whole:  
Be it I no longer now  
Living in the flesh, but thou.

- 4 Holy Ghost, no more delay;  
Come, and in thy temple stay;  
Now thine inward witness bear,  
Strong, and permanent, and clear:  
Spring of life, thyself impart;  
Rise eternal in my heart.

Charles Wesley.

490

1114, 827.

- 1 FATHER, hear thy humble child,  
By thy mercy reconciled;  
Hear, and all thy graces shower,  
All the joy, and peace, and power;  
All my Saviour asks above,  
All the life and heaven of love.
- 2 Lord, I will not let thee go  
Till the blessing thou bestow:  
Hear my Advocate divine;  
Lo! to his my suit I join;  
Joined to his, it cannot fail;  
Bless me; for I will prevail.
- 3 Heavenly Father, Life divine,  
Change my nature into thine;  
Move, and spread throughout my soul;

491

1114, 956.

- 1 LAMB of God! to thee I cry:  
By thy bitter agony,  
By thy pangs to us unknown,  
By thy spirit's parting groan,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me.
- 2 Prince of life! to thee I cry:  
By thy glorious majesty,  
By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me.
- 3 Lord of glory, now on high,  
Hear thy needy servant's cry;  
With thy love my bosom fill,  
Prompt me to perform thy will;  
Then thy glory I shall see,  
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

Richard Mant.

1. Speak oft - en to each oth - er, To cheer the fainting mind; And oft - en be your voices  
D. S.—Take courage, brother pilgrim,

*Fine.* *D. S.*  
In pure devotion joined; Though tri - als may await you, The crown be - fore you lies;  
And soon you'll win the prize.

246, 416.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,  
In that auspicious day  
When I make up my jewels,  
Released from cumb'rous clay;  
He'll polish and refine you  
From worthless dross and tin,  
And to his heavenly kingdom  
Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion  
Of our Redeemer round,  
And in dissolving raptures  
Be lost in love profound;  
While all the flaming harpers  
Begin the lasting song,  
With hallelujahs rolling  
From the unnumbered throng.

*Anon.*

2 I want my name engraven  
Among the righteous ones,  
Who see my Father's glory,  
And wear a starry crown.  
For these, the better riches,  
I'm willing to pass through  
All earthly tribulation,  
And count it my just due.

3 I'm willing to be cleansed,  
And bear the daily cross;  
I'm willing to be purged  
From every kind of dross.  
I see the fiery furnace,  
And feel its cleansing flame;  
The fruit of it is holy,  
The gold will still remain.

493

246, 836.

1 FAREWELL, all earthly treasures,  
I bid you all adieu;  
Farewell, all earthly honor,  
I want no more of you.  
I want my union grounded  
On God's eternal Son,  
Beyond the power of Satan,  
Where sin can never come.

4 All earthly tribulation  
Is but a moment here;  
And O, if we are faithful,  
A crown of life we'll wear!  
We shall be pure and holy,  
And feed on angels' food,  
Rejoicing in bright glory  
Around the throne of God.

*Anon.*

494

I WILL FOLLOW THEE. 8s & 7s. P. JAMES L. ELGINBURG.

1. I will follow thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be. Where thou goest I will follow;  
*D. S.—And though all men should forsake thee,*

*Fine. Chorus.* *D. S.*

Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee. I will follow thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;  
 By thy grace I'll follow thee.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Though the road be rough and thorny,<br/>                 Trackless as the foaming sea,<br/>                 Thou hast trod this way before me,<br/>                 And I'll gladly follow thee.</p> <p>3 Though I meet with tribulations,<br/>                 Sorely tempted though I be;<br/>                 I remember thou wast tempted,<br/>                 And rejoice to follow thee.</p> | <p>4 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,<br/>                 Poor, forsaken, though I be;<br/>                 Thou wast destitute, afflicted,<br/>                 And I only follow thee.</p> <p>5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,<br/>                 Cold and deep, thou leadest me,<br/>                 Thou hast crossed the waves before me,<br/>                 And I still will follow thee.</p> |
|---|--|

54 208

495

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s. P.

James L. Elginburg.  
 WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; }  
 { Showers the thirst-y soul re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me, }

*Refrain.*

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!<br/>                 Sinful though my heart may be;<br/>                 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather<br/>                 Let thy mercy rest on me.</p> <p>3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?<br/>                 Long been slighting, grieving thee?</p> | <p>Has the world my heart been keeping?<br/>                 O forgive and rescue me!</p> <p>4 Pass me not, O holy Spirit!<br/>                 Thou canst make the blind to see;<br/>                 Testify of Jesus' merit;<br/>                 Speak the word of peace to me.</p> |
|---|---|

Elizabeth Codner.



496

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. P.

GRO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid-ing swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them

Chorus.

as they fly—Those hours of toil and dan-ger; For O, we stand on Jordan's strand. And

soon we'll all pass over; And just before, the shining shore We may almost die-cov-er.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,  
Each cord on earth to sever,  
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,  
Forever, O, forever!

*David Nilson.*

2 He's now upon his Father's throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pain, he gladly reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

*E. Roberts.*

498

[Tune, Contrast, No. 605.]

8s. D

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art;  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only, I covet to rest;  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,  
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.

*Charles Wesley.*

497

1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven,  
The name before his wondrous birth  
To Christ, the Saviour, given.

CHORUS.

We love to sing around our King,  
And hail him blessed Jesus;  
For there's no word ear ever heard,  
So dear, so sweet as "Jesus."

499 No 135

ELLESIE, 8s & 7s. D.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee:

All things else I have for-sak - en; Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
*D. S.*— Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, While I prove the Lord my own.

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

501, 844.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—  
 They have left my Saviour, too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
 Thou art faithful, thou art true.  
 O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 If that love be hid from me.
- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
 Child of Heaven, canst thou repine?
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission.  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.  
*Henry F. Lyte.*

500

844, 503.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,  
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
 Every heart to heaven aspires.  
 From the Fount of glory beaming,  
 Light celestial cheers our eyes:  
 'Tis the grace of pardon streaming  
 From the portals of the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?  
 Every pure and humble mind,  
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
 From the stains of guilt refined.  
 Blessings all around bestowing,  
 God withholds his care from none;  
 Grace and truth are ever flowing  
 From the fountain of his throne.

ANON

501 542, 68

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

SPANISH, FROM MARCHIO.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, meek and low-ly, With us here take thine a-bode; We would fain like thee be ho-ly,  
D. S.—Lest without thine aid we peri-h.

Hum-bly walk-ing with our God. We would thy sweet Spir-it cher-ish, Welcome in our hearts thy stay;  
O, a-bide with us, we pray!

844, 132.

- 2 Guide us in the path to heaven,  
Rugged though that path may be;  
Let each bitter cup that's given,  
Serve to draw us nearer thee.  
In thy footsteps traced before us,  
There we see earth's scorn and frown;  
There is suffering ere the glory,  
There's a cross before the crown.

- 3 In thy vineyard let us labor,  
Of thy goodness let us tell;  
All is ill without thy favor,  
With thy presence all is well.  
While the evening shadows gather,  
Through this dreary night of tears,  
Tarry with us, O our Saviour,  
Till the morning light appears.

- 4 Then with thee may we forever  
Reign with all the good and blest,  
Where no sin from thee can sever,  
Where the weary are at rest;  
There to praise the matchless Giver.  
There with angels to adore  
Him who did through grace deliver  
Us from death forevermore.

Annie R. Smith.

502

499, 844.

- 1 VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures,  
Mixed with dross the purest gold;  
Seek we then for heavenly treasures—  
Treasures never waxing old.  
Let our best affections center  
On the things around the throne:  
There no thief can ever enter;  
Moth and rust are there unknown.

- 2 Earthly joys no longer please us;  
Here we would renounce them all;  
Seek our only rest in Jesus—  
Him our Lord and Master call.  
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,  
Points to brighter worlds above;  
Bids us look for his appearing,  
Bids us triumph in his love.

- 3 May our light be always burning,  
And our loins be girded round,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning—  
Longing for the welcome sound.  
Thus the Christian life adorning,  
Never need we be afraid,  
Should he come at night or morning,  
Early dawn or evening shade.

David E. Ford.

503

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

DR. NETTLETON. Fine

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }  
 { Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing Call for songs of loud-est praise. }  
 D. C.—While the hops of end-less glo-ry Fills my heart with joy and love.

Teach me ev-er to a-dore thee, May I still thy good-ness prove,  
 D. C.

844, 132.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I've come,  
 And I hope by thy good pleasure  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He to rescue me from danger  
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let thy goodness like a fetter  
 Bind me closer still to thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—  
 Prone to leave the God I love,—  
 Here's my heart—O, take and seal it;  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

504

LET ME GO. 8s & 7s. F.

UNKNOWN.

1. { Let me go wheresaints are going, To the mansions of the blest; }  
 { Let me go where my Re-deem-er Has pre-(omit.)...pared his people's rest: I would gain the realms of }  
 D. C.—{ Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day; }  
 { Bear me over, angel pinions, Longs my (omit.)...soul to be a-way. }

D. C. for Chorus,  
 brightness, Where they dwell for-er-er-more; I would share the joys that wait me O-ver on the other shore.

2 Let me go where none are weary,  
 Where is raised no note of woe;  
 Let me go and bathe my spirit  
 In the rapture angels know:  
 Let me go, for bliss eternal  
 Lures my soul away, away,  
 And the victor's song triumphant  
 Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?  
 What has earth to bind me here?  
 What but cares and toils and sorrows?  
 What but death and pain and fear?  
 Let me go, for hopes most cherished,  
 Blasted round me often lie:  
 Here I've gathered brightest flowers  
 But to see them fade and die.

Anon.

505

CONTRAST. 8s. D.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair,

And oft are its glo-ries confessed,—But what must it be to be there!  
*D. S.—Its won-ders and pleasures un-told,—But what must it be to be there!*

We speak of its pathway of gold,—Its walls decked with jew-els so rare,

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
 From sorrow, temptation and care,  
 From trials without and within,—  
 But what must is be to be there!  
 We speak of its service of love,  
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
 Of the church of the first-born above,—  
 But what must it be to be there!

3 Our mourning is all at an end,  
 When, raised by the life-giving word,  
 We see the new city descend,  
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord:  
 The city so holy and clean,  
 No sorrow can breathe in the air;  
 No gloom of affliction or sin,  
 No shadow of evil is there.

4 Do Thou, midst temptation and woe,  
 For heaven my spirit prepare;  
 And shortly I also shall know  
 And feel what it is to be there.  
 Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,  
 In glory celestial and fair,  
 With saints and with angels at home,  
 And Jesus himself will be there.

*Elizabeth Mills.*

506

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours  
 When Jesus no longer I see!  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
 flowers,  
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;  
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 But when I am happy in him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice;  
 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.

3 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my Sun and my Song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine?  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or take me to thee up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

*John Newton.*

507

HOMeward BOUND. 10s & 7s. P.

UNKNOWN. Fine.

1. { Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. }  
 { Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. }

*D. C.*—*Prom-ise of which on us each is bestowed, We're home-ward bound, homeward bound.*

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial abode, *D. C.*

- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;  
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;  
 O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,  
 We're home at last, home at last;  
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,  
 We're home at last, home at last.  
 Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,  
 We stand secure on the glorified shore;  
 Glory to God! we shall shout evermore;  
 We're home at last, home at last.

- 2 What though the billows of life darkly roll,  
 O do not fear, do not fear;  
 Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
 Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still;  
 Only be faithful, and do Jesus' will,  
 Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
- 3 Christian, the angels will soon come for thee,  
 O do not fear, do not fear;  
 He whom thou lovest in glory thou'lt see;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
 O, if thou would'st to the end firm endure,  
 Keep thy robe holy, and spotless, and pure,  
 Victorious faith will make Canaan sure;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

508

618.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, thy warfare will shortly be o'er,  
 O do not fear, do not fear;  
 Soon thou shalt rest where thy foes come no more;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
 What though the night be so dreary and long,  
 What though thy foes be unwearied and strong,  
 Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

- 4 Christian, the shadows will soon flee away,  
 O do not fear, do not fear;  
 Then thou wilt enter an eternal day;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
 In the bright kingdom forever to dwell,  
 Join angel choirs, and the rich anthem swell,  
 Bid to thy sorrow a long, long farewell;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

Anon.

509 *Wm. Smith* BROTHER, BE FAITHFUL. 11s & 8s.

UNKNOWN.

134, 46.

2 O brother, be faithful! the city of gold,  
 Prepared for the good and the blest,  
 Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,  
 And welcome thee into thy rest.  
 Then, brother, prove faithful! not long  
 shall we stay  
 In weariness here, and forlorn,  
 Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing  
 away,  
 We haste to the glorious morn.

3 O brother, be faithful! He soon will de-  
 scend,  
 Creation's omnipotent King,  
 While legions of angels his chariot attend,  
 And palm-wreaths of victory bring.

O brother, be faithful! and soon shalt  
 thou hear  
 Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word,  
 Well done, faithful servant, thy title is  
 clear,  
 To enter the joy of thy Lord.

4 O brother, be faithful! eternity's years  
 Shall tell for thy faithfulness now,  
 When bright smiles of gladness shall scat-  
 ter thy tears,  
 And a coronet gleam on thy brow.  
 O brother, be faithful! the promise is-  
 sure,  
 That waits for the faithful and tried;  
 To reign with the ransomed, immortal  
 and pure,  
 And ever with Jesus abide.

*U. Smith.*

510

COME, LET US ANEW. P. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. Come, let us a-new our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand

still till the Mas-ter ap-pear; And never stand still till the Mas-ter appear.

- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
- 3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

- 5 O, that each in the day of His coming may say,  
"I have fought my way through;  
I have finished the work thou didst give me  
to do."
- 6 O, that each from his Lord may receive the  
glad word,  
"Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
throne."

Charles Wesley.

511

I LOVE THEE. 11s.

UNKNOWN.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God:

I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know; But how much I love thee my actions will show.

- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account!  
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!  
I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,  
With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest,—  
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest:  
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my  
song;  
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and  
my tongue.

- 4 O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright  
King;  
He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to  
sing:  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes  
loud and clear,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do cheer.

Anon.



REST IN HEAVEN. 11s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I tremble when trials are near?

Behushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

511, 255.

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
Or building my hopes in a region like this;  
I look for a city that hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may  
grow,  
I would not lie down upon roses below;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.
- 4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy;  
One glimpse of his love turns them all into  
joy;

- And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on  
them,  
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and  
gem.
- 5 Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress  
oppose,  
They only make heaven more sweet at its close;  
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for them all.
- 6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long:  
I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it  
with song.

Henry F. Lyte.  
UNKNOWN.

HOME. 11s.

1. 'Mid scenes of af-fliction, with sorrow oppressed, How oft have I sighed for the season of rest When no more in this

wil-der-ness world I shall roam, } But find in the bo-som of Je-sus a home. . . . Home, sweet home; }  
 { But find in the bo-som of Je-sus a (omit) . . . . . } home.

1st. 2d.

512, 781.

- 2 No spot on this earth can give permanent  
bliss,  
No home for a stranger and pilgrim is this;  
But far in yon azure, the star-spangled dome,  
We'll find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

- 3 This hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy  
and drear,  
And points to the haven of rest that is near;  
O there, in sweet fields of delight we shall  
roam,  
And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

Anon.

514

RETREAT, L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

101, 538, 104.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
A place than all besides more sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on angel's wings we soar,  
And earthly cares molest no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 Ah! whither should we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of sin defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when, through weariness, they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah! think again;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears  
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

*Hugh Stowell.**William Couper.*

516

471, 431, 104.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should Christians pray  
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt dejects, if sins distress,—  
In every case still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Though thought be broken, language  
lame;  
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,  
But pray with faith, in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Fear not; his merits must prevail!  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

*Hugh Stowell.**Joseph Hart.*

517

*Andante.*

BRADBURY, L. M.

F. E. BELDEN.

by F. E. Belden.

1. When soft - ly falls the twi - light hour O'er moor and mount-ain, field and flower,

Copyrighted 1888

How sweet to leave a world of care, And lift to heav'n the voice of prayer!

624, 301, 431.

- 2 In solemn midnight's silence deep,  
When Nature's voice is hushed in sleep,  
Then heavy hearts with grief oppressed  
May find in prayer the sweetest rest.
- 3 And when with reddening blush of morn  
The new-born day begins to dawn,

- Then upward to the mercy-seat  
Let prayer ascend like incense sweet.
- 4 When mid-day's burning heat we feel,  
When daily cares our hearts would steal,  
O, then to heaven we look away,  
And find in prayer our surest stay.

F. E. Belden.

518

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d. Fine.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, }  
{ And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (omit) . . . } wishes known!  
*D. C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (omit) . . . hour of prayer.*

*D. C.*  
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height  
I view my home and take my flight.  
In my immortal flesh I'll rise  
To seize the everlasting prize,  
And shout while passing through the air,  
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

William W. Walford.

By per. Biglow & Main.

519

BROWN. C. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care,  
 And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

354, 179, 201.

2 I love in solitude to shed  
 The penitential tear;  
 And all his promises to plead,  
 Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
 And future good implore;  
 And all my cares and sorrows cast  
 On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
 Of brighter scenes to come;  
 The prospect doth my strength renew  
 While here away from home.

*Phæbe Hinsdale Brown.*

520

396, 147, 644.

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps  
 Beneath the wing of night;  
 There is an ear that never shuts  
 When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires  
 When human strength gives way;  
 There is a love that never fails  
 When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;  
 That arm upholds the sky;  
 That ear is filled with angel songs;  
 That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield  
 When mortal aid is vain,  
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
 That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,  
 Through Jesus, to the throne;  
 And moves the hand which moves the  
 world,  
 To bring salvation down.

*John A. Wallace.*

521

724, 308, 204.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,  
 All hallowed be thy name;  
 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done  
 In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;  
 And as we those forgive  
 Who sin against us, so may we  
 Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;  
 From evil set us free;  
 And thine the kingdom, thine the power  
 And glory, ever be.

*Adoniram Judson.*

522

326, 546, 669.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,  
 And pitied every groan;  
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
 I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,  
 And chased my grief away;  
 O let my heart no more despair,  
 While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;  
 He bade my pains remove:  
 Return, my soul, to God, thy rest;  
 For thou hast known his love.

*Isaac Watts.*

523

PATMOS. C. M.

GREGORIAN.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far;

From scenes where Sa - tan wa - ges still His most suc - cess - ful war.

201, 179, 117.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
Does she commune with God!
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet Source of light divine,  
And all harmonious names in one,  
My Saviour! thou art mine!
- 5 The thanks I owe thee, and the love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above  
When time shall be no more.

*William Cowper.*

524

175, 598, 308.

- 1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,  
Returning whence it came;  
Love is the sacred fire within,  
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,  
And soothes the troubled breast;  
Yields comfort to the mourners here,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 The humble suppliant cannot fail  
To have his wants supplied,  
Since He for sinners intercedes  
Who once for sinners died.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

525

399, 395, 598.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

*James Montgomery.*

526

395, 179, 598.

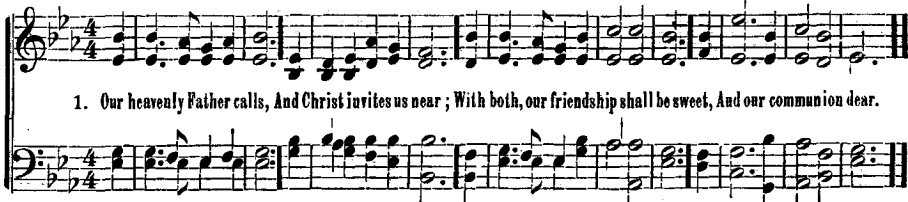
- 1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care;  
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Thou callest me to seek thy face,—  
'Tis all I wish to seek;  
To hear the whispers of thy grace,  
And heed when thou dost speak.
- 4 Let this my every hour employ  
Till I thy glory see,  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in thee.

*Charles Wesley.*

527

OLNEY. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Our heavenly Father calls, And Christ invites us near; With both, our friendship shall be sweet, And our communion dear.

89, 688, 736.

- 2 God pities all our griefs;  
He pardons every day;  
Almighty to protect our souls,  
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!  
What various stores of good,  
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,  
And purchased with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,  
We bless thy faithful care;  
Our Advocate before the throne,  
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!  
Here wait, my warmest love!  
Till the communion be complete,  
In nobler scenes above.

*Philip Doddridge.*

528

558, 266.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!  
The promise calls me near;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits my prayer to hear.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;  
Thou canst not be too bold:  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold?
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith;  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

*John Newton.*

529

558, 732, 266.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our grief to tell;  
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,—  
We never plead in vain;  
Then let us wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His chosen when they cry;  
Yes, though he may a while forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,  
Will make our cause his care.

*John Newton.*

530

558, 89, 732.

- 1 SWEETLY the holy hymn  
Breaks on the morning air:  
Before the world with smoke is dim,  
We kneel and offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,  
Dew of our souls descend;  
Ere yet the sun the day renews,  
O Lord, thy Spirit send.
- 3 Upon the battle-field,  
Before the fight begins,  
We seek, O Lord, thy sheltering shield,  
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 On the lone mountain side,  
Before the morning's light,  
The Man of sorrows wept and cried,  
And rose refreshed with might.
- 5 O, hear us, then, for we  
Are very weak and frail;  
We make the Saviour's name our plea,  
And surely must prevail.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

531

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;

He him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.

963, 407, 720.

- 2 With my burden I begin :—  
Lord! remove this load of sin ;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There, thy sovereign right maintain,  
And, without a rival, reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death.

*John Newton.*

532

720, 457, 563.

- 1 LORD! I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
Mercy heard and set him free :—  
Lord! that mercy came to me.
- 3 Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen ;  
Yet have been upheld till now ;  
Who could hold me up but thou?

- 4 Thou hast helped in every need,  
This emboldens me to plead ;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 5 No, I must maintain my hold ;  
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;  
I can no denial take,  
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

*John Newton.*

533

407, 326, 272.

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place ;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,  
In our want, or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;  
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To thy Father come, and wait ;  
He will answer every prayer :  
God is present everywhere.
- 5 Doubt him not, his promise plead  
In the hour of sorest need ;  
Neyer yet was saint o'erthrown  
Trusting in God's strength alone

*Anon.*

534

PALMER. 8s & 7s.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross we spend;

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend

162, 41, 277.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While we see divine compassion  
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze;

- And our thoughts are all of heaven,  
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
- 4 While in grateful contemplation,  
Lord, our eyes are fixed on thee,  
May we taste thy full salvation,  
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

James Allen.

535

CONVERSE. 8s & 7s. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - i - lege to car - ry  
*D. S.—All because we do not car - ry*

Fine.

D. S.

Every thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,  
*Every thing to God in prayer!*

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Horatius Bonar.



536

CARRUTH. 8s & 4.

F. E. BELDEN.

by F. E. Belden. Copyright 1888

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet,—The hour of prayer?

- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that solemn hour of eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.

- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief  
Here for my every want I find;  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;  
What peace of mind.
- 5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.  
UNKNOWN.

537

SUPPLICATION. C. H. M.

1. Come, let us pray! 'tis sweet to feel That God himself is near; That, while we at his footstool kneel,  
His mercy deigns to hear. Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way, This is our solace—let us pray.

987, 988.

- 2 Come, let us pray! the burning brow,  
The heart oppressed with care,  
And all the woes that throng us now,  
Will be relieved by prayer;  
Our God will chase our griefs away;  
O glorious thought! come, let us pray.

- 3 Come, let us pray! the mercy-seat  
Invites the fervent prayer;  
Our heavenly Father waits to greet  
The contrite spirit there.  
O loiter not, nor longer stay  
From him who loves us; let us pray.

Anon.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days;

And ev-ery evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

624, 212, 514.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus if the night of death should come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in its sound.

*Isaac Watts.*

539

212, 223, 336.

- 1 God of the morning, at thy voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfill  
The appointed duties of the day;  
With ready mind and active will,  
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.

*Isaac Watts.*

540

47, 212, 104.

- 1 My opening eyes with rapture see  
The light of thy returning day;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee  
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest:  
Eternal King, erect thy throne,  
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O, bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

*Elizabeth Scott.*

541

301, 108, 347.

- 1 O CHRIST, with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts be borne;  
And may we ever clearly see  
Our dearest treasure, Lord, in thee!
- 2 All hallowed be our walk this day;  
May meekness form our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noontide light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 3 May grace each idle thought control,  
And sanctify each wayward soul;  
May guile depart, and malice cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

*Anon.*

542

HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, O Sav-our dear! It is not night if thou be near:

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.

624, 538, 431.

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest  
Forever 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 Be near and bless me when I wake,  
Ere through the world my way I take;  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
I lose myself in heaven above.

*John Keble.*

543

538, 212, 301.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O mighty King of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;  
Thy watchful station near me keep;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from the approach of ill.

4 Lord, let my heart forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face and sing thy love.

5 Teach me this fleeting life to live,  
So that the grave no dread shall give;  
Teach me to die, so that I may  
With joy behold the Judgment day.

*Thomas Ken.*

544

101, 212, 914.

1 How sweet the light of Sabbath eve!  
How soft the sunbeams lingering there!  
For these blest hours the world I leave,  
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 Season of rest! the tranquil soul  
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

3 Nor will our days of toil be long;  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;  
And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God.

*James Edmeston.*

545

627, 514, 316.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

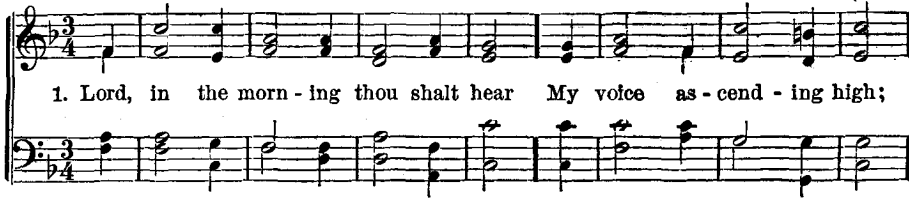
3 I yield myself to thy command;  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

*Isaac Watts.*

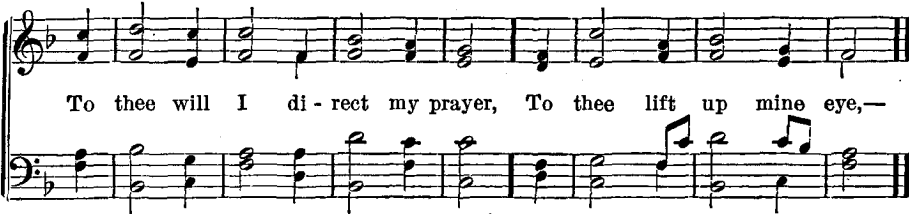
546

MEAR, C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS,



1. Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;



To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,—

550, 364, 114.

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness!  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.
- 4 The men that love and fear thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favor as a shield.

Isaac Watts.

547

114, 170, 147.

- 1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise  
Employ my noblest powers,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,  
And undisturbed repose.
- 3 O let the same parental care  
My waking hours attend;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My trembling steps defend:
- 4 Smile on my moments as they roll,  
And guide my future days;  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

Anne Steele.

548

354, 369, 179.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eye;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him who rules on high.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise:  
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,  
But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.

Isaac Watts.

549

724, 308, 581.

- 1 How can we see the children, Lord,  
Whom thou in love hast given,  
Remain regardless of thy word,  
Without a hope of heaven?
- 2 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,  
And save our children dear;  
Now send thy Spirit from on high,  
And fill them with thy fear.
- 3 O make them love thy holy law,  
And joyful walk therein;  
Their hearts to new obedience draw;  
Save them from every sin.

Anon.

550

WARWICK, C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. Giv - er and Guard - ian of our sleep, To praise thy name we wake;

Still, Lord, thy help - less serv - ants keep, For thine own mer - cy's sake.

724, 114, 179.

- 2 The blessings of another day,  
We thankfully receive;  
O may we only thee obey,  
And to thy glory live.
- 3 Uphold us with thy mighty hand;  
Our words and thoughts restrain;  
And bow our souls to thy command,  
Nor let our faith be vain.
- 4 Prisoners of hope, we wait the hour  
Which shall salvation bring;  
When all we are shall own thy power,  
And call our Jesus King.

*Charles Wesley.*

551

546, 354, 669.

- 1 THE sun rolls down the distant west,  
Soft twilight steals abroad  
To welcome in the day of rest,  
The Sabbath of our Lord.
- 2 This holy day let us begin  
With songs of praise to God,  
Who pardons all our guilt and sin,  
Through Jesus' precious blood.
- 3 Now in this tranquil hour we lay  
All worldly cares aside,  
And hallow God's most holy day,  
Though friends or foes may chide.
- 4 'Tis not to seek the world's applause  
That we from labor rest;  
We strive to keep God's holy laws,  
And he these moments blessed.

*Anon.*

552

175, 354, 531.

- 1 HAPPY the home when God is there,  
And love fills every breast;  
When one their wish, and one their prayer,  
And one their heavenly rest.
- 2 Happy the home where Jesus' name  
Is sweet to every ear;  
Where children early lisp his fame,  
And parents hold him dear.
- 3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,  
And praise is wont to rise;  
Where parents love the sacred word,  
And live but for the skies.
- 4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,  
This blessed peace to gain;  
Unite our hearts in love to thee,  
And love to all will reign.

*Anon.*

553

395, 175, 546.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound  
Of each revolving year;  
How swift the weeks complete their round!  
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day  
When all that mortal life hath done  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Awake, O God, my careless heart  
Its great concerns to see,  
That I may act the Christian's part,  
And give the years to thee.

*Philip Doddridge.*

554

VESPER. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone, The even - ing shades ap - pear; O,

may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near.

89, 732, 384.

- 2 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And if we early rise,  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 4 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O, may we in thy bosom rest—  
The bosom of thy love.

*John Leland.*

555

688, 810, 266.

- 1 SEE how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way,  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise  
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
Its heavenly Parent sing,  
And to its great original  
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down  
Beneath his guardian care;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near.
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
And in thy kingdom I would spend  
A bright eternity.

*Elizabeth Scott.*

556

736, 453.

- 1 THE swift declining day,  
How fast its moments fly!  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
And use the hours of light;  
And know, its Maker can command  
At once death's silent night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere;  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new luster break  
Through death's impending gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light  
In your celestial home.

*Philip Doddridge.*

557

558, 810, 236.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,  
O Day-star from on high!  
The sun itself is but thy shade,  
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy rising beams  
The night of sin disperse,—  
The mists of error and of vice  
Which shade the universe.
- 3 How beauteous nature now!  
How dark and sad before!  
With joy we view the pleasing change,  
And nature's God adore.

*John Wesley.*

1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flower;

When blast - ing winds sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.

732, 554, 236.

- 2 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
The words of promise sure.

*Isaac Watts.*

559

89, 732, 403.

- 1 ANOTHER day is gone,  
Great God, we bow to thee;  
Again, as shades of night steal on,  
Unto thy side we flee.
- 2 O, when shall that day come,  
Ne'er sinking in the west,—  
That country and that happy home,  
Where none shall break our rest;
- 3 Where all things shall be peace,  
And pleasure without end,  
And golden harps, that never cease,  
With joyous hymns shall blend?

*William F. Brew.*

560

236, 266, 736.

- 1 THE day, O Lord, is spent;  
Abide with us, and rest;  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making thee our Guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels round thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,  
Our day is almost o'er;  
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou  
Shine on us evermore!

*John Neal.*

561

638, 266, 403.

- 1 THE light of Sabbath eve  
Is fading fast away;  
What record will it for us leave,  
To crown the closing day?
- 2 Is it a Sabbath spent  
Of fruitless time destroyed?  
Or have these moments to us lent  
Been sacredly employed?
- 3 To waste these Sabbath hours,  
O may we never dare;  
Nor desecrate with words of ours  
These sacred days of prayer.
- 4 But may our Sabbaths here  
Inspire our hearts with love;  
And prove a blessed foretaste clear,  
Of that sweet rest above.

*Anon.*

562

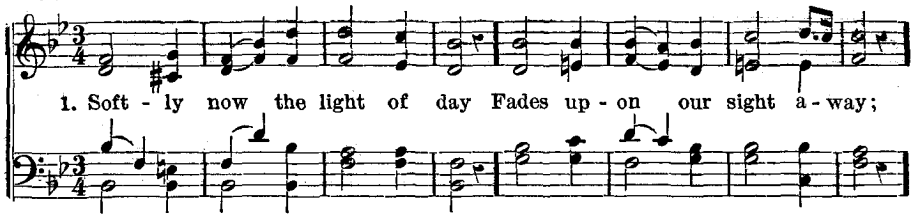
638, 403, 736.

- 1 THE Saviour kindly calls  
Our children to his breast;  
He folds them in his gracious arms;  
Himself declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble claim;  
The heirs of heaven are such as these;  
For such as these I came."
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee;  
Implying that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.


*Henry U. Onderdonk.*

563

MERCY, 7s. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, ARR. BY E. P. PARKER.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

407, 720, 457.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

*George W. Doane.*

564

720, 457, 953.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath-day,  
Gently as life's setting sun  
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth as daylight fades,  
All things tell of calm repose  
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;  
'Tis the holy peace of God,  
Symbol of the peace within  
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,  
Where the evening worshiper  
Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of joy and peace in thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath-ne'er shall close.

*Samuel F. Smith.*

565

407, 531, 272.

1 Now the shades of night are gone,  
Now is past the early dawn;  
Lord, we would be thine to-day;  
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear,  
Banish every doubt and fear;  
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,  
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,  
O receive us all at last;  
Labor then will all be o'er,  
Sin's dark night will be no more.

*Anon.*

566

[Tune, Rathbun, No. 41.] 8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel guards from thee surround us;  
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
Thou art he, who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And command us to the tomb,  
May the morn of glory wake us,  
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

*James Edmeston.*



567

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

SAMUEL WEBER.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun hasteth through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here :

Fixed in an eternal state, They have done with all below ; We a lit-tle longer wait, But how little none can know.

484, 328.

2 As the winged arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find,  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view ;  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love,  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with him above.

John Newton.

568

EVENTIDE. 10s.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me ! Fast falls the e - ventide, The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me a - bide !

When oth - er help - ers fall, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me !

249, 100.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me !

3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power ?

Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can  
be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide  
with me !

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-  
ness ;  
Where is death's sting ? where, grave,  
thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte.

569

BACA. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. We all, O Lord, have gone a-stray, And wandered from thy heavenly way: The wilds of

sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee, our God, Far from the paths of thee, our God.

428, 367, 437,

- 2 In penitential grief we sigh,  
And lift to thee our humble cry,  
Won by thy love, we turn to Him  
Who died to save us from our sin.
- 3 Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep!  
Our wanderings heal, our footsteps keep:  
We seek thy sheltering fold again,  
Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.
- 4 O God! we praise thee for thy grace:  
How sweet the smiling of thy face!  
O let thy grace our hearts control,  
And fill with love each longing soul.
- 5 Teach us to know and love thy way;  
And grant, to life's remotest day,  
By thine unerring guidance led,  
Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

*Josiah Pratt.*

570

316, 101, 19.

- 1 OH, turn, great Ruler of the skies!  
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;  
Nor let the offenses of my hand  
Within thy book recorded stand.
- 2 Give me a will to thine subdued,  
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;  
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,  
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 3 O, let thy Spirit to my heart  
Once more his quickening aid impart;  
My mind from every fear release,  
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

*James Merrick.*

571

256, 168, 51.

- 1 How long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain?  
How long my soul thine absence mourn,  
And still despair of thy return?
- 2 How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest?  
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Thy mercy now shall end my grief;  
For I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.

*Isaac Watts.*

572

538, 101, 136.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

*Isaac Watts.*

573

WELTON. L. M.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Return, my roving heart, re- turn, And life's vain shadows chase no more;

Seek out some sol - i - tude to mourn, And thy for-sak - en God im - plore.

746, 542, 23.

- 2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,  
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,  
And let me here thy presence meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;  
And still its beams unerring dart,  
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then let the visits of thy love  
My inmost soul be made to share,  
Till every grace combine to prove  
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

*Philip Doddridge.*

574

431, 314, 136.

- 1 O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight;  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford;  
And let a sinner seek thy throne;  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

*Isaac Watts.*

575

787, 746, 538.

- 1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,  
Demands my love, my joy, my care;  
But ah! how dead to things divine,  
How cold my best affections are!
- 2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,  
Divides my Saviour from my sight;  
O for one happy, cloudless hour  
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!
- 3 Come, gracious Lord! thy love can raise  
My captive powers from sin and death,  
And fill my heart and life with praise,  
And tune my last expiring breath.
- 4 Take, then, O Lord, this heart of mine,  
My grateful love, my joy, my care;  
No longer dead to things divine,  
With thee my best affections are.

*Anne Steele.*

576

136, 624, 51.

- 1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in thee?  
The fullness of thy promise prove,  
The seal of thine eternal love?
- 2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?  
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,—  
A helpless soul that comes to thee  
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am blind; be thou my sight:  
Lord, I am weak; be thou my might:  
A helper of the helpless be,  
And let me find my all in thee.

*Charles Wesley.*

577

BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREK.

1. Lord! when we bend be-fore thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,

O, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-plore.

546, 395, 446.

- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;  
True penitence impart;  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
Nor let a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

*Joseph D. Carlyle.*

578

179, 794, 399.

- 1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad:  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Nor leave the heavenly road.
- 2 O, that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow;  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow.
- 3 O, that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume:  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;  
Spirit of burning, come.
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part  
And sanctify the whole.

*Charles Wesley.*

579

476, 326, 201.

- 1 My head is low, my heart is sad,  
My feet with travel torn,  
Yet, O my Saviour, thou art glad  
To see thy child return.
- 2 It was thy love that homeward led,  
Thine arm that upward stayed;  
It is thy hand which on my head  
Is now in mercy laid.
- 3 O Saviour, in this broken heart  
Confirm the trembling will,  
Which longs to reach thee where thou art,  
Rest in thee, and be still.
- 4 Within that bosom which hath shed  
Both tears and blood for me,  
O let me hide this aching head,  
Once pressed and blessed by thee.

*John S. Monnell.*

580

724, 399, 147.

- 1 How oft this wretched, sinful heart  
Has wandered from the Lord!  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet mercy calls me now, "Return;"  
Saviour, to thee I come;  
My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
O take the wanderer home!
- 3 Thy love, so full, so free, so sweet,  
Blest Saviour, I adore;  
O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

*Anne Steele.*

581

MANOAH. C. M.

FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. O, for a clos - er walk with God! A calm and heav - en - ly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

546, 179, 446.

2 Return, O holy Dove! return,—  
Sweet Messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

*Wm. Crozer.*

582

322, 395, 227.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave;  
His arm, though it be strong to smite,  
Is also strong to save.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know him and rejoice;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground;

5 So shall his presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light;  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

*John Morrison.*

583

639, 1075, 117.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;  
O make my soul thy care!  
I know thy mercy cannot fail;  
Let me that mercy share,

*John Newton.*

584

MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. C. W. MORNINGTON.

1. Gra - cious Re - deem - er, shake This slum - ber from my soul!

Say to me now, "A - wake, a - wake! And Christ shall make thee whole!"

810, 558, 762.

2 Touch with thy mighty hand;  
Alarm me in this hour;  
And make me fully understand  
My danger and thy power.

3 Give me on thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared  
And ready may I be;  
Forever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn  
My soul of evil near;  
When to the right or left I turn,  
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way;  
Come back and walk therein;"  
O may I hearken and obey,  
And shun the paths of sin.

*Charles Wesley.*

585

89, 558, 736.

1 O THOU whose mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh,  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From Sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, at thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn:  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
Hast thou not said, "Return"?"

3 Shall guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet?  
O let not this last refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Light,  
Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way!

5 On this benighted heart  
With beams of mercy shine,  
And let thy voice again impart  
A taste of joy divine.

*Anne Steele.*

586

732, 762, 236.

1 O JESUS, full of grace,  
To thee I make my moan:  
Let me again behold thy face,  
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,  
Again my soul restore,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?  
Speak, and my soul shall live;  
"Forgive," my stricken spirit cries,  
"Abundantly forgive."

4 Thine utmost mercy show;  
Say to my drooping soul,  
"In peace and full assurance go;  
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

*Charles Wesley.*

587

LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.

UNKNOWN.

1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis the Sav-iour; hear his word;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

333, 457, 720.

2 I delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a mother's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love's so weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more!

*William Cowper.*

588

333, 457, 407.

1 God of mercy, God of grace,  
Hear our sad, repentant song;  
Sorrow dwells on every face,  
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent;  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief and shame we own;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

*Jane Taylor.*

589

720, 457, 531.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all?

4 Could I joy with saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorred,  
Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord?

5 Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's Sun;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

*John Newton.*

590

## PENITENCE. P. M.

WILLIAM H. OAKLEY.

1. Sav - iour, Prince, en - throned a - bove, Re - pent - anee to im - part,

Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart;  
*D. S.—Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.*

Give, what I have long implored, A por - tion of thy grief unknown;

- 2 For thine own compassion's sake,  
 The gracious wonder show;  
 Cast my sins behind thy back,  
 And wash me white as snow:  
 If thy pity now is stirred,  
 If now I do myself bemoan,  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die!  
 Life, and happiness, and love,  
 Drop from thy gracious eye:  
 Speak the reconciling word,  
 And let thy mercy melt me down;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Clothe me with thy holiness,  
 Thy meek humility;  
 Put on me thy glorious dress—  
 Endue my soul with thee:  
 Let thine image be restored,  
 Thy name and nature let me prove;  
 Fill me with thy fullness, Lord,  
 And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley.

591

- 1 JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear  
 Yet once again, I pray;  
 From my debt of sin set clear,  
 For I have naught to pay:  
 Speak, O speak the kind release,  
 A poor backsliding soul restore;  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.
- 2 For my selfishness and pride  
 Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;  
 Left me long to wander wide,  
 An outcast from thy face;  
 But I now my sins confess,  
 And mercy, mercy, I implore;  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread  
 A hardness o'er my heart;  
 But if thou thy Spirit shed,  
 The stony shall depart:  
 Shed thy love, thy tenderness,  
 And let me feel thy softening power;  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

Charles Wesley.



592

CRASSELIOUS. L. M.

CRASSELIOUS.

1. Be-hold the Christian warrior stand In all the armor of his God;  
The Spirit's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the Gospel shod.

212, 54, 624.

- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
Salvation's helmet on his head;  
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,  
And faith's broad shield before him  
spread;
- 3 Undaunted to the field he goes;  
Yet vain were skill and valor there,  
Unless, to foil his legion foes,  
He-takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
- 4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;  
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

*James Montgomery.*

593

197, 923, 104.

- 1 STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on;  
Awake and run the heavenly race;  
Let every trembling thought be gone.
- 2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who is the strength of every saint,—
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

*Isaac Watts.*

594

19, 538, 875.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host;  
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;  
Perils and snares beset thee round;  
Beware of all, guard every part—  
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 The terror and the charm repel,  
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;  
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;  
Why should his faithful followers fear?
- 5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield;  
Put on the armor, from above,  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

*Anna L. Barbauld.*

595

223, 19, 104.

- 1 O ARMY of the living God,  
Why sink your souls desponding down?  
Why tremble at the oppressor's rod?  
Why cower beneath the spoiler's frown?
- 2 O soldiers in the war-worn host,  
Go forth in courage and in faith:  
In Christ, your Captain, ye may boast;  
He rules the world and conquers death.
- 3 Go forth, and mingle in the strife  
Which God commands, which Christ  
approves;  
Go struggle for eternal life,  
And all the joys the Christian loves.

*Anon.*

596

NEWELL. C. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. What poor, de - spis - ed com - pa - ny Of trav - el - ers are these, Who

walk in yonder narrow way, A-long the rugged maze? A-long the rug-ged maze?

395, 724, 446.

- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,  
All children of a King,  
Heirs of immortal crowns divine;  
And lo! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,  
And why so much despised?  
Because of their rich robes unseen  
The world is not appraised.
- 4 But why keep they that narrow road—  
That rugged, thorny maze?

Why, that's the way their Leader trod,  
They love and keep his ways.

- 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path  
That worldlings love so well?  
Because that is the road to death,  
The open road to hell.
- 6 What! is there then no other road  
To Salem's happy ground?  
Christ is the only way to God,  
No other can be found.

Anon.

597

1869 HYMN 120 400

I'M GOING HOME. L. M. P.

WILLIAM McDONALD.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there; }  
{ Its glittering towers the sun out-shine; That heavenly man-sion shall be mine. }

Chorus.

{ I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more; }  
{ To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more. }

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

- 3 While here a stranger, far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam;  
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.

William Hunter.

598

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

794, 354, 369.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around .  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Our race have we begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
We'll lay our trophies down.

*Philip Doddridge.*

599

794, 369, 446.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause?  
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
Whilst others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend of grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

*Isaac Watts.*

600

399, 179, 644.

1 O, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad;

3 Or he deserts us in the hour  
The fight is all but lost,  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come though God hath  
kept.  
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin!

*Frederick W. Faber.*

601

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

558, 236, 266.

- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray!  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thy arduous task will not be done  
Till thou obtain the crown.

*George Heath.*

602

810, 558, 732.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on;  
Fight, for the battle will be ours;  
We fight to win a crown.
- 2 We fight not against flesh,  
We wrestle not with blood;  
But principalities and powers,  
And for the truth of God;
- 3 With wicked spirits, too,  
That in high places stand,  
Perverting oft the word of God,  
And say 't is by command.
- 4 Put all the armor on,  
Like valiant soldiers stand;  
Let all your loins be girt with truth,  
Waiting our Lord's command.
- 5 While Jesus is our friend,  
And his rich grace supplies,  
We'll march like valiant soldiers on;  
We're sure to win the prize.
- 6 The battle's almost o'er;  
The race is nearly run;  
Then with our glorious, conquering King  
We'll sit down on his throne.

*Charles Wesley.*

603

810, 558, 384.

- 1 EQUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight;  
My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought;  
My whole of sin remove;  
Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce thy call;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.
- 5 O may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove!  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

*Charles Wesley.*

604

558, 11, 89.

- 1 MY soul, weigh not thy life  
Against thy heavenly crown;  
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife  
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong,  
Hold on the fearful fight,  
And let the breaking day prolong  
The wrestling of the night.
- 3 The battle soon will yield,  
If thou thy part fulfill;  
For strong as is the hostile shield,  
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is divine,  
Thy feet with victory shod,  
And on thy head shall quickly shine  
The diadem of God.

*Anon.*

605

ROOT, 7s.

F. E. BELDEN.

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1. Sleep not, sol - dier of the cross; Foes are lurk - ing all a - round:

Look not here to find re - pose; This is but thy bat - tle ground.

904, 272, 826.

- 2 Up, and take thy shield and sword;  
Up, it is the call of Heaven;  
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,  
Nobly strive as he hath striven.
- 3 Break through all the force of ill,  
Tread the might of passion down,  
Struggle onward, onward still,  
To the conquering Saviour's crown.
- 4 Through the midst of toil and pain,  
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast,—  
Every triumph thou dost gain  
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

Anon.

606

821, 720, 826.

- 1 SOLDIERS in the holy strife,  
Battling for eternal life,  
Where's the cause so just as yours  
That so great reward insures?
- 2 God, the everlasting God,  
Cleared the path his soldiers trod  
Through the gloomy ages past,—  
Shall his strength fail us at last?
- 3 No! ye souls who faltering stand,  
Grasp the sword with firmer hand;  
Once again the word of God  
Clears the path the martyrs trod!
- 4 Truth! O trusty weapon strong!  
Theme for an immortal song!  
Satan's trembling hosts declare  
This is mighty, joined with prayer.

F. E. Belden.

607

821, 904, 272.

- 1 FAINT not, Christian! though the road  
Leading to thy blest abode,  
Darksome be, and dangerous too;  
Christ thy Guide will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage  
Satan would thy soul engage;  
Gird on Faith's anointed shield,  
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! though the world  
Has its hostile flag unfurled;  
Hold the cross of Jesus fast;  
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian! Jesus near,  
Soon in glory will appear;  
And his love will then bestow  
Power to conquer every foe.

Anon.

608

904, 272, 457.

- 1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward! brethren, onward go!  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
- 2 Let your hearts no more be sad;  
March in heavenly armor clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye;  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fears your course impede;  
Great your strength if great your need.

Anon.

609

COME HOME. 7s. D.

1st.

2d.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. { Breth - ren, while we so-journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear; } One who loves us to the end;  
 { Foes we have, but we've a friend; (omit.) . . . . . }

{ For - ward, then, with cour - age go, } Soon the joy - ful news will come, " Child, your Fa - ther calls; come home."  
 { Long we shall not dwell be - low; }

Chorus.

1st.

2d.

{ Come home, come home, Thy Fa - ther calls; come home. } Fa - ther calls; come home.  
 { Come home, come home, Thy (omit.) . . . . . }

- 2 In the world a thousand snares  
Lie to take us unawares;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded heart;  
But from Satan's malice free,  
Saints will soon victorious be;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls; come home."
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so apt to turn our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes we have within;  
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls; come home."

Joseph Swain.

When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubt and fear,—  
Jesus, to thy cross we flee;  
Jesus, we will look to thee.

- 2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,  
List'nest to thy people's moan;  
Thou, the living Head, dost share  
Every pang thy members bear.  
Full of tenderness thou art;  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;  
Full of power, thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell.
- 3 Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave;  
Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
Opened wide the gates of heaven.  
Soon in glory thou shalt come,  
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;  
Jesus, then we all shall be,  
Ever, ever, Lord, with thee.

610

771, 828.

- 1 WHEN, along life's thorny road,  
Faints the soul beneath the load;  
When, by cares and sins oppressed,  
Earth affords no peace or rest;

611

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D. GERMAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. { Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; }  
 { Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss: } From vic-t'ry un-to vic't'ry,

His arm-y shall he lead, Till ev-ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.

833, 246.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 The trumpet-call obey;  
 Forth to the mighty conflict,  
 In this his glorious day:  
 Ye that are men, now serve him,  
 Against unnumbered foes;  
 Let courage rise with danger,  
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 Stand in his strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you;  
 Ye dare not trust your own:  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 And, watching unto prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day the noise of battle,  
 The next the victor's song:  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of Glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

*George Duffield.*

Though hosts encamp around me,  
 Firm in the fight I stand;  
 What terror can confound me,  
 With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;  
 My soul, with courage wait;  
 His truth be thine affiance,  
 When faint and desolate:  
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
 His love thy joy increase;  
 Mercy thy day shall lengthen;  
 The Lord will give thee peace!

*James Montgomery.*

613

833, 415.

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Beneath his banner true:  
 The Lord himself, thy Leader,  
 Shall all thy foes subdue.  
 His love foretells thy trials,  
 He knows thy hourly need;  
 He can, with bread of heaven,  
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
 Till Satan's host is vanquished,  
 And heaven at last possessed;  
 Till Christ himself shall call thee  
 To lay thine armor by,  
 And wear in endless glory,  
 The crown of victory.

*Laurence Tuttielt.*

612

833, 415.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;  
 What foe have I to fear?  
 In darkness and temptation,  
 My Light, my Help is near:

614

CALEDONIA. 7s & 5. d.

SCOTCH.

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies Waves before you glory's prize,—Prize of vic-to - ry.

Seize your ar-mor, gird it on; Soon the battle will be won; See! the strife is almost done; Struggle manful - ly.

2 Now the fight of faith begin,  
Be no more the slaves of sin,  
Strive the victor's palm to win,  
Trusting in the Lord:  
Gird ye on the armor bright,  
Warriors of the King of light,  
Never yield, nor lose by fight  
Your divine reward.

3 Jesus conquered when he fell,  
Met and vanquished sin and hell;  
Now he bids his followers tell  
Triumphs of his cross.

Though the evil hosts appear,  
Who can doubt, or who can fear?  
God, our strength and shield, is near;  
Can we suffer loss?

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
Jesus points the victor's rod;  
Follow where your Leader trod;  
Soon you'll see his face.  
Soon, your enemies all slain,  
Crowns of glory you shall gain,  
Soon you'll join that glorious train  
Shouting Jesus' praise.

*Jared B. Waterbury.*

615

CAPETOWN. 7s & 5.

FILITZ.

1. Christian, seek not yet repose, Cast thy dreams of ease away; Thou art in the midst of foes; Therefore watch and pray.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;  
Near thee lurks the evil one;  
Therefore watch and pray.

3 Listen to thy sorrowing Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
It is he who speaks the word;  
Therefore watch and pray.

4 'T was by watching and by prayer  
Holy men of olden day  
Won the palms and crowns they'll wear;  
Therefore watch and pray.

5 Watch, for thou thy guard must keep;  
Pray, for God must speed thy way;  
Narrow is the road and steep;  
Therefore watch and pray.

*William H. How.*



616

I'M A TRAVELER. 7s & 4s. D.

N. BILLINGS.

1. I'm a lone - ly traveler here, Wea - ry, oppressed; But my journey's end is near, Soon I shall rest.  
Dark and drear - y is the way, Toil-ing I've come; Ask me not with you to stay, Yon - der's my home.

2 I'm a traveler to a land  
Where all is fair;  
Where is seen no broken band—  
All, all are there;  
Where no tear shall ever fall,  
Nor heart be sad;  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.

3 I'm a traveler—call me not—  
Upward's my way;  
Yonder is my rest and lot,  
I cannot stay.  
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,  
Pilgrim I'll roam;  
Hail me not—in vain you call—  
Yonder's my home.

I. J. Leslie.

617

LONDON. 10s & 11s.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Breast the wave, Chris-tian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;  
Onward and upward still be thine on-dear-or; The rest that re-main-eth en - dur-eth for - ev - er.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;  
He who hath promised will falter, no, never;  
O trust in the love that endureth forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeseth:  
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour can sever;  
And soon shalt thou see him and praise him forever.

Joseph Stammers.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in G major and ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

1. { Here o'er the earth as a stran-ger I roam; Here is no rest, is no rest; }  
 { Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone; Yet I am blest, I am blest. }

*D. C.*—My heart doth leap while I hear Je - sus say, There, there is rest, there is rest.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody from the first system. It includes a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) marking at the end.

For I look forward to that glorious day When sin and sorrow will van-ish a - way.

- 2 Here fierce temptations beset me around;  
 Here is no rest, is no rest;  
 Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;  
 Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
 Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,  
 Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame;  
 I will go forward, for this is my theme,  
 There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;  
 Here is no rest, is no rest;  
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;  
 Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word,—  
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;  
 They will be called to receive their reward;  
 Then there is rest, there is rest.
- 4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,  
 Here is no rest, is no rest;  
 Here I must bear from the world all its hate,  
 Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
 Soon shall I be from the wicked released,  
 Soon shall the weary forever be blest,  
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast;  
 Then there is rest, there is rest.

## 619

[Tune, Triumph. No. 620.]

10s. P.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,  
 Bound for the land of bright glory above;  
 Angelic choristers sing as I come,  
 "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."  
 Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe,  
 Home to the land of the righteous I'll go;  
 Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
- 2 Friends fondly cherished, now sleep in the ground,  
 But they'll awake when the last trump shall sound,  
 Loosed from death's fetters, and upward we'll soar,  
 Joyfully meeting to part nevermore.  
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear;  
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I'll hear  
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,  
 "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
- 3 Death with his weapons of war has laid low  
 Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow;  
 Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb;  
 Joyfully, joyfully, will they come home.  
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
 Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;  
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Anon.

William Hunter.

1. { Lone - ly and wea - ry, by sor - row oppressed, Onward we hast - en with  
 { Bid - ding a - dieu to the world with its pride, Longing to stand by Im -

long - ings for rest, } { Though we are pilgrims, be - fore us now rise } Bright are the  
 man - u - el's side. } { Vis - ions of glo - ry re - joicing our eyes. }

crowns that we hope soon to wear, Blessed the rest; O we long to be there.

2 There is the city in splendor sublime ;  
 O, how its turrets and battlements shine !  
 Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright,  
 Jasper its walls, and the Lamb is its light.  
 Pathways of gold that blest city adorn,  
 Glittering with glory far brighter than  
 morn ;  
 Angels stand beck'ning us onward to share  
 Glory unfading ; we long to be there.

3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,  
 Songs of the ransomed are borne on the  
 breeze ;  
 Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,  
 Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green ;  
 There shall the glory of God ever be,  
 Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea ;  
 There shall the ransomed, immortal and  
 fair,  
 Evermore dwell ; O, we long to be there.

*Anon.*

In every danger thou hast a sure Guide,  
 To every cloud there is yet a bright side ;  
 Falter then not at the sternest behest,  
 Ever remember—'t is all for the best.

2 Just as the eagle, in teaching to fly,  
 Forceth her young from their covert so  
 high ;

Then if strength faileth, beneath them  
 she flies,

On her wings beareth them safe to the  
 skies ;

So will the arm of Jehovah uphold :  
 In each affliction his mercies unfold ;  
 Murmur then not that he stirreth thy nest,  
 Ever remember—'t is all for the best.

3 Never of Providence dare to complain ;  
 Sunshine and storm both must ripen the  
 grain ;

Tried is the gold that the purest will shine,  
 Crushed is the vintage that yieldeth the  
 wine.

He who the end from beginning can tell,  
 Works for thy good, for he doeth all well :  
 This, that prepares for the mansions of  
 rest,

Ever remember— is all for the best.

*Annie R. Smith.*

1 THROUGH this dark valley of conflict and  
 sin,  
 Trials without and temptations within,  
 Onward to glory, still urge thy lone way,  
 Joyful in hope of the long-promised day.

622

COURAGE. 8s &amp; 6s. D.

ALFRED BOYNTON.

1. Cheer up, ye soldiers of the cross; The mo-ment soon will come When you shall lay your

ar - mor off, And reach your bliss-ful home. The pearl-y gates will wide un- fold

Before our conquering King, And entering hosts, with harps of gold, Triumphantly shall sing.

- 2 What though the warfare be severe,  
And enemies be strong;  
And painful watchings, dark and drear,  
The tedious night prolong;  
Our Captain passed this way before,  
And felt each cruel sting:  
Courage! the strife will soon be o'er,  
And then with joy we'll sing.
- 3 Many a soldier in this strife,  
Has nobly bled and died,  
Counting it joy to give his life  
For Him once crucified.  
And when our Captain comes again,  
Those from the dead he'll bring;  
And they with us, and we with them,  
Triumphantly will sing.
- 4 O, 't will be joy, but to behold  
That glad immortal throng  
Enter and walk the streets of gold,  
And sing the victor's song!

To see that host and hear that song,  
Must joy ecstatic bring;  
But those who will may join that throng,  
With them you too may sing.

*R. E. Cottrell,*

623

- 1 As through this changing world we roam,  
From infancy to age,  
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,  
His rest at every stage;  
Thither his raptured thoughts ascend,  
Eternal joys to share;  
There his adoring spirit bends,  
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 2 From earth his freed affections rise  
To fix on things above,  
Where all his hope of glory lies,  
And love is perfect love;  
Ah! there may we our treasure place,  
There let our hearts be found,  
That still where sin abounded, grace  
May more and more abound.

*James Montgomery.*

1. One precious boon, O Lord, I seek, While tossed up - on life's billowy sea;

To hear a voice with - in me speak, "Thy Sav - iour is well pleased with thee."

514, 47, 347.

2 Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear,  
Nor mourn though under foot I'm trod,  
If day by day I may but share  
Thine approbation, O my God!

3 The friends I love may turn from me,  
Their words unkind may pierce me  
through;  
But this my daily prayer shall be,  
"Forgive; they know not what they do."

4 Let me but know, where'er I roam,  
That I am doing Jesus' will;  
And though I've neither friends nor home,  
My heart shall glow with gladness still.

5 To that bright, blest, immortal morn,  
By holy prophets long foretold,  
My eager, longing eyes I turn,  
And soon its glories shall behold.

6 Then all the scoffs and scorn I've borne  
For His dear sake who died for me,  
To everlasting joys will turn,  
In glorious immortality;

*Charles Fitch.*

## 625

343, 876, 316.

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or, undismayed in deed and word,  
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God most high?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,  
Softener thy truth, or smoother my tongue  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread?  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
A man! an heir of death! a slave  
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yes, let men rage; since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head;  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

*Johann F. Winkler.*

## 626

532, 101, 336.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;  
That silent, secret thought shall be  
That all my thoughts are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;  
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,  
My sweetest thoughts henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in thee.

*Jean F. Oberlin.*

627

LEBANON, L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. My gra-cious Lord, I own thy right To ev-ery serv-ice I can pay,

And call it my su-preme de-light To hear thy dic-tates, and o-bey.

212, 301, 316.

2 What is my being but for thee,—  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
'T is my delight thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,—  
To him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His saving love, his glorious power.

*Philip Doddridge.*

628

787, 932, 104.

1 So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our gracious Lord,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearing of the Lord;  
And Faithstands leaning on his word.

*Isaac Watts.*

629

624, 538, 875.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?  
Such let our conversation be;  
The serpent blended with the dove—  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts and tongues  
to strife;  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

3 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labors of his life were love;  
Then if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move.

4 O, how benevolent and kind!  
How mild—how ready to forgive!  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.

*Anon.*

630

923, 316, 23.

1 WHAT! never speak one evil word,  
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?  
O, how shall I, most gracious Lord,  
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;  
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;  
And all my spotless life shall tell  
That thou hast purified my heart.

*Charles Wesley.*

631

ANDRE. L. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. Je-sus, my Saviour, let me be More perfect-ly conformed to thee; Implant each grace, each

sin dethrone, And form my temper like thine own, And form my tem- per like thine own.

876, 431, 316.

- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,  
Share in his grief, supply his need;  
The haughty frown may I not fear,  
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,  
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,  
Excite no feelings in my breast,  
But such as Jesus oft expressed.
- 4 To others let me always give  
What I from others would receive.  
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn,  
Nor evil word or act return.
- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair  
The precepts of the gospel are,  
And God himself, the God of love,  
His own resemblance will approve.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

632

223, 431, 23.

- 1 WEANED from this earth I fain would be,  
Of sin, of self, of all but Thee;  
Reserved for Christ who bled and died,  
Surrendered to the Crucified.
- 2 Securely hid from sin and strife,  
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life;  
Prepared for heaven; my noblest care  
To have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing save Jesus would I know;  
My friend, and my companion, thou;  
Constrain my soul thy way to own;  
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.

*Anon.*

633

614, 638, 932.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
Strength shall be equal to thy day,  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things, or can bear  
All suffering, if my Lord be there;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While he my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me;  
When I am weak, then am I strong:  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

*Isaac Watts.*

634

223, 104, 343.

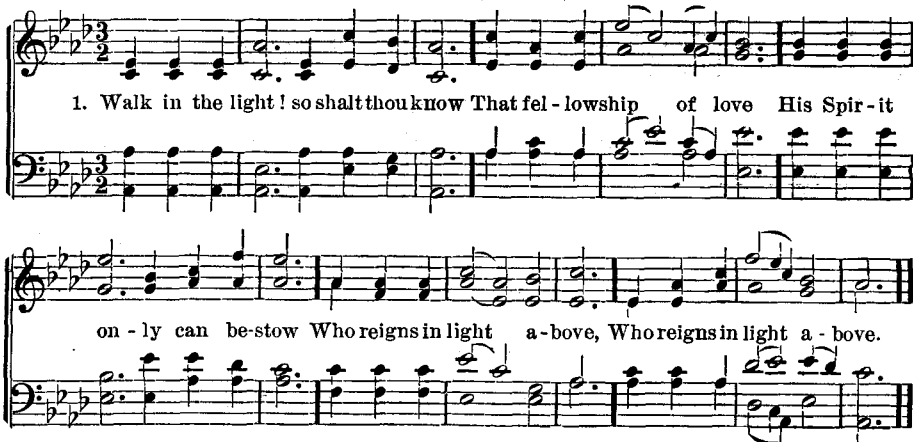
- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works, from day to day,  
But miracles of power and grace  
That spread salvation through our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;  
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank!
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,  
In generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

*Thomas Gibbons.*

635

CHOPIN. C. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-lowship of love His Spir-it  
on-ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove, Who reigns in light a-bove.

179, 581, 724.

- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away;  
Because that light on thee hath shone  
In which is perfect day.
- 3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 4 Walk in the light! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light.

*Bernard Barton.*

636

399, 364, 114.

- 1 HEED not the tempter's siren voice,  
A deep with dangers rife;  
Mortal, thou hast a nobler choice—  
Life, life, eternal life.
- 2 O, shun the world's bewitching snare,  
Its fever, and its strife;  
Mortal, thou hast a nobler share—  
Life, life, eternal life.
- 3 Like Abram hast thou faith to bear  
The sacrificial knife?  
Then with the faithful thou shalt share  
Life, life, eternal life.
- 4 For love of God canst thou lay down  
Thy life 'mid hottest strife?  
Then thou hast won a starry crown—  
Life, life, eternal life.

*Anon.*

637

395, 446, 598.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Nor to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name;  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Reserve for me a place.

*Isaac Watts.*

638

724, 669, 117.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;  
It has no charms for me:  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its joys can now no longer please,  
Nor e'en content afford:  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
For I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.

*John Newton.*



1. O, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God,

Then would my hours glide sweet a-way, While lean-ing on his word.

201, 114, 698.

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may nevermore depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

*Benjamin Cleveland.*

## 640

179, 308, 943.

- 1 ARE vain desires within my heart?  
Search, gracious God, and see;  
Or do I act a haughty part?  
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild,  
Content, my Father, with thy will,  
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
Shall have a large reward;  
Let saints in sorrow be resigned,  
And trust a faithful Lord.

*Isaac Watts.*

## 641

179, 147.

- 1 THY home is with the humble, Lord!  
The simple are the best;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;  
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,  
My heart the home shall be.

*Anon.*

## 642

724, 369, 201

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
Till thou art formed within;  
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,  
And crushed the power of sin!
- 2 O, may we gaze upon thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light!
- 3 Until, released from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees, when earthly glory dies,  
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze may we become  
United, Lord, to thee;  
And in a fairer, happier home  
Thy perfect beauty see.

*Anon.*

## 643

201, 724, 395.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise:—
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

*Anne Steele.*

644

CADDO. C. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. O blest are they who oft have said, "I thirst for right - eous-ness;

I hun - ger for the heaven - ly bread With an - guish and dis - tress."

724, 395, 546.

- 2 They of My fullness shall be fed,  
For which they hungered sore;  
And there, by living waters led,  
Their souls shall thirst no more.
- 3 Because I am the Truth, the Life,  
All fullness dwells in me;  
They know no want, no sin, no strife,  
Through all eternity.
- 4 How blessed, then, to share a part  
With those that hunger here;  
To have the panting, thirsty heart,  
And shed the bitter tear!
- 5 O give me, Lord, the grace to know  
And feel my need of thee;  
To long for righteousness below  
Till I thy fullness see.

F. E. Selden.

645

114, 201, 943.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine!  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above,  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley.

646

395, 446, 147.

- 1 LORD! when I all things would possess,  
I crave but to be thine;  
O, lowly is the loftiness  
Of these desires divine!
- 2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn  
How boundless is thy store;  
I go from strength to strength, and yearn  
For thee, my Helper, more.
- 3 How can my soul divinely soar,  
How keep the shining way,  
And not more tremblingly adore,  
And not more humbly pray?
- 4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,  
The more I wait on thee,  
The grace that mightily uplifts  
Most sweetly humbleth me.
- 5 The heaven where I would stand complete  
My lowly love shall see,  
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,  
My blessed Lord, for thee.

Thomas H. Gill.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!

399, 114, 201.

- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

*Reginald Heber.*

- 2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain  
Of honor, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear  
Compared with thee, supremely good,  
Divinely bright and fair!

## 648

201, 724, 448.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way  
To guide untutored youth,  
And show the mind which went astray  
The Way, the Life, the Truth.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,  
To aid this blest design;  
The honors of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

*Joseph Straphan.*

- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee  
A single smile obtain,  
The loss of all things I could bear,  
And glory in my gain.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

## 650

724, 396, 941.

- 1 How vain are all things here below!  
How false, and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,—  
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And leave but half for God!
- 4 My Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

*Isaac Watts.*

651

GREENWOOD, S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care,

With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer.

89, 236, 384.

- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;
- 3 A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.
- 4 I want a godly fear,  
A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;
- 5 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

*Charles Wesley.*

652

236, 732, 266.

- 1 THE praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart,  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my peaceful heart.
- 2 My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppressed;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thine own this moment seize;  
Gather my wandering spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace:

- 4 Suffer no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

*Charles Wesley.*

653

1040, 688, 810.

- 1 BLESSED are the pure in heart;  
For they our God shall see,  
And from his presence ne'er depart  
Through all eternity.
- 2 I will be their delight  
Who here delight in me,  
And they shall walk with me in white  
Who seek for purity.
- 3 No more in thought they err,  
They're free from every stain;  
They've washed their robes of character,  
And spotless they remain.
- 4 O bliss for which we've sought—  
From sin to be secure!  
In every word, and act, and thought,  
Forever to be pure.

*F. E. Belden.*

654

558, 762, 584.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,  
With heart made glad and free,  
Myself and my remaining days,  
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy willing servant, I  
Restore to thee thine own;  
And from this moment, live or die,  
Will serve my God alone.

*Charles Wesley.*

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me!

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

By per. C. Dixon &amp; Co.

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps up to heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

## 656

485, 659.

- 1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy;  
Jesus is mine;  
Break, every tender tie;  
Jesus is mine.  
Dark is the wilderness;  
Earth has no resting-place;  
Jesus alone can bless;  
Jesus is mine.
- 2 Tempt not my soul away;  
Jesus is mine;  
Here would I ever stay;  
Jesus is mine.  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away;  
Jesus is mine.
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;  
Jesus is mine;  
Lost in this dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine.  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void;  
Jesus has satisfied;  
Jesus is mine.
- 4 Farewell, mortality;  
Jesus is mine;  
Hail! immortality;  
Jesus is mine.  
Welcome, O loved and blest!  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;  
Jesus is mine!

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

657

EATON, L. M. 6L.

ZERUBBABEL WYVILL.

1. And art thou, gra-cious Mas-ter, gone, A man-sion to pre-pare for me? Shall I behold thee on thy throne?  
 Shall I for - ev - er dwell with thee? Then let the world ap-prove or blame, I'll tri-umph in thy glorious name.

234, 622, 320.

- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,  
 Or to escape its sharpest frown,  
 Refuse to countenance thy cause,  
 And make thy people's lot my own,  
 What shame would fill me in that day  
 When thou thy glory shalt display!
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile?  
 The terror of his anger what?  
 Like grass he flourishes awhile,

- But soon his place shall know him not;  
 Through fear of such an one, shall I  
 The Lord of heaven and earth deny?  
 4 No; let the world cast out my name,  
 And vile account me, if it will;  
 If to confess the Lord be shame,  
 I purpose to be viler still:  
 For thee, my God, I all resign,  
 Content, if I can call thee mine.

Anon.

658

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O God, my in-most soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my thoughtful heart E-  
 ternal things impress; { Cause me to feel their solemn weight, } And wake to righteousness.  
 { And tremble on the brink of fate, }

874, 897.

- 2 Before me place in dread array  
 The pomp of that tremendous day  
 When thou with clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at thy bar;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To hear thy welcome home?
- 3 Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear  
 Eternal bliss t' insure—

- Thy utmost counsel to fulfill,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Father, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale, to live  
 And reign with thee above,  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full, supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

659

HEALDSBURG. 6s & 4s.

F. E. BELDEN.

by F. E. Belden.

1. Haste, my dull soul, a - rise, Shake off thy care; Press to thy native skies, Mighty in prayer.

Copyrighted 1886

Christ, he has gone before, Count all thy sufferings o'er; He all thy burdens bore; Je - sus is there!

655, 485.

2 Souls for the marriage feast  
 Robe and prepare;  
 Holy must be such guests;  
 Jesus is there!  
 Saints, wear your victor palms,  
 Chant your celestial psalms:  
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,  
 O let me wear!

3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure;  
 Jesus is there!  
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure;  
 Thou art its heir.  
 What makes its joys complete?  
 What makes its hymns so sweet?—  
 There we our friends shall greet:  
 Jesus is there.

Anon.

660

TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Jesus calls us o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow me!"

162, 92, 41.

2 Jesus calls us from the worship  
 Of the vain world's golden store;  
 From each idol that would keep us,  
 Saying, "Christian, love me more!"

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
 "Christian, love me more than these!"

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,  
 Saviour, may we hear thy call;  
 Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
 Serve and love thee best of all!

Anon.

661

162, 277, 41.

1 CROSS, reproach, and tribulation!  
 Ye to me are welcome guests,  
 When I have this consolation,  
 That my soul in Jesus rests.

2 The reproach of Christ is glorious!  
 Those who here his burden bear,  
 In the end shall prove victorious,  
 And eternal gladness share.

3 Bonds and stripes, and evil story  
 Are our honorable crowns;  
 Pain is peace, and shame is glory,  
 Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

Moravian.

662

LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through des-erts dark as night;

Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith our light.

223, 347, 514.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way,  
With joy we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray.

Isaac Watts.

663

746, 514, 428.

- 1 AH! why should doubts and fears arise,  
And sorrow fill my weeping eyes?  
Too slow, alas! the mind receives  
The comforts that the gospel gives.
- 2 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To rest on what the Almighty saith!  
To heed the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven my own.
- 3 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
My steadfast soul would fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Anon.

664

624, 538, 219.

- 1 THOU God of hope, to thee we bow!  
Thou art our Refuge in distress;  
The Husband of the widow thou,  
The Father of the fatherless.
- 2 May we thy law of love fulfill,  
To bear each other's burdens here,  
Endure and do thy righteous will,  
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

Anon.

665

212, 347, 316.

- 1 By faith in Christ I walk with God,  
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;  
Supported by his staff and rod,  
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
And earth and hell my course withstand,  
I triumph over all by faith,  
Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 3 With him sweet converse I maintain;  
Great as he is, I dare be free;  
I tell him all my grief and pain,  
And he reveals his love to me.

John Newton.

666

[Tune, Solid Rock, No. 682.] L. M. 61.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,  
I rest on his unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His promise, covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

Edward Mote.



THE CHRISTIAN—FAITH, HOPE, 'AND CHARITY.

667 Annie Smith

DUANE, L. M. D.

GEORGE COLES.

1. I saw one wea-ry, sad, and torn, With ea - ger steps press on the way,

Who long the hallowed cross had borne, Still looking for the promised day ;  
*D. S.—I asked what buoyed his spir - its up, "O this!" said he—"the bless - ed hope."*

Fine.

While many a line of grief and care, Up - on his brow was furrowed there:

D. S.

518, 749.

2 And one I saw, with sword and shield,  
 Who boldly braved the world's cold  
 frown,  
 And fought, unyielding, on the field,  
 To win an everlasting crown.  
 Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,  
 No murmur from his heart arose:  
 I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
 "O this!" said he—"the blessed hope."

3 And there was one who left behind  
 The cherished friends of early years,  
 And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,  
 To tread the path bedewed with tears.  
 Through trials deep and conflicts sore,  
 Yet still a smile of joy he wore:  
 I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
 "O this!" said he—"the blessed hope."

4 While pilgrims here we journey on  
 In this dark vale of sin and gloom,  
 Through tribulation, hate, and scorn,  
 Or through the portals of the tomb,  
 Till our returning King shall come  
 To take his exile captives home,  
 O! what can buoy the spirits up?  
 'Tis this alone—the blessed hope.

Annie R. Smith.

668

518, 749.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!  
 Fear shall in me no more have place:  
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
 He hides the brightness of his face;  
 But shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield?  
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no;  
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
 Although the olive yield no oil,  
 The withering fig-trees droop and die,  
 The fields elude the tiller's toil,  
 The empty stall no herd afford,  
 And perish all the bleating race;  
 Yet I will triumph in the Lord,  
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,  
 And not one bud of grace appear,  
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
 But sin and only sin is here;  
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,  
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
 And glory that he died for me.

Charles Wesley.

1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, A - bove these gloom - y shades,

To those bright worlds be - yond the sky, Where sor - row ne'er in - vades!

724, 395, 596.

- 2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Exposed to no decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim;  
With one reviving look of thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 O then, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent souls shall rise,  
To those bright scenes where pleasures  
spring  
Immortal in the skies.

*Anne Steele.*

## 670

175, 546, 798.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When poor and helpless sons of grief  
In deep distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,  
When, throned above the skies,  
And in the Father's bosom blest,  
He felt compassion rise.

- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,  
To bless a ruined race;  
We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue,  
Thy bright example trace.

*Philip Doddridge.*

## 671

201, 147, 369.

- 1 'Tis faith that purifies the heart:  
'Tis faith that works by love,  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 2 Faith shows the promise fully sealed  
With our Redeemer's blood;  
It helps our feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 3 This faith shall every fear control  
By its celestial power,  
With holy triumph fill the soul  
In strong temptation's hour.

*Anon.*

## 672

179, 201, 204.

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one,  
And let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet.
- 2 Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God;  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
We have in weakness trod.
- 3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet must be:  
Deal gently with the erring one,  
As God has dealt with thee.

*Mrs. Fletcher.*

673

VALENTIA. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. O who, in such a world as this, Could bear his lot of pain,

Did not one ra-diant hope of bliss Un-cloud-ed yet re-main?

399, 114, 943.

- 2 That hope the sovereign Lord has given  
Who reigns above the skies;  
Hope that unites the soul to heaven  
By faith's endearing ties.
- 3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,  
Is sent in pitying love,  
To lift the lingering heart from earth,  
And speed its flight above.
- 4 And every pang that wrings the breast,  
And every joy that dies,  
Bids us to seek a purer rest,  
And trust to holier ties.

*James Montgomery.*

674

889, 596, 446.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast:  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away,  
To see our smiling God.

*Isaac Watts.*

675

395, 446, 550.

- 1 LORD, I believe; thy power I own;  
Thy word I would obey;  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight;  
I look to thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,  
My faith is cold and weak:  
My weakness strengthen, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.
- 4 Lord, I believe; and only thou  
Canst give my soul relief;  
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;  
"Help thou mine unbelief."

*John Wreford.*

676

201, 724, 308.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves us from its snares;  
Its aid, in every duty brings,  
And softens all our cares.
- 2 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign;  
And bids us seek our portion there,  
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 3 It shows the precious promise sealed  
With the Redeemer's blood,  
And helps our feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.

*Daniel Turner.*

677

NORTHFIELD, C. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That

That will not tremble  
That will not tremble on the brink  
will not tremble on the brink Of pov - er - ty or woe;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
on the brink, That will not tremble on the brink

446, 669.

- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread  
frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,  
Nor its soft arts beguile.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst.

678

201, 308.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own;  
The hope that 's built upon his word  
Shall ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.

- 4 Though now unseen by outward sense,  
Faith sees him always near,  
A guide, a glory, a defense;  
What, then, have we to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumphed once for you,  
So surely you that love his name  
Shall triumph in him too.

Anon.

679

395, 546.

- 1 How happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven;
- 2 A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, O, by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saint's delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day.
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 5 On him with rapture I shall gaze,  
Who bought the bliss for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

1. How cheer - ing is the Chris - tian's hope, While toll - ing  
 here be - low! It buoys us up while passing through This wilderness of  
 It buoys us up while passing through This  
 It buoys us up while passing through This wilderness of woe, . . .  
 woe, It buoys us up while passing through This wil - der - ness of woe.  
 wil - der - ness of woe,

724, 550, 798.

- 2 It points us to a land of rest,  
 Where saints with Christ will reign;  
 Where we shall meet the loved of earth,  
 And never part again,—
- 3 A land where sin can never come,  
 Temptations ne'er annoy.  
 Where happiness will ever dwell,  
 And that without alloy.
- 4 O, how unlike the present world  
 Will be the one to come!  
 Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,  
 Attend where'er we roam;
- 5 In that bright world no tears will flow,  
 Death ne'er can enter there;  
 For all who gain that heavenly land  
 Will be as angels are.
- 6 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly,  
 Dear Saviour, quickly come!  
 We long to see thee as thou art,  
 And reach that blissful home.

681

179, 308, 446.

- 1 O GIFT of gifts! O grace of faith!  
 My God, how can it be  
 That thou, who hast discerning love,  
 Shouldst give that gift to me?
- 2 How many hearts thou mightst have had  
 More innocent than mine!  
 How many souls more worthy far  
 Of that sweet touch of thine!
- 3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts  
 It is thy boast to come,  
 The glory of thy light to find  
 In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,  
 Seem trifles less than light;  
 Earth looks so little and so low  
 When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 O, happy, happy that I am!  
 If thou canst be, O Faith,  
 The treasure that thou art in life,  
 What wilt thou be in death!

*Handwritten notes:*  
 You omitted  
 1. O H - 85

682

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6L.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Toil on a lit-tle longer here, For thy reward a-waits above, } The deeper wound our  
 { Nor droop in sadness or in fear Beneath the rod that's sent in love; }

spir-its feel, The sweeter heaven's balm to heal, The sweet-er heaven's balm to heal.

234, 683.

- 2 Faith lifts the veil before our eyes,  
 And bids us view a happier clime,  
 Where verdant fields in beauty rise,  
 Beyond the withering blasts of time;  
 And brings the blissful moment near,  
 When we in glory shall appear.
- 3 What glory then shall fill the soul,  
 When parted friends again shall meet,  
 Beyond the reach of death's control,

- And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet;  
 His matchless love and grace adore,  
 And never taste of sorrow more.
- 4 Then let us hope; 'tis not in vain;  
 Though moistened by our grief the soil,  
 The harvest brings us joy for pain,  
 The rest repays the weary toil;  
 For they shall reap, who sow in tears,  
 Rich gladness through eternal years.

Annie R. Smith.

683

SELENA. L. M. 6L.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. { Come, O thou Trav-el-er unknown, Whom still I hold, but can-not see; }  
 { My com-pa-ny be-fore is gone, And I am left a-lonewith thee; }

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

320, 234.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am;  
 My sin and misery declare;  
 Thyself hast called me by my name,  
 Look on thy hands, and read it there:  
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;  
 I never will unloose my hold;  
 Art thou the Man that died for me?  
 The secret of thy love unfold;  
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Charles Wesley.

684

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di - vine!

{ Now hear me while I pray, }  
{ Take all my guilt a - way, } O, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!

166, 127.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast diéd for me,  
O, may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

Ray Palmer.

685

GUIDE. 7s. 6L.

M. M. WELLS.  
Fine.

1. Though I speak with an - gel tongues Brav - est words of strength and fire,  
*D. C.—All the el - o - quence shall pass As the noise of sound - ing brass.*

*D. C.*  
They are but as i - dle songs If no love my heart in - spire;

244, 768.

2 Though I lavish all I have,  
On the poor in charity,  
Though I shrink not from the grave,  
Or unmoved the stake can see,—  
Till by love the work be crowned,  
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,  
Who didst forth from God proceed,  
Never from my heart remove;  
Let me all thy impulse heed,  
Let my heart henceforward be  
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

Ernest Lange.

1st. 2d.

1. { Though we could speak with angel tongues, Or with prophet-ic skill } And  
 { Sur - vey the fu - ture at a glance (omit.) }

read e - vents at will; Had we a faith in God so strong As mount - ains to re -

move, Yet all were fruit - less, all in vain, If not in - spired by love.

83, 291.

- 2 And though our goods to feed the poor  
 Our liberal hands bestow,  
 Or yield our bodies to the flames  
 Our ardent zeal to show;  
 Our deeds, though like the noon-day sun,  
 Of no avail would prove,  
 No sacrifice a merit claims  
 That is not crowned by love.
- 3 Love suffers long and envies not,  
 Endures, forbears, believes,  
 All things it hopes, all things forgives,  
 It trusts but ne'er deceives;  
 And now abide to every soul  
 These graces from above,—  
 Faith, hope, and love,—immortal three,—  
 But chief of all is love.

Anon.

- 2 Speak gently to the young; for they  
 Will have enough to bear;  
 Pass through this life as best they may,  
 'Tis full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,  
 Grieve not the careworn heart;  
 The sands of life are nearly run,  
 Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones;  
 They must have toiled in vain;  
 Perchance unkindness made them so:  
 O, win them back again!
- 5 Speak gently; 'tis a little thing,  
 Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
 The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
 Eternity shall tell.
- 6 'Tis ours to sow the kindly seed,  
 'Tis His to bid it grow;  
 Our every word and every deed  
 The harvest time will show.

687

179, 399, 227.

- 1 SPEAK gently; it is better far  
 To rule by love than fear:  
 Speak gently; let no harsh word mar  
 The good we may do here.

Bates.



1. There is a bless - ed hope, More pre - cious and more bright

Than all the joy - less mock - er - y The world es - teems de - light.

732, 558, 810.

- 2 There is a lovely star  
That lights the darkest gloom,  
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a cheering voice  
That lifts the soul above,  
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,  
And whispers, "God is love."
- 4 That voice from Calvary's hight  
Proclaims the soul forgiven;  
That star is revelation's light,  
That hope, the hope of heaven.

Anon.

689

558, 89, 814.

- 1 FAITH is the polar-star  
That guides the Christian's way,  
Directs his wanderings from afar  
To realms of endless day:
- 2 Faith is the rain-bow's form  
Hung on the brow of heaven,  
The glory of the passing storm,  
The pledge of mercy given:
- 3 The Faith that works by love,  
And purifies the heart,  
A foretaste of the joys above  
To mortals can impart:
- 4 It guides us far from strife,  
Where'er our footsteps roam,  
And promises eternal life  
When we have reached our home.

Anon.

690

89, 558, 384.

- 1 THOU ever-present Aid  
In suffering and distress,  
The mind which still on thee is stayed,  
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined  
Upon thy sheltering breast,  
'Mid raging storms exults to find  
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,  
Whene'er thy face appears;  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross;  
It sweetly comforts me,  
Makes me forget my every loss,  
And find my all in thee.
- 5 O God, to whom I fly,  
Do thou my wishes fill;  
What though created streams are dry  
Thou art my fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of each earthly friend,  
I find them all in one;  
And peace and joy which never end,  
And heaven, in thee alone.
- 7 Here, then, I doubt no more,  
But in his pleasure rest  
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and  
power,  
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

691

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBER.

223, 624, 932.

- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears,  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night,  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny;  
Though with a sad and broken heart,  
He sees his hopes most cherished die.
- 5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

692

212, 301, 347.

- 1 WEEPING endures but for a night,  
Joy cometh with the morning light;  
Joy cometh of celestial birth,  
• Unsullied by the blight of earth.
- 2 Joy comes each faithful heart to thrill,  
That fears of change no more will chill;  
Transporting joy, that fills the soul  
While everlasting ages roll.
- 3 Then, mourning pilgrim, upward gaze;  
Beyond this dark and thorny maze  
A joy for every tear is found,  
A healing balm for every wound.

- 4 No sorrow there shall dim the eye,  
No wintry winds or storms are nigh,  
No sighs borne on the fragrant air;  
But all shall in the glory share.
- 5 Awake, for lo, not distant far,  
The rising of the Morning Star;  
O watch to catch the new-born ray  
That ushers in a cloudless day.
- 6 Hail! glorious morn, whose radiant light  
Shall bid the darkness take its flight;  
Shall chase the shades of gloom away,  
And night be turned to endless day.

*Annie R. Smith.*

693

223, 538, 136.

- 1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,  
Who boast the honors of their birth,  
So high a dignity can claim,  
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given  
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 He teaches their young feet the way,  
And early leads them to obey;  
Whispers instruction to their minds,  
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 4 Their daily wants his hands supply,  
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;  
Leads them from earth to heaven above,  
And crowns them with eternal love.

*Samuel Stennett.*

694

MELITA. L. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. When power di - vine, in mor - tal form, Hushed with a word the rag - ing storm,

In sooth - ing ac - cents Je - sus said, "Lo, it is I; be not a - fraid."

347, 932, 104.

- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,  
One thought shall every pang remove,  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 And when the last, dread hour shall come,  
While trembling nature waits her doom,  
This voice shall wake the righteous dead—  
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid."

*Sir Y. E. Smith.*

- 2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid  
Can heal the wounds the world has made,  
O this shall check each rising sigh,  
That Jesus is forever nigh.
- 3 His counsels and upholding care  
My safety and my comfort are,  
And he shall guide me all my days,  
Till glory crown the work of grace.

695

223, 51, 316.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
"How shall I stand the trying day?"  
He has engaged by firm decree,  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,  
And if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,  
For as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

*Anon.*

- 4 Jesus, in whom but thee above  
Can I repose my trust, my love?  
And shall an earthly object be  
Loved in comparison with thee?

*Josiah Conder.*

697

624, 51, 876.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe and must succeed  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

*William Cowper.*

698

NOTTING HILL. C. M.

C. H. PURDY.

1. Kind are the words that Je - sus speaks To cheer the droop - ing saint:

My grace suf - fi - cient is for you, Though na - ture's powers may faint.

114, 179, 702.

- 2 My grace its glories shall display,  
And make your griefs remove ;  
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell  
Of boundless power and love.
- 3 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,  
'Tis good to trust thy name ;  
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,  
Will ever be the same.
- 4 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace  
I all things can perform,  
And, smiling, triumph in thy name  
Amid the raging storm.

Anon.

699

201, 395, 183.

- 1 Is not the way to heavenly gain  
Through earthly grief and loss ?  
Rest must be won by toil and pain,—  
The crown repays the cross.
- 2 In tears and trials thou must sow  
To reap in joy and love ;  
We cannot find our home below,  
And hope for one above.
- 3 As woods, when shaken by the breeze,  
Take deeper, firmer root ;  
As winter's frost but makes the trees  
Abound in summer fruit ;
- 4 So every heaven-sent pang and thro  
That Christian firmness tries,  
But nerves us for our work below,  
And forms us for the skies.

Henry F. Lyte.

700

724, 446, 598.

- 1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,  
My soul is not dismayed ;  
I hear a voice I know full well,—  
" 'Tis I ; be not afraid."
- 2 When black the threatening skies appear,  
And storms my path invade,  
Those accents tranquilize each fear,—  
" 'T is I ; be not afraid."
- 3 There is a gulf that must be crossed ;  
Saviour, be near to aid !  
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—  
" 'T is I ; be not afraid."
- 4 There is a dark and fearful vale,  
Death hides within its shade ;  
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—  
" 'T is I ; be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott.

701

399, 889, 669.

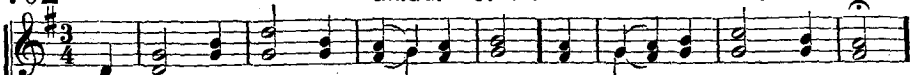
- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'T is sweet to look beyond my pain,  
And long to fly away ;—
- 2 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend ;—
- 3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.

Augustus M. Toplady.

702

GRIGG, C. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.



1. There is no sor-row, Lord, too light To bring in prayer to thee;



There is no anx-ious care too slight To wake thy sym - pa - thy.



395, 698, 669.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road  
Wilt share each small distress;  
The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets thine ear divine,  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,  
But for that love which died for sin,  
That love which wept with woe.

*Mrs. J. Creudson.*

703

201, 596, 448.

1 If God is mine, then present things  
And things to come are mine;  
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,  
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then from his love  
He every trouble sends;  
All things are working for my good,  
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,  
Let wealth and honor flee;  
Sure he who giveth me himself  
Is more than these to me.

4 O, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;  
What can I wish beside?  
My soul shall at the fountain live,  
When all the streams are dried.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

704

724, 889, 669.

1 FROM lips divine, like healing balm  
To hearts oppressed and torn,  
The heavenly consolation fell,  
"Blessed are they that mourn."

2 Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed  
A noble faith succeeds;  
And life, by trials furrowed, bears  
The fruit of loving deeds.

3 How rich, how sweet, how full of strength  
Our human spirits are,  
Baptized into the sanctities  
Of suffering and of prayer!

4 Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,  
Breathed through the lips which said,  
"O blessed are the hearts that mourn;  
They shall be comforted."

*William H. Burleigh.*

705

546, 147, 204.

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear!  
How dark this world would be  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee!

2 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above?

3 Each sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray,  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

*Thomas Moore.*

706

YOAKLEY. L. M. 6L.

WILLIAM YOAKLEY.

1. { As oft, with worn and wea-ry feet, We tread earth's rugged val-ley o'er, }  
 { The thought, how comfort-ing and sweet, Christ trod this ver-y path be-fore! }

Our wants and weak-ness he knows From life's first dawn-ing till its close.

234, 683, 320.

- 2 Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,  
 Or sorrow in our path appear?  
 The recollection will remain,—  
 More deeply did he suffer here:  
 His life, how truly sad and brief,  
 Filled up with suffering and with grief!
- 3 If Satan tempts our hearts to stray,  
 And whispers evil things within,  
 So did he, in the desert way,  
 Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,  
 When worn, and in a feeble hour,  
 The tempter came with all his power.
- 4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,  
 With every human ill but sin;  
 And, though indeed the Son of God,  
 As I am now, so he has been:  
 My God, my Saviour! look on me  
 With pity, love, and sympathy.

*James Edmeston.*

707

234, 683, 320.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark and friends are few,  
 On Him I lean who not in vain  
 Experienced every human pain:  
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
 To fly the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the sin I would not do,  
 Still, He who felt temptation's power  
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
 Deceived by those I prized too well,  
 He shall his pitying aid bestow  
 Who felt on earth severer woe,—  
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
 By those who shared his daily bread.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend  
 Which covers what was once a friend,  
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while,—  
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed;  
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

*Robert Grant.*

708

683, 234, 320.

- 1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares  
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
 They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
 And contradict his gracious word;  
 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
- 2 When first before his mercy-seat  
 Thou didst to him thy all commit,  
 He gave thee warrant from that hour  
 To trust his wisdom, love, and power:  
 Did ever trouble yet befall  
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
- 3 He who has helped thee hitherto,  
 Will help thee all thy journey through;  
 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
 It leads thee home, apace, to God;  
 Then count thy present trials small,  
 For heaven will make amends for all.

*John Newton.*

709

ODGEN. S. M.

F. E. BELDEN.

by F. E. Belden.

1. Re-joice in God al-way; When earth looks heaven-ly bright,

Copyrighted 1886

When joy makes glad the live-long day, And peace shuts in the night.

- 2 Rejoice when care and woe  
The fainting soul oppress;  
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,  
And morn brings heaviness.
- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear;  
Rejoice in life and death;

- Rejoice when threatening storms are near,  
And comfort languisheth.
- 4 So, though our path is steep,  
And many a tempest lowers,  
Our Father will our footsteps keep,  
And his dear love be ours.

Moultreie.

710

PEACEFUL REST. P. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. When darkness gathers round thy way, As fall the shades of even; No star, with its mild,

cheer-ing ray, To chase the gloom, our fears al-lay,—How sweet the light of heaven!

- 2 When toiling in the narrow way,  
By persecution driven,  
Beset with treacherous snares that lay  
To lead our wayward feet astray,  
How sweet the smiles of heaven!
- 3 When by earth's care and grief and woe  
The anguished heart is riven,  
And bitter tears of sorrow flow,

- No soothing balm found here below,—  
How sweet the joy of heaven!
- 4 And when our pilgrimage is o'er,  
The blessed promise given;  
When, borne on angels' wings we soar  
To meet the Saviour we adore,—  
How sweet the home in heaven!

Annie R. Smith.

711

COMFORT, 6s &amp; 5s.

ORAZ.

1. Why that look of sad-ness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness lift thy soul on high?

2 O thou heir of heaven,  
Think of Jesus' love,  
While to thee is given  
All his grace to prove.

3 Is thy burdened spirit  
Agonized for sin?  
Think of Jesus' merit;  
He can make thee clean;

4 Think of Calvary's mountain,  
Where his blood was spilt;  
In that precious fountain  
Wash away thy guilt.

5 Set the prize before thee;  
Gird thy armor on:  
Heir of grace and glory,  
Struggle for thy crown.

Anon.

712

[Tune, *Ellesde*, No. 499.] 8s & 7s. D.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, wherefore yield to sadness?  
Fix thy heart and hopes above;  
Look to Jesus, and with gladness  
Trust his gracious, pardoning love.  
Trials here will sorely press thee,  
Let thy trust on him be stayed:  
He will cheer, and guide, and bless thee,  
With his ever-present aid.
- 2 Think how kind, how condescending!  
Jesus calls himself thy Friend,  
From his throne in glory bending,  
He will every prayer attend.  
He will never, never leave thee,  
Through thy pilgrim days below;  
Then, at last, he will receive thee,  
And a crown of life bestow.

Anon.

713

SCUDAMORE, 7s.

R. R. CHOPE.

1. 'Tis my hap - pi - ness be - low Not to live with - out the cross,

But the Saviour's power to know, Sanc - ti - fy - ing ev - ery loss.

321, 272, 720.

- 2 Trials must and will befall;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,—  
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,

- Might I not with reason fear  
I should prove a castaway?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet;  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Couper.



714

HENLEY. 11s & 10s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is wea - ry and distressed;

Seek - ing for comfort from your heavenly Father, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in our Father's dwelling,  
Glad are those homes that sorrows never dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers by earth so rudely pressed;  
Come unto him all ye who droop in sadness,  
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."  
*Anon.*

715

HAKES. 9s & 7s.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There is sweet rest for feet now wea - ry, In the rug - ged, up - ward way;

There is a morn when mid - night drear - y Shall be lost in per - fect day.

2 For that blest morn our hearts are longing,  
When shall end earth's night of woe;  
When, thro' those pearly portals thronging,  
Mortal cares we'll leave below.

3 Soon to that city, bright, eternal,  
Weary pilgrims all shall go;

4 Soon we shall rest in pastures vernal,  
Where life's waters ceaseless flow.  
Father above, in mercy guide us  
To those mansions of the blest;  
Safe in the Rock of Ages hide us  
Till we gain our final rest.

F. E. Belden.

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716

YORK, L. M.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

624, 916, 136.

- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh;  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 3 If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield thee what was thine:  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 4 If but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest:  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

*Charlotte Elliott.*

717

875, 491, 301.

- 2 O God, to thee we raise our eyes;  
Calm resignation we implore;  
O let no murmuring thought arise,  
But humbly let us still adore.
- 2 With meek submission may we bear  
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;  
Nor think our trials too severe,  
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.
- 3 For though mysterious now thy ways  
To erring mortals may appear,  
Hereafter we thy name shall praise  
For all our keenest sufferings here.
- 4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,  
Nor let us sink in deep despair;  
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,  
And find our sweetest comfort there.

*Charlotte Richardson.*

718

914, 347, 136.

- 1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!  
On thee we cast each earth-born care;  
We smile at pain while thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread;  
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"
- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O love divine, forever dear;  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, thou art near!

*Oliver W. Holmes.*

719

624, 301, 932.

- 1 THY will be done! I will not fear  
The fate provided by thy love;  
Though clouds and darkness shroud me  
here,  
I know that all is bright above.
- 2 Father, forgive the heart that clings,  
Thus trembling, to the things of time;  
And bid my soul, on angel wings  
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 3 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,  
No sorrows dim celestial love;  
But these afflictions of the dust,  
Like shadows of the night, remove.

*F. Roscoe.*

720

HOLLEY, 7s.

GEORGE HEWES.

1. When, my Sav-iour, shall I be Per-fect-ly re-signed to thee?

Poor and vile in my own eyes, On-ly in thy wis-dom wise;

821, 563, 457.

2 Only thee content to know,  
Ignorant of all below;  
Only guided by thy light,  
Only mighty in thy might?

3 Fully in my life express  
All the heights of holiness;  
Sweetly let my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love.

*Charles Wesley.*

721

407, 272, 531.

1 PRINCE of peace, control my will,  
Bid this struggling heart be still,  
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,  
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,  
Open wide the gate to God;  
Peace I ask, but peace must be,  
Lord! in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done,  
May thy will and mine be one;  
Chase these doubtings from my heart,  
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall,  
Thou, my life, my God, my all!  
Let thy happy servant be  
One forevermore with thee.

*Anon.*

722

407, 826, 272.

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord;  
Lean thou only on his word:  
Ever will he be thy stay,  
Though the heavens shall pass away.

2 Ever in the raging storm  
Thou shalt see his cheering form,  
Hear his pledge of coming aid:  
"It is I be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet;  
Linger near his mercy-seat:  
He will lead thee by the hand  
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,  
In thy weary, fainting hour;  
Lean, then, loving, on his word;  
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

*Anon.*

723

821, 272, 826.

1 THINE forever! God of love!  
Hear us from thy throne above;  
Thine forever may we be  
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! Lord of life!  
Shield us through the earthly strife;  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! O how blest  
They who find in thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend!  
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine forever! Saviour, keep  
These thy frail and trembling sheep  
Safe alone beneath thy care,  
Let us all thy goodness share.

*Mrs. M. F. Maude.*

724

HERBERT, C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I ask not, Lord, for less to bear Here in the nar - row way, But

that I may thy blessing share In all I do or say, In all I do or say.

364, 70, 399.

- 2 Through whatso'er my path shall lie,  
With patience may I run;  
With filial trust my heart reply,  
"Thy will, O God, be done."
- 3 With thee to lead, I will not fear  
In scenes with dangers rife,  
While still thy cheering voice I hear,  
"I am the Way, the Life."
- 4 Thou art the refuge of my soul,  
My hope when comforts flee,  
My strength while life's rough billows roll,  
My joy eternally.
- 5 Then help me to improve with care,  
These precious moments given;  
For they a faithful record bear,  
Of good or ill, to Heaven.
- 6 And in thine arms of love enfold  
Me from the tempter's snare;  
And in the book of life enrolled,  
Be my name written there.

Annie R. Smith.

725

201, 704, 369.

- 1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,  
I all to thee resign,  
And bow before thy chastening rod:  
I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,  
When wisdom, truth, and love  
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,  
And point to joys above?

- 3 How short are all my sufferings here,  
How needful every cross!  
Away my unbelieving fears,  
Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,  
I'll bless thy sacred name;  
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,  
Forever is the same.

Anon.

726

179, 598, 364.

- 1 Out of the depths to thee I cry  
Whose fainting footsteps trod  
The paths of our humanity,  
Incarnate Son of God!
- 2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart  
Didst all our sorrows bear,—  
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,  
The agony, and prayer!
- 3 Is this the consecrated dower,  
Thy chosen ones obtain,  
To know thy resurrection power  
Through fellowship of pain?
- 4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;  
Faint not, O faltering feet;  
Press onward to that blest estate,  
In righteousness complete.
- 5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,  
The transient pain and strife,  
Upraised by an immortal power,—  
The power of endless life.

Mrs. E. E. Marcy.

727

FAIRPORT. C. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound-less sea,

Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in thee.

399, 364, 147.

2. We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast,—
  - 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial way too long,  
But leaves the end with thee.
- Anon.*

728

114, 179, 204.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God  
In trial's fearful hour,  
I'll bow, resigned, beneath his rod,  
And bless his saving power.
  - 2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,  
Though sorrows fix me there,  
Is still a privilege most sweet,  
For he will hear my prayer.
  - 3 Then blessed be the hand that gave,  
Still blessed when it takes;  
Blessed be He who smites to save,  
Who heals the heart he breaks.
- Elizabeth Codner.*

729

724, 369, 395.

- 1 My times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in thy hand;  
My choicest comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine;  
Before they were possessed by me,  
They were entirely thine.

- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In thee, and thee alone.
- Benjamin Beddome.*

730

201, 724, 399.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time  
God's watchful eye surveys,  
O who so wise to choose our lot,  
Or to appoint our ways?
- 2 Good, when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies;  
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,  
So constant and so kind?  
To his unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resigned.

*James Hervey.*

731

175, 389, 943.

- 1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seems severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say  
There is no mercy here!
- 2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,  
Succeeded by a frown.
- 3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see;  
The gracious hand that strikes the blow  
Was wounded once for me.

*James Edmeston.*

732

DAY. S. M.

H. ABBOTT.

1. My spir - it on thy care, Blest Sav - our, I re - cline;

Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For thou art love di - vine.

89, 762, 558.

- 2 In thee I place my trust,  
On thee I calmly rest;  
I know thee good, I know thee just,  
And count thy choice the best.
- 3 What'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform;  
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me,  
Secure of having thee in all,  
Of having all in thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

733

810, 801, 762.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,  
Hope and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
He shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose and to command;  
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,  
How wise, how strong, his hand!
- 4 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear  
When fully he the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt.

734

89, 736, 558.

- 1 THOU Refuge of my soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell my grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

Anne Steele.

735

384, 236, 558.

- 1 IN every trying hour  
My soul to Jesus flies;  
I trust in his almighty power  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear me up;  
I trust a faithful God;  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing  
To our Redeemer's name;  
In joy or sorrow, life or death,  
His love is still the same.

Anon.

736

SELVIN. S. M.

GERMAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. If, through un-ruf-fled seas, Calm-ly toward heaven we sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to thee,

We'll own the favoring gale, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the favoring gale.

89, 558, 732.

- 2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to thy control;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us in every state,  
To make thy will our own,  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

*Augustus M. Toplady.*

737

558, 762, 584.

- 1 "My times are in thy hand:"  
My God, I wish them there;  
My life, my friends, my all I leave  
Entirely to thy care.
- 2 "My times are in thy hand,"  
Whatever they may be;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to thee.
- 3 "My times are in thy hand;"  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in thy hand;"  
I'll always trust in thee,  
Till I possess the promised land,  
And all thy glory see.

*William F. Lloyd.*

738

89, 236, 946.

- 1 Be tranquil, O my soul,  
Be quiet every fear!  
Thy Father hath supreme control,  
And he is ever near.
- 2 Ne'er of thy lot complain,  
Whatever may befall;  
Sickness or sorrow, care or pain,  
'Tis well appointed all.
- 3 A Father's chastening hand  
Is leading thee along;  
Nor distant is the promised land,  
Where swells the immortal song.
- 4 O, then, my soul, be still!  
Await heaven's high decree;  
Seek but to do thy Father's will,  
It shall be well with thee.

*Thomas Hastings.*

739

236, 732, 949.

- 1 It is thy hand, my God;  
My sorrow comes from thee:  
I bow beneath thy chastening rod;  
'Tis love that bruises me.
- 2 I would not murmur, Lord;  
Before thee I am dumb:  
Lest I should breathe one murmuring  
word,  
To thee for help I come.
- 3 My God, thy name is love;  
A Father's hand is thine;  
With tearful eyes I look above,  
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

*James G. Deck.*

1. My Sav - iour, as thou wilt! O may thy will be mine! In - to thy

hand of love I would my all resign; Through sor-row, or through joy,

Con-duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done!"

2 My Saviour, as thou wilt!  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear:  
 Since thou on earth hast wept,  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with thee,  
 My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Saviour, as thou wilt!  
 All shall be well for me;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with thee:  
 Straight to my home above  
 I calmly travel on,  
 And sing, in life or death,  
 "My Lord, thy will be done!"

*Benjamin Schmolke.*

I dare not choose my lot;  
 I would not if I might;  
 Choose thou for me, my God,  
 So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek  
 Is thine; so let the way  
 That leads to it be thine,  
 Else I must surely stray.  
 Take thou my cup, and it  
 With joy or sorrow fill,  
 As best to thee may seem;  
 Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness, or my health;  
 Choose thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.  
 Not mine, not mine, the choice,  
 In either great or small;  
 Be thou my Guide, my Strength,  
 My Wisdom, and my All.

*Horatius Bonar.*

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
 However dark it be!  
 Lead me by thine own hand,  
 And choose the path for me.



1. Sometimes a light surpris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who ris - es  
*D. S.—A sea-son of clear shin - ing,*

*Fine.* With heal - ing in his wings: When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain  
*To cheer it aft - er rain.* *D. S.*

333, 357.

- 2 In holy contemplation  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new:  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 Let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may.
- 3 Children of God lack nothing,  
 His promise bears them through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe his people too:  
 Beneath the spreading heavens  
 No creature but is fed,  
 And he who feeds the ravens  
 Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Their wonted fruit should bear,  
 Though all the fields should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
 Yet God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice;  
 For while in him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

Cowper & Cennick.

743

333, 336.

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,  
 No change my heart shall fear;  
 And safe is such confiding,  
 For nothing changes here.  
 The storm may roar without me,  
 My heart may low be laid,  
 But God is round about me,  
 And can I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever he may guide me,  
 No want shall turn me back;  
 My Shepherd is beside me,  
 And nothing can I lack.  
 His wisdom ever waketh,  
 His sight is never dim,  
 He knows the way he taketh,  
 And I will walk with him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,  
 Which yet I have not seen;  
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
 Where darkest clouds have been.  
 My hope I cannot measure,  
 My path to life is free,  
 My Saviour has my treasure,  
 And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

1. Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; The changes that are sure to come

I do not fear to see; I ask thee for a present mind Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatso'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts,  
To keep and cultivate;  
A work of lowly love to do  
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
A mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask  
Thou givest, Lord, to me,  
Then shall my spirit rise the more

With grateful love to thee;  
Still careful, not to serve thee less,  
But more, and perfectly.

*Anna L. Waring.*

## 745

1 Go not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey;  
Take from me anything thou wilt,  
But go not thou away;  
And let the storm that does thy work  
Deal with me as it may.

2 No suffering, while it lasts, is joy,  
How blest soe'er it be;  
Yet may the chastened child be glad  
His Father's face to see;  
And O, it is not hard to bear  
What must be borne in thee!

3 Safe in thy sanctifying grace,  
Almighty to restore;  
Borne onward, sin and death behind,  
And love and life before,  
O let my soul abound in hope,  
And praise thee more and more!

4 Deep unto deep may call, but I  
With peaceful heart will say,  
"Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
No waves can take away;"  
And let the storm that speeds me home,  
Deal with me as it may.

*Anna L. Waring.*

746

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. The tempter to my soul hath said, "There is no help in God for thee;"

Lord! lift thou up thy servant's head; My glo-ry, shield, and sol-ace be.

212, 108, 304.

- 2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;  
He heard me from his holy hill;  
At his command the waves rolled by;  
He beckoned, and the winds were still.
- 3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke;—  
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;  
Bright, from the east, the morning broke;  
Thy comforts rose on me again.
- 4 I will not fear, though armed throngs  
Compass my steps in all their wrath;  
Salvation to the Lord belongs;  
His presence guards his people's path.

*James Montgomery.*

747

624, 223, 104.

- 1 DEIGN, Jesus, Lord, my soul to hide  
Within thy pierced and bleeding side!  
O give me in thy wounded heart  
My rest to find, nor thence depart.
- 2 When Satan's wiles would work me harm,  
And earth with her delights would charm,  
Within thy heart I safely rest,  
Within thy side secure and blest.
- 3 When sense with every art beguiles,  
And tempts me with her treacherous smiles,  
I will not fear, since still for me  
Thy side a refuge safe shall be.

*From the Latin by Ray P*

748 72B

WINTERBOURNE. L. M.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Shep-herd di-vine, thou lead-est me Where the still wa-ters gent-ly flow;

In past-ures fair thou feed-est me; I trust thy love, no want I know.

- 2 In danger's hour thou hidest me,  
Safe from the foe of thy dear flock;  
At sultry noon thou guidest me  
To rest beside the cooling rock.

746, 624, 104.

- 3 When chilling dews of evening fall,  
Then to the fold thou bidst me come;  
Gladly I hasten at thy call;  
Sweet is the voice that calls me home

*F. E. Belden.*

1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heavenly com - fort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-

Refrain.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me, he lead - eth me, By

his own hand he lead - eth me: His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by his hand he lead - eth me.

687, 513.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,  
Content whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by thy grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

*J. H. Gilmore.*

750

518, 994.

1 ETERNAL Beam of light divine,  
Thou Fount of unexhausted love,  
In whom the Father's glories shine,  
Through earth beneath, and heaven  
above;

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give me thy easy yoke to bear,  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,  
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.  
Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!  
So shall each murmuring thought be  
gone,  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the midday sun.

3 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"  
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"  
Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve thy sovereign will.  
O death! where is thy sting? Where now  
Thy boasted victory, O grave?  
Who shall contend with God? or who  
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

*Charles Wesley.*

by J. E. White.

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1. O, let me walk with thee, my God, As Enoch walked in days of old; Place thou my trembling hand in thine,

And sweet com-mun-ion with me hold; E'en though the path I may not see, Yet, Je-sus, let me walk with thee.

234, 320.

2 I cannot, dare not, walk alone;  
The tempest rages in the sky,  
A thousand snares beset my feet,  
A thousand foes are lurking nigh:  
Still thou the raging of the sea,  
O Master! let me walk with thee.

3 If I may rest my hand in thine,  
I'll count the joys of earth but loss,  
And firmly, bravely journey on;  
I'll bear the banner of the cross  
Till Zion's glorious gates I see:  
Yet, Saviour, let me walk with thee.

*Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.*

## 752

234, 320.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;  
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

*Joseph Addison.*

## 753

234, 320.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am if thou art mine!  
And, lo! from sin and grief and shame  
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The healing of my broken heart;  
In strife my peace, in loss my gain,  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame my glory and my crown.

3 In want my plentiful supply,  
In weakness my almighty power,  
In bonds my perfect liberty,  
My light in Satan's darkest hour;  
No trouble can my soul appall:  
Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

*Charles Wesley.*

## 754

234, 320.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;  
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;  
Burdened with doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed.  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;  
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

*Reginald Heber.*

755

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANCOIS.

1. Un-shak-en as the sa-cred hills, And fixed as mount-ains stand,

Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th'Al-might-y hand.

70, 446, 724.

- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Fair Salem's happy ground  
As those eternal arms of love  
That every saint surround.
- 3 Do good, O Lord, do good to those  
Who cleave to thee in heart,  
Who on thy truth alone repose,  
Nor from thy law depart.

*Isaac Watts.*

756

399, 70, 364.

- 1 Now to the haven of thy breast,  
O Son of man, I fly;  
Be thou my refuge and my rest,  
For oh! the storm is high.
- 3 Protect me from the furious blast;  
My shield and shelter be;  
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast  
The storm of sin I see.
- 3 As welcome as the water-spring  
Is to a barren place,  
Jesus, descend on me, and bring  
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.
- 4 As o'er a parched and weary land  
A rock extends its shade,  
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,  
And screen my naked head.
- 5 How swift to save me didst thou move  
In every trying hour!  
O still protect me with thy love,  
And shield me with thy power.

*Charles Wesley.*

757

120, 201, 147.

- 1 THE heavenly treasure now we have  
In a vile house of clay;  
But Christ will to the utmost save,  
And keep us to that day.
- 2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Zion's hill.
- 3 O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.
- 4 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.

*Charles Wesley.*

758

724, 681, 369.

- 1 AUTHOR of Good! to thee I turn:  
Thy ever wakeful eye  
Alone can all my wants discern,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O, let thy fear within me dwell,  
Thy love my footsteps guide!  
Thy love shall meaner loves expel,  
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 Not to my wish, but to my want,  
Do thou thy gifts apply;  
Unasked, what good thou knowest, grant;  
What ill, though asked, deny.

*James Merrick.*

759

COMMUNION. C. M.

STEPHEN JENCKS.

1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,

Re - served for all the heirs of grace; O, be that ref - uge mine!

354, 531, 794.

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,  
Of love and truth divine;  
O child of God, O glory's heir!  
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A Hand almighty to defend,  
An Ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die;  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

*Charles Wesley.*

761

114, 943, 179.

1 IN grief and fear, to thee, O Lord,  
We now for succor fly;  
Thine awful judgments are abroad,  
O shield us, lest we die.

2 The fell disease on every side  
Walks forth with tainted breath;  
And pestilence, with rapid stride,  
Bestrews the land with death.

3 O look with pity on the scene  
Of sadness and of dread;  
And let thine angel stand between  
The living and the dead.

4 With contrite hearts, to thee, our King,  
We turn who oft have strayed;  
Accept the sacrifice we bring,  
And let the plague be stayed.

5 We offer thee the incense sweet  
That from the heart doth rise:  
Good works, with true repentance meet,  
Shall be our sacrifice.

*William Bullock.*

760

201, 114, 204.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly;  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For O, the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay;  
He seizes every straying soul  
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thine arm;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power  
While by our Shepherd's side;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied;

Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be-side?

558, 732, 810.

- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's  
dark shade,  
My Shepherd still is near.

*Isaac Watts.*

**763**

810, 558, 732.

- 1 To praise our Shepherd's care,  
His wisdom, love, and might,  
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,  
And bid the world unite.
- 2 Supremely good and great,  
He tends his blood-bought fold;  
He stoops, though throned in highest state,  
The feeblest to uphold.
- 3 He hears the least complaint;  
He sees them when they roam;  
And if his weakest lamb should faint,  
His bosom bears it home.
- 4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep,  
A weakly flock are we,  
And snares and foes are nigh; but keep  
The lambs who look to thee.

*William H. Hawergal.*

**764**

236, 89, 403.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock,  
That's high above my head;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defense,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

*Isaac Watts.*

**765**

810, 558, 1040.

- 1 MAKE duty plain, O Lord,  
Thy will we seek to know;  
O grant thy Spirit with thy word,  
To guide our steps below.
- 2 May feeling hearts be ours,  
And tender conscience, too;  
Awaken all our slumbering powers  
Thy righteous will to do.
- 3 Help us thy truth to love,  
And while we love, obey;  
Be thou our counsel from above,  
Show us thy will and way.

*F. E. Belden.*



766

ROBINSON. 6s & 4s.

F. E. BELDEN.

by F. E. Belden.  
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1. Saviour! I follow on, Guided by thee, Seeing not yet the hand That leadeth me;

Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill; On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

655, 485.

- 2 Riven the rock for me  
Thirst to relieve,  
Manna from heaven falls  
Fresh every eve;  
Never a want severe  
Causeth my eye a tear,  
But thou dost whisper near,  
"Only believe!"
- 3 Often to Marah's brink  
Have I been brought;  
Shrinking the cup to drink,  
Help I have sought;

And with the prayer's ascent,  
Jesus the branch hath rent—  
Quickly relief hath sent,  
Sweetening the draught.

- 4 Saviour! I long to walk  
Closer with thee;  
Led by thy guiding hand,  
Ever to be;  
Constantly near thy side,  
Quickened and purified,  
Living for him who died  
Freely for me.

Charles S. Robinson.

767

HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. God above that hearest prayer, Kindly for thy peo-ple care, Who on thee a-lone de-pend; Love us, save us to the end.

720, 821, 631.

- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,  
From the flattering tempter's power,  
From his unsuspected wiles,  
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependence vain  
On the help of feeble man;  
Every arm of flesh remove;  
Stay us only on thy love!

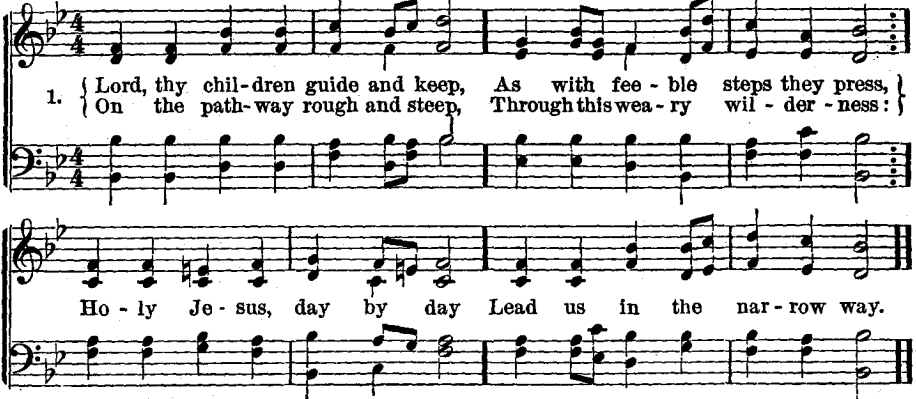
- 4 Men of worldly, low design,  
Let not these thy people join;  
Save us from the great and wise,  
Till they sink in their own eyes.
- 5 Never let the world break in;  
Fix a mighty gulf between:  
Keep us little and unknown,  
Prized and loved by God alone.

Charles Wesley.

768

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6L.

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN.



1. { Lord, thy chil-dren guide and keep, As with fee-ble steps they press, }  
 { On the path-way rough and steep, Through this wea-ry wil-der-ness: }

Ho-ly Je-sus, day by day Lead us in the nar-row way.

244, 299.

- 2 There are sandy wastes that lie  
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
 Where the feeble faint and die;—  
 Grant us grace to persevere:  
 Holy Jesus, day by day  
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 3 There are soft and flowery glades  
 Decked with golden-fruited trees,  
 Sunny slopes and scented shades;

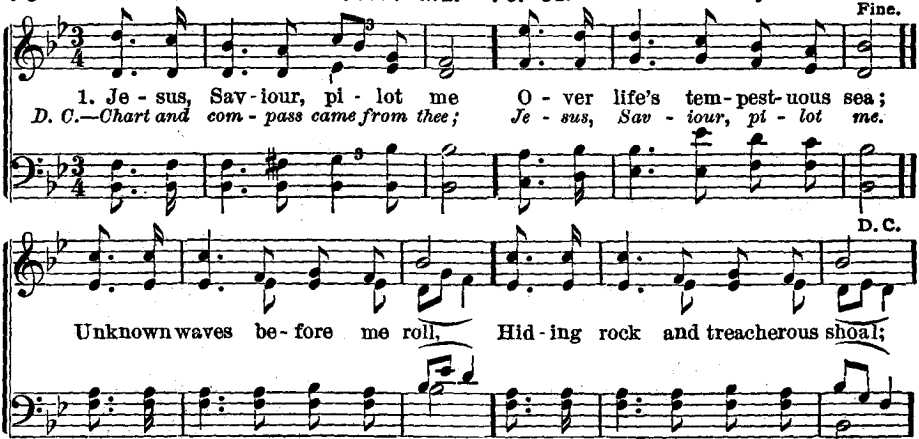
- Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease;  
 Holy Jesus, day by day  
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 4 Upward still to purer heights,  
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
 Till we reach the promised rest:  
 Holy Jesus, day by day  
 Lead us in the narrow way.

Anon.

769

PILOT ME. 7s. 6L.

JOHN E. GOULD.  
 Fine.



1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;  
 D. C.—Chart and com-pass came from thee; Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;

D. C.

- 2 When the apostles' fragile bark  
 Struggled with the billows dark  
 On the stormy Galilee,  
 Thou didst walk upon the sea;  
 And when they beheld thy form,  
 Safe they glided through the storm.

- 3 When at last I near the shore,  
 And the fearful breakers roar  
 'Tween me and the peaceful rest,  
 Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
 May I hear thee say to me,  
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Anon.

770

WICKHAM, 7s. D.

MORRIS.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll,

While the tem-pest still is high; { Hide me, O my Saviour, hide! Till the storm of life is past; }  
 { Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my (omit.) } soul at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
 Leave, O leave me not alone!  
 Still support and comfort me;  
 All my trust on thee is stayed,  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 More than all in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

- Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within;  
 Thou of life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

771

MARTYN, 7s. D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.  
 Fine.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }  
 { While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }  
 D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide! Till the storm of life is past;

1. { I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake; }  
 { I will guide, and save, and keep thee, For my name and mer-cy's sake; }

Fear no e - vil, Fear no e - vil, On - ly all my coun - sel take.

860, 857.

2 When the storm is raging round thee,  
 Call on me in humble prayer;  
 I will fold my arms around thee,  
 Guard thee with the tenderest care:  
 In the trial,  
 I will make thy pathway clear.

3 When the sky above is glowing,  
 And around thee all is bright,  
 Pleasure like a river flowing,  
 All things tending to delight;  
 I'll be with thee,  
 I will guide thy steps aright.

4 When thy soul is dark and clouded,  
 Filled with doubt, and grief, and care,  
 Through the mists by which 'tis shrouded,  
 I will make the light appear,  
 And the banner  
 Of my love I will uprear.

Anon.

773

283, 903.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land:  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain  
 Whence the healing waters flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,

Lead me all my journey through:  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Bear me through the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

William Williams.

774

905, 412.

1 GOD has said, "Forever blessed  
 Those who seek me in their youth;  
 They shall find the path of wisdom,  
 And the narrow way of truth:"  
 Guide us, Saviour,  
 In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;  
 Be our wisdom and our guide;  
 May we walk in love and meekness,  
 Nearer to our Saviour's side:  
 Naught can harm us  
 While we thus in thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,  
 We may turn our tearless eye  
 To the dwelling of our Father,  
 To our home beyond the sky,  
 Looking forward  
 To the happy land on high.

Anon.

775

SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s. D.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us: Much we need thy tender care; } Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold pre- pare. }

Thou hast bought us thine we are; Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us thine we are.

601, 844.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,  
 Be the Guardian of our way;  
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
 Seek us when we go astray.  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray!

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to thee.

*Dorothy A. Thrupp.*

776

HASTINGS. 10s & 4s.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Dear Saviour, lead my erring steps aright, I'll follow thee; I dare not trust to feeble, mortal sight; I'll follow thee.

The night is dark,—lest I should lose my way, I'll fol low thee; O lead me till the glorious dawn of day! I'll fol low thee.

2 When night is darkest, and I cannot see,  
 I'll follow thee;  
 I know the cheering voice that speaks to me;  
 I'll follow thee.  
 'Tis mine to trust the One who knoweth best;  
 I'll follow thee;  
 And, trusting thus, I leave to him the rest;  
 I'll follow thee.

3 O'er all my daily thoughts and steps preside,  
 I'll follow thee;  
 Be thou alone my constant Guard and  
 Guide;  
 I'll follow thee.  
 Unworthy of thy watch-care though I be,  
 I'll follow thee;  
 Then with the blest through all eternity  
 I'll follow thee.

*F. E. Belden.*

777

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT, P. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1st. 2d.

1. { Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! } home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my  
 { The night is dark and I am far from (omit.) . . . }

feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step's e-nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past  
years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile!

John H. Newman.

M. M. WELLS.  
Fine.

778

GUIDE. 7s. D.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side; }  
 { Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }

D. C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."  
 D. C.

Wea - ry souls for e'er re-joice, When they hear that sweet - est voice.

2 Ever present, truest friend,  
Ever near thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear;  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer come!  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!"

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wondering if our names are there;  
Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer come!  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!"

M. M. Wells.

1. O, tell me, thou life and de-light of my soul, Where the

flock of thy pas-ture are feed-ing: I seek thy pro-tec-tion, I

need thy con-trol; I would go where my Shep-herd is lead-ing.

2 O, tell me the place where the flock are  
at rest,  
Where the noontide will find them re-  
posing;  
The tempest now rages, my soul is dis-  
tressed,  
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 And why should I stray with the flocks  
of thy foes,  
In the desert where now they are rov-  
ing;  
Where hunger and thirst, where conten-  
tions and woes,  
Where fierce conflicts their ruin are  
proving?

4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wander-  
ing cease,  
And the follies that fill me with weep-  
ing?

O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that  
peace

Thou dost give to the flock thou art  
keeping!

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me  
return  
By the way where the footprints are  
lying;  
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;  
And homeward my spirit is flying

*Thomas Hastings.*

## 780

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me  
repose  
Where the pastures in beauty are  
growing;  
He leads me afar from the world and its  
woes,  
Where in peace the still waters are  
flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me  
the path  
Where the arms of his love shall enfold  
me;  
And when I walk through the dark val-  
ley of death,  
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

*Knox.*

781

GOSHEN. 11s.

GERMAN.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
D. S.—Who un - to the

*Fine.*  
faith in his ex-cel-lent word! Whatmore can he say than to you he hath said,  
Sav - our for ref - uge have fled?

D. S.

783, 512.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed;  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

George Keith.

782

783, 512.

- 1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;  
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;  
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trials be near,  
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?
- 2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;  
The weak, and oppressed, he will hear their complaint;  
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!
- 3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads,  
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!  
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.
- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;  
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;  
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come:  
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

Anon.



1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-

fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when

wandering, redeems when oppressed, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

781, 255.

- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,  
 Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;  
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;  
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread,  
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;  
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;  
 O, what shall I ask of thy providence mere?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,  
 Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;  
 I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,  
 Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

784

781, 511.

- 1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide;  
 Whatever we want he will kindly provide:  
 To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound;  
 His care and protection his flock will surround.
- 2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear?  
 What evil can trouble us while he is near?  
 Not if we are summoned to walk through the vale  
 Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.
- 3 The Lord is become our salvation and song;  
 His blessings have followed us all our life long!  
 His name will we praise while we have any breath,  
 Be cheerful in life, or be happy in death.

Anon.

1. Je- sus at thy command I launch in-to the deep; And leave my native land, Where

sin lulls all a-sleep; For thee I would the world resign, And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

252, 167.

- 2 Thou art my Pilot, wise,  
My compass is thy word;  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord;  
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie,  
Yet Christ will safely keep,  
And guard me with his eye;  
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,  
And every boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest;  
Through grace I hope to stand  
And sing among the blest.  
O may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 When'er becalmed I lie,  
When wind and storm subside,  
Then to my succor fly,  
And keep me near thy side;  
For more the treacherous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace;  
Waft me from all below,

To heaven, my destined place;  
There, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

Anon.

## 786

[Tune, Webb, No. 833.] 7s &amp; 6s. D.

- 1 O LAMB of God! still keep me  
Near to thy wounded side;  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace I can abide!  
What foes and snares surround me,  
What doubts and fears within!  
The grace that sought and found me,  
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in thee hiding  
I know my life secure—  
Only in thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure:  
Thine arm the victory gaineth  
O'er every hateful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its care and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,  
With rapture, face to face;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all thy power and grace:  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all the saints above.

James G. Deck.

787

HARTEL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Be-hold the Sav-iour at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore,

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still, You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

624, 481, 316.

2 He counsels thee to buy of him  
Gold tried by fire, and raiment clean;  
Anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see,  
And put away thy stains from thee.

3 O, hear the faithful Witness' voice,  
He offers now a final choice;  
Thou art offensive, O lukewarm!  
Therefore be zealous and reform.

4 His mission now is almost o'er,  
Before the throne he'll plead no more;  
The filthy must his filth retain,  
He that is holy, so remain.

5 His locks with dews of night are wet,  
But at thy heart he lingereth yet.  
O wake, and open wide the door;  
Bid thy Beloved wait no more.

6 Yea, bring him in, a welcome guest;  
So shalt thou in his presence rest,  
And in communion sweet and free,  
Shalt sup with him and he with thee.

Anon.

788

316, 538, 375.

1 A LITTLE while, our Lord shall come,  
And we shall wander here no more;  
He'll take us to our Father's home,  
Where he for us has gone before.

2 A little while, he'll come again;  
Let us the precious hours redeem,  
Our only grief to give him pain,  
Our joy to serve and follow him.

3 A little while, 'twill soon be past,  
Why should we shun the shame and  
cross;

O let us in his footsteps haste,  
Counting for him all else but loss.

4 A little while,—come, Saviour, come!  
For thee thy church has tarried long;  
Take thy poor, wearied pilgrims home,  
To sing the new, eternal song.

Anon.

789

136, 538, 624.

1 As drowsy earth is dreaming still  
Of coming good and golden days,  
An angel voice the heavens thrill:  
Fear God, ye people, give him praise;

2 The long-appointed Judgment hour  
Is come at last; worship ye him  
Who by his own almighty power  
Made heaven, earth, sea, and gushing  
stream.

3 Another cry the earth doth greet,  
The second angel's voice divine:  
Great Babel's fall is now complete;  
Nations are drunken with her wine.

4 Now the third angel's voice resounds,  
A final, fearful, warning voice  
Against false worship; and propounds  
God's word and worship formen's choice.

5 Here saints in patience waiting stand,  
Through faith obedient to God's will,  
Fulfilling each divine command  
Till called to stand on Zion's hill.

R. F. Cottrell.

790

HARMONY CHANT. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Be - hold th' expect - ed time draw near, The shades disperse, the dawn ap - pear! Be - hold the wil - der -

ness as - sume The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom, The beauteous tints of E - den's bloom!

- 2 Events with prophecies conspire  
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;  
The ripening fields, already white,  
Present a harvest to the sight.

*Mrs. Voke.*

791

624, 136, 212,

- 1 How long we've been the heirs of grace!  
How long desired a crown to win!  
But still we have not reached the place  
Where we can say we're free from sin.

- 2 We patient pray, and gladly sing,  
"Thy perfect will, O Lord, be done!"  
Our Captain will the victory bring  
Which he for us has fairly won.

- 3 Our works as filthy rags appear,  
Except as humbly wrought in thee:  
Jesus, thy righteousness 'tis clear  
Our righteousness at last must be.

*S. O. James.*

792

301, 314, 914.

- 1 LONE pilgrim, cease that mournful sigh:  
Look up! redemption draweth nigh.  
Have loved ones gone? does earth look  
drear?

Look up! shed not that bitter tear.

- 2 What though the heart is saddened now,  
And shadows gather on thy brow,  
And grief the bosom heaveth still?  
Look up! submit to Heaven's own will.

- 3 Do trials unexpected rise?  
Look up! and view the glorious prize;  
Let not life's sorrows press you down;  
Look up! prepare to take the crown.

- 4 Lift up your head, rejoice and sing;  
Look up! by faith behold your King.  
He soon is coming, heed his call;  
Look up! and make your God your all.

- 5 He'll come, all troubles here to end;  
He'll come, a never-failing friend;  
He'll come to take his children home;  
Look up! and pray, "Lord, quickly come."

*Mrs. Rebekah Smith.*

793

[Tune, Happy Day, No. 435.] L. M. v.

- 1 O HAPPY day! that bursts the tomb,  
And sets the joyful prisoners free;  
That lifts the saints from death and gloom  
To life and immortality.

CHORUS.

Happy day! happy day!  
For thee we'll wait and watch and pray;  
We bid thy hours no more delay;  
O chase the shades of night away.  
Happy day! happy day!  
For thee we'll wait and watch and pray.

- 2 O happy day! when earth so bright,  
In Eden robes shall bloom again;  
Her beauty no decay shall blight,  
Nor death e'er tread her wide domain.

- 3 O happy day! when far around,  
Through all this universal frame,  
One glorious anthem shall resound  
Of blessing to Jehovah's name.

- 4 O happy day! that knows no night;  
No sorrow with thy joy shall blend;  
No clouds shall e'er obscure thy light;  
Thy scenes of glory ne'er shall end.

*U. Smith.*

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; A-wake, and praise that sovereign love

That shows sal - va - tion nigh; A-wake, and praise that sovereign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.

399, 755, 354.

- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies;  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!  
Ye mortal powers, decay!  
Haste! till the last glad morning rise  
That brings eternal day.

*Philip Doddridge.*

795

596, 201, 147.

- 1 My soul is happy when I hear  
The Saviour is so nigh,  
And longs to see his sign appear  
Upon the opening sky.
- 2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,  
And trust his living word,  
And feel the coming of that day  
No longer is deferred.
- 3 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing,—  
He will not tarry long,—  
And fill with joy the hours that bring  
The glory of our song.
- 4 Yes, he will come; no longer fear,  
Though earth and hell assail;  
His word attests the moment near,  
And that can never fail.

*Anon.*

796

724, 798, 546.

- 1 HAIL, glorious day! ere long to dawn,  
And set death's captives free;  
Triumphant then will they come forth  
With shouts of victory.
- 2 And when my Saviour shall appear,  
If in the grave I lie,  
The last loud trumpet I shall hear,  
And live, no more to die.
- 3 It is enough, although I close  
In death my weary eyes,  
In that bright morn, my Lord to see,  
And meet him in the skies.
- 4 And in that resurrection morn  
I shall his face behold;  
'Tis then my Lord to me will give  
The starry crown of gold.

*Mrs. M. S. Avery.*

797

596, 669, 176.

- 1 BEHOLD I come! the Saviour cries,  
On wings of love I fly;  
So come, dear Lord, my soul replies,  
And bring salvation nigh.
- 2 Come, plead thy truth's much-injured  
cause,  
And make thy glory shine;  
Come, vindicate thy righteous laws  
With majesty divine.
- 3 With wingéd speed, Redeemer, dear,  
Bring on the illustrious day;  
Let not our hopes give way to fear  
Beneath thy long delay.

*Anon.*

1. The glo-ries of that heavenly land I've oft-times felt be-fore; But what I

feel is just a taste, And makes me long for more, And makes me long for more.

399, 724, 147.

- 2 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly and be at rest;  
Then would I go to Christ, my love,  
And dwell among the blest.
- 3 O! could I reach my heavenly home,  
And ne'er return again;  
I would not think the seasons long  
That I should suffer pain.
- 4 But Patience bids us wait awhile!  
The crown 's for them that fight;  
The prize for those that win the race  
By faith, and not by sight.
- 5 Through faith we look to yonder prize,  
Laid up in heaven above;  
Says Hope, "It shortly shall be mine,"  
"I'll wear it soon," says Love.

Anon.

799

354, 369, 446.

- 1 ARISE, ye mourning saints, arise!  
The Lord our Leader is;  
The foe before his banner flies,  
And victory is his.
- 2 We follow thee, our Guard and Guide,  
Our Saviour, and our King;  
We follow thee, through grace supplied  
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the promised day  
When all our toils shall cease;  
When we shall cast our arms away,  
And dwell in endless peace.

- 4 This blessed hope supports us here;  
It makes our burdens light;  
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,  
Till faith shall end in sight:
- 5 Till, of the glorious prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more;  
And ever with our Leader rest,  
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly.

800

201, 395, 114.

- 1 JESUS, our Hope, our Life, our Heaven,  
The lingering times have flown;  
To thee the kingdom now is given;  
Return and claim thine own.
- 2 And, as we wait, along the skies  
Unearthly glory steals;  
And our glad spirits seem to rise,  
To haste thy chariot wheels.
- 3 Although they seem to linger, still  
Thy retinue on high  
Is marshalled, and awaits the will  
That bids their myriads fly.
- 4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long  
The closing hours of grace;  
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,  
Till we shall see thy face.
- 5 Safe with the ransomed we shall stand,  
And raise the victor's song;  
A golden harp in every hand,  
And praise on every tongue.

Anon.

801

ABRIDGE, C. M.

SMITH.

1. The Sav-iour bids us watch and pray Through time's brief, fleet-ing hour,

And gives the Spir - it's quickening ray To those who seek its power.

895, 598, 308.

- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
Maintain a warrior's strife;  
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;  
Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;  
For quickly he will come,  
To call us from our toils away  
To our eternal home.
- 4 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;  
For lo! the Judge is near;  
O may we joyfully obey,  
And watch till he appear!

*Thomas Hastings.*

802

179, 354, 943.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, here we fainting lie,  
And long to see thy face;  
Descend, O Jesus, from on high,  
In mercy to our race.
- 2 How long shall that bright hour delay?  
When will our Lord appear?  
We long to see the glorious day  
When Jesus will draw near.
- 3 We wait to see our Lord descend,  
Arrayed in robes of light;  
To Satan's kingdom put an end,  
And claim his proper right.
- 4 We long to hear the trumpet sound,  
And see the just arise;  
We long to see our Saviour crowned,  
And meet him in the skies.

*Anon.*

803

724, 395, 204.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we would know thy love  
Which yet no measure knows;  
For us it led thee once to die;  
From thence salvation flows.
- 2 Fain would we strike the golden harp,  
And wear the promised crown,  
And at thy feet, while bending low,  
Would sing what grace hath done.
- 3 Then leave us not in this dark world,  
As strangers long to roam;  
Come, Lord, and take us to thyself,  
Come, Jesus, quickly come!

*Anon.*

804

175, 389, 669.

- 1 O HOW I long with Christ to be,  
And in his presence rest!  
He draws my soul most wondrously;  
I to his bosom haste.
- 2 Me for thy coming, Lord, prepare;  
Grant I may ready be  
Whene'er thou comest, without fear  
To meet and welcome thee.
- 3 Meanwhile may I in spirit view  
Thy sufferings, cross, and death;  
These to my heart be daily new,  
While thou shalt give me breath.
- 4 Thus will my wants be well supplied,  
Thus will my soul with grace  
Abundantly be satisfied,  
And kept in heavenly peace.

*Anon.*

1st. 2d.

1. { Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, We'll be gathered home; } We'll be gathered home. We'll work till  
 { Which flames de-vour or waves o'erthrow, (omit.) } We'll work till

Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.  
 We'll work We'll work We'll work

- 2 Be mine the happier lot to own,  
 We'll be gathered home;  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne,  
 We'll be gathered home.
- 3 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,  
 We'll be gathered home;  
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
 We'll be gathered home.
- 4 Though desolation here may be,  
 We'll be gathered home;  
 That heavenly mansion stands for me,  
 We'll be gathered home.

Anon.

806

201, 114, 354.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love  
 I see before me lie;  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd to those rivers fly.
- 2 I'd rise superior to my pain,  
 With joy outstrip the wind;  
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,  
 And leave the world behind.
- 3 A few more days, or years at most,  
 My troubles will be o'er;  
 I hope to join the heavenly host  
 On Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast  
 In love's unbounded sea:  
 The glorious hope of endless rest  
 Is ravishing to me.

- 5 O, come, my Saviour, come away,  
 And bear me to the sky!  
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;  
 Make haste and bring it nigh.
- 6 I long to see thy glorious face,  
 And in thine image shine;  
 To triumph in victorious grace,  
 And be forever thine.

Anon.

807

438, 354, 724.

- 1 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh;  
 When will the moment come  
 When I shall lay my armor by,  
 And dwell with Christ at home?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
 No peaceful, sheltering dome;  
 This world's a wilderness of woe,  
 This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;  
 He bade me cease to roam,  
 And fly for succor to his breast,  
 And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 When by affliction sharply tried,  
 Faith tells of scenes to come,—  
 Those endless joys prepared above,—  
 And then I sigh for home.
- 5 Weary of wandering round and round  
 This vale of sin and gloom,  
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground,  
 And dwell with Christ at home.

Elizabeth Mills.



808

PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.

UNKNOWN.

1 { On time's tempestuous o - cean wide, A gal-lant ship set sail, } Well fit-ted to a-  
And out in - to the rag - ing deep She stood be - fore the gale,

bide the storm, And angry water's foam, And bring the captives that she bore Unto her haven home.

989, 486.

809

989; 486.

- 2 Long was to be her voyage—the time,  
Six thousand years almost,  
Ere she would make the highland hights,  
Along the heavenly coast;  
Yet with her sails expanded wide,  
On, on, she swiftly flew,  
Bearing with ardent hope and love  
Her passengers and crew.
- 3 Oft tempests have assailed her round,  
And stormy winds rose high;  
And dark have been the mountain waves  
That bore her to the sky;  
But o'er them all, with steady helm,  
She onward pressed her way;  
Her compass, true unto the pole,  
Guides her to endless day.
- 4 Long, long, she has been out, and now  
She nears her haven home;  
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,  
And bids her thither come;  
And voices joyful oft are heard,  
And music swelling high:  
“The land! the land! the land ahead!”  
With rapture now they cry.
- 5 Now soon will she be safely moored  
And anchored in the bay;  
And all her passengers on shore  
Will keep a festal day;  
And long their songs of joy will rise  
Beneath high heaven's dome;—  
They've passed the stormy sea of time,  
They've reached their haven home.

J. I. Leslie.

- 1 WHAT though the angry waves roll high,  
And darkness reigns around?  
Let hope be bright in every eye;  
Our ship is homeward bound.  
What though no moon nor stars appear  
Amid the gloom profound?  
We will not yield a place to fear;  
Our ship is homeward bound.
- 2 What though the lightnings glare above,  
And deafening thunders roar?  
Yet with the eye of faith and love  
We view the distant shore.  
We know that friends will meet us there,  
We loved in life before;  
And angel forms, all bright and fair,  
Line the immortal shore.
- 3 Then let the fearful thunders roar,  
And let the lightnings glare;  
We're nearing the eternal shore,  
And we are almost there.  
Then heave, ye waves, on every side,  
And onward, homeward bear  
Our fragile bark, 'gainst wind and tide;  
For we are almost there.
- 4 The coward peers, with trembling form,  
Into the gloom profound;  
But we can smile to view the storm;  
Our ship is homeward bound:  
And though for us, on time's dark wave  
No place of rest be found,  
O let our hearts be true and brave;  
Our ship is homeward bound.

Anon.

810

EL KADER, S. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. Ye serv-ants of the Lord, Each in his of-fice wait; Ob-serv-ant of his heavenly word,

And watchful at his gate; Ob-serv-ant of his heavenly word, And watch-ful at his gate.  
Ob-serv-ant of his heavenly word, And watchful at his gate.

568, 30, 89.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in his sight;  
His coming thus proclaim.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak, he's near;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

*Philip Doddridge.*

811

601, 11, 732.

1 FAR down the ages now,  
Much of her journey done,  
The pilgrim church pursues her way,  
Until her crown be won.

2 No slacker grows the fight,  
No feebler is the foe,  
Nor less the need of armor tried,  
Of shield and spear and bow.

3 Thus onward still we press  
Through evil and through good,  
Through pain and poverty and want,  
Through peril and through blood.

4 Still faithful to our God,  
And to our Captain true,  
We follow where he leads the way,  
The kingdom in our view.

*Horatius Bonar.*

812

11, 266, 89.

1 O THOU whom we adore!  
To bless our earth again,  
Assume thine own almighty power,  
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's desire and hope,  
All power to thee is given;  
Now set the last great empire up,  
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Saviour, thou  
Wilt all thy children bless;  
And every knee to thee shall bow,  
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy word  
Now be thy grace revealed,  
And with the knowledge of the Lord  
Let all the earth be filled.

*Charles Wesley.*

813

11, 558, 601.

1 LET us keep steadfast guard  
With lighted hearts all night,  
That when Christ comes, we stand pre-  
pared,  
And meet him with delight.

2 At midnight's season chill  
Lay Paul and Silas bound,—  
Bound and in prison, sang they still,  
And singing, freedom found.

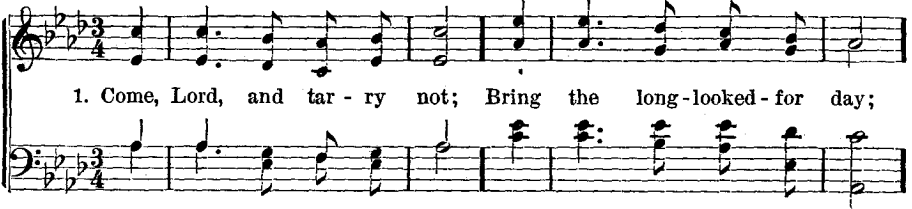
3 Our prison is this earth,  
And yet we sing to thee:  
Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth,  
Set us, believing, free!

*Breviary.*

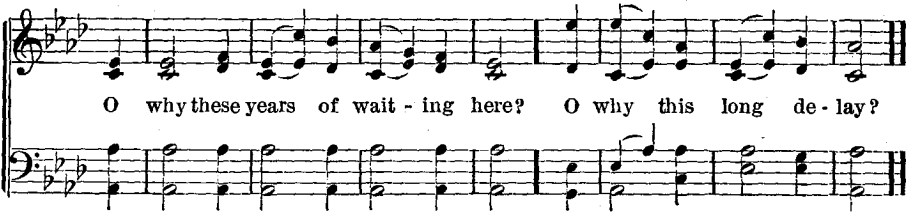
814

LEIGHTON, S. M.

HENRY W. GREATORCK.



1. Come, Lord, and tar-ry not; Bring the long-looked-for day;



O why these years of wait-ing here? O why this long de-lay?

810, 89, 732.

- 2 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of thy stay;  
Worn out by these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.
- 3 Come, for the corn is ripe!  
Put in thy sickle now;  
Reap the great harvest of the earth;  
Sower and reaper thou.
- 4 Come, spoil the strong man's house,  
Bind him and cast him hence;  
Show thyself stronger than the strong,  
Thyself Omnipotence.
- 5 Come, and begin thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,  
Great King of righteousness.

*Horattus Bonar.*

815

558, 810, 296.

- 1 THE Church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.
- 2 How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy and true and good,  
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,  
Her sighs and tears and blood?
- 3 Saint after saint on earth,  
Has lived and loved and died;  
And as they left us, one by one,  
We laid them side by side.

- 4 We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn;  
We left them but to slumber there,  
Till the last glorious morn.
- 5 We long to hear thy voice,  
To see thee face to face,  
To share thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share thy grace.
- 6 Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.

*Horattus Bonar.*

816

810, 558, 732.

- 1 IN expectation sweet,  
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes! The conqueror comes!  
Death falls beneath his sword;  
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, Awake!  
The saints the call obey;  
Their joyful upward flight they take  
To realms of endless day.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace;  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

*Anon.*

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall meet the

loved who now Are sleeping in the tomb: Then, O my Lord, pre- pare My

soul for that great day; O, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a- way!

125, 899.

- 2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild, rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
O, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away!
- 3 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings sore,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
O, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away!
- 4 'T is but a little while,  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we may with him reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
O, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away!

Horatius Bonar.

818

125, 899.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear,—  
Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray:
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,  
That awful hour unknown,  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
The immortal Son of man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 O may we all be found  
Obedient to thy word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord:  
O may we thus insure  
A lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

1. Break, break, e - ter - nal day, Bid dark-ness flee away; Pour on our sight, Light from the

world of joy, Bliss pure without alloy; Then ne'er shall gloom annoy; All shall be bright.

2 Rise, rise, thou glorious sun,  
Hasten thy race to run;  
At God's command,  
Extend thy healing wings;  
Open joy's long-sealed springs;  
Reign, O thou King of kings,  
In this dark land!

3 Come, come, thou conquering One,  
Reign thou upon thy throne,  
In glory bright;  
Then shall the ransomed raise,  
Unceasing songs of praise,  
Throughout eternal days,  
In realms of light.

*Anon.*

1. Je-sus died on Calvary's mountain. Long time a - go, And sal-va-tion's rolling fountain Now free-ly flows.

2 Once his voice, in tones of pity,  
Melted in woe,  
As he wept o'er Judah's city,  
Long time ago.

5 Budding fig-trees tell that summer  
Dawns o'er the land;  
Signs portend that Jesus' coming  
Is near at hand.

3 Jesus died,—yet lives forever,  
No more to die,—  
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,  
Now reigns on high.

6 Children, let your lamps be burning,  
In hope of heaven,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning  
At dawn or even.

4 Now in heaven he's interceding  
For dying men;  
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
And come again.

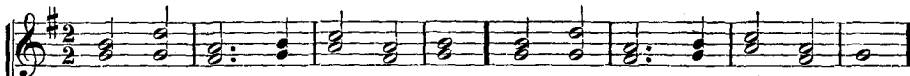
7 When he comes, a voice from heaven  
Shall pierce the tomb:  
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
Children, come home."

*Anon.*

821

PLEYEL, 7s.

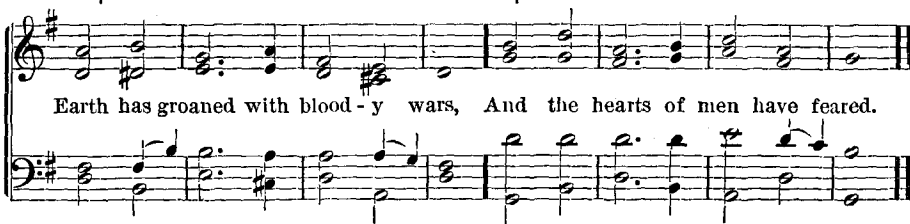
IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. In the sun, and moon, and stars, Signs and won - ders have appeared;



Earth has groaned with blood - y wars, And the hearts of men have feared.



904, 605, 531.

- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;  
Darker storms the mountains sweep,  
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,  
Pale amazement, restless fear;  
And amid the thunder cloud  
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But, though from his awful face,  
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,  
Fear not ye, his chosen race,  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

*Reginald Heber.*

822

605, 720, 457.

- 1 CLOUDS of glory lingering,  
Haste! our blessed Jesus bring;  
Gleam no longer from afar,  
Like a dim, uncertain star.
- 2 Speed thy coming, blessed One!  
We are fainting, sad, and lone;  
Why doth yet the star of day  
Its bright rising thus delay?
- 3 Meek and humble trusting ones,  
Zion's suffering, trodden sons,  
Day and night prevail in prayer,  
Till the kingdom ye shall share.

*Anon.*

823

904, 605, 272.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, will come again,  
None shall wait for him in vain;  
I shall then his glory see;  
Christ will come and call for me.

- 2 Then, when the Archangel's voice  
Shakes the earth and rends the skies,  
Rising millions shall proclaim  
Blessings on the Saviour's name.
- 3 Hail! redeeming Son of God!  
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud;  
Praise, eternal praise be given  
To the Lord of earth and heaven!

*Anon.*

824

407, 272, 720.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall his righteous will obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;  
Heathen tribes his name adore;  
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

*Harriet Auber*

825

720, 480, 531.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the promised hour;  
Come in glory, come in power;  
Still thy foes are unsubdued;  
Nature sighs to be renewed.
- 2 Time has nearly reached its sum;  
All things wait for thee to come;  
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,  
Come, and reign forevermore.

*Josiah Conder.*

826

LUBECK. 7s.

GERMAN CHORALE.

1. Come, De- sire of na- tions, come! Hast-en, Lord, the gen- eral doom!

With thy ho- ly train de- scend; Then our earth- ly tri- als end.

821, 272, 457.

- 2 Mindful of thy chosen race,  
Shorten these vindictive days;  
We for full redemption groan;  
Hear us now, and save thine own.
- 3 Now destroy the man of sin;  
Now thine ancient flock bring in!  
Filled with righteousness divine,  
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

- 4 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;  
Glorious in thy saints appear;  
Speak the sacred number sealed;  
Speak the mystery revealed.
- 5 Take to thee thy royal power;  
Reign, when sin shall be no more;  
Reign, when death no more shall be;  
Reign to all eternity.

*And.*

827 Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth  
ELTHAM. 7s. 6l

LOWELL MASON.  
Fine.

1. "Till He come."—O let the words Lin- ger on the trembling chords;  
*D. C.—Let us think how heaven and home Lie be- yond that—"Till he come."*

Let the lit- tle while between In their gold- en light be seen;  
Let the lit- tle In their gold- en

*D. C.*

769, 685, 244.

- 2 When the weary ones we love  
To the silent land remove,  
Though the earth seems poor and waste,  
All our life-joy overcast,—  
Hush! be every murmur dumb;  
It is only—"Till he come."

- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Only whisper—"Till he come."

*Edward H. Bickersteth.*

828

WATCHMAN, 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are, } See that glo-ry beam-ing star! Watchman,  
Trav-eler, o'er you mountain's high (omit)

does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.

771, 901, 778.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends!  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler, ages are its own,  
See, it shines o'er all the earth!

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wondering cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home!  
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come!

829

771, 901, 778.

1825 by John Bowring.

- 1 Son of God, thy people's shield,  
Must we still thine absence mourn?  
Let thy promise be fulfilled;  
Thou hast said, "I will return."  
Gracious Master, soon appear  
Quickly bring thy morning's light;  
Then will cease the constant tear,  
Hope be turned to joyful sight.
- 2 As a woman counts the days  
Till her absent lord she sees,  
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,  
So the church must long for thee.

Come, that we may see thee nigh;  
Then the sheep shall feed in peace;  
Hushed forever trouble's sigh,  
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

Anon.

830

[Tune, Dawning, No. 842.] 8s & 7s. D.

- 1 BROTHER pilgrim, be not weary;  
Tune your harp for heaven and home,  
Where the heart is never dreary,  
And where tears shall never come:  
Don your armor, be not sleeping;  
One short hour, and 't will be past;  
One brief hour of toil and weeping,  
Then comes heaven and home at last.
- 2 Let your eyes to heaven be turning,—  
Darkened sun and falling stars,—  
See the crimson heavens burning,  
Earth prepared for final wars;  
Hear the scoffer ask with jeering,  
"Where's the sign that he is nigh?"—  
Turn your eyes with joy and fearing  
To the omens in the sky.
- 3 Signs in nature oft have told us  
Of the saints' glad jubilee;  
Soon shall azure skies unfold us,  
And upon the jasper sea  
We shall stand in robes of whiteness,  
Praising him upon the throne,  
And in heaven's eternal brightness  
We shall know as we are known.

L. D. Santee.



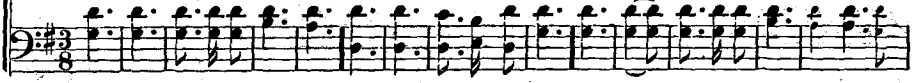
831

GLAD TIDINGS. 7s 6s & 4.

UNKNOWN.



1. Hark! hark! hear the blest tid-ings; Soon, soon, Je-sus will come, Robed, robed, in hon-or and glo-ry, To



gath-er his ransomed ones home. Yes, yes, O yes, To gath-er his ransomed ones home.



- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,  
Sing, sing, Glory to God!  
Soon, soon, Jesus is coming,  
Publish the tidings abroad.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Publish the tidings abroad.
- 3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,  
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;  
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.
- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,  
Shine, shine, visions to come;  
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,  
Cloudless and bright in our home.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Cloudless and bright in our home.
- 5 Long, long, we have been waiting,  
Who, who, love his blest name;  
Now, now, we are delighting,  
Jesus is near to proclaim.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Jesus is near to proclaim.
- 6 Still, still, rest on the promise,  
Cling, cling, fast to his word;  
Wait, wait, if he should tarry,  
Patiently wait for the Lord.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Patiently wait for the Lord.

Anon.

832

- 1 HOME, home, beameth before us!  
When, when, shall we be there?  
Long, long, here we have wandered,  
Burdened with sorrow and care:  
Home, home, home, home,—  
Sorrow breathes not in its air.
- 2 Home, home, there in thy bowers,  
Sweet, sweet music shall swell;  
Sin, sin, never can enter;  
Peace in each bosom shall dwell:  
Home, home, home, home,—  
Peace in each bosom shall dwell.
- 3 Home, home, rest to the weary,  
Peace, peace, to the torn breast;  
Hope, hope, hope of the erring;  
There in thy bosom we'll rest!  
Home, home, home, home,—  
There will the wanderers rest.
- 4 Home, home, bliss to the parted;  
Friends, friends, meet on its shore;  
Here, here, lonely they've left us;  
Soon we'll be parted no more:  
Home, home, home, home,—  
Friends will be parted no more.
- 5 Home, home, let us now hasten,  
See, see, angels above!  
Hark! hark! now do they call us,  
Home to their dwelling of love:  
Home, home, home, home,—  
Home of our Father's kind love.

Anon.

2 How long, O gracious Master,  
Wilt thou thy household leave?  
So long hast thou now tarried,  
Few thy return believe.  
Immersed in sloth and folly,  
Thy servants, Lord, we see;  
And few of us stand ready  
With joy to welcome thee.

3 O, wake thy slumbering people;  
Send forth the solemn cry;  
Let all the saints repeat it,—  
"The Saviour draweth nigh!"  
May all our lamps be burning,  
Our loins well girded be,  
Each longing heart preparing  
With joy thy face to see.

3 Behold the morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as does the day;  
And God, our King and Portion,  
In fullness of his grace,  
Shall we behold forever,  
And worship face to face.

John M. Neale.

834

357, 246.

1 THE world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late;  
Be sober and keep vigil;  
The Judge is at the gate,—  
The Judge who comes in mercy,  
The Judge who comes with might,—  
Who comes to end the evil,  
Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead,—  
To light that has no evening,  
That knows no moon nor sun,—  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

Anon.

835

357, 415.

1 O FOR the robes of whiteness!  
O for the tearless eyes!  
O for the glorious brightness  
Of the unclouded skies!  
O for the no more weeping,  
Within that land of love,  
The endless joy of keeping  
The bridal feast above!

2 O for the bliss of flying,  
My risen Lord to meet!  
O for the rest of lying  
Forever at his feet!  
O for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face!  
The hope of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place!

3 Jesus, thou King of Glory,  
I soon shall dwell with thee;  
I soon shall sing the story  
Of thy great love to me:  
Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter  
E'en now before thy throne,  
That all my love may center  
In thee, and thee alone.

C. L. Smith.

1. { O when shall I see Je - sus, And in his kingdom dwell? Par - take its rest - er - nal, Its songs triumphant swell? }  
 { When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Je - sus Drink endless pleasures in? }

Refrain.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

833, 367.

2 And when the last loud trumpet  
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
 And the entombed millions  
 From their cold beds arise,  
 Our ransomed dust revived,  
 Bright beauties shall put on,  
 And soar to the blest mansions  
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

3 Our eyes shall then with rapture  
 The Saviour's face behold;  
 Our feet, no more diverted,  
 Shall walk the streets of gold;  
 Our ears shall hear with transport  
 The hosts celestial sing;  
 Our tongues shall chant the glory  
 Of our immortal King.

CH 668  
 837 "Rise My Soul"

AMSTERDAM. P. M.

1715-1743  
 JAMES NARES.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }  
 { Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heaven, thy na - tive place. } Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay;

Time shall soon this earth re - mere; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So a soul that's born of God,  
 Pants to view his glorious face;  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon thy Saviour will return:  
 To take thee to the skies:  
 There is everlasting peace,  
 Rest, enduring rest in heaven;  
 There will sorrow ever cease,  
 And crowns of joy be given.

Robert Seagrave.

"Nares filled many important positions, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and became a chorist at York Minster in 1734."

1. Ye who rose to meet the Lord, Ventured on his faithful word, Faint not now, for your reward Will be quickly given.

Faint not, always watch and pray; Jesus will no more delay; Even now 'tis dawn of day; Day-star beams from heaven.

- 2 Would ye to the end endure?  
Keep the wedding garment pure,  
Claim ye still the promise sure,  
Faithful is the Lord!  
Let your lamps be burning bright;  
In God's word is beaming light;  
Live by faith, and not by sight—  
Crowns are your reward.
- 3 Mid the darts of angry foe,  
Onward, fearless, onward go,  
The good soldier's courage show,  
On to victory!  
Let thine eyes be turned to me,  
Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee;  
Overcome, and faithful be,  
Thou shalt glory see!"
- 4 Tones of thunder through the sky,  
Angel voices sounding high,  
Echo still the mighty cry,  
"Jesus, quickly come!"  
Quickly he'll return again,  
With his saints he'll come to reign,  
While all heaven will shout, "Amen!  
Welcome to thy throne!"
- 5 Marriage supper now prepared,  
By the guests will then be shared,  
In fair, righteous robes arrayed,  
Like the Bridegroom King.  
Glory to Jehovah's name!  
Sound aloud the glad acclaim,  
To the Lamb that once was slain,  
Alleluias bring!

839

[Tune, To-day, No. 414.]

6s & 4s.

- 1 WHEN shall I see the day  
That ends my woes?  
When shall I victory gain  
O'er all my foes?
- 2 When will the trumpet sound,  
That calls me home?  
The grand, sabbatic year,—  
When will it come?
- 3 In yonder realms of light,  
By faith I see  
A crown of glory bright,  
Prepared for me.
- 4 O may I soon behold  
That happy day,  
When sorrow, sin, and pain  
Shall flee away!
- 5 O may I ever keep  
The prize in view,  
And through the storms of life  
My way pursue!
- 6 Jesus, be thou my guide,  
My steps attend;  
O keep me near thy side;  
Be thou my friend.
- 7 Be thou my shield and sun,  
Be thou my guard;  
And, when my work is done,  
My great reward.

840

CONTRAST. 8s. D.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. I long to be-hold him arrayed With glo - ry and light from a - bove;

The King in his beau-ty displayed, His beau-ty of ho - li - est love:  
*D. S.—O, when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mount-ain of God?*

I languish, and sigh to be there, Where Je - sus hath fixed his a - bode;

2 With him, I on Zion shall stand,  
For Jesus has spoken the word;  
The breadth of Immanuel's land,  
Survey, by the side of my Lord.  
But when, on thy bosom reclined,  
Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
My fullness of rapture I find,  
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people whose home  
Is found in the city of God!  
As pilgrims no more they shall roam,  
Nor travel a dangerous road.  
Physician divine, unto me  
Thy soul-healing blessing now give,  
And keep me while waiting for thee,  
And then to that city receive.

Charles Wesley.

841

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear!  
We soon shall recover our home;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come.  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our promised abode,—  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear.  
Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands as she ever has stood;  
And soon, at the end of our race,  
We'll rest in that city of God.

Charles Wesley.

842

DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.  
Fine.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn - ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn? }  
 Have the signs that mark its com - ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone? }  
*D. C.—Gird thy bri - dal robes a - round thee, Morn - ing dawns, a - rise! a - rise!*

*D. C.*  
 Pil - grim, yes! a - rise, look round thee; Light is break - ing in the skies;

132, 844, 503.

2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming  
 Brighter still upon thy way;  
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming,  
 Omens of the coming day  
 When the Jubal trumpet, sounding,  
 Shall awake from earth and sea  
 All the saints of God, now sleeping,  
 Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail the light ascending  
 Of the grand, Sabbatic year;  
 All with voices loud proclaiming  
 That the kingdom now is near:  
 Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,  
 Canaan's glorious highs arise;  
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
 Towering 'neath its sunlit skies.

4 Watchman, in the golden city,  
 Seated on his jasper throne,  
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,  
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone:  
 There on sunlit hills and mountains,  
 Golden beams serenely glow;  
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
 On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,  
 With its vernal fruits and flowers;  
 On, just yonder,—O how cheering!  
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers.

Hark! the choral strains are ringing,  
 Wafted on the balmy air,  
 See the millions, hear them singing,  
 Soon the pilgrim will be there.

*Sidney S. Brewer.*

843

844, 501, 412.

1 GRACIOUS Father, guard thy children  
 From the foe's destructive power;  
 Save, O save them, Lord, from falling  
 In this dark and trying hour.  
 Thou wilt surely prove thy people,  
 All our graces must be tried;  
 But thy word illumines our pathway,  
 And in God we still confide.

2 We are in the time of waiting;  
 Soon we shall behold our Lord,  
 Wafted far away from sorrow,  
 To receive our rich reward.  
 Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,  
 Pure, unspotted from the world;  
 Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us  
 Till thy banner is unfurled.

3 With what joyful exultation  
 Shall the saints thy banner see,  
 When the Lord for whom we've waited  
 Shall proclaim the Jubilee!  
 Freedom from this world's pollutions;  
 Freedom from all sin and pain;  
 Freedom from the wiles of Satan,  
 And from death's destructive reign.

*anon.*

1. { Long up - on the mountains, wea - ry, Have the scattered flock been torn; }  
 { Dark the des - ert paths, and drear - y; Griev - ous tri - als have they borne. }  
*D. C.* - Un - ion, faith, and love, a - bound - ing, Bid the lit - tle flock re - joice.

*D. C.*

Now the gathering call is sound - ing, Sol - emn in its warn - ing voice;

501, 503, 412.

2 Now the light of truth they're seeking,  
 In its onward track pursue;  
 All the ten commandments keeping,  
 They are holy, just, and true.  
 On the words of life they're feeding,  
 Precious to their taste, so sweet;  
 All their Master's precepts heeding,  
 Bowing humbly at his feet.

3 In that world of light and beauty,  
 In that golden city fair,  
 Soon its pearly gates they'll enter,  
 And of all its glories share.  
 There, divine the soul's expansions;  
 Free from sin, and death, and pain;  
 Tears will never dim those mansions  
 Where the saints immortal reign.

4 Soon He comes! with clouds descending;  
 All his saints, entombed, arise;  
 The redeemed, in anthems blending,  
 Shout their victory through the skies.  
 O, we long for thine appearing;  
 Come, O Saviour, quickly come!  
 Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,  
 Take thy ransomed children home.

*Annie R. Smith.*

Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints thou art;  
 Dear Desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;  
 Born a child and yet a king;  
 Born to reign o'er us forever;  
 Now thy precious kingdom bring:  
 By thine own eternal Spirit  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

*Charles Wesley.*

846

1367, 850, 501.

1 THIS is not my place of resting;  
 Mine's a city yet to come;  
 Onward, to it, I am hastening,—  
 On to my eternal home.  
 In it, all is light and glory;  
 O'er it shines a nightless day;  
 Every trace of sin's sad story,  
 All the curse has passed away.

2 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
 By the streams of life along;  
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
 Turns our sighing into song.  
 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
 Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
 Nevermore are sad and weary,  
 Never, never sin again.

*Horatius Bonar.*

845

132, 490, 503.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set thy people free;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee;

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw - ful time;

In an age on a - ges tell - ing—To be liv - ing is sub - lime.

Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;

Hark! what soundeth? Is cre - a - tion Groan - ing for her lat - ter day?

844, 501.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Christian, rouse and arm for conflict,<br/>Nerve thee for the battle-field;<br/>Bear the helmet of salvation,<br/>And the mighty gospel shield;<br/>Let the breastplate, peace, be on thee,<br/>Take the Spirit's sword in hand;<br/>Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then,<br/>In Jehovah's strength to stand.</p> <p>3 Wicked spirits gather round thee,<br/>Legions of those foes to God—<br/>Principalities most mighty—<br/>Walk unseen the earth abroad;<br/>They are gathering to the battle,<br/>Strengthened for the last deep strife;<br/>Christian, arm! be watchful, ready,<br/>Struggle manfully for life.</p> | <p>4 And the prince of evil spirits,<br/>Great deceiver of the world!<br/>He who at the blessed Jesus<br/>Once his deadly weapons hurled,<br/>Cometh with unwonted power,<br/>Knowing that his reign will cease<br/>When the kingdom shall be given<br/>To the mighty Prince of peace.</p> <p>5 Christian, rouse! fight in this warfare,<br/>Cease not till the victory's won;<br/>Till your Captain loud proclaimeth,<br/>"Servant of the Lord, well done!"<br/>He, alone, who thus is faithful,<br/>Who abideth to the end,<br/>Hath the promise, in the kingdom<br/>An eternity to spend.</p> |
|--|--|



848

ONWARD, 8s & 7s. D.

UNKNOWN.

1. Pilgrims, on! the day is dawning; Strike your tents, and homeward haste: Sleep not while the blush of

morn-ing Calls you on the des-ert waste. Though the way be dark and drear-y,

Life's sharp an-guish must be borne; Courage, then ye faint and wear-y, Lin-ger not to weep and mourn.

844, 466.

- 2 Pilgrims, on! the storm is beating,  
 Beating wildly on your way:  
 Tarry not, the time is fleeting;  
 Shall the storm your footsteps stay?  
 Hasten on, through joy and sorrow,  
 Or whatever may betide,  
 Wait not for the calm to-morrow,  
 Faithful at your work abide.

- 3 Pilgrims, on! what though in dangers,  
 Life's eventful course pursue;  
 Labor on, ye friendless strangers,  
 Grace will guide you safely through.  
 What if trials must befall you!  
 What if fierce temptations rise!  
 Shall earth's bitter strife appall you  
 While contending for the prize?

- 4 Pilgrims, on! there's rest in heaven,  
 Rest from every anxious care,  
 Rest in Jesus' smiles, forgiven,  
 Peaceful and eternal there.

O, 't were sweet to toil in sadness,  
 O, 't were well the cross to bear,  
 If, at last in joy and gladness,  
 We may rest forever there!

Anon.

849

501, 503.

- 1 TIME, thou speedest on but slowly;  
 Hours, how tardy is your pace!  
 Ere with him, the high and holy,  
 I hold converse face to face.  
 Here is naught but care and mourning  
 Comes a joy, it will not stay;  
 Fairly shines the sun at dawning,  
 Night will soon o'ercloud the day.
- 2 Onward then! not long I wander  
 Ere my Saviour comes for me,  
 And with him abiding yonder,  
 All his glory I shall see.  
 O, the music and the singing  
 Of the hosts redeemed by love!  
 O, the hallelujahs ringing  
 Through the halls of light above!

Catherine Winkworth.

850

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Light of these whose dreary dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death, Come, and by thy-self re-veal-ing,  
D. S.—*Scattering all the night of nature,*

Fine. D. S.

Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath. Thou, new heaven and earth's Cre-a-tor, In our deep-est dark-ness ris; *Pouring day up-on our eyes.*

344, 501, 503.

2 Still we wait for thy appearing;  
Life and joy thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart.  
Come, extend thy wonted favor  
To our ruined, guilty race;  
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour!  
Come, apply thy saving grace.

3 By thine all-atoning merit  
Every burdened soul release;  
By the teachings of thy Spirit  
Guide us into perfect peace;  
So shall we, at thine appearing,  
Wait thy smiling face to see;  
So, the joyful summons hearing,  
Enter into rest with thee.

Charles Wesley.

851

GOOD CHEER. 8s & 7s. D.

UNKNOWN.

1. { Lift your heads with faith, the mor-row Dawneth bright-er than to-day, } Chase the gathering gloom a-way.  
{ An-gel hands will lift the shadows, (omit.) }

Chorus.

{ Lift your heads, the day is break-ing, Soon the morn-ing will ap-pear; } Lift your heads; the day draws near.  
{ Sig-nus pre-claim the Lord is com-ing; (omit.) }

2 Art thou lonely, sad, and weary,  
Watching through the silent night?  
Dry thy tears, the orient glistens  
Like a thread of silver light.

3 What though wars and earth's commotions  
Cause men's hearts to fail with fear?  
God, your Father, rules the nations,  
Christ will for his saints appear.

Anon.

852

DILIGENCE. 8s & 7s. P.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Let every lamp be burning bright, The dark-est hour is nearing; The darkest hour of

earth's long night, Be - fore the Lord's appearing. Then trim your lamps, my brethren dear,

Chorus.

They trim your lamps with godly fear; The Master's coming draweth near, Let every lamp be burning.

- 2 Though thousands calmly slumber on,  
The last great message spurning,  
We'll rest our living faith upon  
His promise of returning.
- 3 His word our lamp, his truth our guide,  
We cannot be mistaken;

- Though dangers rise on every side,  
We shall not be forsaken.
- 4 Then let good works with faith appear,  
To shame the world around us;  
Obedience brings the blessing near  
When faith has firmly bound us.

*Early Advent* F. E. Belden.

853

LAST LOVELY MORNING. 6s & 5s. P.

UNKNOWN.  
D. C.

1. { The last lovely morn-ing, All blooming and fair, } While the mighty, mighty, mighty tramp Sounds, "Come, come away!"  
{ is fast onward fleet-ing, And soon will appear; }  
D. C.—O, let us be read-y To hail that glad day!

Fine. Chorus.

- 2 And when that bright morning  
In splendor shall dawn,  
Our tears will be ended,  
Our sorrows all gone.
- 3 The Bridegroom from glory  
To earth shall descend,  
Ten thousand bright angels  
Around him attend.

- 4 The graves will be opened,  
The saints will arise,  
And with the Redeemer  
Mount up to the skies.
- 5 The saints, then immortal,  
In glory shall reign;  
The Bride with the Bridegroom  
Forever remain.

Anon.

844, 132.

- 2 Tell, O tell us, are the landmarks  
On our voyage all passed by?  
Are we nearing now the haven?  
Can we e'en the land descrie?  
Do we truly  
See the heavenly kingdom nigh?
- 3 Light is beaming, day is coming!  
Let us sound aloud the cry;  
We behold the day-star rising  
Pure and bright in yonder sky!  
Saints, be joyful;  
Your redemption draweth nigh.
- 4 We have found the chart and compass,  
And are sure the land is near;  
Onward, onward we are hastening,  
Soon the haven will appear;  
Let your voices  
Sound aloud your holy cheer.

Anon.

855

867, 132.

- 1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners in his patience here;  
Christ, to all believers precious,  
Lord of lords shall soon appear.  
Mark the tokens  
Of his heavenly kingdom near.
- 2 Yes, the prize shall soon be given;  
We his open face shall see;  
Love, the earnest of our heaven,  
Love our full reward shall be;  
Love shall crown us  
Kings through all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

856

844, 867.

- 1 O'ER the distant mountain breaking,  
Comes the reddening dawn of day;  
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;  
'Tis the Saviour  
On his bright returning way.
- 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 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,  
Far away from thee I pine;  
When, O when, shall I the gladness  
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?  
O my Saviour,  
When shall I be wholly thine?
- 4 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 and promised land.
- 5 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,  
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,  
Watching for thy glad returning  
To restore me to my home;  
Come, my Saviour,  
O my Saviour, quickly come!

John S. B. Monsell.

857

TAMWORTH. 8s & 7s. 6L.

CHARLES LOCKHART.

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, }  
 { Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: }

Mourn-ing cap-tive! Mourn-ing cap-tive! God him-self shall loose thy bands.

854, 844.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful?  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

Thomas Kelly.

858

772, 466.

1 CHRIST is coming! let creation  
 Bid her groans and travails cease;  
 Let the glorious proclamation  
 Hope restore and faith increase;  
 Christ is coming!  
 Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story  
 Of thy bitter cross and pain;  
 She shall yet behold thy glory  
 When thou comest back to reign;  
 Christ is coming!  
 Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,  
 Far from rest, and home, and thee;  
 But, in heavenly vesture shining,  
 Soon they shall thy glory see;  
 Christ is coming!  
 Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,  
 Let no harp remain unstrung;  
 Let the mighty advent chorus  
 Onward roll, from tongue to tongue;  
 Christ is coming!  
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

859 "3 messages" John R. Macduff. See 1338  
 854, 844. 3 ANGELS

1 Lo! an angel loud proclaiming,  
 Brings the gospel of good cheer;  
 Every kindred, tongue, and people,  
 Fear the Lord, soon to appear!  
 Proclamation  
 Of the hour of Judgment near.

2 Lo! another angel follows,  
 With another solemn cry;  
 "Babylon the great is fallen!"  
 Peals like thunder through the sky:  
 "Let my people  
 Now from all her errors fly."

3 Yet, a third and solemn message  
 Now a final doom proclaims;  
 All who worship beast or image  
 Soon shall feel the avenging flames:  
 Grace no longer  
 Shelters their unworthy names.

4 Here are they who now are waiting,  
 And have patience to endure;  
 While the dragon's hosts are raging,  
 These confide in God, secure:  
 Faith of Jesus  
 And commandments keep them pure.

H. S. Gurney wrote words

See 1338  
 1305/1306  
 1307  
 1308  
 1309  
 1310  
 1311  
 1312  
 1313  
 1314  
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 1340

860

BAVARIA, 8s & 7s. 6L.

GERMAN.  
Fine.

1. Yes, we trust the day is break-ing; Joy-ful times are near at hand:  
D. C.—When he comes his lost ones seek - ing, Darkness flees at his com-mand.

God, the might - y God, is speak-ing By his word in ev - ery land;

844, 772.

- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,  
Let us hail the rising ray;  
When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day;  
At the brightness of his coming  
Gloom and darkness flee away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God the Saviour is preparing  
Means to spread his light abroad;  
Every tongue and every language  
Soon shall hear the truth of God.

- 4 O how pleasant, how reviving  
To our hearts, to hear each day  
Joyful news from far arriving,  
That the message wins its way;  
Those enlightening and enlivening  
Who in death and darkness lay!
- 5 God of Israel, high and glorious,  
Let thy people see thy hand;  
Let the message be victorious  
Through the world, in every land:  
Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly,  
And thy blessing now command.

Thomas Kelly.

861

COMING EVENTS, 11s & 9s.

UNKNOWN.

1. { The com-ing events of the king-dom of God Cast in glo-ry their shadows be-fore; }  
And my being would leap from its prisoned abode, (omit.)

And the King in his beau-ty a-dore, And the King in his beau-ty a-dore.

- 2 He comes, and the Spirit that lingers below,  
In the hearts of the chosen and tried,  
Is quickened, and tells in its mystical flow,  
The approach of the Bridgroom and Bride.
- 3 The love and the joy and the peace of the blest,  
Like the day-star, arise in the soul,  
And we taste the first-fruits of the Eden of rest,  
And we hasten to enter the goal.

Anon.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweet-ly o'er thee, And all the mid-night shad-ows flee; Tinged are the dis-tant

skies with glo-ry, A bea-con-light hangs out for thee. A- rise, a- rise, the light breaks o'er thee, Thy

name is grav-en on the throne; Thy home is in that world of glo-ry Where thy Re-deem-er reigns a-lone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,  
Calmly composed and dauntless, stand;  
For lo, beyond those scenes emerges  
The hights that bound the promised land.  
Christian, behold, the land is nearing,  
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;  
Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheer-  
ing!  
See in what throngs they range the shore.

3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,  
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;  
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of  
glory  
Invite thy happy soul away.  
Away, away, leave all for glory,  
Thy name is graven on the throne,  
Thy home is in that world of beauty  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

John F. Rusling.

863

[Tune, Triumph, No. 620.]

10s. P.

1 DAY of redemption! when shall we behold  
Earth overwhelmed with thy splendor un-  
told?  
Dark is this desert, and weary our road;  
O for the day-spring that cometh from God!  
Deep are earth's shadows, its sorrows and  
gloom;  
Oft is its gladness laid low in the tomb:  
Joy and rejoicing like shadows depart,  
Grief and affliction abide in the heart.

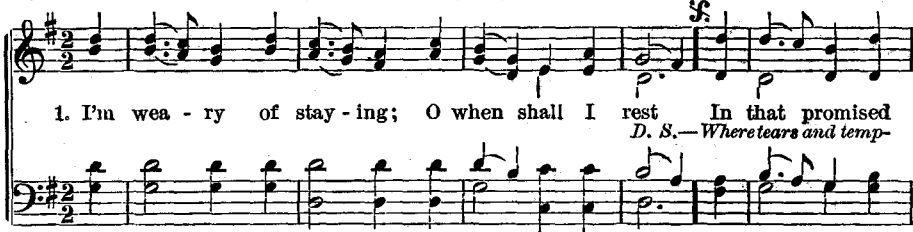
2 Many the sorrows this sad earth has known;  
Hopes have been withered, and hearts have  
been torn;  
Tears have been gushing from fountains  
of grief;  
O for that morning which brings us relief!  
Ah, we have tasted of blessings to come;  
On we have hastened to gain them at home;  
There, in the light of eternity's morn,  
Glad shall the saints sing the conquerors'  
song.

Anon.

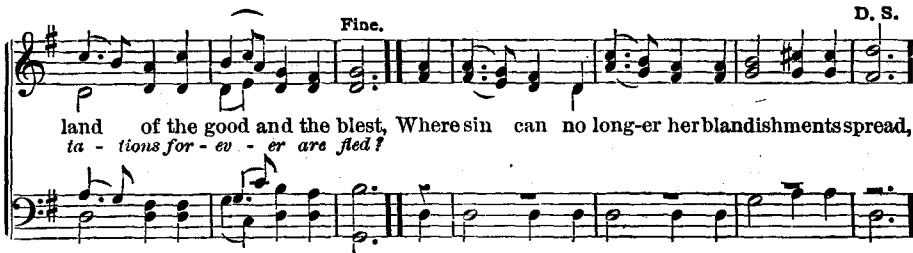
864

GOSHEN, 11s.

GERMAN.



1. I'm wea - ry of stay - ing; O when shall I rest In that promised  
D. S.—Where tears and temp-



land of the good and the blest, Where sin can no long-er her blandishmentsspread,  
ta - tions for - ev - er are fled? Fine. D. S.

511, 512.

- 2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their  
birth,  
O'er pangs for the loved which we cannot  
assuage,  
O'er blightings of youth and the weakness  
of age.
- 3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is un-  
true,  
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning  
dew;  
I long for that land whose blest promise  
alone  
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.
- 4 I'm weary of loving what passes away;  
The sweetest and dearest, alas! may not  
stay:  
I long for that land where these partings  
are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide us no  
more!
- 5 O Jesus, my Saviour, when shall I behold  
That morning long promised by prophets  
of old,  
When sin's night of sorrow forever is past,  
And death's silent captives are ransomed  
at last?

Anon.

865

511, 512.

- 1 O LIFT up your heads! your redemption  
draws near!  
Let nothing discourage, or cause you to  
fear;  
Our Saviour is faithful, his promise is sure  
To all who bear trials, hold fast, and  
endure.
- 2 Well may you have courage, your cause is  
the Lord's,  
Attested by signs, and with Scripture  
accords;  
And though all the powers of the dragon  
assail,  
The truth, being mighty, will surely prevail.
- 3 Hold fast that rich treasure, nor e'er lay  
it down;  
Endure to the end and let none take thy  
crown;  
The spirits of darkness will seek to devour,  
But Jesus and angels excel them in power.
- 4 Rich promise to all who shall now over-  
come!—  
To be a firm pillar in God's sacred dome,  
Inscribed with his name, and the Son of  
his love,  
And that of the city which comes from  
above.

R. F. Cottrell.



866

RODMAN. 11s & 10s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Heir of the kingdom, O why dost thou slumber? Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home?

Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on thine armor, Speed, for the moments are hur-ry-ing on.

1004, 714.

2 Heir of the kingdom, say, why dost thou linger?

How canst thou tarry in sight of the prize?  
Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming;  
Haste to receive him descending the skies.

3 Earth's mighty nations, in strife and commotion,

Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay;  
Listen, 'tis naught but the chariot's loud rumbling;

Heir of the kingdom, no longer delay.

4 Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain allurements!

See how its glory is passing away;  
Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee;

Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.

5 Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted;  
Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;  
Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking;

Heirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.

*Anon.*

867

LITTLE FLOCK. 12s & 11s.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Fear not, little flock, 'tis your Father's good pleasure To give you the glorious kingdom above;

To grant you the precious and e-ter-nal treasure Of life ev-er-lasting,—a gift of his love.

971, 426.

2 No more shall ye suffer for Christ, tribulation,  
No more shall ye rudely be scattered and torn;

Your trials and sorrows, your fears and temptations,  
Will shortly be over; no more shall ye mourn.

3 Earth has not the bliss which in heaven is offered,

And knows not the joys that await all the blest;

The saints are the heirs to the kingdom that's proffered,—

The kingdom of righteousness, kingdom of rest.

4 Then fear not, ye flock, for your Shepherd, returning,

Shall gather his sheep in his heavenly fold;  
Shall lead you in pastures for which ye are yearning,

And shelter you safe in the city of gold.

*F. E. Belden.*

868

CANAAN, C. M. D.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear, Thou glorious Star of day! Shine forth, and chase the  
drear-nyght, With all our tears, a-way. No resting-place we seek on earth, No  
love-ll-ness we see; Our eye is on the royal crown, Pre-pared for us and thee.

803, 989.

- 2 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart!  
Star of the coming day!  
Arise, and with thy morning beams  
Chase all our griefs away.  
Come, blessed Lord! let every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of thy royal name,  
And own thee as their King.
- 3 Jesus, thy fair creation groans—  
The air, the earth, the sea—  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for thee.  
Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine;  
Be thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory thine.
- 4 But, dearest Lord, however bright  
That crown of joy above,  
What is it to the brighter hope  
Of dwelling in thy love?  
What to the joy, the deeper joy,  
Unmingled, pure, and free,  
Of union with our living Head,  
Of fellowship with thee?

Edward Denny.

869

486, 686.

- 1 Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come;  
Ye wedding-guests draw near,  
And slumber not in sin, when he,  
The Son of God, is here!  
Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,  
And hail him with delight;  
Who saves us by his precious blood,  
From sorrows infinite!
- 2 Beside him will the patriarchs old,  
And holy prophets stand;  
The glorious apostolic choir,  
And noble martyr band.  
As brethren dear they'll welcome us,  
And lead us to the throne,  
Where angels bow their vailèd heads,  
Before the Eternal One.
- 3 There we, with all the saints of God,  
A white-robed multitude,  
Shall praise our glorious Lord, who deigned  
To bear our flesh and blood.  
Our happy lot shall be to share  
His reign of peace above,  
And drink, with unexhausted joy,  
The river of his love.

Anon.

1. There is a King of glo-ry, Ere long on earth to rise, Sung in prophetic sto-ry, Descending from the skies;

The Babe of Bethlehem, 'tis he; It is the man of Calvary,—Not crowned with thorns, and gory, But crowned with glory

now! Not crowned with thorns to-day, Not mocked and led a-way, But crowned with everlasting glo-ry now!

2 He cometh, cometh speedy,  
To save his suffering saints,—  
Saints groaning, waiting, ready,—  
And endeth their complaints:  
With joy they meet him in the air,  
And shout the swelling triumph there;  
No longer poor and needy,  
But crowned with glory now!  
Not one's reviled to-day!  
None stumble in the way—  
All crowned with everlasting glory now.

3 O tears, and sin, and sighing,  
Now let your prisoner go,  
Discharged from pain and dying  
And from a world of woe;  
I go to Christ, he comes to me,  
We meet in bright eternity,  
On clouds he cometh flying,—  
On clouds of glory now!  
Victorious in his wars,  
Full many a palm he bears,  
And crowns of everlasting glory now!

4 O, what is tribulation,  
And all the ills I bear,  
Compared with this salvation,  
And all the glory there?  
Behold a city fair and high,  
Bright capital of earth and sky,  
The joy of all creation,  
And filled with glory now!  
The armies of his grace,  
Triumphant reach the place:  
'T is glory, everlasting glory, now!

5 There every sight that pleases,  
There every sound that cheers,  
There sweet, immortal breezes,  
Inspire the balmy years;  
There all the just join in a band,  
From every age, from every land,  
While o'er them reigns King Jesus,  
With crowns of glory now!  
The people of his grace,  
Have reached the heavenly place:  
'T is glory, everlasting glory, now!

*Adon.*

871

CHARIOT. 12s.

ARR. FROM J. WILLIAMS.

1. Glad tidings! glad tid-ings! the king-dom is near, And our glo-rious De-liv-er-er will soon, soon ap-pear

In the clouds of bright glo-ry to earth he will come, And the an-gels will bear us to heav-en, our home.

<p>2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near; On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear; There with harps tuned celestial our voices we'll raise To the Lord, our Redeemer, in accents of praise.</p>	<p>3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near; Then rejoice, ye sad exiles, and be of good cheer. Lo! the promised possession we soon shall receive, And with Jesus in glory eternally live.</p>
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*Anon.*

872

EXPECTATION. P. M.

ARRANGED.

1. { Long for my Sav-iour I've been wait-ing, Long time have watched by night and day; }  
{ Feared, lest my faith and hope a-bat-ing, I should lose cour-age by the way. }

Chorus.

Je-sus soon is com-ing; This is my song;—Cheers the heart when joys de-part, And foes are press-ing strong.

<p>2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow I have been wandering many years, Still looking for that happy morrow When God would wipe away my tears.</p>	<p>3 Ofttimes the tempter comes in power, Fain then would lead my steps astray;</p>	<p>But when the clouds begin to lower, Hope turns the darkness into day.</p>	<p>4 O it will be but little longer I must these many woes endure; Then let my faith and hope grow stronger; My Father's promise still is sure.</p>
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*Anon.*

873

HAVE YOU FAITH? P. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. { Je - sus our Sav - iour says, "I will appear!" Have you faith? }  
 { My trumpet is sounding ma - jes - tic and clear; Have you faith? } The faith - ful a - lone I come to see,

And they shall live and reign with me, On - ly have faith! On - ly have faith! On - ly have faith!

2 Prophets have spoken, their words are fulfilled;  
 Have you faith?  
 My word is established, your anguish is stilled;  
 Have you faith?  
 The plan of salvation faith's eye will see  
 And live forever and reign with me;  
 Only have faith!

3 Though I should tarry, O be not dismayed;  
 Have you faith?  
 The Judgment is coming o'er all I've said;  
 Have you faith?  
 The doubt to the bondage, the faith to the free,  
 To live forever and reign with me;  
 Only have faith!

*Anon.*

874

CHARDON. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How hap - py are the lit - tle flock Who safe be - neath their guardian Rock In all com - mo - tions rest!

When war's and tu - mult's waves run high, Unmored a - bove the storm they lie, And lodge in Je - sus' breast.

897, 658.

2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,  
 Our Saviour's swift approach declare,  
 And bid our hearts arise;  
 The signs confirm our trembling hope,  
 While scoffers still in darkness grope,  
 And view them with surprise.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess;  
 The war proclaims the Prince of peace;  
 The earthquake speaks thy power;

The famine all thy fullness brings;  
 The plague presents thy healing wings,  
 And nature's final hour.

4 Whatever ills the world befall,  
 A pledge of endless good we call,  
 A sign of Jesus near.  
 His chariot will not long delay;  
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,  
 "Triumphant Lord, appear!"

*Charles Wesley.*

1. He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Sing to his name in loft-y strains,

Let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise ex-alt their voice.

212, 64, 301.

- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown,  
But grace and truth support his throne;  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the  
tombs;  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with wild dismay  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

876

929, 932, 914. *Isaac Watts.*  
1524-Hymnal 357

- 1 DARK brood the heavens over thee,  
Black clouds of gloom are gathering fast,  
In awful power thy God has come,  
Thy days of sin and mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens over thee,  
Red flames of death are bursting round;  
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders  
roar,  
Howshakes the heaving, broken ground!
- 3 Dark brood the heavens over thee,  
Behold, the Judge of all appears;  
Unnumbered millions throng around,  
Raised from the buried dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens over thee;  
Sinner, behold thy dreadful doom!  
Destruction opens wide for thee  
Thy blindly chosen, final home.

- 5 Yet stay,—the vision lingers yet;  
Why, sinner, O, why wilt thou die?  
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits;  
This hour to Christ, thy Saviour, fly.

877

*Hyman* 349 *Anon.*  
929, 316, 914.

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Resounds the trumpet that wakes the dead,—
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to Judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, thy people's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

*Walter Scott.*

878

638, 136, 347.

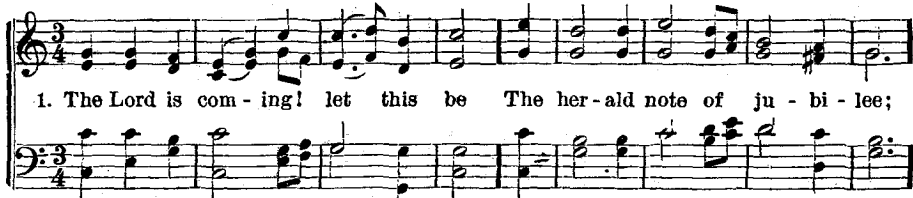
- 1 WHEN thou shalt come with trumpet sound,  
With countless angels hovering round,  
O Saviour! grant me, in the air,  
With all thy saints, to meet thee there!
- 2 Weep, O my soul! ere that great day  
When God shall shine in stern array;  
O weep thy sin, that thou mayest be  
In that severest Judgment free!
- 3 O Christ! forgive, remit, protect,  
And set thy servant with the elect,  
That I may hear the voice that calls  
The righteous to thy heavenly halls!

*John M. Neale.*

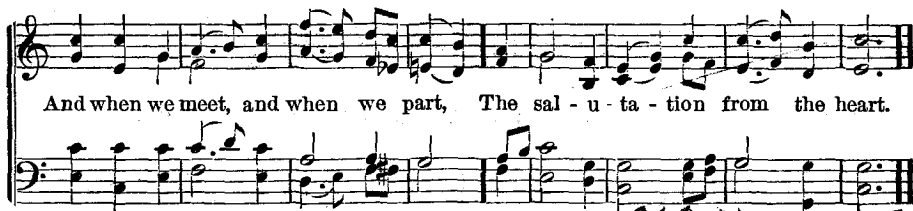
879

WARRINGTON. L. M.

HARRISON.



1. The Lord is com - ing! let this be The her - ald note of ju - bi - lee;



And when we meet, and when we part, The sal - u - ta - tion from the heart.

223, 301, 19.

- 2 The Lord is coming! sound it forth,  
From East to West, from South to North;  
Speed on! speed on the tidings glad,  
That none who love him may be sad.
- 3 The Lord is coming! saints, rejoice!  
We soon shall hear his glorious voice,  
Majestic, uttered from afar,  
As on he hastes his conquering car.
- 4 The Lord is coming! vengeful, dire,  
Are all his judgments and his ire,  
And none can hope to escape his wrath,  
Who walk not in the narrow path.

Anon.

880

876, 212, 301.

- 1 OUR Saviour comes to raise the just,  
Who long have slumbered in the dust;  
His voice will break their long repose,  
And snatch them from the last of foes.
- 2 He comes to change the waiting ones  
Who now endure the world's cold frowns;  
Their feet are planted on the Rock;  
They fear not, though a little flock.
- 3 Sinner, dost thou not dread thy doom?  
The retribution hastens on;  
Stern justice lifts the avenging sword  
To slay the mocker of God's word.
- 4 O then repent, ere the decree,  
"Let him that's filthy, filthy be,"  
From the stern Judge's lips shall fall,  
And thou for rocks and mountains call!

Anon.

881

538, 136, 336,

- 1 THE Saviour comes, his advent's nigh;  
He soon will rend the azure sky,  
Descending swift to earth again,  
When God shall dwell indeed with men.
- 2 Saints lift your heads; that day is near  
When your Redeemer shall appear,  
To take the kingdom and the crown,  
And make his ransomed church his own.
- 3 Day promised long, now soon to dawn,  
When sin's dark night of death is gone!  
Come quickly, Lord, we long to see  
That morning of eternity.
- 4 And while we wait, we'll toil and pray,  
Still watching for that glorious day  
When with the voice of trumpet loud  
The Judge appears on yonder cloud.

Anon.

882

19, 347, 212.

- 1 THE Lord is coming! seas, retire!  
Ye mountains, melt to liquid fire!  
Ye oceans, cease to ebb and flow!  
His stately steppings ye should know.
- 2 The Lord is coming! Who shall stand?  
Who shall be found at his right hand?—  
He with the righteous garment on  
Which Christ our glorious King hath won.
- 3 The Lord is coming! watch and pray!  
So shalt thou hasten that glad day;  
So shalt thou then escape the snare,  
And Christ's eternal glory share.

Anon.

883

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP.

1. Star of our hope! he'll soon ap-pear, The last loud trump-et speaks him near;

Hall him, all saints, from pole to pole—How wel-come to the faith-ful soul!

301, 19, 624.

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound :  
Behold the Lord of glory crowned,  
Arrayed in majesty divine,  
And in his highest glories shine.
- 3 The grave yields up its precious trust,  
Which long has slumbered in the dust,  
Resplendent forms ascending, fair,  
Now meet the Saviour in the air.
- 4 Descending with his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdom for his own ;  
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,  
And hail him their triumphant King.
- 5 O joyful day, when he appears  
With all his saints, to end their fears !  
Our Lord will then his right obtain,  
And in his kingdom ever reign.

Anon.

- 4 Ye men of earth, to mountains call ;  
Bid ragged rocks upon you fall ;  
Seek, in the cavern's gloomy maze,  
A refuge from his piercing gaze.
- 5 But saints who here have waited long,  
Now raise with joy the choral song,  
Lo ! this is he, our coming Lord,  
He saves according to his word.

Reginald Heber.

885

212, 316, 914.

884

223, 875, 301.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came—  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 2 The Lord will come !—a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 3 Can this be He who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;  
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?  
O God ! is this the Crucified ?

- 1 THE Lord is coming ! glad and free  
Proclaim the note of jubilee.  
Arouse, ye nations, countless throng,  
Ring out the tidings loud and long.
- 2 This earth, with her ten thousand wrongs,  
Will soon be tuned to nobler songs ;  
Our praise shall then, in realms of light,  
With all his universe unite.
- 3 The Lord is coming ! herald, cry ;  
For our redemption draweth nigh :  
The great glad day of sin's eclipse  
Is trembling on heaven's finger-tips.
- 4 The trumpet sounds o'er land and sea,  
And heaven rolls back the melody ;  
The sleeping nations of the dead  
Awake, and leave their earth-dark bed.
- 5 The Lord, our Saviour, Prince of heaven,  
Descends 'mid clouds all thunder riven ;  
Look up, ye saints, behold your King,  
He comes deliverance to bring.

Mary A. Steward.



886

ANTIOCH, C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-ery heart pre-pare him room,

And heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.  
And heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven and nature sing,

999, 111, 147.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 Soon will he rule the earth with grace,  
And make the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

887

LISBON.

S. M.

Isaac Watts.

DANIEL READ.

1. And will the Judge descend? And must the dead a-rise? And not a single soul escape His all-discerning eyes?

1086, 82, 403.

- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,  
Astonished, shrink away!
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of the cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled;

And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

Philip Doddridge.

888

1040, 958, 736.

- 1 BEHOLD, the day is come;  
The righteous Judge is near;  
And sinners, trembling at their doom,  
Shall soon their sentence hear.
- 2 Angels, in bright attire,  
Conduct him through the skies;  
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,  
Attend him as he flies.
- 3 The whole creation groans;  
But saints arise and sing:  
They are the ransomed of the Lord,  
And he their God and King.

Benjamin Beddome.

889

MEAR. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'ap - point - ed hour makes haste,

When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

937, 724, 308.

- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,  
Thou ruler of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word, Depart!
- 3 What! to be banished from my Lord,  
To rocks and mountains cry!  
And yet to them must call in vain;  
For who his wrath can fly?
- 4 O, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I cannot taste his love!

Isaac Watts.

890

395, 448, 689.

- 1 THE angel comes,—he comes to reap  
The harvest of the Lord;  
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
Wide waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they in sheaves to bide  
The fire of vengeance, bound?—  
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride  
Choked the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they reserved in store,  
God's treasure-house to fill?—  
The wheat, a hundredfold that bore,  
Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy! grant us power  
Thy fiery wrath to flee;  
In thy destroying angel's hour  
O, gather us to thee!

Anon.

891

937, 399, 354.

- 1 AND must I be to Judgment brought,  
And answer in that day,  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?
- 2 Yes; every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live,  
With what religious fear;  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
In all I speak or do.

892

201, 369, 724.

- 1 THRONED on a cloud, the Judge will come,  
Bright flames prepare his way;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"  
No more abuse his long delay  
By carelessness and sin.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove  
For all his poor oppressed,  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest.

Anon.

893

GRANDEUR. C. M.

ENGLISH.

1. A day of aw - ful grand-our dawns, And lo! the Judge ap - pears; Ye  
heavens, re - tire before his face; And sink, ye darkened stars, And sink, ye darkened stars.

794, 179, 147.

- 2 The day approaches, O my soul,  
The great decisive day  
Which from the verge of mortal life  
Shall bear thee far away.
- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour—  
One precious hour—remain;  
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,  
Nor let it pass in vain.

Anon.

894

1071, 201, 114.

- 1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long;  
He comes to reign on David's throne;  
Lift up your joyful song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes to usher in the morn  
With his celestial ray,  
And on the eyes oppressed with night  
To pour eternal day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure,  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

895

399, 794, 354.

- 1 As Jesus died, and rose again  
Victorious from the dead;  
So his disciples rise and reign  
With their triumphant Head.
- 2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend;  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high;  
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 4 Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go;  
And dwell forever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.

Isaac Watts.

896

111, 598, 395.

- 1 EACH setting sun draws near the day  
When, at Jehovah's word,  
The heavens like smoke shall pass away,  
Revealing Christ our Lord.
- 2 To speak our doom he will descend,  
Beheld by every eye;  
Life or destruction shall attend  
Those Judgments from on high.
- 3 Then weigh thyself with anxious care,  
And seek a throne of grace;  
Thy soul his Spirit can prepare  
To stand before his face.

S. Isadore Miner.

1. When thou, my right- eous Judge, shalt come, To call thy ransomed peo-ple home,

Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am a-

fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand? Be found at thy right hand?

235, 658.

- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious throne to bow,  
Though weakest of them all;  
Nor can I bear the piercing thought,  
To have my worthless name left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place  
In that expected day.  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
To still each unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the Archangel's trump shall  
sound,  
To see thy smiling face;  
Then joyfully thy praise I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of endless grace.

*Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.*

898

235, 658.

- 1 THE night is spent; the morning ray  
Comes ushering in the glorious day,  
The promised time of rest.

Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear,  
Its joyful notes burst on the ear,  
Proclaiming tidings blest.

- 2 Ah! see, the graves are opening now,  
The saints come forth, and every brow  
Beams with a radiant joy;  
To life immortal they arise,  
Inheritors of Paradise,  
Where death cannot destroy.
- 3 Stupendous scene! those men of old,—  
Prophets, who have the story told  
Of this transcendent day,  
The patriarchs, apostles too,  
Who lived and died with it in view,  
Come forth in bright array.

- 4 Now satisfied; for like their Lord,  
Whose promise shines within the word,  
His likeness they should wear;  
A glittering host, like stars on high,  
In glory and in majesty,  
Upon the earth appear!

Anon.

Lady Huntingdon's Conversion  
 by John Wesley

899

VERDI. S. M. D.

F. E. BELDEN.

Fine.

D. S.

817, 125.

2 The earth shall quake with fear,  
The heavens shall flee away;  
And where shall guilty man appear  
In that tremendous day?  
No refuge then is nigh,  
No shelter from the blast;  
The night of vengeance veils the sky  
When mercy's day is past.

3 His eyes of living flame,  
The wicked shall devour;  
No tongue will lightly speak the name  
Of Jesus in that hour.  
No scorn, no words of hate  
For his meek followers then;  
But prayers and tears that come too late  
Will mark earth's mighty men.

F. E. Belden.

900

ADVENT. 7s & 6s. P.

EDWIN BARNES.

2 Christ shall come, ye saints, rejoice!  
He'll come with thunders loud,  
With the Archangel's mighty voice,  
And with the trump of God.

3 First the dead in Christ shall rise;  
Then we that yet remain  
Shall be caught up into the skies,  
And see our Lord again.

4 We shall meet him in the air;  
And all his glory see;  
We'll know, and love, and praise him there,  
From death forever free.

5 Who can tell the happiness  
This glorious hope affords?  
Unuttered pleasure we possess  
In these reviving words.

Charles Wesley

901

AMBOY. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON. Fine.

1. { Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee; Loud as might - y thun - ders roar, }  
 { Or the full - ness of the sea When it breaks up - on the shore: }  
*D. C.*—Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.

*D. C.*  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis the Lord! Lo, he comes on earth to reign;

826, 293, 771.

- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound  
 Rises joyful to the skies;  
 From above, beneath, around,  
 Wake creation's harmonies:  
 See Jehovah's banner furled,  
 Sheathed his sword: he speaks,—'tis  
 done,  
 Now the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With supreme, unbounded sway;  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have passed away:  
 Then beneath his iron rod,  
 Man's last enemy shall fall;  
 Hallelujah! to our God,  
 Lo, he comes to conquer all.

*James Montgomery.*

902

771, 778, 567.

- 1 To the kingdom promised long,  
 With his shining angel throng,  
 Righteous vengeance to fulfill,  
 Recompense for good and ill,  
 Adam's race from dust to call,  
 Lo, He cometh, Judge of all!  
 Adam's race from dust to call,  
 Lo, He cometh, Judge of all.
- 2 He shall speak, and earth shall hear;  
 Rending rocks shall quake with fear,  
 And the waking dead shall come  
 From the silence of the tomb.

Shaken heavens and shattered earth  
 Then shall rise to second birth.  
 Shaken heavens and shattered earth  
 Then shall rise to second birth.

- 3 Then the glory to his own!  
 Then the kingdom and the crown!  
 Then the sinner's hope shall close;  
 Then begin his final woes;  
 Then he knocks, but knocks in vain,—  
 Who shall break his iron chain?  
 Then he knocks, but knocks in vain,—  
 Who shall break his iron chain?

- 4 Earth is fleeing, fleeing fast,  
 And its beauty fades at last;  
 O beloved, then, awake,  
 Bonds of carnal slumber break;  
 Wake, beloved, watch and pray,  
 While remains one hour of day!  
 Wake, beloved, watch and pray,  
 While remains one hour of day!

- 5 Judgment cometh;—O beware!  
 Judgment cometh;—O prepare!  
 Steadfast, steadfast let us stand,  
 For the Judge is nigh at hand;  
 Steadfast let us rest each night,  
 Steadfast wake at morning light.  
 Steadfast let us rest each night,  
 Steadfast wake at morning light.

*Horatius Bonar.*

903

NEANDER. 8s & 7s. 6l.

JOACHIM NEANDER.

1. { Day of Judg-ment, day of won-ders! Hark! the trum-pet's aw - ful sound, }  
 { Loud-er than a thou-sand thun-ders, Shake the vast cre - a - tion round! }

How the sum-mons, How the summons Will the sin - ner's heart confound!

905, 772.

- 2 See the Lord in glory nearing,  
 Clothed in majesty divine!  
 You who long for his appearing,  
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
 Gracious Saviour,  
 Own me in that day as thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea!  
 All the powers of nature shaken

By his looks prepare to flee.  
 Careless sinner,  
 What will then become of thee?

- 4 But to those who have confessed,  
 Loved and served the Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come near ye blessed,  
 See the kingdom I bestow;  
 You forever  
 Shall my love and glory know."

*John Newton.*

C. H. A. MALAN.

904

HENDON, 7s.

1. Hark! that shout of rapt-ure high, Bursting forth from yonder cloud; Je-sus comes, and,

through the sky, An-gels tell their joy a - loud, An-gels tell their joy a - loud.

821, 605, 272.

- 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice  
 Sounds abroad o'er sea and land  
 Let his people now rejoice;  
 Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See, the Lord appears in view;  
 Heaven and earth before him fly;

- Rise, ye saints, he comes for you;  
 Rise, to meet him in the sky.
- 4 Go and dwell with him above,  
 Where no foe can e'er molest;  
 Happy in the Saviour's love,  
 Ever blessing, ever blest.

*Thomas Kelly*



1. { Lo! He comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for fa- vored sinners slain; } Hal- le-  
 { Countless an- gels, him at- tend- ing, Swell the tri- umph of his train: }  
 lu- jah! Je- sus comes, and comes to reign, Halle- lu- jah! Je- sus comes, and comes to reign.

772, 295.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him  
 Robed in dreadful majesty!  
 Those who set at naught and sold him,  
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
 All who hate him, must, confounded,  
 Hear the summons of that day,—  
 "Come to Judgment!  
 Come to Judgment! Come away!"
- 4 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,  
 High on thy eternal throne!  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Make thy righteous sentence known;  
 O come quickly,  
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

*Charles Wesley.*

906

772, 857.

- 1 HARK! the Archangel's trump is sound-  
 ing,  
 Solemn tones break on the ear;  
 Louder now its echoes bounding,  
 All the earth astonished hear:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Christ our Saviour doth appear.
- 2 See the righteous dead are waking,  
 Coming forth from dust anew;  
 Light resplendent o'er them breaking;—  
 Jesus Christ appears to view!  
 Hallelujah!  
 They have found the promise true.

- 3 Now the happy throng in union  
 Rise to meet their coming Lord;  
 Joyfully they hold communion,  
 Entering on their great reward:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Praise his gracious name and word.
- 4 Freed from every pain and sorrow,  
 Every tear is wiped away;  
 No forebodings of a morrow  
 Dark and fearful—all is day!  
 Day forever,  
 With the saints, a blissful day.

907

1829 Hymnal 304 Anon.  
 857, 772.

- 1 Lo! He comes; the Archangel's trumpet  
 Wakes to life the slumbering dead;  
 'Mid ten thousand thousand angels,  
 See their great exalted Head:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,  
 Saints behold the Judge appear;  
 Truth and justice go before him;  
 Now the blissful sentence hear:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Judge divine, O soon appear!
- 3 Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
 Enter into life and joy;  
 Banish all your fears and sorrows;  
 Endless praise be your employ:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Welcome bliss without alloy.

*John Cennick.*



CHARIOT, 12s.

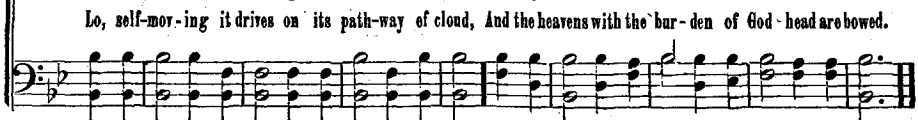
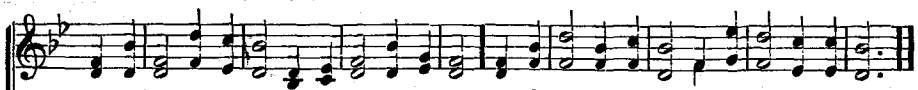
ARR. FROM J. WILLIAMS.



1. The char-iot! the char-iot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com-eth down in the pomp of his ire;



Lo, self-mov-ing it drives on its path-way of cloud, And the heavens with the bur-den of God-head are bowed.



2 The glory! the glory! around him are  
poured  
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on  
the Lord;  
And the glorified saints and the martyrs  
are there,  
Who in triumph their palm-wreaths of  
victory wear.

2 The trumpet long sounding, with notes  
loud and shrill,  
The dead will awaken in valley and hill.  
The touch of the Master we all soon shall  
feel;  
He'll make us immortal, while glad an-  
thems peal.

3 The Judgment! the Judgment! the  
thrones are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the angels and eld-  
ers are met;  
There all flesh is at once in the sight of  
the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his  
word.

3 Away toward the city,—the city of gold,—  
We'll mount with the Master, in num-  
bers untold.  
He'll deck every forehead with coronet  
bright,  
He'll robe each believer in garments of  
white.

4 O mercy! O mercy! look down from  
above,  
Great Creator, on us thy sad children, with  
love;  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked  
are driven,  
May we find a reward and a mansion in  
heaven.

4 Through heaven's high portals we'll enter  
at last,  
With shouts of rejoicing, our sorrows all  
past.  
Along the bright river,—the river of life,—  
We'll wander together, our souls free from  
strife.

909 [Tune, Rest in Heaven, No. 512.] 11s.  
1 THE Saviour is coming, O children of light!  
With hosts of the angels, the angels of  
might.  
Adown the bright azure, with banners of  
flame,  
He'll come soon in triumph his loved ones  
to claim.

5 With harps and with voices we'll join in  
the song  
Of Moses, the faithful, and Jesus, the  
strong,  
Then shout, O ye children, ye children of  
light,  
The Saviour is coming: he's almost in  
sight!

W. H. Littlejohn.

William Miller 1847-1848

1. { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre-a - ted! } The trumpet sounds; the  
 { The Judge of man I see ap - pear On clouds of glory seat - ed: }

graves re - store The dead which they contained before; Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,—  
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding;  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold his wrath prevailing;  
 For they shall rise, and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing:  
 The day of grace is past and gone;  
 Trembling they stand before the throne,  
 All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God! what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of man I see appear  
 On clouds of glory seated:  
 Beneath his cross I view the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet him.

*William B. Collyer.*

- 2 Now the song of all the ransomed,  
 "Worthy is the Lamb," resounds;  
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints  
 Every eye shall see his wounds:  
 Great his glory, great his glory!  
 Every knee to him shall bow,
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,—  
 Earth and heaven—flee away;  
 All his enemies confounded  
 Hear the trump proclaim his day:  
 Come to judgment! come to judgment!  
 Stand before the Son of man.
- 4 All who love him view his glory,  
 In his bright, once-marrèd face:  
 Jesus cometh; all his people  
 Now their heads with gladness raise:  
 Happy mourners! happy mourners!  
 Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes!

911

[Tune, Harwell, No. 132.] 8s & 7s. D.

- 1 Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets  
 Christ's appearance usher in:  
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels  
 See our Judge and Saviour shine:  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain.

- 5 See redemption, long expected,  
 On that awful day appear;  
 All his people, once despised,  
 Joyful meet him in the air:  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

*John Cennick.*

912

PELDON. H. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. Sav-iour, my spir - it longs To see the glorious day When saints with joyful songs And lifted eyes shall say,

"Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord, He comes according to his word, He comes ac - cord - ing to his word."

252, 167.

- 2 He comes to set us free  
From every galling chain,  
In glorious liberty,  
In endless life to reign.  
Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.
- 3 To David's glorious Son,  
The glad hosanna raise,  
His blissful reign begun,  
Shall last through endless days.  
Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.

- 4 From sin, and death, and hell,  
We evermore are free,  
With Christ henceforth to dwell,  
And all his glory see.  
Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.
- 5 The Saviour, promised long,  
Appears, on earth to reign;  
Awake the swelling song,  
Loud peal the lofty strain,  
Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.

913

DECISIVE DAY. P. M.

Anon.  
UNKNOWN.

1. The great de - ci - sive day is at hand, is at hand! The great de - ci - sive  
D. C.—And to seal the sinner's doom,—is at hand, is at hand;—And to seal the sin - ner's

Fine. D. C.  
day is at hand; The day when Christ will come, To call his chil - dren home,  
doom, is at hand.

- 2 Those who made his crown of thorns will be there, will be there!  
Those who made his crown of thorns will be there!  
Those who smote him with the reed  
Upon his sacred head,  
And made his temples bleed,—  
Will be there, will be there;—  
And made his temples bleed, will be there.
- 3 Where will the sinner hide in that day, in that day?  
Where will the sinner hide in that day?  
It will be in vain to call,  
"Ye mountains on us fall,"  
For his hand will find out all  
In that day, in that day;  
For his hand will find out all in that day.

914

WOODWORTH, L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. The God of love will sure indulge The flow-ing tear, the heav-ing sigh,

When death in-flicts his fa-tal wound, When tender friends and kin-dred die.

918, 431.

- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought  
Should with our mourning passions  
blend,  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
The almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Our Father, God! to thee we look,  
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;  
And on thy covenant love and truth,  
Our sinking souls shall still depend.
- Anon.*

915

927, 924.

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;  
So peacefully he sinks to rest  
When faith, endued from Heaven with  
power,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
That smile upon his wasted cheek;  
They tell us of his hope on high  
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness?
- William Bathurst.*

916

926, 923.

- 1 BLESSED are they henceforth that die  
Reclining on the Saviour's breast;  
They cease from every care and sigh,  
From all their labors they have rest.
- 2 No more they meet with cruel foes,  
No more with anxious care oppressed:  
They warred the conflict till life's close;  
Their toil is o'er, they sweetly rest.
- 3 The living saints have yet to meet  
And brave the tempter's utmost ire;  
The grave will be a blest retreat  
While earth is whelmed in troubles dire.
- 4 Thy righteous will be done, O God!  
To meet the foe and overcome,  
Or lay me down beneath the sod  
To rest till thou shalt call me home.
- R. F. Cottrell.*

917

927, 916.

- 1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the quiet dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed  
the bed:  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- Isaac Watts.*

918

RUSSELL, L. M.

EDWIN BARNES.

by F. E. Belden.  
Copyrighted 1888

1. Be - hold how sweet, how calm, how fair, The bro - ken bud that slum - bers there !  
E'er it had bloomed on earth, to die, It died on earth to bloom on high.

923, 924.

2 Weep not as those who weep in vain,  
Nor like the hopeless ones complain ;  
Our frosted buds, our withered flowers,  
Shall spring again in fairer bowers.

3 O blessed hope to mourners given—  
The hope of union sweet in heaven !—  
No more to part, no more to weep,  
No more to sleep death's silent sleep.

4 Then let this hope our spirits cheer :  
The promised morn will soon appear,—  
The morn that sets the prisoners free,  
The morning of eternity.

F. E. Belden.

919

914, 923.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parched by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine  
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colors shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With luster brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heaven but recompense our pains ;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

920

924, 927.

1 HE sleeps in Jesus,—peaceful rest,—  
No mortal strife invades his breast ;  
No pain, nor sin, nor woe, nor care,  
Can reach the silent slumberer there.

2 He lived, his Saviour to adore,  
And meekly all his sufferings bore :  
He loved, and all resigned to God ;  
Nor murmured at his chastening rod.

3 Does earth attract thee here ? they cried ;  
The dying Christian thus replied,  
While pointing upward to the sky,  
" My treasure is laid up on high."

4 He sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise,  
When the last trump shall rend the skies ;  
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,  
To wake in full, immortal bloom.

5 He sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief ;  
Let this afford thee sweet relief—  
That, freed from death's triumphant reign,  
In heaven he will live again.

Annie R. Smith.

921

OSBORNE. L. M.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Thus one by one our loved ones go, From year to year, from snow to snow;

The buds of springtime hard-ly bloom Ere win - ter plucks them for the tomb.

914, 923.

- 2 The sweetest songsters soonest fly,  
The fondest hopes the soonest die,  
And harps but once to gladness strung  
Are on the weeping-willows hung.
- 3 How much of grief, how little joy,  
How little gold, how much alloy,  
How many doubts, how many fears  
Ye bring us, O ye passing years!
- 4 Though sorrow dims our vision here,  
Faith points beyond this mortal sphere,  
Where tears of anguish never flow,  
Where pain and death none ever know.

F. E. Belden.

922

927, 926.

- 1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower.  
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art,  
To soothe the anguish of the heart?  
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh;  
Thy comforts were not made to die.
- 3 Let gentle Patience smile on pain,  
Till dying Hope revives again;  
She wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,  
And Faith points upward to the sky.

Anne Steele.

923

RETREAT. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives; He lives, and on the earth shall stand;

And though to worms my flesh he gives, My dust lies numbered in his hand.

924, 431.

- 2 In this re-animated clay  
I surely shall behold him near,  
Shall see him in the latter day  
In all his majesty appear.

- 3 With mine and not another's eyes  
The King in beauty I shall view;  
I shall from him receive the prize,  
The starry crown to victors due.

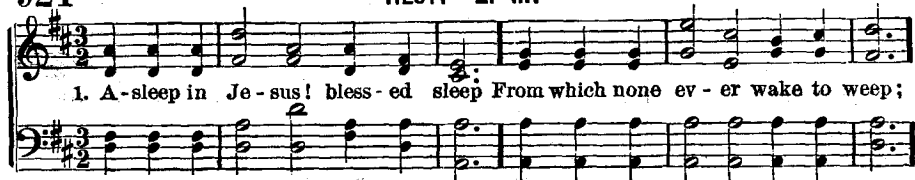
Anon.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

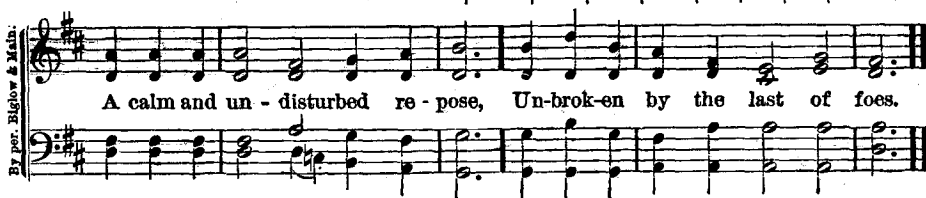
924

REST. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep From which none ev - er wake to weep;



A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.

431, 930.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to rest  
In hope of being ever blest.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! Soon to rise,  
When the last trump shall rend the skies;  
Then burst the fetters of the tomb, *See 926*  
And wake in full, immortal bloom. *926*

*last verse Margaret Mackay.*

925

927, 914.

- 1 THE saints may rest within the tomb  
Awhile until the morning come;  
Then shall they rise to meet their God,  
And ever dwell in his abode.
- 2 Celestial dawn! Triumphant hour!  
How glorious that awakening power  
Which bids the sleeping dust arise,  
And join the anthems of the skies!
- 3 This weary life will soon be past,  
The lingering morn will come at last,  
And gloomy mists will roll away  
Before that bright, unfading day.

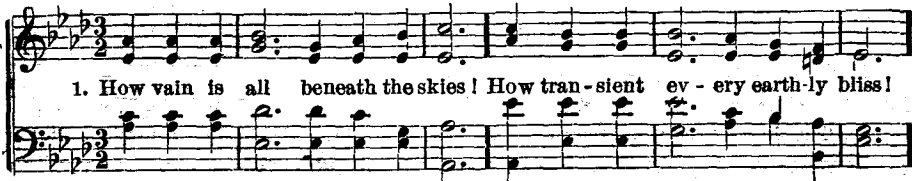
Anon.

926

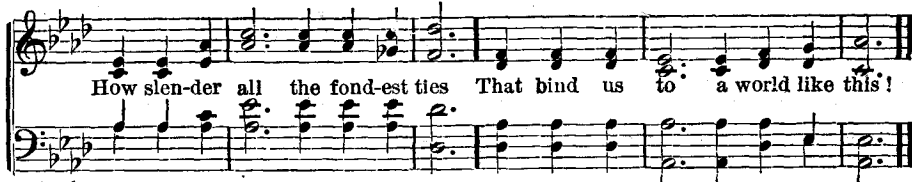
*annie smith*

PROTECTION. L. M.

H. ABBOTT.



1. How vain is all beneath the skies! How tran - sient ev - ery earth - ly bliss!



How slen - der all the fond - est ties That bind us to a world like this!

929, 932.

- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—  
The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,

There is a land whose confines lie  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:  
If God be ours, we're traveling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.

David E. Ford.

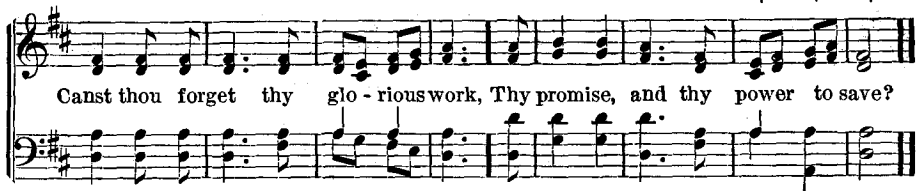
927

MALVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Shall man, O God of light and life, For - ev - er mold - er in the grave?



Canst thou forget thy glo - rious work, Thy promise, and thy power to save?

914, 930.

- 2 In those dark realms of night and gloom  
Shall peace and hope no more arise?  
No future morning light the tomb,  
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears!  
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness  
sprang,  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors  
Unfold to make his children way;  
They shall be clothed with endless life,  
And shine in everlasting day.

36)  
929

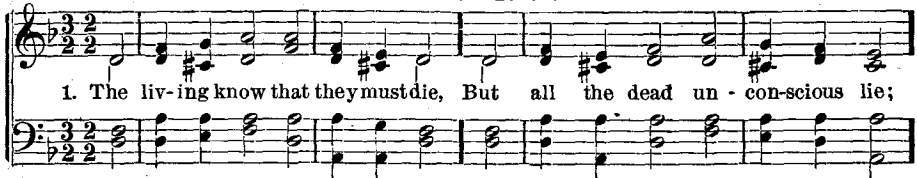
Timothy Dwight.

WINDHAM. L. M.

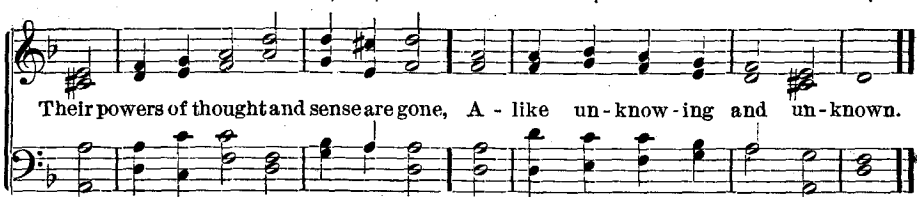
tune

John W. Cunningham.

DANIEL READ.



1. The liv - ing know that they must die, But all the dead un - con - scious lie;



Their powers of thought and sense are gone, A - like un - know - ing and un - known.

927, 932.

- 2 Their hatred and their love are lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

928

924, 918.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day,  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burned with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurned high Heaven's control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,  
But for a moment felt the rod:  
O mourner, such the Lord declares,  
Such are the children of our God.

- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands must hasten to pursue;  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

Anon.



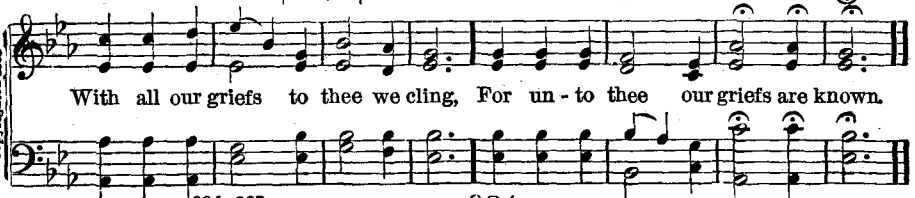
Copyrighted 1886  
by F. E. Belden.



1. Gent-ly, dear Sav-iour, now we bring The loved one death has called his own;



With all our griefs to thee we cling, For un-to thee our griefs are known.



924, 927.

2 Thy way is best; and though we weep,  
We would not break this calm repose:  
Thou givest thy beloved sleep,  
And thou hast willed these eyes should close.

3 Blest be the grief that closer binds  
Our mourning hearts, O Lord, to thee!  
Blest be the faith,—in death that finds  
A hope of immortality!

4 Thus dust to dust, and earth to earth,  
And ashes cold we lay away  
To wait that glad, immortal birth,—  
The promised resurrection day.

F. E. Belden.

931

926, 932.

1 THOUGH love may weep with breaking heart,  
There comes, O Christ, a day of thine!  
There is a morning star must shine,  
And all those shadows shall depart.

2 Though faith may droop and tremble here,  
That day of light shall surely come;  
His path will lead him safely home;  
When twilight breaks, the dawn is near.

3 Though hope seem now to hope in vain,  
And Death, seem king of all below,  
There yet shall come the morning glow,  
And wake our slumbers once again.

Anon.

932

FEDERAL STREET, L. M.

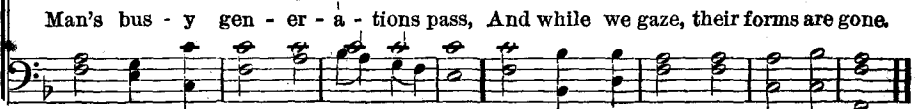
HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER.



1. Like shad-ows glid-ing o'er the plain, Or clouds that roll suc-ces-sive on,



Man's bus-y gen-er-a-tions pass, And while we gaze, their forms are gone.



914, 926.

2 We live, we die: behold the sum  
Of good or ill on life's fair page;  
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,  
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father, in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie,  
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly.

Jane Taylor.

1. How long shall Death, the ty-rant, reign, And tri-umph o'er the just?

How long the blood of mar-tyrs slain, Lie ming-led with the dust?

724, 937.

- 2 When shall the tedious night be gone?  
When will our Lord appear?  
Our fond desires would pray him down,  
Our love embrace him here.
- 3 Let faith arise, and climb the hills,  
And from afar descry  
How distant are his chariot wheels,  
And tell how fast they fly.
- 4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"  
And lo! the graves obey;  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute the expected day.

*Isaac Watts.*

- 2 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
- 3 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way:  
Up to the Lord we all shall fly  
At the great rising day.
- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

*Isaac Watts.*

## 934

647, 937.

- 1 JESUS made known the path of light,  
Which righteous men shall tread;  
He showed the way, the truth, the life,  
In rising from the dead.
- 2 Then let these fleshly yearnings cease,  
Let joy our hearts expand;  
Death is to them a peaceful sleep  
Who keep their Lord's command.
- 3 This sleeping dust ere long shall rise,  
And these dead bones awake,  
When Christ in glory rends the skies,  
And all the kingdoms shake.

*Anon.*

## 935

943, 147.

- 1 WHY should we tremble to convey  
The Christian to the tomb?  
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

## 936

943, 179.

- 1 A LOVELY infant sleeps in death;—  
How beautiful and fair!  
Yes, even now, though void of breath,  
God's impress still is there.
- 2 And if thus fair and lovely here,  
Beneath death's icy hand,  
O will it not be beautiful there,  
'Mid the immortal band?
- 3 When Jesus bids it rise and live  
With all the saints in light,  
A glorious body then he'll give,  
Resplendent to the sight!
- 4 Though nature weeps when lovely ties  
So strongly bound are riven,  
Yet faith the Saviour's words applies,  
"Of such the realms of heaven!"

*Anon.*

937

CHINA. C. M.

TIMOTHY SWAN.

1. Great God, I own thy sen - tence just, And na - ture must de - cay;

I yield my bod - y to the dust, To dwell with fel - low - clay.

933, 944.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs;  
My great Redeemer ever lives,  
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty conqueror shall appear,  
High on a royal seat;  
And death, the last of all our foes,  
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong, immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thy wondrous grace  
With pleasure and surprise.

*Isaac Watts.*

938

941, 944.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light!  
It melts in deepening gloom;  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low, the yellow leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree;  
So gently flows the parting breath  
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
So sweet the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 4 And lo! above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears;  
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

5 Night falls, but soon the morning light  
Its glories shall restore;  
And thus the eyes that sleep in death,  
Shall wake to close no more.

*William B. O. Peabody.*

939

724, 647.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice  
This rending earth shall shake,  
When opening graves shall yield their  
charge,  
And dust to life awake,—
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell,  
Shall incorrupt arise,  
And mortal forms shall spring to life  
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung  
Is now at last fulfilled;  
And Death yields up his ancient reign,  
And, vanquished, quits the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And now in triumph sing:—  
O Grave, where is thy victory?  
And where, O Death, thy sting?

*William Cameron.*

940

179, 943.

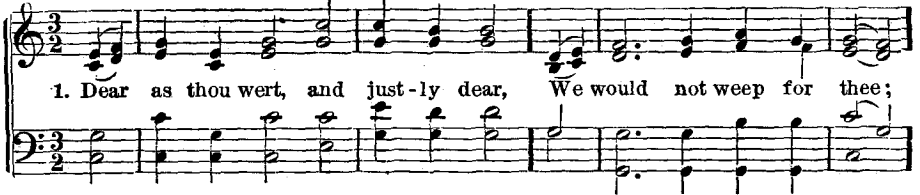
- 1 UNCONSCIOUS now in peaceful sleep,  
From all her cares at rest,  
While friends around are called to weep,  
She is divinely blessed.
- 2 Away from Satan's tempting snare,  
Her faith's no longer tried;  
In Jesus she is sleeping there;  
For in bright hope she died.

*Anon.*

941

LAUREL HILL. C. M.

UNKNOWN.



1. Dear as thou wert, and just-ly dear, We would not weep for thee;



One thought shall check the starting tear: From sor-row thou art free.

933, 147.

- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power  
The tears of love restrain:  
O, who that saw thy parting hour  
Could wish thee back again?
- 3 Angels shall guard thy sleeping dust,  
And, as thy Saviour rose,  
The grave again shall yield her trust,  
And end thy deep repose.
- 4 Thy Lord, before to glory gone,  
Shall bid thee come away;  
And calm and bright shall break the dawn  
Of heaven's eternal day.

Date.

942

179, 581.

- 1 How slender is life's silver cord!  
How soon 't is broken here!  
Each moment brings a parting word,  
And many a falling tear.
- 2 And though these years, to mortals given,  
Are filled with grief and pain,  
There is a hope,—the hope of heaven,  
Where loved ones meet again.
- 3 O glorious morning! quickly come,  
And wake this slumbering clay;  
Touch these pale lips, so cold and dumb,  
With thine immortal ray.

F. E. Belden.

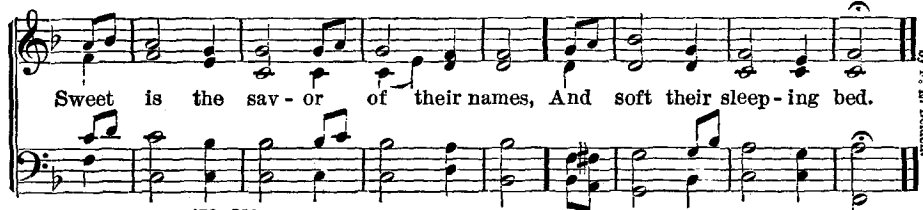
F. E. BELDEN.

943

LILLIE. C. M.



1. Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims For all the pi-ous dead:



Sweet is the sav-or of their names, And soft their sleep-ing bed.

179, 581.

- 2 They die in Jesus and are blessed;  
How calm their slumbers are!  
From suffering and from sin released,  
And safe from every snare.
- 3 Freed from this world of toil and strife,  
They're sleeping in the Lord;  
Freed from the ills of mortal life,  
They wait a rich reward.

Isaac Watts.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

944

SPOHR. C. M.

SPOHR.

1. When down-ward to the darksome tomb I thought-ful turn my eyes,

Frail na-ture trem-bles at the gloom, And anx-ious fears a-rise.

933, 941.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Why shrinks my soul? In death's embrace<br/>Once Jesus captive slept;<br/>And angels, hovering o'er the place,<br/>His lowly pillow kept.</p> <p>3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,<br/>And as the Saviour rose,<br/>The grave again shall yield her trust,<br/>And end my deep repose.</p> | <p>4 My Lord, before to glory gone,<br/>Shall bid me come away,<br/>And calm and bright shall break the dawn<br/>Of heaven's eternal day.</p> <p>5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,<br/>And gild with light the grave;<br/>To him my loftiest praises swell,<br/>Who died from death to save.</p> |
|---|--|

Ray Palmer.

UNKNOWN.

945

PEACEFUL REST. P. M.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for

souls distressed, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 There is a home for weary souls<br/>By sin and sorrow driven,<br/>When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,<br/>Where storms arise and ocean rolls,<br/>And all is drear but heaven.</p> <p>3 There Faith lifts up her tearless eye,<br/>The heart no longer riven,<br/>And views the tempest passing by,</p> | <p>The evening shadows quickly fly,<br/>And all serene in heaven.</p> <p>4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,<br/>And joys supreme are given;<br/>There rays divine disperse the gloom;<br/>Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,<br/>Appears the dawn of heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

Anon.

204  
E. G. White  
15417 946 July 24, 1915

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious brow,

Rest for the wea - ry, way-worn feet, Rest from all la - bor now.

236, 453.

- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,  
Rest for the throbbing eye;  
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more  
Shall pass the moan or sigh.
- 3 Soon shall the trump of God  
Give out the welcome sound  
That shakes thy silent chamber walls,  
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.
- 4 Ye dwellers in the dust.  
Awake! come forth and sing;  
Sharp has your frost of winter been,  
But bright shall be your spring.
- 5 'T was sown in weakness here,  
'T will then be raised in power;  
That which was sown an earthly seed,  
Shall rise a heavenly flower!

*Horatius Bonar.*

947

89, 949.

- 1 We know, by faith we know,  
If this vile house of clay,  
This tabernacle, sink below,  
In ruinous decay—
- 2 We have a house above,  
Not made with mortal hands;  
And firm as our Redeemer's love  
That heavenly fabric stands.
- 3 Full of immortal hope,  
We urge the restless strife,  
And hasten to be swallowed up  
Of everlasting life.

- 4 Lord, let us put on thee  
In perfect holiness,  
And rise prepared thy face to see—  
Thy bright, unclouded face.
- 5 Thy grace with glory crown,  
Who hast the earnest given;  
And then triumphantly come down,  
And take us up to heaven.

*Charles Wesley.*

948

89, 732.

- 1 O, FOR the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
O, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!
- 2 Their bodies in the ground  
In silent hope may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Then ransomed they will soar  
On wings of faith and love.  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live  
Through the remaining years,  
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,  
Our praises and our tears.
- 5 O, for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
O, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!

*James Montgomery.*

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

949

SILVERTON. S. M.

EDWIN BARNES.

Copyright 1888  
By F. E. Belden.

1. O! blest are they that mourn, Their com - fort will I be;  
For sor - rows deep I oft have borne, With none to com - fort me.

89, 946.

- 2 I've stood beside the grave,  
I weep with those that weep;  
For I have felt death's chilling wave,  
And crossed its waters deep.  
3 I have the keys of death,  
To me they have been given;

- I'll call again the fleeting breath,  
When portals dark are riven.  
4 How blessed here to mourn,  
And there be comforted  
When Christ shall call again his own,  
And bring them from the dead!

F. E. Belden.

950

GORTON. S. M.

L. VON BERTHOVEN.

1. And must this bod - y die? This well-wrought frame de - cay?  
And must these act - ive limbs of mine Lie mold - ering in the clay?

946, 89.

- 2 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,  
And ever from the skies  
Looks down, and watches all my dust  
Till he shall bid it rise.  
3 Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,

- And every form and every face  
Look heavenly and divine?  
4 O Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts.

951

## THOUGHT, S. M.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. How peace - ful is the grave! Where, life's vain tu - mult past,

Th'appoint-ed house, by Heaven's de - cree, Re - ceives us all at last.

89, 946.

- 2 There earthly troubles cease,  
There passions rage no more,  
And there the weary pilgrim rests  
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There all, both small and great,  
Partake the same repose;  
And there in peace the ashes mix  
Of those who once were foes.
- 4 All, by the hand of death,  
Partake a common tomb;  
Yet saints shall not forever sleep  
Not theirs the sinner's doom.

*R. Blair.*

952

688, 946.

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer to my parting hour  
Than e'er I've been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,  
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer my going home,  
Laying my burden down,  
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,  
Wearing my starry crown.

*Phaëbe Cary.*

953

## MEET AGAIN, 7s.

L. S. HALL.

1. Meet a - gain when time is o'er, Meet a - gain to part no more;

How it cheers the droop - ing heart, When from friends we're called to part!

- 2 Meet again where endless joy  
We shall taste without alloy;  
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,  
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

- 3 Meet again,—how passing sweet,  
Friends long lost again to meet!  
Careworn souls, by tempests driven,  
O, how sweet to meet in heaven!

*L. S. Hall.*



DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

954

GO TO THY REST, 6s & 8s.

UNKNOWN.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re- pose; Thy tolls are o'er,

thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in sweet release, Thine eye-lids gently close,

From earth-ly cares in sweet release, Thine eye-lids gently close, gent-ly close.

2 Go to thy peaceful rest;  
For thee we need not weep,  
The righteous dead, by heaven blessed,  
No more by sin and sorrow pressed,  
Are hushed in quiet sleep.

3 Go to thy rest; and while  
Thy absence we deplore,  
One thought our sorrow shall beguile;  
For soon with a celestial smile  
We'll meet to part no more.

Anon.

955

FAREWELL, P. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. Fare-well! we meet no more On this side heaven; The part-ing scene is o'er, The last sad look is given.

2 Farewell! my soul will weep  
While memory lives,  
From wounds that sink so deep  
No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell! until we meet  
In heaven above,  
And there in union sweet  
Sing of a Saviour's love.

Anon.

956

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6l.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. Earth to earth and dust to dust, Lord, we own the sen-tence just; head and tongue, and hand and heart,

All in guilt have borne their part: Righteous is the com - mon doom, — All must mould-er in the tomb.

- 2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,  
Like the leaves in autumn strown,  
Low these goodly frames shall lie,  
All our pomp and glory die;  
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,  
Soon he bears us all away.
- 3 Yet the seed, upraised, again  
Clothes with green the smiling plain;  
Onward as the seasons move,

Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;  
And shall we forgotten lie,  
Lost forever when we die?

- 4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night  
Turn we to the gospel's light;  
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,  
Thou wilt all thy people save;  
Ransomed by thy blood they rise,  
Mounting victors to the skies.

Anon.

957

REQUIEM. P. M.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Friend after friend departs: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no un - ion here of hearts

That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our only rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life's affection transient fire  
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

- 3 There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A whole eternity of love  
Formed for the good alone:  
O Saviour, hasten to appear!  
Translate us to that happy sphere.

James Montgomery.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

958

ELLA. 8s & 4s.

F. E. BELDEN.

by F. E. Belden.

Copyrighted 1884

1. She hath passed death's chill - ing bil - low, And gone to rest;

Je - sus smoothed her dy - ing pil - low, — O slum - ber blest!

- 2 From the bitter cup that's given,  
We should not shrink;  
Since the mandate is from heaven,  
That bids us drink.
- 3 Sleep, dear sister, kind and tender,  
To friendship true,  
While with feeling hearts we render  
This tribute due.

- 4 When the morn of glory, breaking,  
Shall light the tomb,  
Beautiful will be thy waking  
In fadeless bloom;
- 5 Where no wintry winds are blowing,—  
No burial train;  
Crowned with gems celestial, glowing,  
We'll meet again.

*Annie R. Smith.*

959

FERN DELL. 8s & 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed - ing, O'er the spoils that death has won,

We would at this sol - emn meet - ing, Calm - ly say, "Thy will be done."

182, 980.

- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;  
Though afflicted, not alone;  
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;  
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.
- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,  
Mercy still is on the throne;

- With thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing, "Thy will be done."
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given,  
Thou hast taken but thine own:  
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,  
Evermore thy will be done.

*Thomas Hastings.*

960

MOUNT VERNON. 8s &amp; 7s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze  
Pleas - ant as the air of evening When it floats a - mong the trees.

162, 958.

- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low;  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us!  
Here thy loss we deeply feel;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When this mortal life is fled;  
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. Smith.

961

162, 958.

- 1 SISTER, thou art sweetly sleeping,  
Free from pain, and toil, and care;  
Dearest sister, how we miss thee!  
Miss thee in the house of prayer.
- 2 Thou wilt sleep, but not forever;  
Jesus died, and rose again;  
Soon he'll come in clouds of glory,—  
Thou wilt rise with him to reign.
- 3 Sister, then we hope to meet thee;  
Then we'll take thee by the hand;  
Then we'll twine our arms around thee,  
In that bright and happy land.

Mrs. Small.

962

SLEEP. 8s &amp; 7s.

GEO. E. LEE.

1. See the leaves a - round us fall - ing, Dry and withered to the ground,  
Thus to thoughtless mor - tals call - ing, In a sad and sol - emn sound;—

- 2 "Youth on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 "Yearly in our course appearing,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach in mortal hearing,—  
Ye, like us, shall pass away."

Horne.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

963

RESURRECTION. 8s & 7s. D.

S. C. HANCOCK.

1. We may sleep, but not forever, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part, no, never,

On the res-urrection morn. From the deepest caves of o - cean, From the desert and the plain,

Refrain.

From the valley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise again. We may sleep, but not forever,

There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part, no, nev-er, On the res-urrection morn.

2 When we see a precious blossom  
That we tended with such care  
Rudely taken from our bosom,  
How our aching hearts despair.  
Round the silent grave we linger  
Till the setting sun is low,  
Feeling all our hopes have perished  
With the flower we cherished so.

3 We may sleep, but not forever,  
In the lone and silent grave;  
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,  
Blessed be the Lord that gave.  
In the bright, eternal city,  
Death can never, never come;  
In his own good time he'll call us  
From our rest to home, sweet home.

*Mrs. M. A. Kædler.*

For the turf is now her pillow,  
And she sleeps among the dead;  
While the cypress and the willow  
Wave above her lowly bed.

2 With what grief and anguish riven  
Should we see the loved depart,  
If there were no promise given  
Which could soothe the wounded heart!  
If the chains with which death binds them  
Ne'er again should broken be,  
And his prison which confines them  
Ne'er be burst to set them free!

3 But a glorious day is nearing,  
Earth's long-wished-for jubilee,  
When creation's King appearing,  
Shall proclaim his people free;  
When upborne on Love's bright pinion,  
They shall shout from land and sea,  
"Death, where is thy dark dominion!  
Grave, where is thy victory!"

*H. Smith*

964

1 PASSED away from earth forever,  
Free from all its cares and fears,  
She again will join us never  
While we tread this vale of tears:

965

REPOSE, 6s &amp; 5s; D.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Dust, receive thy kindred ! Earth take now thine own ! To thee this trust is ren - dered ; In thee this seed is sown.

Guard the pre - cious treasure. Ev - er - faith - ful tomb ! Keep it all un - rilled, Till the Mas - ter come.

2 Time's dark tide of sorrow  
Breaks above thy head ;  
And feet of restless millions  
Shall o'er thy chambers tread ;  
Earthquakes, whirlwinds, tempests,  
Tear the quivering ground ;  
Voices, trumpets, thunders,  
Fill the air around !

3 But these sounds of terror  
Pierce not thy low tomb,  
Nor break the happy slumbers  
Of death's dark, silent home.  
Couch of tranquil slumber  
For the weary brow ;  
Rest of faint and toiling,  
Take this loved one now.

*Horatius Bonar.*

966

WILLCOTT. C. H. M.

L. MARSHALL.

1. { O what is life? 'tis like a flower That blos - soms and is gone ; }  
{ It flour - ish - es its lit - tle hour, With all its beau - ty on ; }

Death comes, and, like a win - try day, It cuts the love - ly flower a - way.

2 O, what is life? 'Tis like the bow  
That glistens in the sky :  
We love to see its colors glow,  
But while we look, they die :  
Life fails as soon : to-day 'tis here ;  
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life? If spent with thee,  
In humble praise and prayer,  
How long or short our life may be  
We feel no anxious care ;  
Though life depart, our joys shall last  
When life and all its joys are past.

*Jane Taylor.*

1. Dark is the hour when death prevails, And tri-umphs o'er the just,—A pain-ful void with-in the breast,

When dust goes back to dust; And sol-own is the pall, the bier, That bears them from our pres-ence here.

- 2 But there's a bright, a glorious hope,  
That scatters death's dark gloom;  
It cheers the saddened spirits up,  
It gilds the Christian's tomb;  
It brings the resurrection near,  
When those we love shall re-appear.
- 3 Then mourn we not as those whose hopes  
With fleeting life depart;  
For we have heard a voice from heaven  
To every stricken heart:  
"Blest are the dead, forever blest,  
Who from henceforth in Jesus rest."
- 4 With kind regard the Lord beholds  
His saints when called to die,  
And precious in his holy sight  
Their sacred dust shall lie  
Till all these storms of life are o'er,  
And they shall rise to die no more.
- 5 A few more days, and we shall meet  
The loved whose toil is o'er,  
And plant with joy our bounding feet  
On Canaan's radiant shore,  
Where, free from all earth's cares and fears,  
We'll part no more through endless years.

U. Smith.

968

[Tune, Beloved, No. 134.] 11s & 8s.

- 1 If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,  
And shine, a pure image of thee,  
Then I shall be satisfied, when I can break  
The fetters of death, and be free.
- 2 I know this stained tablet must first be  
washed white,  
To let thy bright features be drawn;  
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,  
To welcome the coming of dawn.
- 3 O, I shall be satisfied when I can cast  
The shadow of nature all by,  
When this dreary world from my vision is  
passed,  
To live in an unclouded day.
- 4 I feel the blest morning begins to draw  
near,  
When time's dreary fancy shall fade;  
O, then in thy likeness may I but appear,  
In glory and beauty arrayed!
- 5 When on thine own image in me thou hast  
smiled,  
Within thy blest mansion, and when  
The arms of my Father encircle his child,  
O I shall be satisfied then!

Anon.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

969

GONE TO THE GRAVE. 9s.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Friend and companion, dear to each heart; Tears naught a-vail us, now we must part.

Death's hand has plucked thee, pil-lowed thy head, Low-ly and life-less, fad-ed and dead.

2 Now bending o'er thee, sadly we weep;  
While o'er our gladness lone shadows creep.  
Dark, chilling shadows, bringing a gloom,  
Telling of dear ones gone to the tomb.

4 Ah, we must leave thee, silent in death;  
Fond hopes have vanished—flown with  
thy breath.  
Joy turns to sadness, life seems but pain;  
O, shall we ever meet thee again?

3 Guarding thy slumbers, cypress shall wave,  
Mournful and silent, over thy grave.  
Angels their vigils watchful shall keep,  
Waiting thy blissful waking from sleep.

5 Yes, we shall meet thee on heaven's shore,  
Where death and partings come nevermore:  
There, will our Saviour dry every tear;  
Sorrowful mourner, be of good cheer.

970

SWEET BE THY REST. P. M.

F. E. Belden.  
D. S. HAKES.

1. Sweet be thy rest, And peace-ful thy sleeping; God's way is best, Thou art in his keep-ing. O blessed

sleep Where ills ne'er molest thee! Why should we weep? For heav-en hath blessed thee: Sweet be thy rest.

2 Thy work is done,  
Thy sowing and reaping;  
Thy crown is won,  
And hushed is thy weeping.  
From tears and woes,  
From earth's midnight dreary,  
There is repose  
Where none ever weary:  
Sweet be thy rest.

3 Sweet be thy rest;  
No more we may greet thee  
'Till with the blest  
In heaven we meet thee.  
O union sweet  
That death cannot sever!  
There we shall meet,  
Where sad tears fall never:  
Sweet be thy rest.

F. E. Belden.

Sung at Memorial service at  
Richmond, Cal. (C.M.) for Edw. White  
July 19, 1915  
(MS 456)



DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

971

SCOTLAND. 12s & 11s.

JOHN CLARKE.

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-lore thee, Though sor-row and dark-ness en-  
com- pass the tomb: The Sav- iour has passed through its por- tals be- fore thee, The  
lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom, The lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;  
The wide arms of mercy were spread to unfold thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,  
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and soon he'll restore thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

Reginald Heber.

2 Softly within that peaceful resting-place  
We lay their wearied limbs, and bid the clay  
Press lightly on them till the night be past,  
And the far east give note of coming day.  
3 The day of re-appearing! how it speeds!  
He who is true and faithful speaks the word:  
Then shall we ever be with those we love;  
Then shall we be forever with the Lord.  
4 The shout is heard, the Archangel's voice goes forth;  
The trumpet sounds, the dead awake and sing;  
The living put on glory; one glad band,  
They hasten up to meet their coming King.

972

[Tune, Eventide, No. 1121.] 10s.

1 THUS in the quiet joy of kindly trust,  
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell;  
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust  
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

5 Short death and darkness! Endless life and light:  
Short climbing; endless shining in yon sphere,  
Where all is incorruptible and pure;—  
The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

Horatius Bonar

1. The time is near when Zi-on's sons, With rapturous joy shall sing the song Fore-told by

seers—anoointed ones: We have a cit - y great and strong, We have a cit - y great and strong.

223, 624, 136.

- 2 Open, ye gates! The glorious King Approaches with a holy throng; Open, ye gates! Saints, angels, sing On golden harps the victor's song!
- 3 O righteous nation! enter in, That kept the law of truth below, Enter the place, all free from sin, Where life's pure waters gently flow.
- 4 Within these walls shall they remain, Who trusted, mighty Lord! in thee: Death, their last enemy, is slain; They have a right to life's fair tree.

R. F. Cottrell.

974

79, 54, 336.

- 1 Lo! round the throne, a glorious band, The saints in countless myriads stand; Of every tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came; They bore the cross, despised the shame; But now from all their labors rest In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face; They sing the triumph of his grace; And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 O may we tread the sacred road That holy saints and martyrs trod, Wage to the end the glorious strife, And win, like them, a crown of life!

Mary L. Duncan.

975

1879 1744 263  
875, 307, 928.

- 1 THY kingdom come. Thus day by day We lift our hands to God and pray; But who has ever duly weighed The meaning of the words he said?
- 2 Thy kingdom come. O day of joy, When praise shall every tongue employ; When hate and strife and war shall cease, And man with man shall be at peace.
- 3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill, And all the earth with glory fill; His word shall Paradise restore, And sin and death afflict no more.
- 4 God's holy will shall then be done By all who live beneath the sun; For saints shall then as angels be, All changed to immortality.

Anon.

976

538, 932, 104.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway All heaven reveres, all worlds obey, Now make the Saviour's glory known; Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands; Angels submit to his commands; His justice shall protect the poor, And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just, And treats the oppressor in the dust; His righteous government shall last Till days, and years, and time be past.

Anon.

977

ANDRE, L. M.

UNKNOWN.

212, 301, 347.

- 2 We've no abiding city here,  
We seek a city out of sight;  
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,—  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are  
blest!  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 4 But hush, my soul! nor dare repine;  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do his will will be mine,  
And his to fix my time of rest.

*Thomas Kelly.*

978

316, 301, 336.

- 1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright, that all which spreads between  
Is with its radiant glories fraught,—
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light;  
It hath no need of suns to rise  
To dissipate the gloom of night;
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind  
Across that calm, serene abode;  
The wanderer there a home may find  
Within the paradise of God.

*Curdon Robins.*

979

876, 624, 932.

- 1 WHEN God descends with men to dwell,  
And all creation wakes anew,  
What tongue can half the wonders tell?  
What eye the dazzling glory view?
- 2 Zion, the desolate, again  
Shall see her lands with roses bloom,  
And Carmel's mount and Sharon's plain  
Shall yield their spices and perfume;
- 3 Celestial streams shall gently flow,  
The wilderness shall joyful be,  
Lilies on parched grounds shall grow,  
And gladness spring on every tree;
- 4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,  
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,  
The lame shall walk, the blind behold,  
And joy through all the earth shall ring;
- 5 The high and low shall meet in love,  
All pride shall die, and meekness reign,—  
When Christ descends from worlds above  
To dwell with men on earth again.

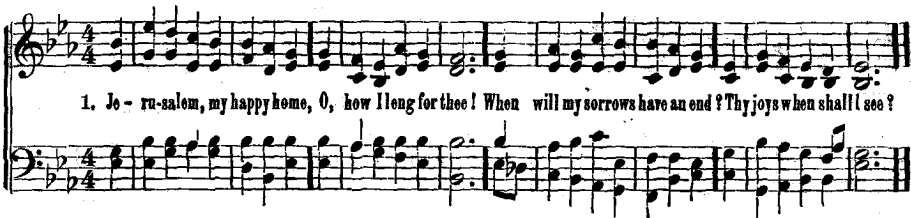
*Ballou.*

980

301, 136, 914.

- 1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,  
And pastures clothed in living green,  
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
Or gloomy night is never seen.
- 2 Far up the everlasting hills  
In God's own glorious light it lies;  
His smile its vast dimension fills  
With joy divine that never dies.

*East.*



1. Je - ru - salem, my happy home, O, how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

794, 724, 114.

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks  
My study long have been;  
Such dazzling views, by human sight  
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace  
To keep in view the prize  
Till thou dost come to take us home  
To that blest paradise.

Anon.

## 982

1162, 201, 147.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The New Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing;  
Ye saints, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King!
- 4 The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode;  
Men are the objects of his love,  
And he their gracious God.
- 5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and  
fears,  
And death itself, shall die.
- 6 How bright the vision! O, how long  
Shall this glad hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day!

Isaac Watts.

## 983

399, 111, 1047.

- 1 ZION, the city of our God,  
How glorious is the place!  
The Saviour there has his abode,  
And saints will see his face.
- 2 There all the fruits of glory grow,  
And joys that never die;  
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,  
The soul to satisfy.
- 3 Come, set your faces Zionward,  
The sacred road inquire,  
And let the city of the Lord  
Be henceforth your desire.
- 4 The gospel shines to give you light;  
No longer, then, delay;  
The Spirit waits to guide you right,  
And Jesus is the way.
- 5 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,  
Thy promise now fulfill,  
And young and old by grace prepare  
To dwell on Zion's hill.

Anon.

## 984

114, 354, 179.

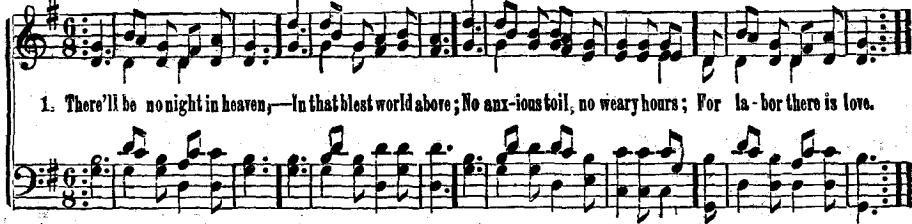
- 1 O WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!  
Before my ravished eyes  
Life's river all divine I see,  
And trees of paradise.
- 2 I see immortal saints in light,  
Who taste the pleasure there;  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conquering palms they bear.
- 3 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at thy feet?
- 4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eventful day!

Charles Wesley.

985

## NO SORROW THERE, S. M.

E. W. DUNBAR.



1. There'll be no night in heaven,—In that blest world above; No anxious toil, no weary hours; For la-bor there is love.

ReL.—There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sorrow there, In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

- 89, 638, 736.
- 2 There'll be no grief in heaven;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.
- 3 There'll be no sin in heaven;  
Behold that blessed throng,  
All holy in their spotless robes,  
All holy in their song.
- 4 There'll be no death in heaven;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.

*Fredrick D. Huntington.*

986

732, 236, 762.

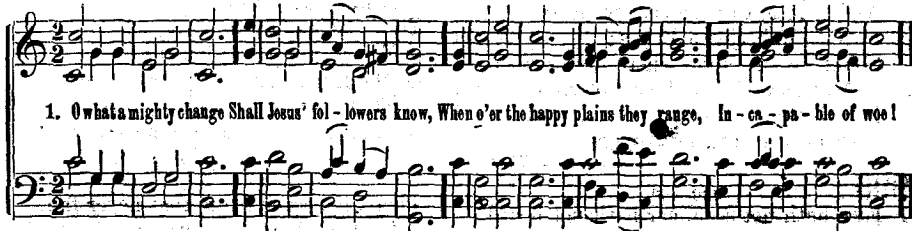
- 1 AND is there, Lord, a rest  
For weary souls designed,  
Where not a care shall stir the breast,  
Or sorrow entrance find?
- 2 Is there a blissful home,  
Where kindred minds shall meet,  
And live, and love, nor ever roam  
From that serene retreat?
- 3 My soul would thither tend,  
While toilsome years are given;  
Then let me, gracious God, ascend  
To sweet repose in heaven!

*Roy Palmer.*

987

## SILVER STREET, S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



1. O what a mighty change Shall Jesus' fol-lowers know, When e'er the happy plains they range, In-ca-pa-ble of woe!

- 810, 89, 762.
- 2 There all our griefs are passed;  
There all our sorrows end;  
We gain a peaceful rest at last,  
With Jesus Christ, our Friend.
- 3 No slightest touch of pain,  
Nor sorrow's least alloy,  
Can violate our rest, or stain  
Our purity of joy.
- 4 In that eternal day,  
No clouds nor tempests rise;  
There gushing tears are wiped away  
Forever from our eyes.

*Charles Wesley.*

988

986, 380, 403.

- 1 BEYOND this gloomy night  
Eternal beauties rise,  
A land of love, a land of light,  
Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 No cloud those regions know,  
Realms ever bright and fair;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
- 3 O may the prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,  
Bear every thought above.

*Anne Steele.*

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides And nev - er - wither - ing flowers, And but a lit - tle space divides This heavenly land from ours.

486, 686.

- 2 O could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unbeckoned eyes;  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,—  
 Not all this world's pretended good  
 Could ever charm us more.

Isaac Watts.

990

486, 450.

- 1 EYE hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
 Nor sense nor reason known  
 What joys the Father hath prepared  
 For those that love his Son:  
 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
 Reveals a heaven to come;  
 The beams of glory in his word  
 Allure and guide us home.
- 2 Pure is the land the saints espy,  
 And all the region peace;  
 No wanton lips nor envious eye  
 Can see or taste the bliss.  
 Those holy gates forever bar  
 Pollution, sin, and shame;  
 None shall obtain admittance there  
 But followers of the Lamb.

Anon.

991

808, 460.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.  
 O, the transporting, rapturous scene  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.
- 2 There, generous fruits that never fail,  
 On trees immortal, grow;  
 There rocks and hills and brooks and vale,  
 With milk and honey flow.  
 O'er all those wide, extended plains,  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There Christ, the sun, forever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his kingdom rest?  
 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would here no longer stay;  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless, I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

1. There is a place of sacred rest, Far, far beyond the skies, Where beauty smiles e-

ter-nal-ly, And pleas-ure nev-er dies;—My Fa-ther's house, my heavenly home,

Where many mansions stand, Prepared, by hands divine, for all Who seek the bet-ter land.

989, 486,

- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,  
With fear on every side,  
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,  
And foams the angry tide,  
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,  
Breaks forth the light of morn,  
Bright beaming from my Father's house,  
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 In that pure home of tearless joy  
Earth's parted friends shall meet,  
With smiles of love that never fade,  
And blessedness complete.  
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;  
Death frowns not on that scene,  
But life and glorious beauty shine,  
Untroubled and serene.

Anon.

High walls of precious gems and gold  
Secure from every ill;  
Unheard-of bliss and joys untold  
Within its borders dwell.

- 2 There living waters ceaseless flow  
From out the heavenly throne;  
There fairest fruits perennial grow,  
And want is never known.  
Nor sun by day nor moon by night  
This heavenly city needs,  
But glory sheds a crystal light  
That never wanes nor fades.

- 3 Nor sin nor sorrow cometh there,  
Nor ever death nor pain,  
In love abiding, free from care,  
The saints forever reign.  
Among the many mansions there,  
O, is there one for me?  
Dear Lord, an humble place prepare,  
That I may dwell with thee.

Anon.

993

989, 486.

- 1 THERE is a city, fair and bright,  
That eye hath never seen,  
Where ever dwelleth pure delight,  
And heavenly praise serene.

1. { 0 sweetly through the gloom-y years That roll their dim-ming rail between, } And from that peace-fal,  
 { The prom-ised good-ly land appears, Ar-rayed in nev-er-fad-ing green. }

happy clime, Transporting bursts of song arise, And, rolling through the mists of time, Tell us of joy that nev-er dies.

518, 749.

- 2 As voyagers on the stormy deep  
 Look for some bright and sunny bay  
 Where winds and waves are hushed in sleep,  
 And joy lights up the happy day,  
 So o'er the tossing sea of years  
 We glance the eye and stretch the hand  
 Where, robed in fadeless light, appears  
 The border of the shining land.
- 3 There angel hosts of glorious ones,  
 With sinless hearts and stainless hands,  
 Call us in glad and loving tones,  
 And bid us welcome to their hands.

- Hark! how their harps and voices tell  
 The glories of that radiant strand,  
 And bid us breast the waves that swell  
 Between us and the shining land.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen,  
 The glories of that home of song;  
 Though stormy billows roll between,  
 I go to join the angel throng.  
 But of the joys beyond the tide,  
 The welcomes on that golden strand,  
 The best shall be from Him who died  
 To bring me to the shining land.

H. L. Hastings

1. Whence came the armies of the sky, John saw in vision bright? Whence came their crowns, their robes, their palms, Too pure for mortal sight?

- Chor.—They looked like men in uniform, They looked like men of war; They all were clad in armor bright, And conquering palms they bore.
- 2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross  
 Victorious in the fight?  
 Were these the trophies they had won,  
 Reserved in worlds of light?
  - 3 Once they were mourners here below,  
 And poured out cries and tears;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
  - 4 They saw the star of Bethlehem  
 Arise in splendor bright;  
 They followed long its guiding ray,  
 Till beamed a clearer light.
  - 5 From desert waste, and cities full,  
 From dungeons dark, they've come,  
 And now they claim their mansion fair,  
 They've found their long-sought home

ANON.





998

EWING. 7s &amp; 6s. D.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold-en, With milk and hon-ey blest, Beneath thy con-tem-

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not

What holy joys are there; What ra - di - ancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.

333, 357.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng:  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny.

999

333, 415.

1 JERUSALEM the glorious,  
The glory of the elect,  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect!  
E'en now by faith I see thee,  
E'en here thy walls discern;  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn.

2 Jerusalem the golden,  
Thou hope of saints below,  
In thee is all my glory,  
In me is all my woe;  
Jerusalem! exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore.

3 O sweet and blessed country!  
Shall I e'er see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed country!  
Shall I e'er win thy grace?  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, his forever,  
Thou shalt be and thou art.

John M. Neale.

Translated by Rev. John Mason Neal 1858

1000

1. { There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, } O! how they sweetly sing,  
 { Where saints in glo - rystand, Bright, bright as day. }

"Wor - thy is our Saviour King;" Loud let his prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,  
 Come, come away;  
 Why will ye doubting stand?  
 Why still delay?  
 O! we shall happy be,  
 From all sin and sorrow free;  
 Lord, we shall live with thee,  
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land  
 Beams every eye;  
 Kept by a Father's hand,  
 Love cannot die;  
 Then shall thy kingdom come,  
 Saints shall have a glorious home;  
 And, brighter than the sun,  
 Reign, reign for aye.

*Anon.*

1001

1 THERE is a world to come,  
 Blessed and pure;  
 It is the Christian's home,  
 Long to endure.  
 O 'tis a world most bright,  
 No more death, nor woe, nor night,  
 Faith views it with delight,  
 Knowing 'tis sure.

2 There Jesus Christ shall reign,  
 All glorious King!  
 There music's rapturous strain  
 Ever will ring:

Saints, who in ages by,  
 Suffered, and were called to die,  
 There in sweet harmony,  
 Anthems will sing.

3 O, 'twill be paradise,  
 Eden restored;  
 All beauteous in their eyes  
 Who love the word:  
 Wastes, that are now so drear,  
 Like the rose shall blossom there,  
 And be a garden fair,  
 As saith the Lord.

4 There life's unfading tree  
 Will bloom most fair,  
 And immortality  
 Its leaves shall bear;  
 While a pure stream will flow,  
 And a joy no mortals know  
 Will to each soul bestow  
 Who enters there.

5 O, that bright world to come!  
 Tongue cannot tell  
 How blessed is the home  
 Where saints will dwell;  
 Turn then from sin away,  
 And the word of God obey,  
 Then at the last great day,  
 All will be well.

*Anon.*

1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There remains a land of rest; And my Saviour's gone be-

Refrain.

fore me To ful-fill my soul's request. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you; On the oth-er side of Jordan,

In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion  
Which eternally shall stand,  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;  
But in that celestial center,  
I a crown of life shall wear.

- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And its sting shall be withdrawn;  
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!  
Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,  
Shout your triumph as you go;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through.

*S. J. Harmer.*

1. There is a land, a bet - ter land than this,—There's my home, there's my home!

A land of pure, un - bounded, per - fect bliss,—There's my home, there's my home.

A cap - tive on this des - ert shore, I long to count my ex - ile o'er,

And be where sor - rows come no more; There's my home, there's my home.

2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore,—  
I would go, I would go;—  
But yet my days of exile are not o'er:  
I would go, I would go.  
I would not stay though earth were mine;  
Though all its treasures for me shine,  
A captive here I still would pine:  
I would go, I would go.

3 Bright visions of that blissful land ap -  
pear,—  
There's my home, there's my home,—  
How long a pilgrim must I wander here?  
There's my home, there's my home.

O tell me that I soon shall be,  
With all the ransomed exiles, free,—  
In that blest land I long to see:  
There's my home, there's my home.

4 There is a land, a brighter land than this,—  
Joys are there, joys are there;—  
No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,  
Reaches there, reaches there.  
Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,  
And crystal streams that never dry;  
O give me wings! I now would fly,  
And be there, and be there.

1004

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS, 11s & 10s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning: Zi-on, in triumph, be-gins her mild reign.

866, 298.

2 Lo, in the desert, rich flowers are springing;  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud, from the mountain-tops echoes are  
ringing;  
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in  
song.

3 See, the dead risen from land and from  
ocean;  
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;  
Fallen are the engines of war and commo-  
tion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

1005

DAUGHTER OF ZION, 11s. P.

UNKNOWN.  
Fine.

1. Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.  
D. C.—Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness; A-wake for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

D. C. for Chorus.

Bright, o'er thy hills, dawns the day-star of gladness, A - rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that  
subdued them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier  
far;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge  
that pursued them;  
In vain were their steeds and their char-  
iots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath  
saved thee,  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel  
shall be:  
Shout; for the foe is destroyed that en-  
slaved thee,  
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion  
is free.

Fitzgerald's Col.

1. On the high cliffs of Jor-dan with pleas-ure I stand, And view in per-

spec-tive the fair prom-ised land,—The land where the ransomed with

sing-ing shall come, And en-ter the king-dom pre-pared as their home.

512, 511.

2 'T is there all the nations redeemed by the  
Lamb,  
In circles most lovely, his praises proclaim;  
Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils,  
they come,  
To enter those mansions prepared as their  
home.

3 All over those peaceful and beautiful plains,  
The Lord, our Redeemer, in righteousness  
reigns;  
His scepter of empire he now doth assume,  
And kindly doth welcome his followers  
home.

4 How blest are those regions, the realms of  
repose,  
Through which the fair river of life gently  
flows!—

The regions ambrosial, forever in bloom;—  
God's own habitation, the saints' happy  
home!

He whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near!  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

*John Newton*

1007 CH304 To Haydn tune  
Anon.

[Tune, Harwell, No. 132.] 6s & 7s D.

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!

1. O tell me of heaven, sweet heaven, The home of the pure and the blest, Where sor-row and sin can-not enter,

Where the wea-ry for-er shall rest. Let me hear of that heavenly cit-y, Where all is immortal and fair;

And I'll flee from all earthly enchantments, And earnestly long to be there, And earnest-ly long to be there.

2 Let others seek earthly possessions,  
And lay up their treasures below ;  
I have heard of a land that is better,  
And to seek it with ardor I'll go.  
I have heard of a world robed in glory,  
And freed from temptation and care,  
Where sickness and death may not enter,  
And I long, O, I long to be there.

3 Ambition may spread her bright phan-  
toms,  
And whisper of honor and fame,  
She may lure on her thousands to labor,  
To win an illustrious name ;  
Be this my ambition, to follow  
The path my Redeemer has trod,  
Be an heir of his heavenly kingdom,  
And dwell in the city of God.

4 Though the way of the wicked may prosper,  
And be sprinkled with flowers so gay,  
Though wide be the path that they travel,  
And pleasant and easy the way,

Though no troubles their pathway encom-  
pass,  
Triumphant through life though they go,  
I'll envy them not, for their journey  
Ends only in sorrow and woe.

5 Let me enter the gate that is narrow,  
The way that with danger is spread,  
And though rugged and dark be my path-  
way,  
One bright ray is over it shed ;  
For I hear the sweet voice of my Saviour,  
Saying, " Fear not, for I am thy God ;  
I know thy temptations and trials,  
For I the rough pathway have trod. "

6 Dear Saviour, thy promise is precious,  
Thy guidance I evermore crave :  
O help me to walk in thy footsteps,  
And trust in thy power to save :  
O give me a place in thy kingdom,  
When life with its turmoil is o'er ;  
Let me dwell with the King in his beauty,  
And I ask, O, I ask for no more.

*Sarah M. Swan.*



1. { We are going home: we've had visions bright Of that ho - ly land, that world of light, }  
 { Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of e - terni - ty come at last. }

There the wea - ry saints no more shall roam, But dwell in a sun - ny, peace - ful home,

Where the brow with ce - les - tial gems is crowned, And mansions fair with praise resound.

## Refrain.

O that beau - ti - ful home! O that beau - ti - ful home!

- 2 We are going home: we soon shall be  
 Where the skies are clear, and the soil is free;  
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the  
 plains,  
 And the seraph's anthem blends with its  
 strains;  
 Where the sun rolls down a brilliant flood  
 Of beams on a world that's fair and good,  
 And the stars that dimmed at nature's doom  
 Will sparkle and shine o'er the new earth's  
 bloom;
- 3 Where the tears and sighs which here are  
 given,  
 Are exchanged for the gladsome songs of  
 heaven;  
 And the beauteous forms that sing and  
 shine  
 Are guarded well by a hand divine.

Love's banner pure and friendship's wand  
 Are waving above that princely band;  
 And the glory of God, like a molten sea,  
 Bathes the immortal company.

- 4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of  
 bliss,  
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,  
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angel's  
 cheer,  
 'Mid the flowers that never of winter hear,—  
 Where the conqueror's song, that sounds  
 afar,  
 Is wafted on the balmy air,—  
 'Mid the endless years, we then shall prove  
 The matchless depths of a Saviour's love.

*Daniel T. Taylor.*

REWARD OF SAINTS.  
WE HAVE HEARD. P. M.

W. H. Hyde  
1010

C H 305

W. H. Hyde  
Hyde heard the  
... + ...

1. We have heard from the bright, the ho - ly land, We have heard and our hearts are glad;

For we were a lone - ly pil - grim band, And weary, and worn, and sad.

They tell us the saints have a dwell - ing there; - No longer are home - less ones;

And we know that the good - ly land is fair, Where life's pure riv - er runs.

- 2 They say green fields are waving there,  
That never a blight shall know;  
And the deserts wild are blooming fair,  
And the roses of Sharon grow.  
There are lovely birds in the bowers green,  
Their songs are blithe and sweet;  
And their warblings, gushing ever new,  
The angels' harpings greet.
- 3 We have heard of the palms, the robes,  
the crowns,  
And the silvery band in white;  
Of the city fair, with pearly gates,  
All radiant with light.

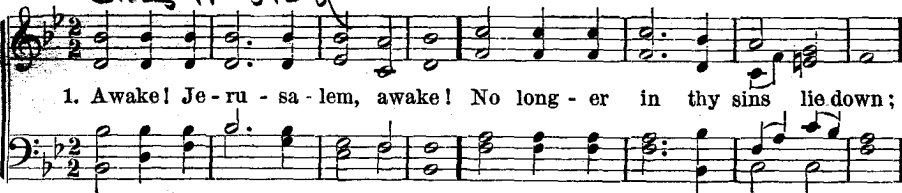
- We have heard of the angels there, and  
saints,  
With their harps of gold, how theysing:  
Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,  
Of the leaves that healing bring.
- 4 The King of that country, he is fair,  
He's the joy and light of the place;  
In his beauty we shall behold him there,  
And bask in his smiling face.  
We'll be there, we'll be there in a little  
while,  
We'll join the pure and the blest;  
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,  
And forever be at rest.

Unpublished in 1849 - Wm. (at New York)

1011 *Chas. Wesley* HEBER. L. M.

EDWIN BARNES.

by Edwin Barnes



1. Awake! Je - ru - sa - lem, awake! No long - er in thy sins lie down;

Copyrighted, 1888



The garment of sal - va - tion take, Thy beau - ty and thy strength put on.

223, 301, 375.

- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,  
And hides the promise from thine eyes;  
Arise, and struggle into light;  
The great Deliverer calls, Arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;  
Zion, assert thy liberty;  
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,  
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,  
Be purged from every sinful stain;  
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,  
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

*Charles Wesley.*

1012

47, 973, 336.

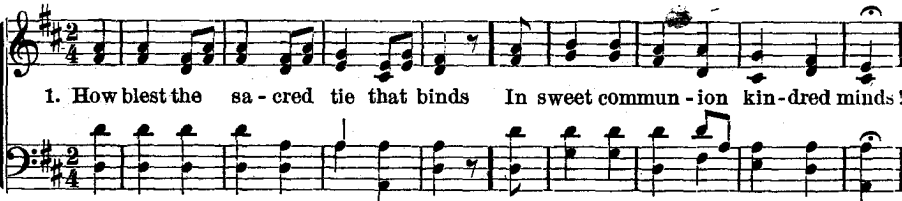
- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head  
From dust, from darkness, and the dead!  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
Thy glories shall the world confess.
- 3 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruin shall repair,  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

*Philip Doddridge.*

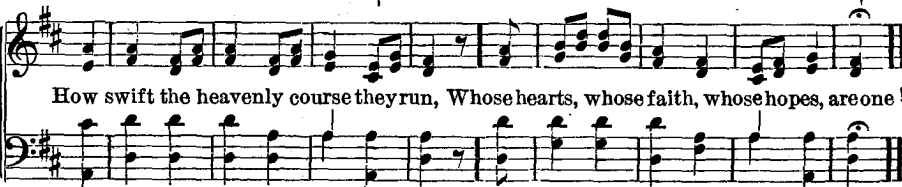
1013

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds In sweet commun - ion kin - dred minds!



How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!  
What tender love! what holy fear!  
How does the generous flame within  
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and human woe;

- Their ardent prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place  
Where God reveals his shining face;  
How high, how strong, their raptures swell  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

*Anna Barbauld.*

1. Howsweet, how heavenly is the sight When those that love the Lord

In one an - oth - er's peace de-light, And thus ful - fill his word.

179, 396, 147.

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flows ;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is a golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above,  
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love.

*Joseph Swain.*

1015

201, 794, 308.

- 1 Lo! what an entertaining sight  
Those friendly brethren prove  
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite  
Of harmony and love!
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the  
spring,  
Descend on every soul ;  
And heavenly peace with balmy wing  
Shades and revives the whole.
- 3 'T is pleasant as the morning dews  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distill.

*Anon.*

1016

179, 114, 354.

- 1 LORD, in thy presence here we meet,  
May we in thee be found ;  
O, make the place divinely sweet,  
And let thy grace abound.
- 2 With harmony thy servants bless,  
That we may show to thee  
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 't is  
When brethren all agree.
- 3 May Zion's good be kept in view,  
And bless our feeble aim,  
That all we undertake to do,  
May glorify thy name.

*Anon.*

1017

399, 794, 354.

- 1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,  
Who joins us by his grace ;  
And bids us, each to each restored,  
Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up ;  
And gathered into one,  
To our high calling's glorious hope  
We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows  
We all delight to prove ;  
The grace through every vessel flows  
In purest streams of love.
- 4 And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What hight of rapture shall we know  
When round his throne we meet!

*Charles Wesley.*

1. Our God is love, and all his saints His im - age bear be - low ;

The heart with love to God in - spired, With love to man will glow.

179, 201, 114.

- 2 Our heavenly Father, Lord, thou art,  
Thy favored children we ;  
O may we love each other here  
As we are loved by thee !
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same ;  
With bonds of grace our hearts unite,  
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain, contentious world  
See how true Christians love,  
And glorify our Saviour's grace,  
And seek that grace to prove.

*Anon.*

## 1019

175, 395, 208.

- 1 CHURCH of the ever-living God,  
The Father's gracious choice,  
Amid the voices of this earth  
How feeble is thy voice !
- 2 A little flock !—so called by Him  
Who bought thee with his blood ;  
A little flock, disowned of men,  
But owned and loved of God.
- 3 Not many rich or noble ones,  
Not many great or wise ;  
They whom God makes his kings and  
priests  
Are poor in human eyes.
- 4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length,  
Their feeble days are o'er,  
No more a handful in the earth,  
A little flock no more.

- 5 No more a lily among thorns,  
Weary and faint and few ;  
But countless as the stars of heaven,  
Or as the early dew.
- 6 Then entering the eternal halls  
In robes of victory,  
That mighty multitude shall keep  
The joyous jubilee.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 1020

399, 794, 354.

- 1 O, it is joy for those to meet  
Whom one communion blends,  
Council to hold in converse sweet,  
And talk as Christian friends.
- 2 'Tis joy to think the angel train,  
Who in heaven's temple shine,  
To seek our earthly temples deign,  
And in our anthems join.
- 3 But chief 'tis joy to think that He  
To whom his church is dear,  
Delights her gathered flock to see,  
Her joint devotions hear.
- 4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,  
While here such joys are given ?  
"This is indeed the house of God,  
And this the gate of heaven !"
- 5 And if on earth a scene like this  
Our mortal love inspires,  
'T will be more sweet to taste the bliss  
Of heaven's pure desires.

*Anon.*

1021

SHIRLAND, S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord,—The house of thine a - bode,—

The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

810, 568, 236.

- 2 I love thy church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend,  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,—  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

*Timothy Dwight.**John Fawcett.*

1022

688, 266, 89.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—  
Our comforts, and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 1 LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found,  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And every heart is love.
- 4 And, till we reach that place,  
Our daily prayer shall be  
That we may dwell before thee, Lord,  
In love and unity.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

1024

UNION. 8s & 7s. 6L

ENGLISH.  
Fine.

1. Brethren, let us walk to - geth - er In the bonds of love and peace;  
D. C.—'Tis in un - ion, 'tis in un - ion Hope and joy and love in - crease.

Can it be a ques - tion wheth - er Breth - ren should from con - flict cease? D. C.

905, 283.

2 While we journey homeward, let us  
Help each other on the road;  
Foes on every side beset us,  
Snares through all the way are strew'd;  
It behoves us  
Each to bear a brother's load.

3 When we think how much our Father  
Has forgiven and does forgive,  
Brethren, we should learn the rather  
Free from wrath and strife to live,  
Far removing  
All that might offend or grieve.

4 Then let each esteem his brother  
Better than himself to be;  
And let each prefer another,  
Full of love, from envy free;  
Happy are we  
When in this we all agree.

Anon.

1025

905, 772.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,  
Zion, kept by power divine;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine:  
Happy Zion,—  
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,  
Mothers cease their own to cherish,  
Heaven and earth at last remove;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
But can never cease to love thee;  
Thou art precious in his sight:  
God is with thee,—  
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

1026

[Tune, Martyn, No. 771.]

7s. D.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine;  
Give we all with one accord  
Glory to our common Lord;  
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
Sing as in the ancient days,  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive,  
Let the purer flame revive,  
Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
Dying champions for their God:  
We like them may live and love;  
Called we are their joys to prove,  
Saved with them from future wrath,  
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we, then, in Jesus' name,  
Now as yesterday the same;  
One in every time and place,  
Full of love, and truth, and grace:  
We for Christ, our Master, stand,  
Lights in a benighted land;  
We our dying Lord confess;  
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Charles Wesley.

1027

NUREMBERG. 7s.

JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE.

1. Je - sus, Lord, we look to thee; Let us in thy name a - gree;

Show thy - self the Prince of peace; Bid all strife for - ev - er cease.

821, 457, 720.

2 By thy reconciling love  
Every stumbling-block remove;  
Each to each unite, endear;  
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word  
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear;  
To thy Church the pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
May our daily life express  
Constant love and holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above;  
On the wings of angels fly  
To our mansions in the sky.

*Charles Wesley.*

1028

720, 240, 407.

1 WHILE we walk with God in light,  
God our hearts doth still unite;  
Dearest fellowship we prove,  
Fellowship in Jesus' love:

2 Sweetly each, with each combined,  
In the bonds of duty joined,  
Feels the cleansing blood applied,  
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;  
Cleansed from all unrighteousness;  
Thee the unholy cannot see,  
Make, O make us meet for thee;

4 Every vile affection kill,  
Root out every seed of ill,  
Utterly abolish sin,  
Write thy law of love within.

5 Hence may all our actions flow,  
Love the proof that Christ we know;  
Mutual love the token be,  
Lord, that we belong to thee:

6 Love, thine image, love impart,  
Stamp it now on every heart;  
Only love to us be given;  
Love, the crowning grace of heaven.

*Charles Wesley.*

1029

904, 605, 713.

1 GLOBE be to God above,  
God from whom all blessings flow;  
Make we mention of his love,  
Publish we his praise below:

2 Called together by his grace,  
We are met in Jesus' name;  
See with joy each other's face,  
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

3 More and more let love abound;  
Let us never, never rest,  
Till we are in Jesus found,  
And of paradise possessed.

*Charles Wesley.*



1030

ONIDO, 7s. D.

IGNACE FLEVEL.

1. People of the living God, I have sought the world a - round, Paths of sin and sorrow trod,

Peace and comfort nowhere found. Now to you my spir - it turns—Turns, a fu - gi-

tive un - blest; Brethren, where your al - tar burns, O, re - ceive me in - to rest!

771, 828, 778.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave :  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave ;—  
Mine the God whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.  
" Follow me ! " I know thy voice !  
Jesus, Lord ! thy steps I see ;  
Now I take thy yoke by choice,  
Light thy burden now to me.

*James Montgomery.*

Join us, in one spirit join,  
Let us still receive of thine ;  
Still for more on thee we call,  
Thou who fillest all in all.

- 2 Move, and actuate, and guide,  
Divers gifts to each divide ;  
Placed according to thy will,  
Let us all thy work fulfill ;  
Never from our office move,  
Needful to each other prove,  
Let us daily growth receive,  
More and more in Jesus' live.
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with tender sympathy ;  
Kindly for each other care,  
Every member feel its share.  
Many are we now and one,  
We who Jesus have put on ;  
Names, and sects, and parties fall :  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

*Charles Wesley.*

1031

771, 778, 901.

- 1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,  
Pattern for thy saints below,  
Hear us, who thy nature share,  
Who thy mystic body are.

1032 *440*

TRURO, L. M.

CHARLES BURNBY.

1. "Go, preach my gos-pel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole world my grace receive;

He shall besave who trusts my word, And they condemned who dis-be-lieve.

212, 375, 301.

- 2 "I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands;  
I'm with you till the world shall end;  
All power is vested in my hands;  
I can destroy, and I defend."
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head;  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended Lord.

*Isaac Watts.*

1033

108, 533, 19.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer:  
We plead for those who plead for thee;  
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 O clothe their words with power divine,  
And let those words be ever thine;  
To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them the souls of men to gain;  
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

1034

307, 316, 343,

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye  
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;  
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,  
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?
- 2 The love of Christ doth me constrain  
To seek the wandering souls of men;  
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—  
To snatch them from the open grave.
- 3 For this let men revile my name;  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:  
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain:  
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 4 My life, my blood, I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent;  
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord;  
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

*Johann F. Winkler.*

1035

136, 365, 47.

- 1 Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim  
Salvation through Immanuel's name;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more,—  
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,  
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

*Anon.*

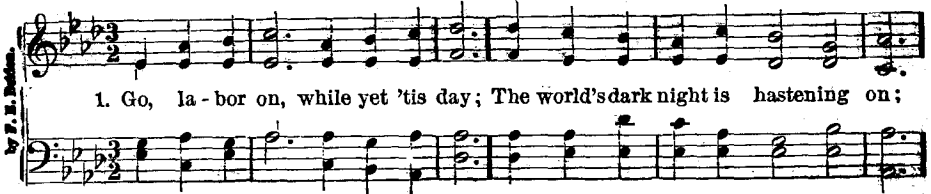
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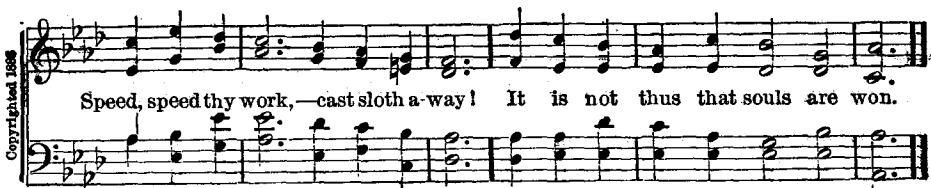
OAKLAND. L. M.

F. E. BEBBS.

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1. Go, la-bor on, while yet 'tis day; The world's dark night is hastening on;



Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth a-way! It is not thus that souls are won.

212, 301, 536.

- 2 Men die in darkness at your side  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:  
Take up the torch and wave it wide—  
The torch that lights time's thickest  
gloom.
- 3 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray!  
Be wise the erring soul to win,  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 4 Go, labor on: your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!  
*Horatius Bonar.*

1037

973, 136, 47.

- 1 HOLD up thy light, O child of grace!  
Be not afraid to let it shine  
On all around, but rather fear  
To hide this precious light divine.
- 2 Hold up thy light! Thou canst not tell,  
However feeble be its ray,  
But some poor soul may catch its beam,  
And by it find the narrow way.
- 3 Hold up thy light with steady hand,  
Though it be faint! Who does not know,  
Where darkness reigns, how far and clear  
Even a little light will show?
- 4 Hold up thy light! 'Tis God's command,  
And till with thee time cease to roll,  
His voice thou canst not disobey  
But at the peril of thy soul.

Anon.

1038

108, 365, 19.

- 1 Go, messenger of peace and love,  
To people plunged in shades of night;  
Like angels sent from fields above  
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 Go to the hungry, food impart;  
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;  
And lead the thirsty, panting heart  
Where streams of living water glide.
- 3 O, faint not in the day of toil;  
When harvest waits the reaper's hand,  
Go gather in the glorious spoil,  
And joyous in his presence stand.
- 4 Thy love a rich reward shall find  
From Him who sits enthroned on high;  
For they who turn the erring mind  
Shall shine like stars above the sky.  
*Balfour.*

1039

538, 301, 914.

- 1 O LORD, how full of sweet content  
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!  
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,  
At home, abroad, on land or sea.
- 2 To us remains nor place nor time:  
Our country is in every clime:  
We can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with our God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.  
*William Cowper.*

1040

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

810, 558, 236.

- 2 How charming is their voice,  
So sweet the tidings are:  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here!"
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light;  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight!
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

*Isaac Watts.*

1041

89, 236, 762.

- 1 AND though our bodies part,  
To different climes afar,  
Still ever joined as one in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 O let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below;  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To further conquests go.
- 3 The vineyard of the Lord  
Before his laborers lies,  
And lo! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.

- 4 O that our heart and mind  
May evermore ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labors end;
- 5 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain!  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.
- 6 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.

*Charles Wesley.*

1042

762, 736, 89.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait;  
Our wants are in thy view;  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more,  
To spread thy truth abroad;  
And let them speak thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.
- 4 O let them spread thy name,  
Their mission fully prove;  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all redeeming love.

*Charles Wesley.*

1043

WATTS, S. M.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. God of the prophet's power! God of the gospel's sound! Move glo - rious on; send

out thy voice To all the na - tions round, To all the na - tions round.

558, 11, 266.

- 2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,  
We bless thee for thy word;  
We praise thee for the joyful news  
Which our glad ears have heard.
- 3 O may we treasure well  
The counsels that we hear,  
Till righteousness and holy joy  
In all our hearts appear.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,  
And give it large increase;  
May neither storms, nor rocks, nor thorns,  
Prevent the fruits of peace.
- 5 And though we sow in tears,  
Yet we at last shall come,  
And gather in our sheaves with joy  
At heaven's great harvest home.

Anon.

1044

1040, 810, 558.

- 1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,  
And gird you for the toil!  
The dew of promise from the skies  
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go where the sick recline,  
Where mourning hearts deplore;  
And where the sons of sorrow pine,  
Dispense your hallowed store.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above,  
With prayer, your constant guest;  
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love  
A mantle round your breast.

- 4 So shall you share the wealth  
That earth may ne'er despoil,  
And the blest gospel's saving health  
Repay your arduous toil.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

1045

558, 762, 584.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain:  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.
- 4 Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

1046

558, 732.

- 1 THE harvest dawn is near,  
The year delays not long,  
And he who sows with many a tear  
Shall reap with many a song.
- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,  
His seed with weeping leaves;  
But he shall come at twilight's close,  
And bring his golden sheaves.

George Burgess.

CH 445

1632

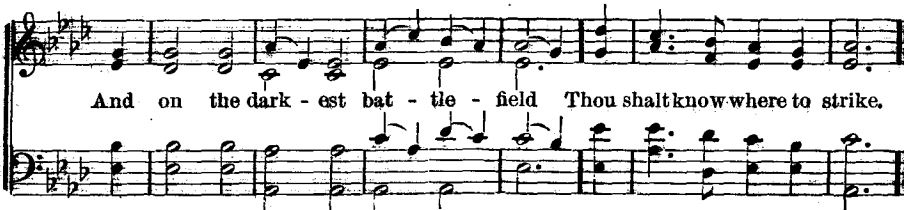
1047

HUMMEL, C. M.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER.



1. Work-man of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;



And on the dark - est bat - tle - field Thou shalt know where to strike.

111, 399, 598.

- 2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when he  
Is most invisible.
- 3 Blest too is he who can divine  
Where truth and justice lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
• Wrong to man's blinded eye.
- 4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God;  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee his road.
- 5 For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

1048

207, 114, 204.

- 1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed  
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.
- 3 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

1849-1853 Frederick W. Faber.

1049

1071, 114, 669.

- 1 IN these our days exalt thy grace,  
Thy precious gospel spread;  
That for the travail of thy soul  
Thou mayst behold thy seed.
- 2 O may thy knowledge fill the earth!  
Increase the number still  
Of those who in thy word believe,  
And do thy holy will.
- 3 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare  
To follow thy command,  
To execute thy utmost aim,  
And in thy presence stand.

Countess Zinzendorf.

1050

399, 179, 308.

- 1 Go forth on wings of faith and prayer,  
Ye pages bright with love;  
Though mute, the joyful tidings bear—  
Salvation from above.
- 2 Go, tell the sinful, careless soul  
The warning God has given;  
Go, make the wounded spirit whole,  
With healing balm from heaven.
- 3 Go to the rude, the dark, the poor,  
That live estranged from God;  
Bid them the pearl of price secure,  
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 4 O Jesus, Friend of dying men,  
Thy presence we implore;  
Without thy blessing all is vain;  
Be with us evermore.

Anon.

Thomas Hastings.

1051

MONKLAND, 7s.

JOHN B. WILKES.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise; Gird you with your ar-mor bright;  
Might-y are your en-e-mies, Hard the bat-tle you must fight;

904, 605, 821.

- 2 O'er a faithless, fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky,  
Let it float there, wide unfurled,  
Bear it onward, lift it high.
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living world,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

- 4 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,  
Comfort troubles, banish grief;  
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief:
- 5 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Bear it bravely still abroad,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

*Charles Wesley.*

1052

FISK, 7s.

UNKNOWN.

1. Few in num-ber, lit-tle flock, Safe be-neath your guard-ian Beck;  
Fear not, arm you for the fight; God will bless you with his might.

720, 407, 904.

- 2 If you faint not, you shall reap;  
Israel's God the seed doth keep;  
Brave the foe, proclaim the word,  
Sons and daughters of the Lord.

- 3 You who by the truth are sealed,  
By God's grace to you revealed,  
Should you dare to keep it back,  
You the rich reward may lack.

*Anon.*

1053

LIFE'S HARVEST. 7s &amp; 6s. D.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Ho! reap-ers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusty blade, Un - til the night draws round thee;  
D. S.—*The gold - en morn is passing,*

*Fine.* And day begins to fade? Why stand ye i - dle, waiting For reap-ers more to come?  
*Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?*

D. S.

833, 246.

- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,  
And gather in the grain;  
The night is fast approaching,  
And soon will come again.  
The Master calls for reapers,  
And shall he call in vain?  
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,  
And waste upon the plain?
- 3 Come down from hill and mountain,  
In morning's ruddy glow,  
Nor wait until the dial  
Points to the noon below;  
And come with the strong sinew,  
Nor faint in heat or cold;  
And pause not till the evening  
Draws round its wealth of gold.
- 4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,  
And crush each error low;  
Keep back no words of knowledge  
That human hearts should know.  
Be faithful to thy mission,  
In service of thy Lord,  
And soon a golden chaplet  
Will be thy rich reward.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1054

833, 367,

- 1 Ho! idlers in the vineyard,  
Why wasting all the day?  
The Master soon is coming  
To bear the fruit away;

Then closed will be thy mission,  
The harvest will be past  
The summer quickly ended,  
And lost thy soul at last.

- 2 Then rouse thee, idle gleaner;  
Perform the work at hand;  
Be earnest in thy duty,  
And ready at command.  
Fill well the place assigned thee,  
Though hard may seem thy lot;  
With Heaven's approbation,  
Be every ill forgot.
- 3 Soon, on a cloud of glory,  
Thy Saviour will appear,  
All fates gather paleness,  
And nations quake with fear.  
O then thy name he'll honor,  
And for thy service now,  
A crown of fadeless glory  
He'll place upon thy brow.

- 4 A mansion in the city  
Whose glories far outshine  
The sun in noon-day splendor,  
Shall evermore be thine.  
The jasper walls of heaven  
Shall echo thy refrain,—  
The anthem of redemption,  
To Jesus that was slain.

Anon.



1055

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s, D.

LOWELL MASON.

1st. 2d.

1. { From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, } Roll down their gold-en sand, From  
 { Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains (omit.) . . . . . }

many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

833, 998.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile ;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown ;  
 The heathen in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,—  
 Can we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation, O, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has heard Messiah's name.

Reginald Heber

1056

17446

WORK. 7s & 6s. P.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling,  
*D. S. — Work, for the night is com - ing,*

Fine.

D. S.

Work 'mid springing flowers. Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;  
*When man's work is done.*

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor;  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,—  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

Sidney Dyer.

1. { When faint and wea-ry toil-ing, The sweat-drops on my brow, I long to rest from la-bor, To  
There comes a gen-tle child-ing, To quell each mourning sigh: "Work (*emst.*)

2d. Chorus.  
drop the burden now, — while the day is shining; There's resting by-and-by." Rest-ing by-and-by, There's

rest-ing by-and-by; We shall not al-ways la-bor, We shall not al-ways cry; The end is draw-ing

near-er, The end for which we sigh; We'll lay our hear-y bur-dens down; There's resting by-and-by.

- 2 This life to toil is given,  
And he improves it best  
Who seeks by patient labor  
To enter into rest;  
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,  
Press on, the goal is nigh;  
The prize is straight before thee;  
There's resting by-and-by.
- 3 Nor ask when, overburdened,  
You long for friendly aid,  
"Why idle stands my brother,  
No yoke upon him laid?"

- The Master bids him tarry,  
And dare you ask him why?  
"Go labor in my vineyard,  
There's resting by-and-by."
- 4 Wan reaper in the harvest,  
Let this thy strength sustain,  
Each sheaf that fills the garner  
Brings you eternal gain;  
Then bear the cross with patience,  
To fields of duty hie;  
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus; —  
There's resting by-and-by.

Sidney Dyer.

1058

STANLEY. 8s &amp; 7s. 6L.

J. STANLEY.

1. In the vine-yard of our Fa-ther Dai-ly work we find to do;  
 Seat-tered glean-ings we may gath-er, Though we are but young and few;  
 Lit-tle clus-ters, lit-tle clus-ters Help to fill the gar-nets too.

905, 857, 283.

- 2 Toiling early in the morning,  
 Catching moments through the day,  
 Nothing small or lowly scorning  
 While we work, and watch, and pray;  
 Gathering gladly  
 Free-will offerings by the way.
- 3 Not for selfish praise or glory,  
 Nor for things of transient worth,  
 But to send the blessed story  
 Of the gospel o'er the earth,  
 Telling mortals  
 Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
- 4 Up and ever at our calling,  
 Till in death our lips are dumb,  
 Or till—sin's dominion falling—  
 Christ shall in his kingdom come,  
 And his children  
 Reach their everlasting home.
- 5 Steadfast then, in our endeavor,  
 Heavenly Father, may we be;  
 And forever and forever,  
 We will give the praise to thee;  
 Alleluia,  
 Singing all eternity.

1059

905, 296, 772.

- 1 SPEED thy servants, Saviour, speed them;  
 Thou art Lord of winds and waves:  
 They were bound, but thou hast freed  
 them;  
 Now they go to free the slaves;  
 Be thou with them;  
 'T is thine arm alone that saves.
- 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,  
 Lord, they go at thy command;  
 As their stay thy promise taking,  
 While they traverse sea and land:  
 O, be with them;  
 Lead them safely by the hand.
- 3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
 And they seem to toil in vain,  
 Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
 Then their sinking hopes sustain;  
 Thus supported,  
 Let their zeal revive again.
- 4 In the midst of opposition  
 Let them trust, O Lord, in thee;  
 When success attends their mission,  
 Let thy servants humble be;  
 Never leave them,  
 Till thy face in heaven they see.

Anon.

Thomas Kelly.

1. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An-gel, on-ward speed; Shed a-broad thy ra-diant light,  
D. S.—Spread the gos-pel's ho-ly trust,

*Fine.*  
Bid the shades re-code; Tread the i-dols in the dust, Hea-then fanes de-stroy,  
*D. S.*  
Spread the gos-pel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward haste;  
Quickly on each mountain's hight  
Be thy standard placed;  
Let thy blissful tidings float  
Far o'er vales and hills,  
Till the sweetly-echoing note  
Every bosom thrills.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward fly;  
Long has been the reign of night;  
Bring the morning nigh;  
'T is to thee the heathen lift  
Their imploring wail;  
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,  
Ere their courage fail.

4 Ours to sow the seed in sorrow,  
Thine to bid it spring and grow;  
And the golden days of autumn  
Will a precious harvest show.

1062 [Tune, Greenville, No. 844.] 8s & 7s. D.

1 LORD of glory! thou hast bought us,  
With thy life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging, for the lost ones,  
That tremendous sacrifice;—  
And, with that, hast freely given  
Blessings, countless as the sand,  
To the thoughtless and the evil,  
With thine own unsparing hand.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield thee  
Gladly, freely, of thine own;  
With the sunshine of thy goodness,  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone,  
Till our cold and selfish natures,  
Warmed by thee, at length believe  
That more happy and more blessed  
'T is to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given  
To our humblest charity,  
In thine own mysterious sentence,—  
"Ye have done it unto me!"  
Give us faith to trust thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our souls on thee;  
But, O,—best of all thy graces—  
Give us thine own charity.

1061 [Tune, Stockwell, No. 162.] 8s & 7s. D.

1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever by still waters  
Would we idly, quiet stay,  
But would smite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings, be our guide;  
Through endeavor, hardship, danger,  
Father, be thou at our side!

1063

RATHBUN. 8s &amp; 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear - ing precious seed in love,

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleeping, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.

277, 92, 1256.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
Bright the rays celestial shine;  
Precious fruits will thus be given  
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
Let no fears thy soul annoy;  
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!  
See the rising grain appear;  
Look again! the fields are whitening,  
For the harvest time is near.

*Thomas Hastings.*

1064

162, 92, 130.

1 CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 't is thrown away;  
God himself saith, "Thou shalt gather  
It again some future day."

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Wildly though the billows roll,  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted  
That thou sowest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sow with liberal hand.

5 Give them freely of thy substance;  
O'er his cause the Lord doth reign:  
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,  
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

*Amen.*

1065

162, 130, 277.

1 WITH my substance I will honor  
My Redeemer and my Lord;  
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation  
His abounding grace proclaim,  
Let his friends, of every station,  
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,  
Let the earth her Monarch know;  
Be my all to him devoted;  
To my Lord my all I owe.

*Benjamin Francis*

1066

277, 162, 534.

1 VAIN were all our toil and labor,  
Did not God that labor bless;  
Vain, without his grace and favor,  
Every talent we possess.

2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,  
That on human strength relies;  
But to him shall help be given  
Who in humble faith applies.

3 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;  
He shall grant us peace and rest:  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,  
Who through Christ his prayer ad - dressed.

*Harriet Auber.*

1067

TRENT. 8s &amp; 7s. D.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Lift the voice and sound the trum - pet, Watch - er on the moun-tain high,t

*f* Roll the clar - ion notes a - round thee, Shout, as fleets the pass - ing night.  
D. S. - Cry a - loud, "Be - hold the dawn-ing!" Rouse, and gird to meet the foe!

Fine.

D. S.  
Lift the voice in words of warn - ing, Wake the slumbering hosts be - low,

132, 844, 501.

2 Lift the voice!—Lo, weak and dying,  
Warriors, struggling, faint and fall;  
Bid them fight! on God relying;  
Jesus comes to conquer all!  
Lift the voice in notes of gladness,  
Ring the shout along the sky,  
Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness,  
Sing! rejoice! your God is nigh.

3 Lift the voice like music blended  
With heart-healing minstrelsy;  
Cry, thy warfare now is ended;  
Lo, thy Saviour comes to thee!  
Soon beyond time's night of sadness,  
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing;  
Eye to eye shall see with gladness,  
When the Lord shall Zion bring.

Anon.

2 Brother, you may pray for Jesus,  
In your closet and at home,  
In the village, in the city,  
Or wherever you may roam;  
Pray that he will send the Spirit  
Into some dear sinner's heart,  
And that in his soul's salvation  
You may bear some humble part.

3 Brother, you may sing for Jesus;  
O how precious is his love!  
Praise him for his boundless blessings,  
Ever coming from above;  
Sing how Jesus died to save you,  
How your sin and guilt he bore,  
How his blood hath sealed your pardon,—  
Sing for Jesus evermore.

1068

844, 501, 499.

1 BROTHER, you may work for Jesus;  
God has given you a place  
In some portion of his vineyard,  
And will give sustaining grace.  
He has bidden you to labor,  
And has promised a reward—  
Even joy and life eternal  
In the kingdom of your Lord.

4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,  
Him who died that you might live;  
O, then all your ransomed powers  
To his service freely give;  
Thus for Jesus you may labor,  
And for Jesus sing and pray;  
Consecrate your life to Jesus—  
Love and serve him every day.

Anon.

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1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus call-ing,—"Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the har-vest wait-ing;  
D. S.—Who will answer, gladly say-ing,

Fine. D. S.

Who will bear the sheaves a-way?" Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free;  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me"?

501, 844, 132.

- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say he died for all.
- 3 If you cannot be the watchman,  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all;  
With your prayers and with your bounties  
You can do what heaven demands,  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 4 While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you,  
Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do!"  
Gladly take the task he gives you,  
Let his work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when he calleth,  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boat away.

- 2 If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitude go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

- 3 If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command,  
If you cannot to'ard the needy  
Reach an ever-open hand,  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep,  
You can be a true disciple  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

- 4 If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden  
Oft some careless reaper leaves;  
Go and glean among the briers,  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that the shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

"Your Mission" Daniel March.  
501, 503, 350. 1860

1070

- 1 If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,

Ellen H. Gates.

1860

1071

DENFIELD, C. M.

CARL G. GLASER.

1. Bu-ried be-neath the yielding wave The great Re-deem-er lies;

Faith views him in the watery grave, And thence beholds him rise.

179, 724, 204.

- 2 Thus do these willing souls to-day  
Their ardent zeal express,  
And in the Lord's appointed way  
Fulfill all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,  
And would his cause maintain;  
Like him be numbered with the dead,  
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,  
And drives our fears away;  
When he commands, and strength imparts,  
We cheerfully obey.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

1072

399, 114, 943.

- 1 WHILE in this sacred rite of thine  
Ourselves we offer now,  
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,  
And seal the cheerful vow.
- 2 All glory be to Him whose life  
For ours was freely given,  
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,  
And makes us meet for heaven.
- 3 To thee we gladly now resign  
Our life and all our powers;  
Accept us in this rite divine,  
And bless these hallowed hours.
- 4 O may we die to earth and sin,  
Beneath the mystic flood;  
And when we rise, may we begin  
To live anew for God.

*S. F. Smith.*

1073

399, 201, 395.

- 1 LET plenteous grace descend on those  
Who, hoping in thy word,  
This day have solemnly declared  
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
And run the Christian race,  
And, through the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,  
That we thy life may prove:  
Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
And of thy crown above.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, love divine,  
Thy grace to us be given;  
To a new life our souls incline,  
A life for God and heaven.

*Anon.*

1074

80, 179, 395.

- 1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer  
We now devote to thee:  
Let them thy covenant mercies share,  
And thy salvation see.
- 2 In early days their hearts secure  
From worldly snares, we pray;  
And let them to the end endure  
In every righteous way.
- 3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live  
In holy faith and fear;  
And then to heaven do thou receive,  
And bring our children there.

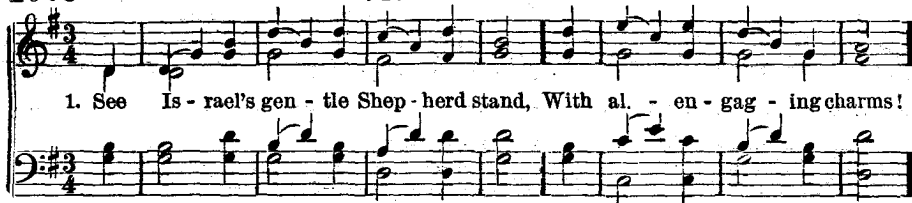
*Edward Bickersteth.*



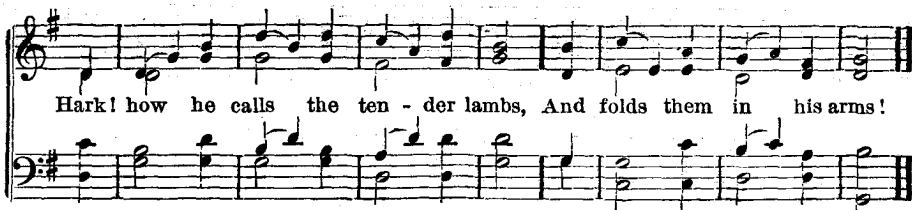
1075

PEORIA. C. M.

UNKNOWN.



1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand, With al - en - gag - ing charms!



Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

1071, 120, 354.

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 't was to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock! with pleasure hear,—  
Ye children! seek his face;  
And fly, with transport, to receive  
The blessings of his grace.

*Philip Doddridge.*

1076

366, 598, 523.

- 1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,  
Our souls to sin must die;  
With Christ our Lord we live anew,  
With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There by his Father's side he sits,  
Enthroned divinely fair;  
Yet owns himself our Brother still,  
And our fore-runner there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise  
On wings of faith and love;  
Above, our choicest treasure lies,—  
And be our hearts above.
- 4 Let not earth's pleasures draw us down;  
Lord, give us strength to rise,  
And through thy strong, attractive power,  
At last to gain the prize.

*Anon.*

1077

724, 354, 204.

- 1 PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,  
This day, with one accord,  
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,  
We yield to thee, O Lord.
- 2 Joined in one body may we be,  
One inward life partake,  
One be our heart, one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
One wisdom be our guide;  
Taught by one Spirit from above,  
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Around this feeble, trusting band  
Thy sheltering pinions spread,  
Nor let the storms of trial beat  
Too fiercely on our head.
- 5 Then, when among the saints in light,  
We all immortal shine,  
Anthems of everlasting praise,  
Dear Saviour, shall be thine.

*S. F. Smith.*

1078

179, 1071, 933.

- 1 "FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,  
"But suffer them to come;"  
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,  
And unbelief was dumb.
- 2 Lord, we believe, and we obey;  
We bring them at thy word;  
Be thou our children's strength and stay,  
Their portion and reward.

*Thomas Hastings.*

1. Blest Sav-iour, we thy will o- bey;—Not of constraint, but with de-light,

Thy servants hith-er come to-day To hon-or thine ap-point-ed rite.

624, 431, 538.

- 2 With faith in thy best name we come,  
The Spirit's cleansing power confess;  
O Saviour, from thy heavenly home  
Confirm the covenant of thy grace!
- 3 Descend, descend, Celestial Dove,  
On these dear followers of the Lord;  
Exalted Head of all the church,  
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 4 Let faith, assisted now by signs,  
The wonders of thy love explore;  
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,  
Let them depart and sin no more.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

## 1080

136, 347, 932.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,  
On these baptismal waters shine,  
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,  
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,  
And joyfully embrace thy cause;  
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
- 3 We sink beneath the mystic flood;  
O bathe us in thy cleansing blood!  
We die to sin, and seek a grave  
With thee, beneath the yielding wave;
- 4 And, as we rise, with thee to live,  
O let the Holy Spirit give  
The sealing unction from above,  
The breath of life, the fire of love.

*Adoniram Judson.*

## 1081

914, 927, 108.

- 1 How blest the hour when first we gave  
Our guilty souls to thee, O God!  
A cheerful sacrifice of love,  
Bought with the Saviour's precious  
blood.
- 2 How blest the vows we here record!  
How blest the grace we here receive!  
Buried—to rise with Christ our Lord,  
New lives of holiness to live.
- 3 How blest the solemn rite that seals  
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven!  
How blest the emblem that reveals  
God reconciled, and peace with heaven!
- 4 Thus through the emblematic grave  
The glorious suffering Saviour trod;  
Thou art our Pattern, through the wave  
We follow thee, blest Son of God.

*S. F. Smith.*

## 1082

331, 431, 914.

- 1 OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,  
And meekly sought a watery grave;  
Come, see the sacred path he trod—  
A path well pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,  
And hither come to seek his face,  
To do his will, to feel his love,  
And join our songs with those above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!  
Let endless glories round him shine;  
High o'er the heavens forever reign,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

*Adoniram Judson.*

1083

DEVIZES. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.

1. Meek-ly in Jor-dan's ho-ly stream The great Re-deem-er bowed; Bright was the

glo-ry's sa-cred beam That hushed the wondering crowd, That hushed the wondering crowd.

1071, 201, 204.

2 Thus God descended to approve  
The deed that Christ had done;  
Thus came the emblematic Dove,  
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day  
To our baptismal scene;  
Let thoughts of earth be far away,  
And every mind serene.

S. F. Smith.

1084

385, 354, 114.

1 BURIED with Christ! yes, thus we lie  
Immersed beneath the wave;  
So he, the Saviour from on high,  
Found on this earth his grave.

2 We rise with him! to live anew  
A holy life of faith,  
Believing what this brings to view,  
And what the Scripture saith.

Anon.

1085

AUBER. 8s & 7s.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Lord, in hum-ble, sweet sub-mis-sion, Here we meet to fol-low thee,

Trust-ing in thy great sal-va-tion, Which a-lone can make us free.

2 Naught have we to claim as merit;  
All the duties we can do  
Can no crown of life inherit;  
All the praise to thee is due

3 Yet we come in Christian duty,  
Down beneath the wave to go;  
O the bliss! the heavenly beauty!  
Christ the Lord was buried so.

Robert T. Daniel.

1086

DENNIS. S. M.

JOHANN G. NAGELL



1. With will - ing hearts we tread The path the Sav - our trod;



We love th'ex - am - ple of our Head, The glo - rious Lamb of God.

732, 1040, 736.

- 2 On thee, on thee alone,  
Our hope and faith rely,  
O thou who wilt for sin atone,  
Who didst for sinners die!
- 3 We trust thy sacrifice,  
To thy dear cross we flee;  
O may we die to sin, and rise  
To life and bliss in thee.

*Anon.*

1087

1040, 558, 736.

- 1 HERE, Saviour, we would come  
In thine appointed way;  
Obedient to thy high commands,  
Our solemn vows we pay.
- 2 O bless this sacred rite,  
To bring us near to thee;  
And may we find that as our day  
Our strength may also be.
- 3 As through the world we go,  
So full of care and sin,  
May we by word and action show  
That Jesus reigns within.

*English Baptist Collection.*

1088

558, 732, 236.

- 1 DOWN to the sacred wave  
The Lord of life was led;  
And he who came our souls to save,  
In Jordan bowed his head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way;  
He fixed the holy rite;  
He bade his ransomed ones obey,  
And keep the path of light.

- 3 Blest Saviour, we will tread  
In thine appointed way;  
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,  
And smile on us to-day.

*S. F. Smith.*

1089

610, 403, 732.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,  
Thy pure example bless;  
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,  
Would in thy footsteps press.
- 2 Not to the fiery pains  
By which the martyrs bled;  
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,  
Our favored feet are led:
- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,  
Assembled in thy fear,  
The homage of obedient hearts  
We humbly offer here.

*L. H. Sigourney.*

1090

1040, 732, 30.

- 1 CHOOSE ye his cross to bear  
Who bowed in Jordan's wave?—  
Clad in his armor will ye dare,  
In faith, a watery grave?
- 2 All hail! ye blessed band,  
Shrink not to do his will;  
In deep humility this work  
Of righteousness fulfill;—
- 3 Tread in his steps, with prayer  
Invoke his Spirit free,  
And as he burst the gates of death  
So may our rising be.

*L. H. Sigourney.*

1091

[Tune, Martyn, No. 771.]

7s. D.

1 CHRIST, who came my soul to save,  
Entered Jordan's yielding wave,  
Rose from out the crystal flood,  
Owned and sealed the Son of God  
By the Father's voice of love,  
By the heaven-descending dove;  
Saviour, Pattern, guide for me,  
I, like him, baptized would be.

2 In the garden, o'er his soul  
Sorrow's whelming waves did roll;  
And on Calvary's cruel tree,  
Jesus bowed in death for me.  
I with him am crucified;  
All my hope is—he hath died;  
At his feet my place I take,  
Bear the cross for his dear sake.

3 In the new-made tomb he lay,  
Taking all its dread away;  
Burst he through its rock-bound door,  
Glorious now and evermore.  
I with Christ would buried be  
In this rite required of me,—  
Rising from the mystic flood,  
Living hence anew to God.

S. D. Phelps.

1092

[Tune, Chardon, No. 236.]

C. P. M.

1 SALEM's bright King, Jesus by name,  
In ancient time to Jordan came,  
All righteousness to fill;  
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,  
Whose name was John, a man of God,  
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream  
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,  
And there did him baptize;  
Jehovah saw his holy Son,  
And was well pleased in what he'd done,  
And owned him from the skies.

3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries;  
On him, to rest, the Spirit flies;  
O children, hear ye him!  
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries:  
"Repent, believe, and be baptized,  
And Christ will save from sin."

Anon.

1093

[Tune, Shining Shore, No. 496.] 8s & 7s. P.

1 THIS rite our blest Redeemer gave  
To all in him believing;  
He bids us seek this hallowed grave,  
To his example cleaving.

CHORUS.

I'll follow then my glorious Lord,  
Whate'er the ties I sever;  
He saves my soul, he's left his word  
To guide me now and ever.

2 For me the cross and shame to bear,  
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;  
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,  
All righteousness fulfilling.

3 Jesus, to thee I yield my all;  
In thy kind arms infold me;  
My heart is fixed,—no fears appall,  
Thy gracious power shall hold me.

Anon.

1094

[Tune, Promise, No. 772.] 8s & 7s. 6l.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee;  
Purchased by thy precious blood,  
We present ourselves before thee,  
Now to walk the narrow road:  
Saviour, guide us—  
Guide us to the throne of God.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;  
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;  
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty  
From the semblance of the grave:  
We would follow  
Thee, who from our sins wilt save.

Anon.

1095

[Tune, Webb, No. 833.]

7s & 6s. D.

1 'Tis down into the water  
Where we believers go,  
To serve our Lord and Master  
In righteous acts below;  
We lay our mortal bodies  
Beneath the yielding wave,  
An emblem of the Saviour  
When he lay in the grave.

2 The light of truth is spreading,  
And shining now for thee;  
And sweet its notes are sounding  
To set the captive free;  
And while this glorious message  
Is spreading far around,  
Some souls exposed to ruin,  
Redeeming grace have found.

Anon.

1. Our Saviour, meek and low - ly, came, And taught his flock to be the same;

He an ex - am - ple set, that they Might will-ing-ly his word o - bey.

914, 431, 316.

- 2 For on that night he was betrayed,  
He for us all a pattern laid:  
Before his supper he did eat,  
He rose and washed his brethren's feet.
- 3 'T was Christ, the Lord of earth and sky!  
He laid his royal garments by,  
And washed their feet, to show that we  
Should always kind and humble be.
- 4 But Peter said: "It shall not be!  
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me!"  
O, that no Christian here may say,  
"I'm too unworthy to obey!"
- 5 "You call me Lord, and Master too:  
Then do as I have done to you;  
All my commands and counsel heed,  
And show your love by word and deed.
- 6 "Ye shall be happy if ye know  
And do these things by faith, below;  
For I'll protect you till I come,  
And then I'll take you to your home."  
*Anon.*

## 1097

932, 212, 136.

- 1 At thy command, O Lord, our hope,  
We come around thy table here;  
We break the bread, we bless the cup,  
That show thy death, till thou appear.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in One that died;  
We hope for heavenly crowns above  
From a Redeemer crucified.

- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And cast their scandals on thy cause!  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,—  
He that was dead hath left the tomb;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

*Isaac Watts.*

## 1098

929, 431, 316.

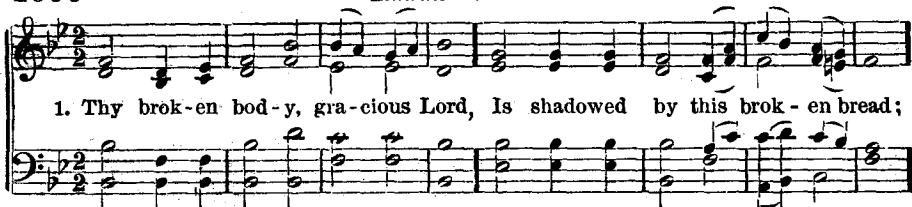
- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son, God's dear delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes:
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed and brake:  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;  
Receive and eat the living food:"  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine:  
" 'T is the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he said, "till time shall end,—  
Meet at my table, and record,  
In memory of your dying Friend,  
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.*

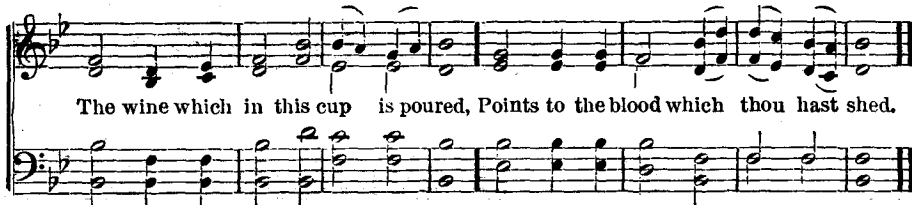
1099

ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Thy brok-en bod-y, gra-cious Lord, Is shadowed by this brok-en bread;



The wine which in this cup is poured, Points to the blood which thou hast shed.

746, 932, 923.

- 2 And while we meet together thus,  
We show that we are one in thee:  
Thy precious blood was shed for us;  
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
- 3 We have one hope—that thou wilt come:  
Thee in the air we wait to see;  
Then thou wilt give thy saints a home,  
And we shall ever reign with thee.

*Anon.*

1100

316, 431, 47.

- 1 THE sun had set on Syria's plain,  
The night had bloomed with stars again,  
When, as his fateful hour drew nigh,  
The Saviour knew that he must die.
- 2 As still drew nigh that hour of dread,  
Wait his disciples pale and sad,  
When he, with love's compassion sweet,  
Knelt lowly down and washed their feet.
- 3 Draw near to us, O Lord, we pray;  
We follow in thy steps to-day;  
Here with thy saints 't is joy to meet,  
And bow, and humbly wash their feet.
- 4 O thou bright King, within whose hand  
The ages glide like grains of sand,  
Now hear us pray that we may be  
All lowly, meek, and pure, like thee.
- 5 And when that glorious morn shall break,  
And at thy voice each sleeper wake,  
Remember us, O Lord, we pray;  
Roll from our grave the stone away!

*Toria A. Buck.*

1101

638, 431, 624.

- 1 'T WAS wondrous depth of heavenly love  
That brought our Saviour from above  
To walk with men, a sinful race,  
To seek and save them by his grace.
- 2 He left his own majestic bliss,  
To sojourn in a world like this;  
Not to be honored as deserved,  
But he was here as one who served.
- 3 He was a true and constant friend;  
He loved his chosen to the end;  
And to impress a lesson meet,  
He washed his dear disciples' feet.
- 4 "Ye call me Lord, and that is true;  
Then do as I have done to you;  
Since 't is your privilege to know,  
You will be happy if you do."

*R. F. Cottrell.*

1102

746, 301, 136.

- 1 IN imitation, Lord, of thee,  
This solemn service we repeat;  
For thine example, full of grace,  
Has made this humble duty sweet.
- 2 Renew each sacred spark of love,  
And vitalize the holy flame;  
May union strong our hearts unite  
While this we do in Jesus' name.
- 3 Our great Example thou shalt be,  
In washing thy disciples' feet;  
And as we follow thy command,  
Make thou our fellowship complete.

*William Brickey.*

1103

WESLEY, C. M.

F. E. BELDRN.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;  
This all my hope and all my plea: "For me the Sav - iour died."

179, 237, 201.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Thou Fount for guilt and sin,  
Apply to me thy precious blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

*Charles Wesley.*

1104

114, 354, 147.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!  
I must remember thee:—

- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,  
Will I remember thee.

*James Montgomery.*

1105

1071, 395, 724.

- 1 LORD, at thy table we behold  
The wonders of thy grace,  
But most of all admire that we  
Should find a welcome place,—
- 2 We, who were all defiled with sin,  
And rebels to our God,—  
We, who have crucified thy Son,  
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,  
That we, so lost, have room!  
Jesus our weary souls invites,  
And freely bids us come.

*Anon.*

1106

354, 581, 889.

- 1 WE ask not for the world's applause,  
Nor ask if they consent;  
For Jesus' word upholds our cause,  
With that we'll rest content.
- 2 Our Lord and Saviour says "we ought"  
To wash each other's feet;  
We will not set aside as naught  
Instruction so complete.
- 3 Then praise to Jesus for his word;  
We'll show his love to each  
Of our dear brethren in the Lord,  
And practice as we preach.

*A. Ford.*



1107

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

UNKNOWN.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged be-

neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

179, 395, 581.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
A golden harp for me!
- 6 There in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Is ransomed from the grave.

*William Cowper.*

1108

114, 395, 175.

- 1 BEHOLD God's own exalted Son,  
Adored by seraphs bright,  
A servant now to men become,  
With men he takes delight.
- 2 Admiring angels wondering view  
The condescending love  
Of him to whom their homage due  
Was offered once above.

- 3 Because he loves, he condescends  
To wash his brethren's feet;  
And leaves example to his friends  
Of lowliness complete.
- 4 Who would reject his offered grace?  
Refuse to bow the knee?  
Disdain to take the humble place,  
Where he has deigned to be?
- 5 Let all who would be like their Lord,  
Accepted in his sight,  
Not only hear, but do his word;  
In doing there's delight.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

1109

179, 201, 354,

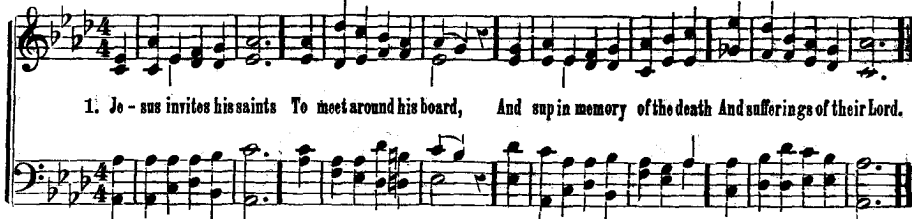
- 1 BEHOLD the Lord of earth and sky  
With his poor followers meet!  
He girds himself as they wait by,  
To humbly wash their feet!
- 2 Didst thou, dear Lord, perform this task  
For men so low as we?  
While we obey, by faith we ask  
To have a part with thee.
- 3 Why should we blush thy will to do?  
Or shrink from following thee?  
We would the sacred scene renew  
Of thy humility.
- 4 Thy blessed promise we would claim,  
As now we humbly ask  
That thy sweet grace may in us frame  
True meekness for our task.

*Anon.*

1110

SCHUMANN. S. M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.



1. Je - sus invites his saints To meet around his board, And sup in memory of the death And sufferings of their Lord.

403, 236, 732.

- 2 We take the bread and wine  
As emblems of thy death ;  
Lord, raise our souls above the sign,  
To feast on thee by faith.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,  
And drinks the living wine ;  
It looks beyond this scene of strife,—  
Unites us to the Vine.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,  
Our Lord will come again ;  
The marriage supper of the Lamb  
Will usher in his reign.

Isaac Watts.

1111

558, 732, 762.

- 1 WITH Jesus in our midst  
We gather round the board ;  
Though many, we are one in Christ,  
One body in the Lord.
- 2 Our sins were laid on him  
When bruised on Calvary ;  
For us he died, and rose again,  
A pledge of victory.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,  
And drinks the living wine ;  
Thus we, in love together knit,  
On Jesus' breast recline.
- 4 Then let our powers unite,  
His glorious name to raise ;  
And holy joy fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

Anon.

1112

89, 236, 266.

- 1 A PARTING hymn we sing,  
Around thy table, Lord ;  
Again our grateful tribute bring,  
Our solemn vows record.

- 2 Here have we seen thy face,  
And felt thy presence here ;  
So may the savor of thy grace  
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of thy blood,  
By sin no longer led,  
The path our dear Redeemer trod  
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the church above,  
And know as we are known.

A. R. Wolfe.

1113

[Tune, Webb, No. 833.]

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 THERE is no work too humble  
For Christian hands to do ;  
There is no path too lowly  
For our feet to pursue ;  
Our blessed Lord and Master  
Was servant unto all ;  
None were too poor and needy  
For him to heed their call.
- 2 If we are his disciples,  
Called by his holy name,  
A portion of his Spirit  
We surely ought to claim.  
And though the task be menial  
Which he for us hath set,  
His own divine example  
We never should forget.
- 3 That he, the High and Holy,  
Whose life-work was complete,  
Should gird himself for labor,  
And wash those humble feet !  
And yet we shrink from duties  
Which seem so far above  
This deed of Christ-like meekness,  
This tender proof of love !

Kate Cameron.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee;  
 D. C.—Be of sin the per-fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side that flowed,

489, 685.

- 2 Should my tears forever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 This, for sin, could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.  
 In my hand no price I bring;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 When my pilgrimage I close,  
 Victor o'er the last of foes,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy Judgment throne,—  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

*Augustus M. Toplady.*

1115

789, 956.

- 1 THOU who on the cross didst make  
 Sacrifice complete for me;  
 Thou who didst for my poor sake  
 Suffer on the cursed tree;  
 Thou didst teach submission sweet  
 Washing thy disciples' feet.
- 2 O my soul! and shalt thou scorn  
 Thus to do as He hath done?—  
 Thou a wretched, dying worm:  
 He the blessed, sinless One!—  
 Gladly would I wash his feet,  
 Bowing in submission sweet.
- 3 Such a joy may not be mine,  
 Thus to prove my love for thee;  
 Such a privilege divine  
 Thou hast never given me;  
 But, in blest submission sweet,  
 I may wash thy servant's feet.

*Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.*

1116

769, 956.

- 1 SAVIOUR of our ruined race,  
 Fountain of redeeming grace,  
 Let us now thy fullness see  
 While we here converse with thee;  
 Hearken to our ardent prayer,  
 Let us all thy blessings share.
- 2 While we thus with glad accord  
 Meet around thy table, Lord,  
 Bid us feast with joy divine  
 On the appointed bread and wine;  
 Emblems may they truly prove  
 Of our Saviour's bleeding love.
- 3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,  
 Yet we seek the heavenly smile;  
 Thou canst all our sins forgive,  
 Thou canst bid us look and live.  
 Lord, we wonder and adore!  
 O, for grace to love thee more!

*Thomas Hastings.*

1117

[Tune, Pleyel, No. 821.]

7s.

- 1 COMING Saviour, now in faith,  
 We remember still thy death;  
 Thou wast broken—thou hast died;  
 For us thou wast crucified.
- 2 While in faith we drink the wine,  
 Of thy blood we see the sign;  
 Wash us pure from every stain,  
 Thou that comest soon to reign.
- 3 Lord, we thus remember thee,  
 But we long thy face to see—  
 Long to reach our heavenly home;  
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

*Anon.*

1118

ILLINOIS, 8s & 7s. D.

UNKNOWN.

1. While in sweet com-mun-ion feed-ing On this earth-ly bread and wine, Sav-our, may we see thee bleed-ing  
D. C.—*Whisper words of peace to cheer us, Every doubt and fear remove, Whisper words of peace to cheer us,*

Fine. D. C.

On the cross, to make us thine. Though un-seen, now be thou near us, With the still small voice of love;  
*Every doubt and fear remove.*

844, 499, 1063.

1119

844, 162, 501.

- 2 Bring before us all the story  
Of thy life, and death of woe;  
And, with hopes of endless glory,  
Wean our hearts from all below.  
Draw us nearer and still nearer  
To thy pierced and bleeding side,  
Till our view of self grows clearer  
In the light of Him who died.

*Edward Denny.*

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.  
His example while beholding,  
May our lives his image bear;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.

*Anon.*

1120

RESTORATION, 8s & 6s. B.

ENGLISH.

1. { Once in Je-ru-sa-lem of old Our Saviour washed their feet } With lowly attitude and mien To them he bowed the knee;  
Who climbed with him Judea's hills, And roved its valleys sweet. }  
D. C.—*Thus showing how love's service blends With meek humility.*

- 2 But far from that low path of grace  
His people since have trod,  
And erring feet have trampled down  
The ordinance of God.  
Come brothers, sisters, let us raise  
This long-forgotten rite;  
Bow each to each with humble minds,  
And walk in duty's light.

- 3 With holy kiss, with words of love,  
With hearts all kind and true,  
We'll banish thoughts of envious pride,  
As Jesus' friends should do.  
Dear Saviour help us keep more near  
The good old Bible ways;  
Head, hands, and feet we pray thee wash,  
That we may speak thy praise.

*T. R. Williamson.*

1. Not worthy, Lord, to gath-er up the crumbs With trembling hand, that from thy table fall,

A wea-ry, heavy - la - den sinner comes To plead thy promise and o - bey thy call.

249, 100.

- 2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,  
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board ;  
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,  
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from thee, my Lord ! one smile,  
one look,  
And I could face the cold, rough world  
again,  
And with that treasure in my heart could  
brook  
The wrath of Satan and the scorn of men.
- 4 I hear thy voice ; thou bidst me come and rest ;  
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierc'd feet ;  
Thou bidst me take my place, a welcome  
guest,  
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

*Edward H. Bickersteth.*

## 1122

249, 100.

- 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face ;  
Here would I touch and handle things un-  
seen ;  
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;  
Here drink with thee the royal wine of  
heaven ;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;  
The feast, though not the love, is passed  
and gone ;

The bread and wine remove, but thou art  
here—  
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

- 4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;  
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and  
love.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 1123

249, 100.

- 1 "THIS is my body, which is given for you ;  
Do this," he said, and brake, "remember-  
ing me."  
O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,  
To us the bread of life each moment be.
- 2 "This is my blood, for sin's remission shed,"  
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing  
round ;  
So let us drink, and, on life's fullness fed,  
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse  
shall bound.
- 3 "The hour has come !" with us in peace sit  
down ;  
Thine own we are, O love us to the end !  
Serve us our banquet, ere the nights dark  
frown  
Vail from our sight the presence of our  
Friend.
- 4 Some will betray thee,— "Master, is it I ?"  
Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear,—  
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry  
To thee, the strong, for strength, when sin  
is near.

*C. L. Ford.*

1124

HUMILITY, 11s.

L. A. LOGAN.

1. Draw near us to-day, and a blessing im-part, Dear Lord, to each hum-ble and pen-i-tent heart;

Whose joy is to follow our Master and Lord In each blessed ord'nance we find in thy word.

512, 864, 783.

- 2 The pride we have cherished we gladly forsake;  
Now of thy meek spirit, O, let us partake!  
And as we obey, may our longing hearts prove  
'Tis blessed to serve one another in love.
- 3 If ill-will or envy have darkened our life,  
May pure love now enter, expelling all strife;

- With brotherly kindness each other we greet,  
As now in God's presence we wash the saints' feet.
- 4 O, lend us the power of thy presence Divine,  
Our hearts to the love of this duty incline,  
And wash from our lives every unholy stain,  
Till naught of impurity with us remain.

Anon.

1125

NAUFORD, 8s &amp; 4.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the memory adored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Un-til he come.

- 2 His body broken in our stead  
Is here, in this memorial bread;  
And so our feeble love is fed,  
Until he come.
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,  
His life-blood shed for us we see;  
The wine shall tell the mystery,  
Until he come.
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,  
With the last advent we unite--

- The shame, the glory, by this rite,  
Until he come.
- 5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And with the great commanding word,  
The Lord shall come.
- 6 O blessed hope! with this elate,  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,  
Until he come!

George Rawson.

1126

DARWALL, H. M.

JOHN DARWALL.

1. Great King of glo - ry, come, And with thy fa - vor crown

This tem - ple as thy home, This peo - ple as thine own;

Be - neath this roof, O deign to show How God can dwell with men be - low.

262, 359.

- 2 Here may thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend,  
Like incense, to the skies;  
Here may thy word melodious sound,  
And spread celestial joys around.
- 3 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise,  
And shine, like polished stones,  
Through long-succeeding days;  
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
While temples stand and men adore.
- 4 Here may the listening throng  
Receive thy truth in love;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above,  
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,  
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

*Benjamin Francis.*

1127

[Portugese Hymn, No. 783.] 11s.

- 1 WE rear not a temple, like Judah's of old,  
Whose portals were marble, whose vault-  
ings were gold;

- No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,  
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the  
fane.
- 2 More simple and lowly the walls that we  
raise,  
And humbler the pomp of procession and  
praise,  
Where the heart is the altar whence in-  
cense shall roll,  
And Messiah the King who shall plead  
for the soul.

- 3 O Father, come in! but not in the cloud  
Which filled the bright courts where thy  
chosen ones bowed;  
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace  
Which beams on the soul and illumines  
the race.
- 4 O come in the power of thy life-giving  
word,  
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer  
and Lord,  
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent  
given,  
And love fill the air with the fragrance of  
heaven.

*Henry Ware.*

1128

WARE, L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to of - fer thee;



And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, be-fore thy feet we lay.



228, 47, 28,

- 2 Thy will was in the builders' thought;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;  
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,  
Thy wise, eternal purpose ran.
- 3 No lack thy perfect fullness knew;  
For human needs and longings grew  
This house of prayer—this home of rest:  
Here may thy saints be often blessed.
- 4 In weakness and in want we call  
On thee, for whom the heavens are small;  
Thy glory is thy children's good,  
Thy joy thy tender fatherhood.
- 5 O Father! deign these walls to bless,  
Make this the abode of righteousness,  
And let these doors a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

Anon.

1129

624, 64, 19.

- 1 MAKER of land and rolling sea,  
We dedicate this house to thee;  
And what our willing hands have done,  
We give to God and to the Son.
- 2 Come, fill this house with heavenly grace,  
While sinners throng the sacred place,  
And saints, with angel hosts above,  
Unite to sing redeeming love.
- 3 Here let the mourning soul find rest  
Upon the loving Saviour's breast;  
And with the sense of sins forgiven,  
Each heart aspire to God and heaven.

D. C. Eddy.

1130

347, 787, 365.

- 1 O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands;
- 2 Endue thy creatures with the grace  
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them thine.
- 3 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of thine own elect;  
Be thou in us and we in thee,  
Through time and in eternity.

J. M. Neale.

1131

64, 108, 301.

- 1 AND wilt thou, O eternal God,  
On earth establish thine abode?  
Then look propitious from thy throne,  
And take this temple for thy own.
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise;  
Long may they echo with thy praise;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train;  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
That souls were born to glory here.

Philip Doddridge.

Song chosen by Mother for Dedication of Boulder Church



1132

SAMSON, L. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. O bow thine ear, E - ter - nal One! On thee each heart a - dor - ing calls ;

To thee the fol - lowers of thy Son Have raised, and now devote, these walls.

223, 256, 932.

- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;  
And be this place to worship given,  
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here  
As incense, let thy children's prayer,  
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,  
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung,  
Here let thy truth beam forth to save  
As when of old thy Spirit hung  
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.  
*Anon.*

1133

212, 301, 336.

- 1 THE perfect world by Adam trod  
Was the first temple built by God ;  
His fiat laid the corner-stone,  
And raised its pillars one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high—  
The broad expanse of azure sky ;  
He spread its pavement, green and bright,  
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,  
The sea, the sky, and all—" was good. "  
And when its first pure praises rang,  
The " morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea  
And earth and sky a house for thee ;  
But in thy sight our offering stands,—  
An humbler temple, " made with hands. "  
*Benjamin Beddome.*

1134

1128, 54, 973.

- 1 THIS stone to thee, in faith, we lay ;  
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise ;  
Thine eye be open night and day,  
To guard this house of prayer and praise.
- 2 Within these walls let heavenly peace  
And holy love and concord dwell ;  
Here give the burdened conscience ease,  
And here the wounded spirit heal.
- 3 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient guest ?  
Here will our great Redeemer reign,  
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 4 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart ;  
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone ;  
Come thou and dwell in every heart,—  
In every bosom fix thy throne.  
*James Montgomery.*

1135

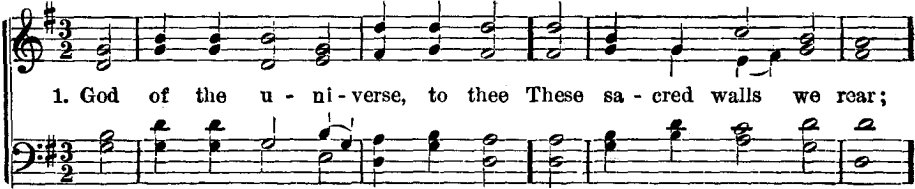
19, 256, 875.

- 1 HERE, in thy name, Eternal God,  
We build this earthly house for thee ;  
O choose it for thy fixed abode,  
And guard it long from error free.
- 2 When here, O Lord, we seek thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place ;  
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 When here thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed gospel of thy Son,  
Still, by the power of his great name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.  
*Anon.*

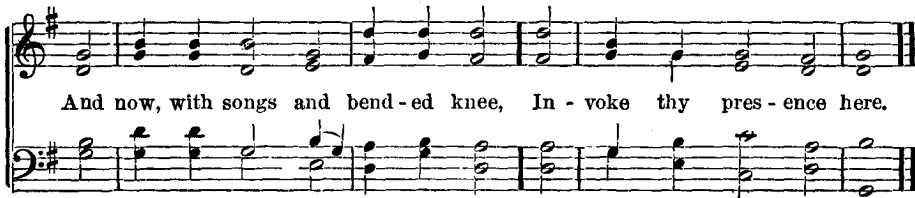
1136

MARLOW, C. M.

JOHN CHETHAM.



1. God of the u - ni - verse, to thee These sa - cred walls we rear;



And now, with songs and bend - ed knee, In - voke thy pres - ence here.

399, 114, 354.

- 2 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell ;  
Thy glory here make known ;  
Thy people's home, O come and fill,  
And seal it as thine own.
- 3 When sad with care, by sin oppressed,  
Here may the burdened soul  
Beneath thy sheltering wing find rest ;  
Here make the wounded whole.
- 4 And when the last long Sabbath morn  
Upon the just shall rise,  
May all who own thee here, be borne  
To mansions in the skies.

Anon.

1137

111, 395, 798.

- 1 To thee this temple we devote,  
Our Father and our God ;  
Accept it thine, and seal it now  
Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,  
The voice of praise arise ;  
And may each lowly service prove  
Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,  
And weep before his Lord ;  
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,  
And here his vows record.
- 4 Peace be within these sacred walls ;  
Prosperity be here ;  
O smile upon thy people, Lord,  
And evermore be near.

J. R. Scott.

1138

399, 201, 144.

- 1 BUILDER of mighty worlds on worlds,  
How poor the house must be,  
That with our human, sinful hands  
We may erect to thee !
- 2 O Christ, thou art our Corner-stone ;  
On thee our hearts are built ;  
Thou art our Lord, our Light, our Life,  
Our Sacrifice for guilt.
- 3 In thy blest name we gather here,  
And set apart the ground ;  
The walls that on this rock shall rise,  
Thy praises shall resound.

Anon.

1139

724, 755, 794.

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to bide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end  
Serenely by thy side !
- 3 May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way ;  
And they who mourn and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While round these hallowed walls the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant.

MARK THAT PILGRIM.

ARRANGED.

1. Mark that pil-grim—low-ly bend-ing, At the shrine of prayer ascend-ing, Praise and sighs together blending—  
*D. S.—Ev-er riseth this petition:—*

*Fine.* *D. S.*  
 From his lips in mournful strain; Glowing with sincere con-tri-tion, And with childlike, blest sub-mis-sion,  
 "Jesus, come,—O come to reign."

- 2 List again;—the low earth sigheth,  
 And the blood of martyrs crieth  
 From its bosom, where there lieth  
 Millions upon millions slain:—  
 "Lord, how long ere, thy word given,  
 All the wicked shall be driven  
 From the earth by bolts of heaven?  
 Jesus, come,—O come to reign."
- 3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling;  
 Nations lie in woe appalling,  
 On their sages vainly calling  
 All these wonders to explain;  
 While the slain around are lying,  
 God's own little flock are sighing,  
 And in secret places crying,  
 "Jesus, come,—O come to reign."

- 4 Here the wicked live securely,  
 Of to-morrow boasting surely,  
 While from those who're walking purely,  
 They extort dishonest gain:  
 Yea, the meek are burdened, driven;  
 Want and care to them are given;  
 But they lift the cry to heaven,  
 "Jesus, come,—O come to reign."
- 5 Christian, cheer thee; land is nearing;  
 Still be hopeful, nothing fearing;  
 Soon, in majesty appearing,  
 You'll behold the Lamb once slain:  
 O how joyful then to hear him,  
 While all nations shall revere him,  
 Saying to his flock who fear him,  
 "I have come—on earth to reign!"

*Anon.*

BOUND FOR THE LAND OF CANAAN.

ARRANGED.

1. { To-ge-th-er let us sweetly live;— I am bound for the land of Canaan: } O Canaan, bright Canaan,  
 { To-ge-th-er love to Jesus give;— I am bound for the land of Canaan. }

I am bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, it is my happy home; I am bound for the land of Canaan.

- 2 Together let us watch and pray;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan:  
 And wait redemption's joyous day;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 3 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan:

- While higher still our joys shall rise;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 4 Then come with me, beloved friend;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan:  
 The joys to come shall never end;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.

*Anon.*

1142 *Amie Smith* WHAT SOUND IS THIS? C. P. M.

ARRANGED.

1. What sound is this sa-lutes my ear? 'Tis Mich-ael's trump me - thinks I hear, 'Tis Michael's trump me-  
D. S.—Proclaim the year of

Fine. D. S.  
thinks I hear;—Th' expected day has come. Behold, the heavens, the earth, the sea. Pro-claim the year of Ju - bi - lee;  
Ju - bi - lee; Return, ye exiles, home.

- 2 Behold, the fair Jerusalem,  
Illuminated by the Lamb,  
In glory doth appear.  
Fair Zion rising from the tombs  
To meet the Bridegroom: lo! he comes,  
And hails the festive year.
- 3 My soul is striving to be there;  
I long to rise and wing the air,  
And trace the sacred road.  
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;  
O that I had an angel's wings!  
I'd quickly see my God.
- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly!  
I thirst, I pant, I long to try  
Angelic joys to prove!  
Soon I'll receive from Christ my Lord  
Eternal life, the great reward,  
And shout redeeming love.

Anon.

Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond the vale of tears  
To yon celestial hill.

- 2 Look far beyond this narrow space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place.  
The saints' secure abode.  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And wing your passage to the skies,  
Strong in the strength of God.
- 3 Who suffer with their Master here,  
Shall soon before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirit up!  
It brings to life the dead:  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

Anon.

1143 897, 874.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades in the wilderness,  
Who still your burdens feel;

1144 LOVER OF THE LORD.

See No. 539 for other stanzas.

Chorus.

ARRANGED.

1. } Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, } O, I must be a lov-er of the  
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? } O, I must be a lov-er of the

1st. 2d.  
Lord, O I must be a lov-er of the Lord, of the Lord,  
Lord, (omit.) If I want to reign with Jesus when he comes.

ELYIA TOVENT

1145

DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

JOHN B. MATTHIAS.

1. { I saw a way-worn traveler, In tattered garments clad, And struggling up the mountain; It  
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was almost gone, He shouted as he journeyed, De-

Chorus.

seemed that he was sad; { Then palms of victory, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of victory we shall bear.  
liv - erance will come. }

2 The summer sun was shining,  
The sweat was on his brow,  
His garments worn and dusty,  
His step seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward,  
For he was wending home;  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.

3 The songsters in the arbor  
That stood beside the way  
Attracted his attention,  
Inviting his delay;  
His watchword being "Onward!"  
He stopped his ears, and ran,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.

4 I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low;  
He'd overtopped the mountain,  
And reached the vale below;  
His eyes were dim and heavy,  
His journey, it was done;  
He shouted, as it ended,  
Deliverance will come!

5 They closed the blinds around him,  
And locked him up alone,  
That nothing might disturb him  
Till his best Friend should come.  
Hope made for him a pillow,  
And faith, a garment rare,  
To keep him in his slumbers  
Till Jesus should appear.

6 At length the trumpet sounded,  
The shadows fled away,  
The gilded rays of glory  
Proclaimed the coming day;  
Then when the light of morning  
Broke in his little room,  
He rose, and cried, Hosanna!  
Deliverance has come!

7 I heard the song of triumph  
He sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed me,  
I'll suffer now no more;  
And casting his eyes backward  
On the race that he had run,  
He raised the loud hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!

John B. Matthias.

1146

Other stanzas, No. 1008.

THERE IS A LAND.

ARRANGED.

1. { There is a land, a better land than this—There's my home, there's my home! } home. A cap-tive on this des-ert shore,  
{ A land of pure, unbounded, perfect bliss,—There's my home, there's my (omit.) }

I long to count my ex - ile o'er, And be where sorrows come no more; There's my home, there's my home.

Annie R. Smith

1147

HOW FAR FROM HOME?

ARRANGED.

1. { How far from home? I asked, as on } I bent my steps—the watchman spake: } will break.  
 { "The long, dark night is almost gone, } The morning soon (omit.) . . . . . }

{ Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, } Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In er - er - last-ing day."

{ With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray, }

- 2 I asked the warrior on the field :  
 This was his soul-inspiring song :  
 "With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield,  
 The battle is not long.  
 Then weep no more, but well endure  
 The conflict, till thy work is done ;  
 For this we know, the prize is sure,  
 When victory is won."
- 3 I asked again : earth, sea, and sun  
 Seemed, with one voice, to make reply :  
 "Time's wasting sands are nearly run,  
 Eternity is nigh.  
 Then weep no more—with warning tones,  
 Portentous signs are thickening round,  
 The whole creation, waiting, groans,  
 To hear the trumpet sound."
- 4 Not far from home! O blessed thought!  
 The traveler's lonely heart to cheer ;  
 Which oft a healing balm has brought,  
 And dried the mourner's tear.  
 Then weep no more, since we shall meet  
 Where weary footsteps never roam—  
 Our trials past, our joys complete,  
 Safe in our Father's home.

Annie R. Smith.

1148

- 1 A THRILLING cry—we hear the sound ;  
 The faithful watchmen lift their voice ;  
 From land to land the world around—  
 It bids the saints rejoice :  
 Ye pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing  
 The glorious coming of your King ;  
 The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,  
 "Prepare to meet your Lord."
- 2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain sound,  
 For dark and dangerous is the night ;  
 And daring scoffers gather round—  
 The evil servants smite.  
 Ye faithful ones the strict watch keep,  
 With lamps well trimmed, and do not sleep—  
 The thrilling cry, we hear it sound,  
 "Prepare to meet your Lord."
- 3 In earth's dark hour God's word gives light,  
 Its rays dispel the thickening gloom ;  
 The path to glory now is bright—  
 The Bridegroom soon will come.  
 Then lift your voices, saints, and sing  
 Your sweetest strains, to Zion's King—  
 The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,  
 "Prepare to meet your Lord."

Anon.

1149

COME TO JESUS.

UNKNOWN.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now, Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

- 2 He will save you, he will save you,  
 He will save you just now ;  
 Just now he will save you,  
 He will save you just now.
- 3 He is able, he is able,  
 He is able just now ;  
 Just now he is able,  
 He is able just now.
- 4 He is waiting, he is waiting,  
 He is waiting just now ;  
 Just now he is waiting,  
 He is waiting just now .
- 5 He will bless you, he will bless you,  
 He will bless you just now ;  
 Just now he will bless you,  
 He will bless you just now.

Anon.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;  
*D. C.*—I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

*D. C.*

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing.

2 There the glory is ever shining !  
 O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;  
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,  
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

3 There's the city to which I journey;  
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!  
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,  
 I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone!

With this your portion, your heart's desire,—  
 Why will you perish in raging fire?

5 Father, mother, and sister, brother!  
 If you will not journey with me, I must go!  
 Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,  
 Should I too linger, and with you perish?

6 Farewell, drear earth, by sin so blighted,  
 In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed;  
 He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee,  
 And then the dread curse shall never more be.

*Mary S. B. Dana.*

**1151** **WHISPERING ANGELS.**

ARRANGED.

Wear-y pil-grim why this sad-ness? Why 'mid sor-row's scenes de-cline? The tri-al strange, brings joy and

glad-ness; For all things shall yet be thine! . . . . O yes, all things shall yet be thine!

2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,  
 Shall rejoice in hill and vale;  
 And sweetest harpings tell the story  
 Of the love that could not fail;  
 O yes, the love that could not fail.

3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,  
 Where joy's gushing songs arise;  
 Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,

In the new earth, paradise;  
 Yes, in the new earth, paradise.

4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness;  
 To Mount Zion thou art come!  
 Now swell thy songs of joyful gladness,  
 And rejoice in thy blest home;  
 Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home.

*Anon.*

1152

SAVIOUR COME.

ARRANGED.

1. { 'Twas a dole-ful night on Cal-vary's hight, When the Lamb of God was slain; } rose from the tomb a-gain.  
 { But hope's cheering rays shone bright o'er the day When he (omit.) . . . . . }  
 O Je-sus, my Saviour! dear Saviour, come! Our hearts weary grow of thy long delay; O hast-en to gather us home.

- 2 I go, he said, to prepare a place,  
 Blest mansions in glory's domain;  
 And the promise sure, sweetly fell from his lips,  
 "For you I'll return again."
- 3 How long, O Lord, shall we watch and weep  
 For the rightful heir to reign?  
 And the myriad saints in silence sleep,  
 Who wait thy return again?
- 4 See the signs fulfilled of his advent near!  
 Soon he comes in his kingdom to reign!  
 Not long will the wheels of his chariot stay,  
 That brings his return again.
- 5 The soul once bowed 'neath its burden of woe  
 Shall rejoice o'er the flowery plain,  
 And a dazzling crown deck the careworn brow,  
 When the King in his beauty shall reign!

*Annie R. Smith.*

1153

- 1 Lo! the time hastens on, soon the morning  
 will dawn,  
 When the King shall in glory descend:  
 We expect soon to join the bright, holy throng,  
 In the kingdom that never shall end.
- CHORUS.  
 O Saviour! dear Saviour! O Saviour, come!  
 Here we mourn and we sigh,  
 And we daily cry,  
 "Come and gather the faithful home."
- 2 All the prophets of old saw a beautiful world,  
 And they looked for the same with delight;  
 And apostles have told of a city of gold,  
 Where the Lamb is its glorious light.
- 3 O we long to be there, where no sorrow or care  
 Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest;  
 And we hope soon to share in those beauties  
 so rare  
 In reserve for the good and the blest.

*Anon.*

1154

HEAVENLY MUSIC. 11s.

ARRANGED.

1. What heav-en-ly mu-sic steals o-ver the sea! En-tranc-ing the sen-ses like  
*D. S.—For me they are singing; their*  
 sweet mel-o-dy? Tis the voice of the an-gels borne soft on the air;  
*wel-come I hear.*

- 2 On the banks of old Jordan, here gazing I stand,  
 And earnestly longing I stretch forth my hand;  
 Send a convoy of angels, dear Jesus, I pray!  
 Let me join that sweet music; come, take me  
 away.
- 3 Though dark are the waters and rough is the wave,  
 If Jesus permit, the wild surges I'll brave;  
 For that heavenly music hath ravished me so,  
 I must join in the chorus! I'll go! let me go.

*Anon.*



1155

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE. 11s.

ARRANGED.

1st.

1. { How prone are pro-fess-ors to rest on their legs, To stud-y their pleasure, their  
Though God says, "Arise, and es-cape for thy life. And (*omit*) . . . . .

2d.

prof-it, and ease! } look not behind thee; re-mem-ber Lot's wife, Re-mem-ber Lot's wife."

- 2 Awake from thy slumbers, the warning be-  
lieve;  
'T is Jesus that calls you, the message receive;  
While dangers are pending, escape for thy  
life!  
And look not behind thee; remember Lot's  
wife.
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay  
And tell you that lions are found in the way;  
He means to deceive you, escape for thy life!  
And not look behind thee; remember Lot's  
wife.
- 4 How many poor souls has the tempter be-  
gulled!  
With specious temptations how many defiled!
- O be not deluded, escape for thy life!  
And look not behind thee; remember Lot's  
wife.
- 5 The ways of religion true pleasure afford,  
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;  
Forsake then the world and escape for thy  
life,  
And look not behind thee; remember Lot's  
wife.
- 6 But if you determine the call to refuse,  
And venture the way of destruction to choose,  
For hell, you will part with the blessings of  
life,  
And then, if not now, you 'll remember Lot's  
wife.

Anon.

1156

DROOPING SOULS.

ARRANGED.

1. Drooping souls, no long-er grieve; Heaven is pro-pi-tious. If on Christ you do believe, You will find him precious.

Je-sus now is pass-ing by, Calls the wanderers to him; Drooping souls, you need not die, Now look up and view him.

- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs a healing fountain;  
See the consolation tide,  
Boundless as the ocean.  
See the living waters move  
For the sick and dying;  
Now resolve to gain his love,  
Or to perish trying.
- 3 Grace he offers full and free,  
Drooping souls to gladden;  
Hear him say, "Come unto me,  
Weary, heavy laden:"  
Though your sins like mountains high,  
Rise and reach to heaven,  
Soon as you on him rely,  
All shall be forgiven.

Anon.

1157

## CHOIR OF ANGELS.

ARRANGED.

1. { Hear the glo-rious proc-la-ma-tion, The glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion, } Sar-our near.  
 { Hear the glo-rious proc-la-ma-tion Of the (ornat.) . . . . . }

Chorus.

While the choir of angels, While the choir of angels, While the choir of angels, Shall be chanting through the sky.  
 heavenly choir, heavenly choir, heavenly choir

2 Hark! the tidings onward rolling,  
 Jesus comes, the world controlling;  
 Hark! the tidings onward rolling,  
 Jesus comes to reign.

3 See the sign in heaven appearing,  
 And the blazing chariot nearing;  
 See the sign in heaven appearing,  
 And the Saviour there.

4 See the earth in terror shaking,  
 And the dead to life awaking;  
 See the earth in terror shaking,  
 And the saints arise.

5 Now on wings of light ascending,  
 With a shining host attending;  
 Now on wings of light ascending,  
 See them mount the skies.

6 See, the banner waves in glory,  
 While ten thousand tell the story;  
 See, the banner waves in glory,  
 And the saints are there.

7 They are saved from death forever,  
 Praise to Him who did deliver;  
 They are saved from death forever,  
 And to die no more.

Anon.

1158

## WHEN HE COMES.

ARRANGED.

1. We shall see a light ap-pear, By and by, when he comes; We shall see a light appear

Chorus.

When he comes; Ride on, Je - sus, O ride on; We are on our jour-ney home.

2 We shall see him as he is,  
 By and by, when he comes;  
 We shall see him as he is  
 When he comes.

3 We shall have a mighty shout,  
 By and by, when he comes:  
 We shall have a mighty shout  
 When he comes.

4 We shall all with Christ appear,  
 By and by, when he comes;  
 We shall all with Christ appear  
 When he comes.

5 Then the earth will all be cleansed,  
 By and by, when he comes;  
 Then the earth will all be cleansed  
 When he comes.

Anon.

1159

BEAR ME ON. C. M.

ARRANGED.

1. O how I long to see that day When the redeemed shall come To Zi-on, clad in  
D. S.—Then bear me on to that

Fine. Chorus. D. S.

white ar-ray—Their blissful, hap-py home. O bear me on, bear me on To Mount Zi-on;  
cit-y of love Where saints will ev-er dwell.

- 2 I'll hear the alleluias roll  
From the unnumbered throng,  
And with a heaven-entraptured soul  
I'll join redemption's song.
- 3 I'll see all Israel safe at home,  
Singing on Zion's high;  
And Jesus crowned upon his throne,  
Creation's Lord, by right.
- 4 All hail! the morn of glory's nigh  
The pilgrim longs to see,

- That dries the tear from every eye—  
Creation's jubilee.
- 5 Jerusalem I long to see,  
Blest city of my King;  
And eat the fruit of life's fair tree,  
And hear the blood-washed sing.
- 6 My longing heart cries out, O, come!  
Creation groans for thee!  
The weary pilgrim sighs, O, come!  
Bring immortality.

Anon.

1160

PARADISE.

ARRANGED.  
Fine.

1. { O ex-iled Par-a-dise, O how we long for thee! When wilt thou robe the earth? When plant life's healing tree? }  
{ O for thy smiling hills, With gush of clear cascade! For - ev - er flow-ing rills, By liv-ing wa-ters made! }

D. C.—Oxiled Paradise, O how we long for thee! When wilt thou robe the earth? When plant life's healing tree?

D. C.

Thou hast fresh, blooming vales, Where glittering fountains play, And sweet, sequestered dales, Hid in thy groves a-way.

- 2 O for thy fragrant flowers  
That bloom through all the year!  
O for thy rosy bowers,  
The wilderness to cheer!  
To thee we shall return,  
And to Mount Zion come;  
With songs sing joyfully,  
And shout the "harvest home,"—  
Awake the harp and lute,  
In praises to the King  
Who reigns on David's throne,—  
To him hosannas bring.

- 3 Jesus shall ever reign,  
When his bright kingdom comes;  
The sun shall be ashamed  
Before his dazzling thrones.  
The moon, confounded, then  
Shall hide her silver ray,  
And saints of every age  
Rejoice in glorious day.  
O exiled Paradise,  
O how I long for thee!  
Robe thou anew the earth,  
Bring back life's healing tree.

Anon.

1161

EMERALD GATES.

ARRANGED.

1. *1st.* Burst, ye em-erald gates, and bring To my rapt-ured vis-ion } Round the bright E - lys-ian  
 { All th' ec-static joys that spring (*cont.*)

Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes; Break, ye in-ter-ven-ing skies! Sons of righte-ous-ness, arise!

Chorus.

Ope the gates of par-a-dise! O, how good it is to be blessed, And dwell where lov-ing Jesus is!

2 Floods of ever-lasting light  
 Freely flash before him;  
 Myriads, with supreme delight,  
 Instantly adore him;  
 Angels' trumps resound his fame;  
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
 All the music of his name,  
 Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise  
 From their princely station;  
 Shout his glorious victories,  
 Sing his great salvation;  
 Cast their crowns before his throne;  
 Cry, in reverential tone,  
 "Glory be to God alone,  
 Holy, holy, holy One!"

*A-on.*

1162

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

ARRANGED.

*Other stanzas, No. 482*

1. { Lo, what a glo-rious sight ap-pears To our b-li-iv-ing eyes! } And the old roll-ing skies,  
 { The earth and seas are passed a-way, And the old roll-ing skies. }  
*D. S.—When we meet to part no more.*

And the old roll-ing skies; The earth and seas are passed a-way, And the old roll-ing skies.  
 On Canaan's happy shore; 'Tis there we'll meet, at Je-sus' feet, When we meet to part no more.

Chorus.

*D.S.*

O that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful! O that will be joy-ful When we meet to part no more!

1163

PISGAH'S MOUNTAIN.

ARRANGED.  
1st. 2d.

1. { Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain; Come view your home beyond the tide } fore us;  
{ The land we love is just be - (omit.) }

Soon we'll be on the oth - er side. { O there are the bright crowns of glo - ry,  
And they who have loved his ap - pearing,

1st. 2d.  
And man - sions the Sav - iour will give; } With him shall e - ter - nal - ly live.  
(omit.) . . . . .

2 There endless springs of life are flowing,  
There are the fields of living green;  
Mansions of beauty are before them,  
And the King of the saints is seen.  
Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended,—  
We'll be tried and be tempted no more;  
And the saints of all ages and nations  
We shall greet on that heavenly shore.

3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,  
Coming from underneath the throne;  
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,  
And he'll welcome the faithful home.  
Would you walk by the banks of the river,  
With the friends you have loved by your side?  
Would you join in the song of the angels?  
Then be ready to follow your Guide.

Anon.

1164

HALLOWELL. C. M.

ARRANGED.

Other stanzas, No. 677.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by many a foe; That  
That will not trem-ble

will not trem - ble on the brink, That will not trem - ble on the brink Of  
That will not trem - ble on the brink of pov - - - - er -  
on the brink Of pov - - - er - - ty or woe, . . . . Of

pov - er - ty or woe; That will not tremble on the brink Of pov - er - ty or woe.  
ty or woe;  
pov - er - ty or woe.

1165

HAIL, HAPPY DAY!

ARRANGED.

1. O hail, hap-py day, that speaks our trials end - ed ; Our Lord has come to take us home, — O hail, hap - py day! No

more by doubts or fears distressed, We now shall gain our promised rest, And be for - ev - er blest ; O hail, hap - py day!

2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is  
over,  
The jubilee proclaims us free, —  
O hail, happy day!  
The day that brings a sweet release,  
That crowns our Jesus Prince of peace,  
And bids our sorrows cease ; —  
O hail, happy day!

2 Awake ye! awake! no time now for repos-  
ing ;  
The Lord is near! breaks on the ear, —  
O come, come away!  
Come, come where Jesus' love will be,  
Who says, I meet with two or three ;  
Sweet promise made to thee!  
O come, come away!

3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and  
sorrows,  
That brings us joy without alloy, —  
O hail, happy day!  
There peace shall wave her scepter high,  
And love's fair banner greet the eye,  
Proclaiming victory ; —  
O hail, happy day!

3 With joy I accept the gracious invitation,  
My heart exults with rapturous hope, —  
O come, come away!  
When Jesus comes, O may we meet  
A happy throng at his dear feet ;  
Our joy will be complete,  
O come, come away!

4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's  
glory,  
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight, —  
O hail, happy day!  
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,  
And sweetly burst upon our eyes  
The joys of Paradise ; —  
O hail, happy day!

4 Come where sacred song the pilgrim's heart  
is cheering,  
Come, and learn there the power of prayer,  
O come, come away!  
In sweetest notes of sympathy  
We praise and pray in harmony ; —  
Love makes our unity ; —  
O come, come away!

5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall  
smile in gladness,  
And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb, —  
O hail, happy day!  
Where life's pure waters gently glide,  
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,  
Forever we'll abide ; —  
O hail, happy day!

5 Night soon will be o'er, and endless day ap-  
pearing ;  
Away from home no more we roam, —  
O come, come away!  
And when the trump of God shall sound,  
The saints no more by death are bound :  
He owns our Jesus crowned ;  
O come, come away!

Anon.

1166

1 O, COME, come away! for time's career is  
closing ;  
Let worldly care henceforth forbear ; —  
O, come, come away!  
Come, come! our holy joys renew,  
Where love and heavenly friendship grew ;  
The Spirit welcomes you! —  
O, come, come away.

6 O come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory!  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, —  
O come, come away!  
O come, my Lord, thy right maintain,  
And take thy throne, and on it reign :  
Then earth shall bloom again!  
O come, come away!

Anon.

1167

WHEN THE KING OF KINGS COMES.

N. BILLINGS.

1. When the King of kings comes, When the Lord of lords comes, We shall have a joy - ful day,

We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes! Great Bab - y - lon is brok - en down,

And kingdoms once of great ro - nown, And saints now suf - f'ring wear the crown, When the King of kings comes.

- 2 When the trump of God calls,  
When the last of foes falls,  
We shall have a joyful day,  
When the King of kings comes:  
O, then the saints, raised from the dead,  
Are with the living gatherèd,  
And all made like their glorious Head,  
When the King of kings comes.
- 3 When the foe's distress comes,  
Then the church's "rest" comes:  
We shall have a joyful day,  
When the King of kings comes:  
And then the new Jerusalem,  
Surpassing all reports of fame,  
Shines, worthy of its Maker's name,  
When the King of kings comes.

- 4 When the world its course has run,  
When the Judgment is begun;  
We shall have a joyful day,—  
When the King of kings comes;  
To see the sons of God well known,  
All spotless to their Father shown,  
And Jesus all his brethren own,  
When the King of kings comes.
- 5 When the conqueror's hour comes,  
When he with great power comes,  
We shall have a joyful day,—  
When the King of kings comes;  
To see all things by him restored,  
And God himself alone adored  
By all the saints, with one accord,  
When the King of kings comes.

Anon.

1168

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

ARRANGED.

Other stanzas, No. 110.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me;

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free! Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!

1169

HE'S COMING.

ARRANGED.

1. *1st.*  
 { How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he wan-ders in exile from home! }  
 { Soon, soon will the Sav-iour in glo-ry ap-pear, (omit.) }

*2d.* Chorus.  
 And soon will the king-dom come. He's com-ing, coming, com-ing soon I know, Coming

back to this earth a-gain; And the weary pilgrims will to glory go, When the Saviour comes to reign.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep<br/>                 Shall be open as wide as before,<br/>                 And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep<br/>                 Shall live on this earth once more.</p> <p>3 There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,<br/>                 Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing :</p> | <p>From the North, from the South, all the ransomed shall come,<br/>                 And worship our heavenly King.</p> <p>4 Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah again!<br/>                 Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;<br/>                 O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,<br/>                 And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.</p> |
|---|--|

Anon.

1170

SHIP ZION. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

1. What ves-sel are you sail-ing in? Do-clare to us the same. Our ves-sel is the church of God,  
*D. S.—Our ves-sel is the church of God,*

Fine. D. S.

And Christ our captain's name, And Christ our captain's name,  
 And Christ our captain's name.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 And are you not afraid some storm<br/>                 Your bark will overwhelm?<br/>                 No, bless the Lord, we need not fear;<br/>                 Our Father's at the helm:</p> | <p>3 Our compass is the sacred word;<br/>                 Our anchor, blooming hope;<br/>                 The love of God our maintop sail,<br/>                 And faith our cable rope.</p> <p>4 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,<br/>                 The heavens above are clear;<br/>                 The city bright, appears in sight;<br/>                 We're getting round the pier.</p> <p>5 And when we all are landed safe<br/>                 On the celestial plain,<br/>                 Our song shall be, "Worthy the Lamb<br/>                 For rebel sinners slain."</p> |
|---|--|

Anon.



1171

THIS GROANING EARTH.

ARRANGED.

1. This groaning earth is too dark and drear For the saint's e - ter - nal home ; But the cit-y from heaven will  
D. S.—Joy - ous and bright our

soon ap-pear, And we know that the mo-ment is draw-ing near When she in her glory shall come.  
home shall be, And we'll walk in the shadow of Life's fair tree With our Saviour forev - er - more.

Fine.

Her gates of pearl we soon shall see, And her mu - sic we soon shall hear.

D. S.

2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this,  
Where death triumphant reigns,  
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss,  
Where all is happiness, joy, and peace,  
And nothing can enter that pains.  
There is no more sorrow and no more night,  
For the darkness shall flee away ;  
The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,  
And the saints shall walk with him in white  
In that happy, eternal day.

3 O, there the loved of earth shall meet,  
Whom death has Sundered here ;  
The prophets and patriarchs there we'll greet,  
And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,  
No more separation to fear.  
Though trials and griefs await us here,  
The conflict will soon be o'er ;  
This glorious hope our hearts doth cheer,  
For we know that the Saviour will soon ap-  
pear,  
And then we shall grieve no more.

Annie R. Smith's

1172

WILL YOU GO ?

ARRANGED.

Fine.

D. C.

1. Will you go, sin-ner, go to the highlands of heav-en, } Where the bright, blooming flowers are their odors emitting,  
Where the storm never blows, and the long summer's giv-en ; }  
D. C.—And the leaves of the bowers, in the breezes are filling ?

2 Where the rich golden fruit is in bright clusters  
pending,  
And the deep-laden boughs of life's fair tree are  
bending,  
And where life's crystal stream is unceasingly  
flowing,  
And the verdure of spring is eternally growing.

3 Now while pardon's last hour is expiring in  
heaven,  
And the last gracious call is on earth being  
given,—  
O haste! sinner haste, leave thy sinful behavior,  
The commandments embrace and the faith of  
the Saviour.

4 Look by faith to the cross, and behold Jesus  
bleeding,  
Then, ascended on high, at the throne, interced-  
ing,  
O, secure pardon now, while sweet mercy's ex-  
tended,  
Ere the harvest is past and the summer is ended.

5 He's prepared thee a home, sinner, canst thou  
believe it ?  
And invites thee to come, sinner, wilt thou re-  
ceive it ?  
O, come, sinner, come ; for the time is reced-  
ing,  
And the Saviour will soon and forever cease  
pleading.

Amos

1173

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

ARRANGED.

1. { Must Si-mon bear his cross a-lone, And all the world go free? } there's a cross for me.  
 No! there's a cross for ev-ery one, And (omit.)

Yes, there's a cross on Calvary, Through which by faith the crown I see; To me 'tis par-don

bringing: O, that's the cross for me, O, that's the cross for me, O, that's the cross for me.

2 How faithful does the Saviour prove  
 To those who serve him here!  
 They now may taste his perfect love,  
 And joy to hail him near.  
 Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,  
 And cast out all tormenting fear  
 Which round my heart is clinging:  
 O, that's the love for me, etc.

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross  
 Till from the cross we're free,  
 And then go home to wear the crown;  
 For there's a crown for me.  
 Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,  
 The purchase of my Saviour's love,  
 For me at his appearing:  
 O, that's the crown for me, etc.

Thomas Shepherd.

1174

TIME NOW IS CLOSING.

ARRANGED.

1. Time now is clos-ing; Je-sus will come: Signs are ful-fill-ing earth's pil-lars groan:

Hark! hear the trump-et calls "come home;"—See earth reel-ing to her fi-nal doom.

2 See slumbering millions rise from the earth;  
 Christ calls his people from south, from north:  
 "Come home, my people, time is no more;  
 You've washed your robes white, your con-flicts now are o'er."  
 3 Hastening to see thee, my soul would rise  
 To meet my Saviour in yonder skies;

With all the faithful who've lived before,  
 There I shall hail thee on that peaceful shore.  
 4 O, there'll be glory, joy, peace, and love;  
 Nothing to harm us in heaven above:  
 O, let us be faithful, and we'll be blest,  
 When Jesus calls us to eternal rest.

Am'm.

1175

RESURRECTION MORNING.

ARRANGED.

1. In the resurrection morning we shall see the Saviour coming, And the sons of God a-shouting in the Kingdom of the Lord.

Chorus.

We shall rise, we shall rise, When the might-y trum-pet rends the a-x-ure skies;  
hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! we shall rise,

We shall rise, we shall rise, In the res-ur-rec-tion morn-ing we shall rise.  
Yes the dead in Christ shall rise, all the dead in Christ shall rise,

- 2 We feel the advent glory; while the vision seems to tarry  
We will comfort one another with the words of Holy Writ.
- 3 By faith we can discover that our warfare 'll soon be over,

- And we'll shortly hail each other, on fair Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 We will tell the pleasing story, when we meet our friends in glory,  
And we'll keep ourselves all ready for to hail the Heavenly King.

1176

COME AND REIGN.

Chorus <sup>First</sup> <sup>Arr.</sup> ARRANGED. Fine.

Chorus.

Come and reign; come and reign, Je-sus, quick-ly come; For now it fills my heart with joy To know I'm almost home.

1. Here I see the fall-ing tear, As pil-grim now I roam, An exile from my Father's house; But soon he'll call me home.

- CHO.—Come, and reign, &c.
- 2 Here I grieve the friends I love,  
And they in turn grieve me;  
But, O my Saviour! grant me grace,  
That I may not grieve thee.
- CHO.—Come, and reign, &c.
- CHO.—Come, and reign, &c.
- 3 Here disease invades our frame,  
We sicken, droop, and die;

- But there eternal youth shall bloom,  
And bright shall beam each eye.
- CHO.—Come, and reign, &c.
- CHO.—Come, and reign, &c.
- 4 Here we meet and part again,  
As far and near we roam;  
But there we'll meet to part no more,  
And sweetly rest at home.
- CHO.—Come, and reign, &c.

1177

HOME, SWEET HOME. 11s.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. { Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, } man-ion with saints! To find at the banquet of  
 How sweet to my soul is com-(omit.)

mer-cy there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
 D. S.—Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
 And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease;  
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
 Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
 Though now my temptations like billows may foam,

- All, all, will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 While here in this valley of conflict I stay,  
 O give me submission and strength as my day!  
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 The days of my exile are passing away;  
 The time is approaching when Jesus will say,  
 "Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,  
 And dwell in my presence, forever at home."  
 David Denham.

1178

How Gently Sweet AFTON. 11s. D.

ARRANGED.  
2d.

1. { I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; } dawn on us here  
 The few la-rid morn-ings that (omit.)

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer. I would not live alway; no; welcome the tomb, Since Je-sus has  
 lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me a-ribe To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 2 Who, who would live always, away from his God,  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

- There saints of all ages in harmony meet;  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
 There anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!  
 William A. Muhlenberg.

1179

WELCOME HOME.

ARRANGED.

1. See, brethren, see how the day rolls on, Quick-ly will the Sav-our come; Hark! hear the sound, "he will ap-pear,"

Chorus.

Sweet-ly fall up - on the ear. Then haste, let us work till the day - light is o'er, Our hearts fill'd with love as we

row to the shore; Our earth-ly la - bor be - ing done, How sweet the Christian's welcome home! Home, home, home, the

Christians' welcome home; Sweet, O sweet the Christian's welcome home, Welcome home, welcome home, Welcome home.

- 2 Lift up your heads, and rejoice in God ;  
Shout his praises all abroad ;  
Soon shall we hear the voice, "'T is done ;  
Child, your Father calls ; come home."
- 3 Come, sinners, come, let us all awake !  
And the Spirit's truths partake ;

- Soon will appear, and O how bright !  
Prayer to praise and faith to sight.
- 4 Hail, brethren, hail ! it's the new-born year ;  
Michael's trump we soon shall hear,  
Then will the saints and angels sing,  
"Glory be to heaven's King." *Anon.*

1180

WILL YOU MEET US?

SLAVE MELODY.

1. { Say, broth-ers, will you meet us? Say, broth-ers, will you meet us? }  
{ Say, broth-ers, will you meet us? (omit.) } On Canaan's hap-py shore!

- 2 Say, sisters, will you meet us ?  
Say, sisters, will you meet us ?  
Say, sisters, will you meet us  
On Canaan's happy shore?
- 3 By the grace of God we'll meet you.  
By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
On Canaan's happy shore.

- 4 That will be a happy meeting,  
That will be a happy meeting,  
That will be a happy meeting  
On Canaan's happy shore.
- 5 Jesus lives and reigns forever,  
Jesus lives and reigns forever,  
Jesus lives and reigns forever  
On Canaan's happy shore.

1181

EDEN. 12s & 11s. P.

ARRANGED. Fine.

1. { How sweet to re-act on those joys that a-wait me In yon bliss-ful re-gion, the ha-ven 'st rest; }  
 { Where bright, ho-ly an-gels with wel-come shall greet me, And lead me to mansions pre-pared for the blest. }

*D. S.—bathe in the o-ccean of pleas-ure unbounded, And range with delight through the Eden of love.*

D. S.

En-cir-cled with light, and with glo-ry en-shrouded, My hap-pi-ness per-fect, my mind's sky un-clo-uded, I'll

2 Then hail, blessed state (hail, ye songsters of glory!  
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,  
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
 Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love.  
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,  
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
 Of joys that await me when freed from probation;  
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

Anon.

Upward to God be the heart's adoration,  
 Where ever are flowing pure streams of salvation:  
 Redemption is nearing! O seek preparation!  
 Soon the King in his beauty for us will appear.

3 Be patient, be patient, a pilgrim and stranger,  
 Though foes may assail, and the scoffing deride;  
 Through toil and affliction, temptation and dan-ger,  
 The saints must be purified, made white, and tried.  
 Be humble, the spirit of meekness adorning,  
 Be faithful, proclaiming the last notes of warning;  
 Be watchful, to hail the glad dawn of that morning  
 When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

4 Be patient, be patient, a little while longer,  
 And Jesus the kingdom to us will restore.  
 Be cheerful, enduring, thy faith growing stronger,  
 Till trials are passed, and thy conflicts are o'er.  
 Be patient, the Lord all his saints will deliver,  
 With love, peace, and joy, will surround them for-  
 ever,  
 Where naught shall e'er cloud, or their sweet  
 union sever,  
 With the King in his beauty they 'll reign ever-  
 more.

Annie R. Smith.

ARRANGED.

1182

1 Be patient, be patient, no longer despairing,  
 Though bright hope deferred fills with sorrow  
 thy heart;  
 Though bitter the cup thy soul has been sharing,  
 Let not fond affections from Heaven depart.  
 Not long will He tarry, in doubt here us leaving;  
 He 'll come for his children who for him are griev-  
 ing.  
 Oh, wait for the promise of glory receiving,  
 When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

2 Be patient, be patient, the light shining o'er thee,  
 Will guide through the shades that encompass  
 the way:  
 The Saviour has trod the rough pathway before  
 thee;  
 Let not sore afflictions and trials dismay.

1183

Prayer for Healing

DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1. Father, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth-er help I know; If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?  
 Cho.—I do believe, I now believe That Jesus died for me, And that he shed his precious blood From sin to set me free.

2 On thy dear Son I now believe,  
 O let me feel thy power;  
 And all my varied wants relieve,  
 In this accepted hour.

3 Author of faith! to thee I lift  
 My weary, longing eyes:  
 O let me now receive that gift;  
 My soul without it dies.

4 Surely thou canst not let me die;  
 O speak, and I shall live;  
 And here I will unwearied lie,  
 Till thou thy Spirit give.

5 How would my fainting soul rejoice  
 Could I but see thy face!  
 Now let me bear thy quickening voice,  
 And taste thy pardoning grace.

Charles Wesley.

1184

ALMOST THERE.

ARRANGED.

1. Are we al-most there? are we al-most there? Says the wea-ry saint, as he sigs for home;

Are those the ver-dant trees that rear Their state-ly forms 'mid heav'ns bright dome?

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream<br/>That flows through the paradise of God;<br/>And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,<br/>To walk those golden streets abroad.</p> <p>3 He is weary and sick of this world's rude strife,<br/>And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;<br/>To glow with the vigor of endless life,<br/>And be compassed no more by the bounds of<br/>time.</p> <p>4 His eye is fixed on the world to come;<br/>He walks by faith through this vale of care,<br/>And oft inquires, as he draws near home,<br/>With anxious heart, "Are we almost there?"</p> | <p>5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,<br/>At the boasted trophies man doth rear;<br/>To enter the giddy halls of mirth;—<br/>But ah! how vain do they all appear!</p> <p>6 For he's had an earnest of those joys<br/>Which the righteous alone can ever share;<br/>He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,<br/>And fervently asks, "Are we almost there?"</p> <p>7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,<br/>And to meet the Saviour in the air;<br/>The day-star dawns; soon with joyous bound<br/>He can say indeed, "We are almost there."<br/><i>Anon.</i></p> |
|---|--|

1185 *CANTON* CANNOT GO BACK. 11s.

ARRANGED.

1. For } Canaan I've started, and on I must go, 'Till all the bright glories of E-den I know; I've }  
made no reserve, and I'm sure I'll not lack, While onward I journey, and do not draw back; and } do not draw back.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 My soul is enkindled with rapture and love,<br/>I fain would ascend to my Jesus above;<br/>But nay, I must follow in his humble track,<br/>And prove my obedience by not drawing back.</p> | <p>3 Then on let us press; for Jesus is near;<br/>And strengthen each other with words of good<br/>cheer;<br/>With zeal ever buoyant and courage ne'er slack,<br/>Let's be true to our King and never draw back.<br/><i>Anon.</i></p> |
|---|---|

1186

*Other stanzas No. 136.*

THE PROMISE.

ARRANGED.

1. { Je-sus, my all, to heaven is gone; Je-sus says he will be with us to the end; }  
He whom I fix my hopes up-on; Je-sus says he will be with us to the end. }

For he has been with us, and he still is with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end.

1187

MELTON. 10s.

ARRANGED.

1. An angel's voice now breaks upon the ear, In solemn tones, a message loud and clear,  
To ev-ery nation, kindred, people, tongue: "Fear God and give him praise—his judgment's come.

- 2 Another angel follows in the train;  
Listen, O earth, and catch another strain:  
Great Babylon is fallen in her pride;  
Nations have shared her wine—her Lord denied.
- 3 Now the third angel lifts his voice, O, hark!  
If any worship beast, or bear his mark,

The same, unmingled wrath shall surely drink,  
And in the lake of fire at last shall sink.  
4 Here is the patience of the saints who wait  
Till Jesus comes and ends their mortal state;  
They God's commandments keep, pure from  
above,  
And faith of Jesus, in the bond of love.

R. F. Cottrell.

1188

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

ARRANGED.

1. There are angels hovering round, There are angels hoverin' round, There are an - gels, an - gels hovering round.

- 2 They will carry tidings home,  
They will carry tidings home,  
They will carry, carry tidings home.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem,  
To the new Jerusalem,  
To the new, the new Jerusalem.

- 4 Poor sinners are coming home,  
Poor sinners are coming home,  
Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come,  
And Jesus bids them come,  
And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

1189

WISH YOU WELL.

ARRANGED.

1. My brother, I wish you well, My brother, I wish you well; When my Lord comes I trust I shall Be mentioned in the promised land.

- 2 My sister, I wish you well, etc.  
3 My parents, I wish you well, etc.

- 4 My neighbors, I wish you well, etc.  
5 Poor sinner, I wish you well, etc.

1190

THE LAST CALL. 11s.

ARRANGED.

Other stanzas, No. 121.

Fine.

D. C.

1. { The last call of mer-cy Now lingers for thee; } He often has called thee—But thou hast re-fused;  
{ O sin-ner, receive it; To Je-sus now flee! }

D. C.—His offered sal- vation and love are abused.



# COME OVER AND HELP US.

MRS. NELLIE M. HASKELL.

L. C. CHADWICK.

*Softly.*

1. "Come o-ver and help us," the cry still comes, From man-y lands and from many hom

*With expression.*

From man-y hearts that are weary of sin, And long for a-bid-ing peace with-in  
D. S. In notes of en-trea-ty, loud and deep, Which upon our ears con-tin-u'll'y swee

*Allegretto.*

"Come over and help us," sounds on the air; East, West, North, and South, they all have a share

- 2 "Come over and help us; lead into light  
The souls which grope in the darkness of night;  
Tell us of the message of truth and love,  
And show us the path that leads above.  
Come over and help us." On every breeze  
The cry is yet wafted—O, will we not seize  
The hour so propitious and to them take  
The words of life for our Saviour's sake?
- 3 "Come over and help us:" 'twill not be long  
That the cry will come from the countless throng;  
For soon will the night their lives o'ertake,  
And we cannot work; 'twill be too late.  
"Come over and help us;" will we refuse  
To go o'er and help them, and Christ's welcome lose?  
When he comes again to claim his own,  
And gather them round his eternal throne.
- 4 "Come over and help us." May our cry be:  
"Here am I, dear Lord, send me, send me;  
I ask not the place nor the work to choose,  
If I in thy vineyard may be used.  
I ask for this only—grant that thy power  
May abide with me ever, each day and each hour;  
That some seeds of truth which my hand may sow,  
An abundant harvest for thee may grow."

# SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

(BIBLE SONGS.)

1191

## REVIVE US AGAIN.

John S. Hubbard

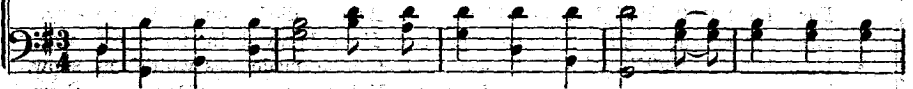
Wm. PATON MACKAY.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—Hab. 3: 2.

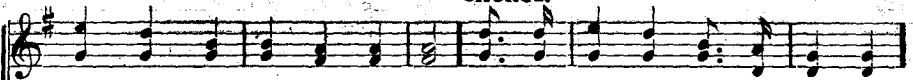
ARR. FROM THE ENGLISH.



1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,—For Je - sus who
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re -



### CHORUS.



died, and is now gone a - bove.  
Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.  
sins and has cleansed ev - ery stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry,  
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.  
kin - died with fire from a - bove.



Hal - le - lu - jah! amen; Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.



"I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."—Ps. 59:16. "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."—Eph. 1:7.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I will sing (I will sing) of Je-sus' love, Sing of him (sing of him) who first loved me;  
 2. Ere a tear (ere a tear) had dimmed mine eyes, Je-sus' tears (Je-sus' tears) for me did flow;  
 3. O the depths (O the depths) of love divine! Earth or heav'n (earth or heav'n) can nev-er know  
 4. Nothing good (nothing good) for him I've done; How could he (how could he) such love bestow?

For he left (for he left) bright worlds a-bove, And died on Cal - va - ry.  
 Ere my first (ere my first) faint prayer could rise, He had prayed in tones of woe.  
 How that sins (how that sins) as dark as mine Can be made as white as snow.  
 Lord, I own (Lord, I own) my heart is won, Help me now my love to show.

## REFRAIN.

I will sing (I will sing) of Je-sus' love, Endless praise (endless praise) my heart shall give;


He has died (he has died) that I might live,— I will sing his love to me.

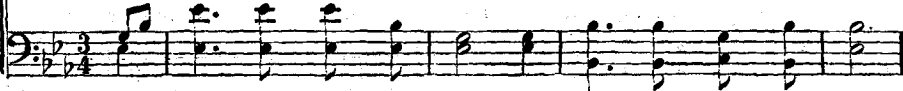
## ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

"Who his own self bare our sins."—1 Peter 2 : 24.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

- 
1. I hear the Sav - iour say, "Thy strength in - deed is small ;
  2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a - lone,
  3. Since noth - ing good have I Where - by thy grace to claim,
  4. And when be - fore the throne I stand in him com - plete,




Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."  
 Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 I'll wash my gar - ment white In the blood of Cal - vary's Lamb.  
 I'll lay my tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe ;



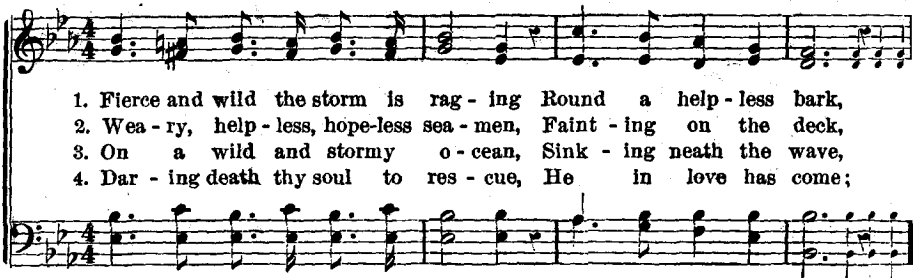
Sin had left a crim - son stain : He washed it white as snow.

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. So he bringeth them into their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 28-30.

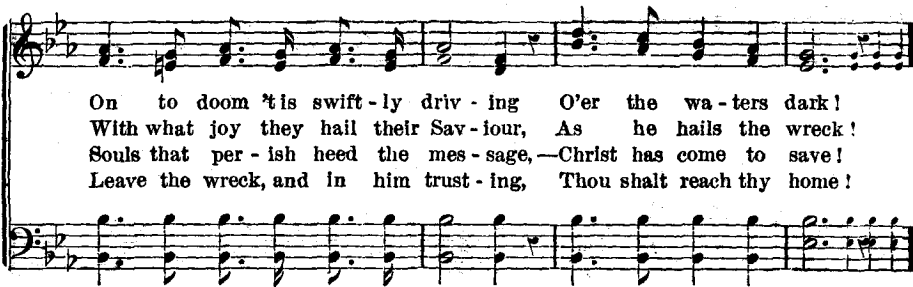
[This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.]

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

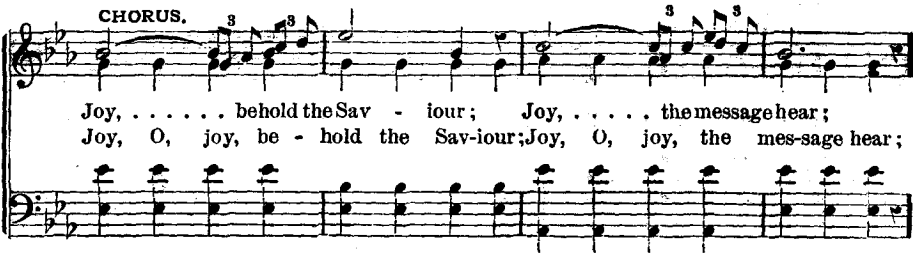


1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help - less bark,  
 2. Wea - ry, help - less, hope - less sea - men, Faint - ing on the deck,  
 3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink - ing neath the wave,  
 4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come;



On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv - ing O'er the wa - ters dark!  
 With what joy they hail their Sav - iour, As he hails the wreck!  
 Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, — Christ has come to save!  
 Leave the wreck, and in him trust - ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

CHORUS.



Joy, . . . . . behold the Sav - iour; Joy, . . . . . the message hear;  
 Joy, O, joy, be - hold the Sav - iour; Joy, O, joy, the mes - sage hear;



"I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing; I've come to save you, do not fear;" Yes,

By permission The John Church Co.

# I'LL STAND BY YOU.—Concluded.

I'll stand by un-til the morn-ing; I've come to save you; do not fear, do not fear.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

1195

## MY SONG.

F. E. BELDEN.

"The Lord is my strength and song."—Ps. 118 : 14.

D. S. HAKES.

1. O Je - sus, my Re-deem-er, Thou art my Joy and Song, My Sav-iour and my  
2. Thou art my Hope and Comfort Through all the wea-ry years, When shadows dark sur-  
3. I trust in thee, my Sav-iour, My faith-ful Friend and Guide; For thou to me art  
4. My Song and my Re-joicing While in this world of sin, My Song and my Re-

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

### CHORUS.

So - lace When griefs a - round me throng.  
round me, When fall the bit - ter tears. O Je - sus, my Re-deem-er, My  
dear - er Than all on earth be - side.  
joie - ing The heav-en-ly gates with - in.

Musical notation for the chorus, including treble and bass staves.

song shall be of thee; No oth - er friend so con-stant, No friend so dear to me.

Musical notation for the final line, including treble and bass staves.

By permission G. Ditson & Co.

"But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—Rom. 8:25.

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where chang-es nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care; Yes!  
 2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load By Heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot; Thou  
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If  
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got; The

'tis a bright and bless-ed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?  
 yearns to reach that blest a-bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not.  
 grief thy sorrow-ing heart has found, It reached a ho-li-er than thou.  
 day of rest will dawn for thee! Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not.

CHORUS.

O wait! meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O

wait! meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not; O, wait!  
 meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait,

O wait! meek-ly wait, O, wait! and mur-mur not. O, mur-mur not.

From "Leaflet Gems," by per. John J. Hood.

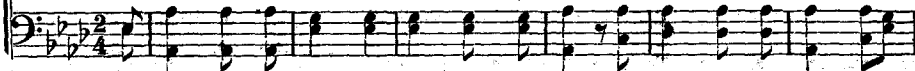
JAMES NICHOLSON.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—Ps. 97 : 1.

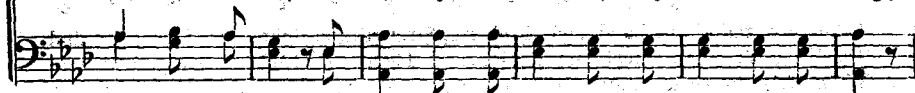
DR. J. W. BISCHOFF.



1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night his
2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may a - rise, Faith, stronger than sight, looks
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in his might I'll
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no



pres - ence is near; He is my sal - va - tion from sor - row and sin;  
 up to the skies Where Je - sus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign;  
 con - quer at length; My weak - ness in mer - cy he cov - ers with power,  
 dark - ness at all; He is my Re - deem - er, my Sav - our and King;



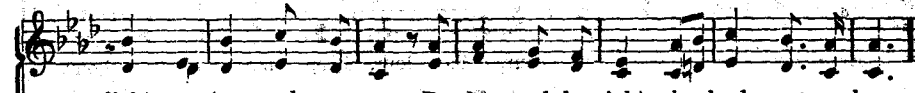
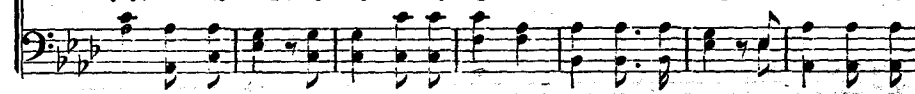
## CHORUS.



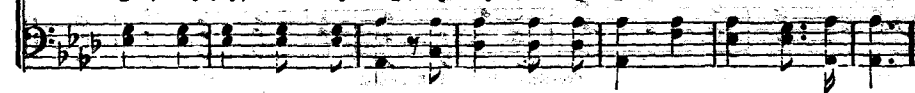
This bles - sed per - sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.  
 Then how can I ev - er in darkness re - main? The Lord is my light, my  
 And, walk - ing by faith, he up - holds me each hour.  
 With saints and with an - gels his praises I sing.



joy, and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long; The Lord is my



light, my joy, and my song; By day and by night, he leads me a - long.



By permission.



F. E. B.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Bless - ed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sin - ful, poor and blind;  
 2. Clothe me with thy robe of meek-ness, Stained with sin this robe of mine;  
 3. Safe am I if thou dost guide me,—Trust-ing self, how soon I fall!  
 4. Then what-e'er the fu - ture bring-eth, Smiles of joy, or tears of grief,

Take my trem-bling hand and lead me, Strength and sight in thee I find.  
 Teach me first to feel my weak-ness, Then to plead for strength di-vine.  
 Walk life's rug-ged way be-side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.  
 Still to thee my spir-it cling-eth, Thou art still my soul's re-lief.

## REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Bless - ed Lord, how much I, need thee!

Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Sav - our, keep me ev - 'ry hour.

Copyrighted 1886 by F. E. Belden.

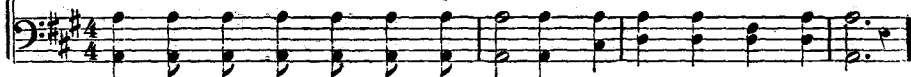
"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me."—Jer. 30 : 21.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



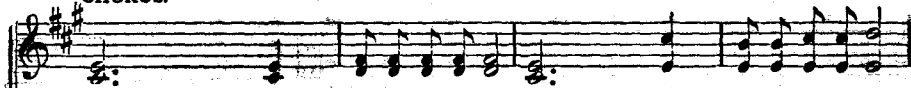
1. Clos - er to thee, my Fa - ther, draw me, I long for thine em - brace;
2. Clos - er to thee, my Sav - iour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more;
3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am all like thee;



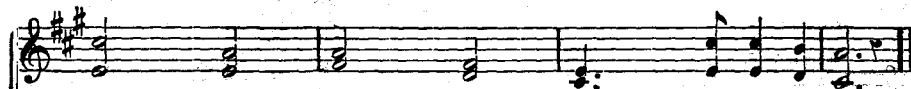
Clos - er with - in thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.  
Fain would I feel thine arms a - round me, And count my wan - d' rings o'er.  
Quick - en, re - fine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and free.



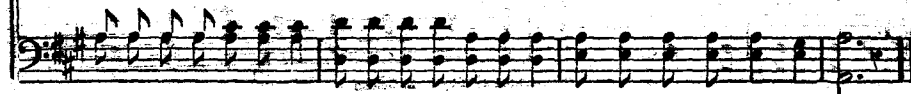
CHORUS.



Clos - - - er with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above;  
Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy - self a - bove;



Clos - - er draw me, To thy - self a - bove.  
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above, Draw me to thy - self a - bove.



"An hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 1.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

*With expression.*

1. I am rest-ing in the shad-ow Of the cross of Cal-va-ry;  
 2. O 'twere hard thro' all life's jour-ney, Toil-ing 'neath a burn-ing sun,  
 3. Rest is sweet to pil-grims wea-ry, Ear-nest toil brings calm re-pose;

Long I shunned its shade in-vit-ing, Now so grate-ful un-to me.  
 Hard to think no rest is of-fered Till the long, long day is done.  
 They who wait for day's de-clin-ing, Find no pleas-ure at its close.

World-ly gain and world-ly pleas-ure—Once declared my joy to be—  
 Hush! my heart, there is a sol-ace, 'Tis this pre-cious thought to me:  
 Rest not, then, though but a mo-ment, In the shade that self may cast:

Are e-clipsed be-yond all meas-ure While my dy-ing Lord I see.  
 I will kneel, and rest a mo-ment In the shade of Cal-va-ry.  
 Lift the cross, and in its shad-ow Find e-ter-nal rest at last.

## REFRAIN.

I am rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing: 'Tis the saf-est place for me

# SHADOW OF THE CROSS.—Concluded.

To be rest-ing in the shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.

1201

## WHOLLY THINE.

"Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, \* \* \* that he may bestow upon you a blessing."—Ex. 32:29.  
F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. I would be, dear Sav-our, whol-ly thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is world-ly pleas-ure, wealth, or fame, With-out thee, with-out thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys be-hind, Come thou near, come thou near;

I would do thy will, O Lord, not mine; Help me, help me now.  
I will leave them all for thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.  
In thy pres-ence all in all I find, 'Tis my com-fort here.

### REFRAIN.

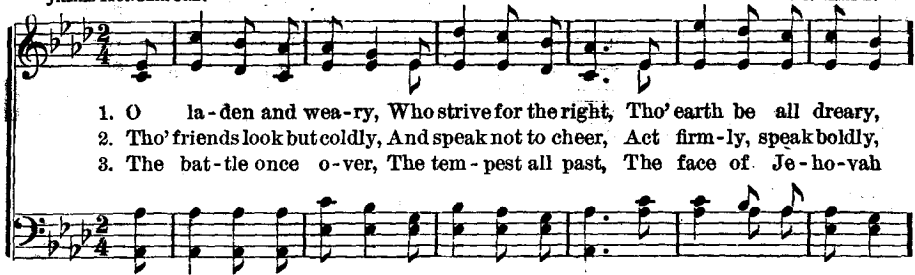
Whol-ly thine, O Lord, whol-ly thine, O Lord, Whol-ly thine, this is my vow;

Whol-ly thine, O Lord, whol-ly thine, O Lord, Whol-ly thine, O Lord, just now.

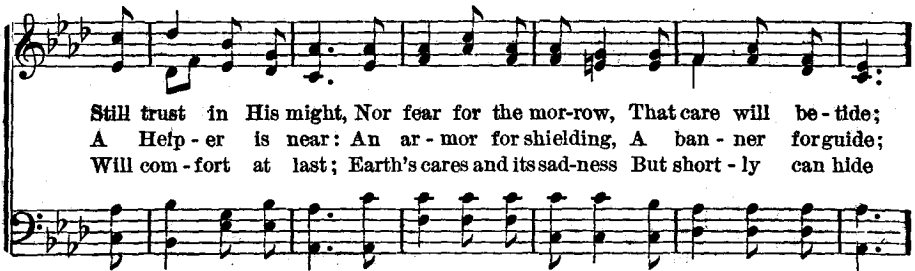
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Luke 12: 6, 7.

JAMES HUNGERFORD.

D. S. HAKES.

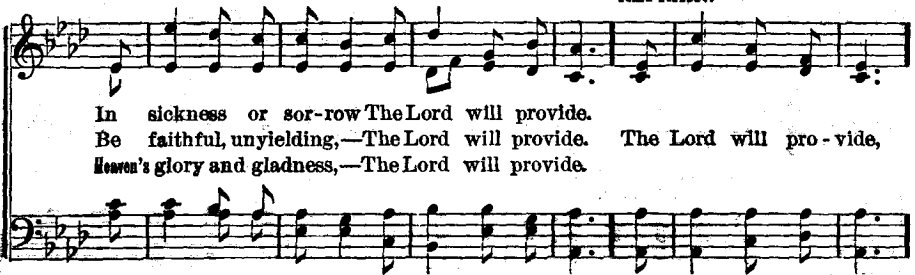


1. O la-den and wea-ry, Who strive for the right, Tho' earth be all dreary,  
2. Tho' friends look but coldly, And speak not to cheer, Act firm-ly, speak boldly,  
3. The bat-tle once o-ver, The tem-pest all past, The face of Je-ho-vah

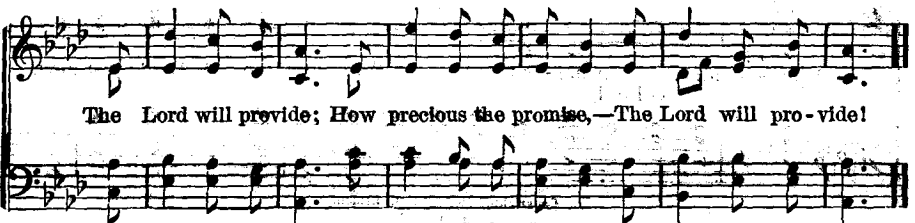


Still trust in His might, Nor fear for the mor-row, That care will be-tide;  
A Help-er is near: An ar-mor for shielding, A ban-ner for guide;  
Will com-fort at last; Earth's cares and its sad-ness But short-ly can hide

## REFRAIN.



In sickness or sor-row The Lord will provide.  
Be faithful, unyielding,—The Lord will provide. The Lord will pro-vide,  
Heaven's glory and gladness,—The Lord will provide.




The Lord will provide; How precious the promise,—The Lord will pro-vide!



"Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. 3:58.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

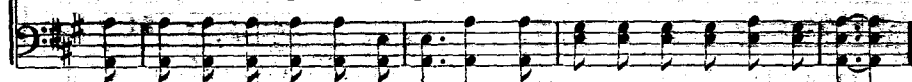
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
 2. Redeemed! and so hap-py in Je-sus! No language my rapt-ure can tell;  
 3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long;  
 4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty The King in whose law I de-light,  
 5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yon-der bright man-sion for me;

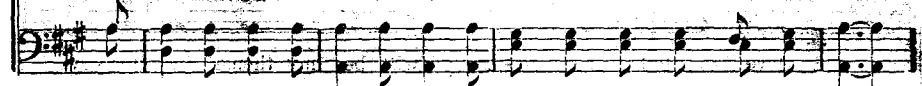

Redeemed thro' his in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child, and for-ev-er, I am.  
 I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth con-tem-por-ary dwell.  
 I sing; for I can-not be si-lent; His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.  
 And soon, with the spir-its made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



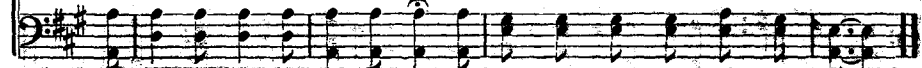
REFRAIN.



Re-deemed, . re-deemed, . Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
 Redeemed, . redeemed,

Re-deemed, . re-deemed, . His child, and for-ev-er, I am.  
 Redeemed, . redeemed,



From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3 : 16.

MISS KATE HANKEV.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseentingsa-bove, Of Je - sus and his  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the gold-en  
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What ~~was~~ each time I  
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger-ing and

glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be -  
fan - cles Of all our gold - en dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It  
tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet; I love to tell the sto - ry, For  
thirsting To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry, I

cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth - ing else can do.  
did so much for me, And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.  
some have nev - er heard Them - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own holy word.  
sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

## CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

By permission.

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"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven,"—Luke 10:20. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life; but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels,"—Rev. 3:5. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. 20:15.

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold; I would  
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy  
 3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its

make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of thy  
 blood, O my Sav - our, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy prom - ise is  
 glo - ri - fied be - ings In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing

king - dom, With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my  
 writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as  
 com - eth To de - spoil what is fair, Where the an - gels are

## CHORUS.

Sav - our, Is my name writ - ten there?  
 scar - let, I will make them like snow." Is my name written there, On the  
 watch - ing, — Is my name writ - ten there?

page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

By permission.

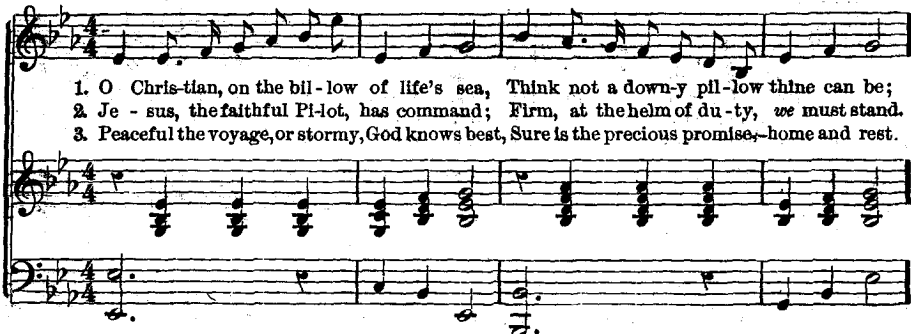


"For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end."—Heb. 3:14.

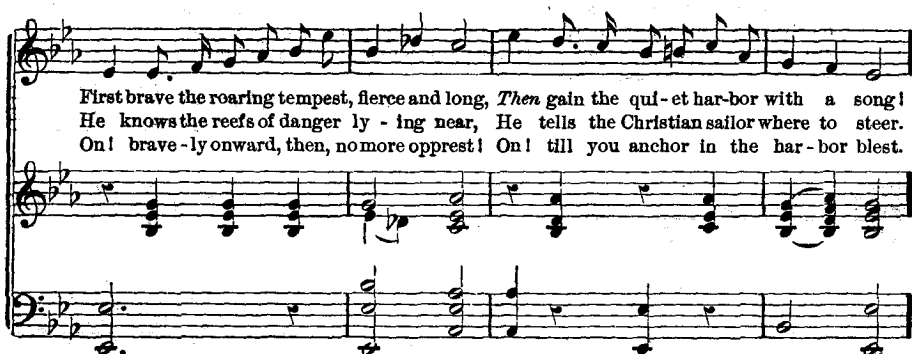
"For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."—James 1:6.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

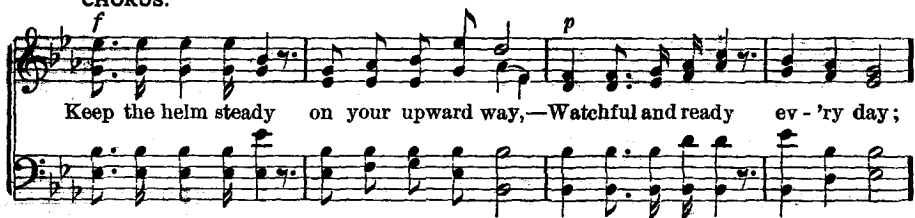


1. O Chris-tian, on the bill-low of life's sea, Think not a down-y pil-low thine can be;  
 2. Je - sus, the faithful Pi-lot, has command; Firm, at the helm of du - ty, we must stand.  
 3. Peaceful the voyage, or stormy, God knows best, Sure is the precious promise,—home and rest.

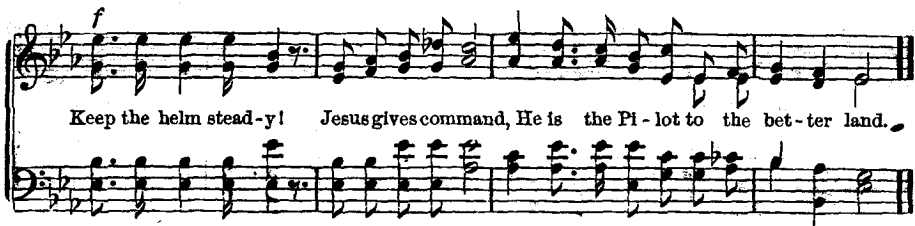


First brave the roaring tempest, fierce and long, Then gain the qui-et har-bor with a song!  
 He knows the reefs of danger ly - ing near, He tells the Christian sailor where to steer.  
 On! brave-ly onward, then, no more oppress! On! till you anchor in the har-bor blest.

CHORUS.



Keep the helm steady on your upward way,—Watchful and ready ev-'ry day;



Keep the helm stead-y! Jesus gives command, He is the Pi-lot to the bet-ter land.

## THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Ps. 61 : 2.

E. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal ;  
 2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And some - times how heavy my feet ;  
 3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless - ings or sor - rows pre - vail ;

And sor - rows, how oft - en they sweep Like tem - pests down o - ver the soul !  
 But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's bless - ed shad - ow, how sweet !  
 Or climb - ing the mount - ain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.

## CHORUS.

O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,—To the

Rock that is high - er than I ;  
 is high - er than I ; O, then to the

Rock let me fly, let me fly,—To the Rock that is high - er than I.

By permission.

425

"Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. 10:35.

REV. L. B. CARPENTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To the cross I long was clinging As a ref-uge from de-spair,  
 2. To that cross I cling no long-er, Doubts and fears no long-er feel;  
 3. O what need-less griefs I've carried, And what need-less bur-dens borne!

Found re-lief from guilt of sin-ning While I lin-gered, cling-ing there.  
 Faith, and hope, and love, are strong-er, Je-sus' blood doth ful-ly heal.  
 All be-cause I, cling-ing, tar-ried, While the rest-ing was unknown.

Still life's waves and storms as-sailed me, Doubts and fears my mind distressed,  
 Now my song is not, "I'm clinging," That to me would now be loss,  
 Years of cling-ing were not wast-ed, Tho' they seem to me but loss,

And with all the cross a-vailed me, Cling-ing gave no per-fect rest.  
 When with heart and voice I'm sing-ing, "I am rest-ing at the cross.  
 Since di-vin-er sweets I've tast-ed In the rest-ing at the cross.

CHORUS.

I was cling-ing, now I'm rest-ing, Sweet-ly rest-ing at the cross;

From "The Garner," by per. John J. Hood.

## CLINGING AND RESTING.—Concluded.

I was cling-ing, now I'm rest-ing, Sweet-ly rest-ing at the cross.

1209

## BAPTIZE US ANEW.

"But ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 1:5.

W. A. O.

*Spirited.*

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bap-tize us a-new With pow'r from on high, With love, O re-  
 2. Un-wor-thy we cry, Un-ho-ly, un-clean, O wash us and  
 3. O heav-en-ly Dove, De-scent from on high! We plead thy rich  
 4. O list the glad voice! From heav-en it came: Thou art my be-

### CHORUS.

fresh us! Dear Sav-iour, draw nigh. We hum-bly be-seech thee, Lord  
 cleanse us From sin's guilt-y stain.  
 bless-ing; In mer-cy draw nigh. (Last vs.)  
 lov-ed, Well pleas-ed I am. We praise thee, we bless thee, dear

Je-sus, we pray, With love and the Spir-it bap-tize us to-day.  
 Lamb that was slain, We laud and a-dore thee, A-men and A-men.

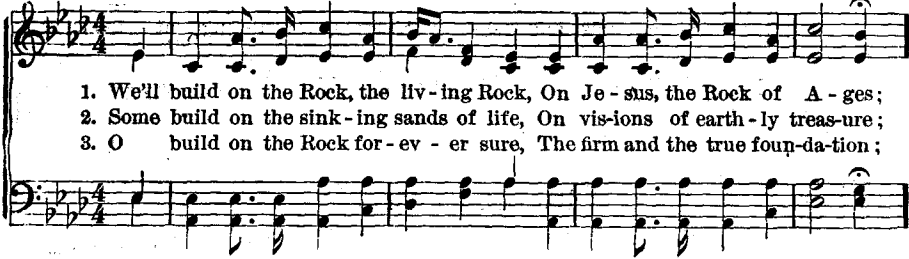
By permission.

427

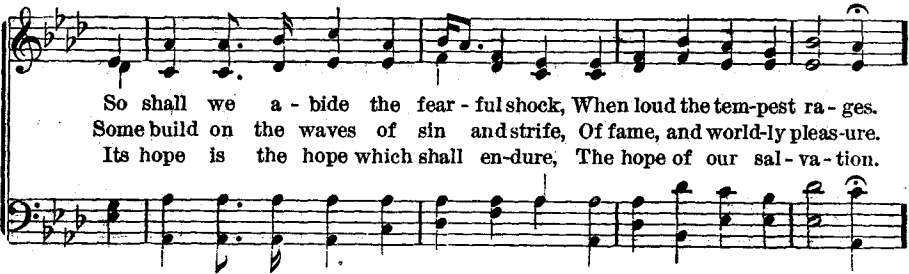
"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."—Matt. 7:24, 25.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

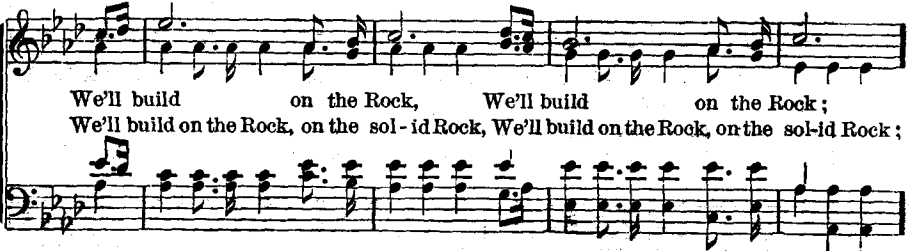


1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv-ing Rock, On Je-sus, the Rock of A-ges;  
 2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vis-ions of earth-ly treas-ure;  
 3. O build on the Rock for-ev-er sure, The firm and the true foun-da-tion;

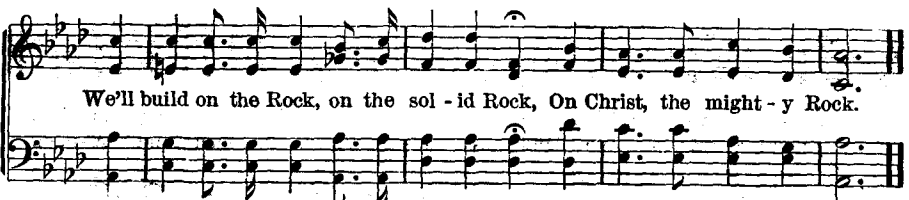


So shall we a-bide the fear-ful shock, When loud the tem-pest ra-ges.  
 Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and world-ly pleas-ure.  
 Its hope is the hope which shall en-dure, The hope of our sal-va-tion.

## CHORUS.



We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;  
 We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock;



We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, On Christ, the might-y Rock.

"Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross."—Heb. 12: 2.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Light aft - er dark-ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er wear - i - ness,  
 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mys - ter - y,  
 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er lone - li - ness,

Crown aft - er cross; Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er sigh,  
 Peace aft - er pain; Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast,  
 Life aft - er tomb; Dark though the path - way Lead - ing to this,

## CHORUS.

Home aft - er wan - der - ing, Praise aft - er cry.  
 Rest aft - er wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping,  
 Aft - er the ag - o - ny, Rapt - ure of bliss.

Then the glad reap - ing; Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the reward.

From "Gates of Praise," by permission.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2: 13, 14.

F. W. FABER, 1849.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watch - es keep - ing, Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing,  
 Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweetly ring - ing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,  
 of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.  
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

By permission.

430

“Who is this that cometh from Edom, \* \* traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.”—Isa. 63: 1.

Rev. R. W. TODD.

HARRY SANDERS.

1. O who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with  
 2. O why isthine ap-par-el With reek-ing gore all dyed, Likethem that tread the  
 3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? "With mercy fraught, mine

garments dyed? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A  
 wine-pressed? O why this blood-y tide? "I the wine-press trod a-lone, 'Neath  
 own arm brought Sal-va-tion in my name; I the blood-y fight have won, Con-

ran-som gave; I that speak in right-eous-ness, Might-y to save."  
 dark'ning skies; Of the peo-ple there was none Might-y to save."  
 quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come,—Might-y to save."

REFRAIN?  
 Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save,

Might-y to save; Lord, I trust thy won-drous love, Might-y to save.

By permission.



"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. 21:6.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, The fount - ain pure and free;  
 2. When wea - ry with the toil - some jour - ney, 'Tis sweet to rest a - while  
 3. Then come to Christ, the liv - ing wa - ter, Thy strength will he re - store;

There Je - sus waits to give us wel - come, A wel - come sweet 'twill be.  
 Where crys - tal wa - ters gen - tly mur - mur, And sun - ny fount - ains smile.  
 Come, taste the joy of his sal - va - tion, And drink to thirst no more.

## CHORUS.

We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters;  
 fount of liv - ing wa - ters, fount of living wa - ters;

Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the Fount of Life.  
 fount of liv - ing wa - ters,

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark 8 : 36, 37.

CORIE F. DAVIS.

DR. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Have I need of aught, O Sav-iour! Aught on earth but thee?  
 2. Though I have of friends so ma - ny, Love, and gold, and health,  
 3. Is there heart so kind and pa - tient With my fail - ings all?  
 4. Not for worlds would I ex - change it,—This sweet - faith in thee!

Have I a - ny in the heav - ens, A - ny one but thee?  
 If I have not thee, my Sav - iour, Hold I a - ny wealth?  
 Or a voice so true and read - y, An - swer - ing my call?  
 Earth - ly treas - ures can - not e - qual All thou art to me.

CHORUS.

On - ly thee, on - ly thee, O the wondrous love shown me!  
 On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

On - ly thee, on - ly thee, None on earth but thee.  
 On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

"I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 19: 7.

Mrs. M. T. HAUGHEY.

MELODY BY M. T. HAUGHEY. ARRANGED.

1. There is sun-light on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea;  
 2. In the dust I leave my sad-ness, As the garb of oth-er days;  
 3. Lov-ing Sav-iour, thou has bought me, And my life, my all, is thine;

And the gold-en beams are sleep-ing, On the soft and ver-dant lea;  
 For thou rob-est me with glad-ness, And thou fill-est me with praise:  
 Let the lamp thy love hath light-ed To thy praise and glo-ry shine:

But a rich-er light is fill-ing All the cham-bers of my heart;  
 And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,  
 And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,

For thou dwell-est there, my Sav-iour, And 'tis sun-light where thou art.  
 In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.  
 In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.

## REFRAIN.

O the sunlight! beau-ti-ful sun-light! O the sun-light in the heart!

# SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.—Concluded.

Je - sus' smile can ban - ish sad - ness; It is sunlight in the heart.

1217

## THERE'S LIFE IN A LOOK.

F. E. B.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's life in a look at the sa-cred cross, Je - sus has said, "Look unto me;"
2. I'll look to the cross ev-'ry day and hour, Trusting the promise God has given;
3. When first to the Sav-iour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that fell on me;

Earth with its rich - es is on - ly dross, Bright treasures beyond through the cross I see.  
None ev - er fall neath the tempter's pow'r whose weap - on is prayer, and whose strength is Heaven.  
Oft as the clouds of temp - ta - tion rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be.

### CHORUS.

In a look . . . there's life for thee, In a look . . . at Calva-ry;  
In a look there's life for thee, In a look at Cal - va - ry;

Blessed thought, sal - vation free, By a look . . . at Calva - ry (at Cal - va - ry).  
Blessed thought, sal - vation free, By a look

REV. WM. WILLIAMS,  
*Moderato.*

"For thy name's sake guide me."—Ps. 31:3.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;  
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fount - ain Whence the healing wa - ters flow;  
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side;

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - hovah! Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;  
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;  
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side;

I am weak, but thou art might - y, Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand.  
Let the fle - ry, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney through.  
Bear me thro' the swelling cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side.

I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.  
Let the fle - ry, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through.  
Bear me thro' the swell - ing current, Land me safe on Canaan's side.

Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,  
Strong De - liv - 'rer, strong De - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield,  
Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee,

Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more,  
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield,  
Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ev - er give to thee,

Feed me till I want no more, want no more; Feed me till I want no more.  
Be thou still my strength and shield, strength and shield; Be thou still my strength and shield.  
I will ev - er give to thee, give to thee; I will ev - er give to thee.

By permission.  
436

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34:7.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. The an - gel of the Lord en - camp - eth Round about us, round a - bout us;  
 2. When dan - ger hov - ers o'er our path - way, He will hide us, he will hide us,  
 3. We'll trust thee as we on - ward journey, God of Is - rael, God of Is - rael,

## CHORUS.

Round a - bout the souls that fear him, Night and day. O pil - lar of  
 Safe with - in the might - y shad - ow Of his wing.  
 Till we reach the land of prom - ise Just be - fore. O fie - ry, cloud - y

fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me, lead me ev - 'ry day! O  
 pil - lar, fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar, O

pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'nly way!  
 fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar, fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar,

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. i: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the heal-ing stream my feet were led;  
 2. At the door of faith I en-tered in, And to him con-fessed my guilt and sin;  
 3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live;  
 4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his tri-umph o'er the grave,

In the pre-cious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow.  
 With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.  
 What a calm, sweet peace did I re-ceive!— He washed me white as snow.  
 I will sing be-yond death's chill-ing wave, "He washed me white as snow."

## CHORUS.

O, my joy-ful song hence-forth shall be, "'Tis the blood of Je-sus

cleans-eth me," Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, O, yes, it cleans-eth me.

By permission John J. Hood.

## WHITER THAN THE SNOW.

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—Ps. 51: 7."

MRS. SUZ M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, my Redeemer, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come, and thy right as - sume,  
 2. Ex - ert thy mighty power, And ban - ish all my sin; In this au - spicious hour  
 3. Rule thou in ev - ry thought And pas - sion of my soul, Till all my powers are brought

## CHORUS

And bid thy ri - vals flee.  
 Bring all thy gra - ces in. Come, my Redeemer, quickly come, And make my heart thy lasting  
 Be - neath thy full - con - trol.

home; Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

Whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow,  
 Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, the snow,

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, the snow.

By permission  
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"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5:7.

MRS. E. H. WILLIS.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I left it all with Je - sus, long a - go (long a - go); All my  
 2. I leave it all with Je - sus, for he knows (for he knows) How to  
 3. I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day (day by day); Faith can  
 4. O, leave it all with Je - sus, droop - ing soul (droop - ing soul), Tell not

sins I brought him, and my woe (and my woe); When by faith I saw him  
 steal the bit - ter from life's woes (from life's woes); How to gild the tear of  
 firm - ly trust him, come what may (come what may); Hope has dropp'd for aye her  
 half thy sto - ry, but the whole (but, the whole); Worlds on worlds are hang - ing

bleed - ing on the tree (on the tree); Heard his still small whis - per, "'Tis for  
 sor - row with his smile (with his smile), Make the des - ert gar - den bloom a -  
 an - chor, found her rest (found her rest); In the calm, sure ha - ven of his  
 ev - er on his hand (on his hand); Life and death are wait - ing his com -

thee!" From my wea - ry heart the bur - den rolled a - way: . . . Hap - py  
 while. Then with all my weak - ness lean - ing on his might, . . . All is  
 breast. Love es - teems it joy of heav - en to a - bide . . . At his  
 mand. Yet his ten - der, lov - ing mer - cy makes thee room: . . . O come

day! . . . hap - py day! hap - py day! From my wea - ry heart the  
 light! . . . all is light! all is light! Then with all my weak - ness  
 side! . . . at his side! at his side! Love es - teems it joy of  
 home! . . . O come home! O come home! Yes, his ten - der, lov - ing

# I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.—Concluded.

bur - den rolled a - way (rolled a - way); Hap - py day! hap - py day (hap - py day).  
 lean - ing on his might (on his might), All is light! all is light (all is light).  
 heav - en to a - bide (to a - bide), At his side! at his side (at his side).  
 mer - cy makes thee room (makes thee room), O come home! O come home (O come home).

1223

## OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

"Bring ye *all* the tithes into the storehouse \* \* and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it."—Mal. 3:10.  
 F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. O - pen the win - dows of heav'n, O Lord, Here are my tithes for thee:  
 2. All that I have I would hold as thine, Lent in thy love so free;  
 3. Thus would I prove thee, in faith, O Lord; Bring - ing my tithe of all;

Sure is the prom - ise contained in thy word;—Pour out a rich blessing on me.  
 Add to these blessings thy presence di - vine,—The dearest of all gifts to me.  
 Thus would receive a far rich - er re - ward Of heav - en - ly blessings that fall.

CHORUS.

O - pen the windows of heaven for me, O - pen the windows of heaven for me;

O - pen, O Lord, o - pen, O Lord, The windows of heav - en for me.  
 the windows, the windows,

CHARLES WESLEY.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8: 35.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, . . . . .  
Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me,  
While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me,

O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past . . Safe in - to the haven guide, . . .  
O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe in - to the haven guide,

O re - ceive my soul at last, Safe in - to the haven guide, . . . O receive my soul at last.  
O receive my soul at last, Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

From "Fresh Laurels" by per. Biglow &amp; Main.

"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. 8 : 39.

CHARLES WESLEY.

H. W. HERNS, by per.

*Slow.*

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.  
While the billows near me roll,

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, 'Till the storm of life is past,

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

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- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, O leave me not alone !  
Still support and comfort me ;  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within ;  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

F. E. B.

"And the people asked Him, saying, What shall we do?"—Luke 3: 10.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. What shall I do for Christ, my Saviour? How shall I pay the debt I owe?  
 2. First will I tell him I have wandered, Ask him to take me back a - gain,  
 3. Then will I take the bless - ed Bi - ble, Searching it well, that I may be

He has redeemed me out of bondage, What shall I do my love to show?  
 Ask him that I may be for - giv - en, Ask him to take a - way my sin.  
 A - ble to help someone to love him, — Je - sus, my Lord, who first loved me.

## CHORUS.

This will I do for Je - sus, my Saviour, This will I do my love to show:

Tell of his goodness, tell of his mer - cy, Walk in his foot-steps here be - low.

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house: and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."—Dan. 6: 10.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Would you fear to have your win - dows o - pen Three times each day,  
 2. Would you of - fer up a bold pe - ti - tion, If well you knew  
 3. Would you kneel be - liev - ing ev - 'ry prom - ise The Lord has giv'n?  
 4. The les - son taught is not to of - fer A world-wide prayer:  
 5. Then kneel at morn - ing, noon, and even - ing, Nor ev - er fear

If sin - ners saw that you were kneel - ing Three times to pray?  
 That aw - ful den of roar - ing li - ons A - wait - ed you?  
 Or think - ing si - lent prayer suf - fi - cient For you and heav'n?  
 'Tis du - ty *first*, and *then* the prom - ise Of heav'n - s - ly care.  
 That oth - ers who are un - be - liev - ing Your prayer may hear.

## CHORUS.

Keep your win - dows o - pen to'ard Je - ru - sa - lem, Keep your windows o - pen to'ard Je -

ru - sa - lem; Keep your windows o - pen to'ard Je - ru - sa - lem, And al - ways pray.

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4:12.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, 'Tis the dear - est name we know,  
 2. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus When the heart with grief is sad,  
 3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see him When in glo - ry he ap - pears,  
 4. If he wills that I should la - bor In his vine - yard day by day,  
 5. If he wills that death's cold fin - ger Touch my fee - ble, mor - tal clay,

'Tis the an - gel's joy in heav - en, 'Tis the Chris - tian's joy be - low.  
 There's no oth - er name like Je - sus When the heart is free and glad.  
 'Tis the hope to hear his wel - come That my faint - ing spir - it cheers.  
 Then 'tis well if on - ly Je - sus Bless - es all I do or say.  
 Then 'tis well if on - ly Je - sus Is my dy - ing trust and stay.

## REFRAIN.

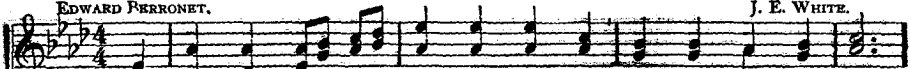
Sweet name (sweet name), dear name (dear name), There's no oth - er name like Je - sus;

Sweet name (sweet name), dear name (dear name), There's no oth - er name like Je - sus.

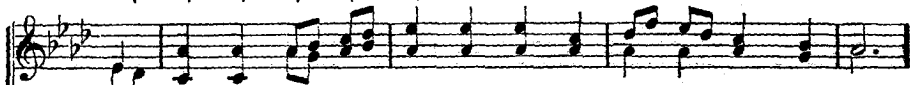
"And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. 2: 8-11.

EDWARD FERRONET.

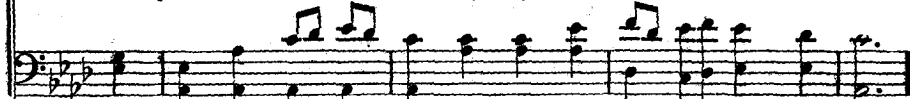
J. E. WHITE.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall,  
 3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throug We at his feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
 Go, spread your tro - phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



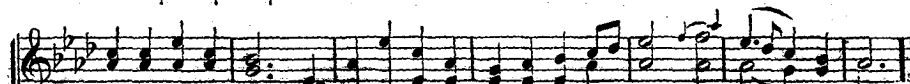
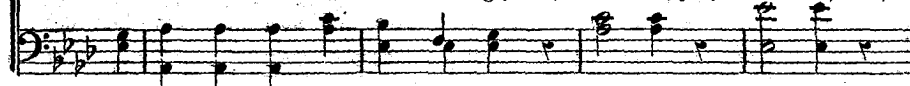
Duet.



Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 Him Lord of lords, and King of kings, Let ev - 'ry na - tion call;



Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown him, and crown him, And  
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him, and crown him, And  
 From heav'n to earth the cho - rus rings, Yea, crown him, yea, crown him, Yea,



crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.  
 crown him Lord of all; To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.  
 crown him Lord of all; From heav'n to earth the chorus rings, Yea, crown him Lord of all.





"The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. 4:7. "Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him *in well doing*, as unto a faithful Creator."—1 Pet. 4:19.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Sav - iour, Sav - iour, be my guide, For the way is dark and drear;  
 2. I am way-ward, I am weak, Oft - en falls the bit - ter tear;  
 3. Keep me, Sav - iour of my soul, Day by day, thro' ev - 'ry year;

Keep me ev - er near thy side, I am pressed by doubt and fear.  
 To my soul sweet com - fort speak, As my help - er, Word, ap - pear.  
 Self I yield to thy con - trol, In my heart thy stand - ard rear.

Sor - rows deep, and ills be - tide; O my faint pe - ti - tion hear!  
 Make me pure, and make me strong, And thy pre - cepts to re - vere;  
 O im - part thy peace di - vine; To my prayer now lend thine ear;

Come, and in my heart a - bide, O for - ev - er be thou near!  
 Fill my heart with joy and song, Give my spir - it hope and cheer.  
 Own me as a child of thine, Keep me, keep me, Sav - iour dear.

## CHORUS.

Keep me in the nar - row way, Guide me, guide me ev - 'ry  
 Keep me in the narrow way, Guide me, guide me

# KEEP ME.—Concluded.

day; Let me never, nev - er stray, Keep me, Blessed One, I pray.  
 ev'ry day; Let me never, never stray,

1231

## NEARER THEE.

"Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts ye double-minded."—James 4:8. "Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:22  
 F. E. BELDEN, FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Near-er thee and ev - er near - er, O thou constant, might - y Friend!  
 2. Thou canst save us and de - liv - er When the e - vil hosts as - sail;  
 3. We ac - cept of thy sal - va - tion, And like thee would per - fect be;

Thou to me art more and dear - er Than all joys that earth can lend.  
 Thou of mer - cies art the giv - er, Thro' thy prom - ise we pre - vall.  
 Oh, de - liv - er from temp - ta - tion, Draw us near - er, near - er thee.

### CHORUS.

Near - er thee, . . . near - er thee, . . . Clos - er, clos - er to thy  
 Near - er thee, near - er thee,

side; In thy keep - ing safe are we; With us ev - er - more a - hide.

## WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 Pet. 1: 10.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from the FREEMEN by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ti-tle clear (title clear), When I can read my ti-tle clear (title clear), When I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear (ev'ry fear), I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear (ev'ry fear), I'll

## CHORUS.

I can read my ti-tle clear To man-sions in the skies, } We will stand . . . the  
bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. } We will stand, stand the storm, It will

storm, . . . We will an-chor by and by, by and by; We will  
not be ver-y long, We will anchor by and by, We will an-chor by and by; We will

stand . . . the storm, . . . We will an-chor by and by (by and by).  
stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled;  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

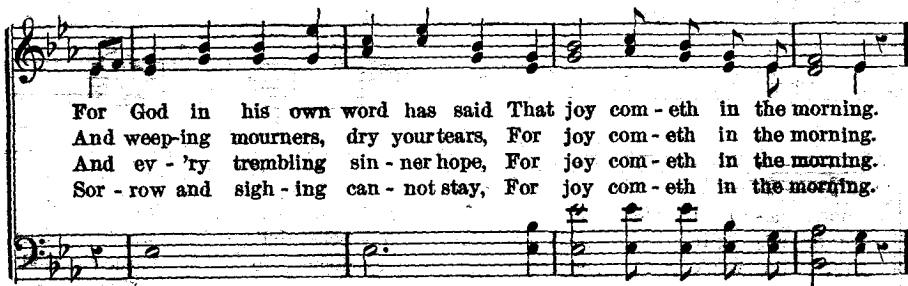
## JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.  
Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

E. S. LORENZ.

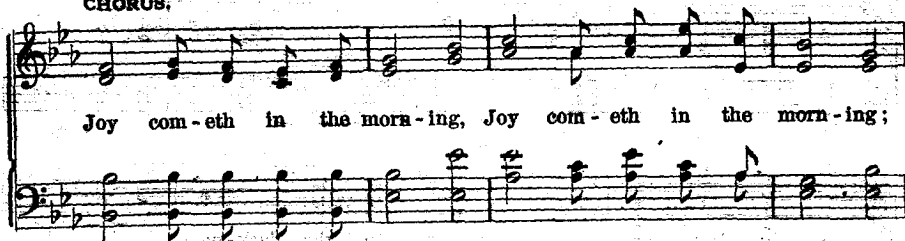


1. O wea - ry pil - grim, lift your head! For joy com - eth in the morning;  
2. Ye fee - ble saints, dis - miss your fears, For joy com - eth in the morning;  
3. Let ev - 'ry tear - ful eye look up, For joy com - eth in the morning;  
4. Our God shall wipe our tears a - way, For joy com - eth in the morning;

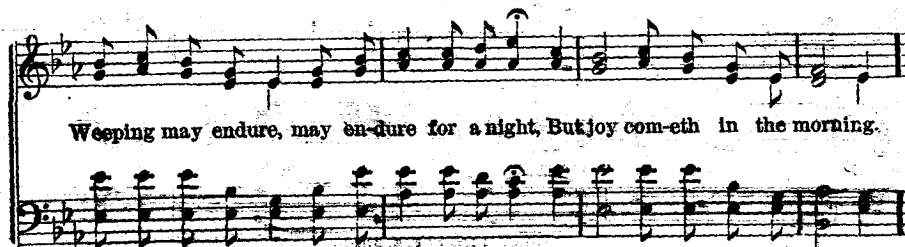


For God in his own word has said That joy com - eth in the morning.  
And weep - ing mourners, dry your tears, For joy com - eth in the morning.  
And ev - 'ry trembling sin - ner hope, For joy com - eth in the morning.  
Sor - row and sigh - ing can - not stay, For joy com - eth in the morning.

## CHORUS.



Joy com - eth in the morn - ing, Joy com - eth in the morn - ing;



Weeping may endure, may en - dure for a night, But joy com - eth in the morning.

From "Notes of Victory," by permission.

"For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."—1 John 3:12, 13.  
 "The Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper?"—Gen. 4:9.

(SOLO, OR QUARTETTE:)

F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B.

*With expression.*

1. Am I my broth-er's keep-er? Or serv-ing self a-lone? Are  
 2. If en-vy rules the spir-it, Per-haps it is be-cause A  
 3. Are there no words of com-fort To cheer the hearts that mourn? Or

none a-round me bet-ter Since I the way have known? Do  
 broth-er's gift is bet-ter, As A-bel's off'r-ing was! This  
 for the weak and er-ring No bur-dens to be borne? God

an-y faint or fal-ter, And in the dark-ness fall, Be-  
 rule of truth e-ter-nal Shall hid-den mo-tives tell: They  
 help us to be broth-ers, And firm as broth-ers stand: For

*p* *dim.* *dim.*

# AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?—Concluded.

cause my lamp burns dim - ly, Or gives no light at all?  
 on - ly are ac - cept - ed Who do their du - ties well.  
 love to God and neigh - bor Should trav - el hand in hand.

*p* *rit.*

## CHORUS. *faster.*

Where are the broth - er - keep - ers, The faith - ful and the true?

Where are the broth - er - keep - ers?—What an - swer of - fer you?

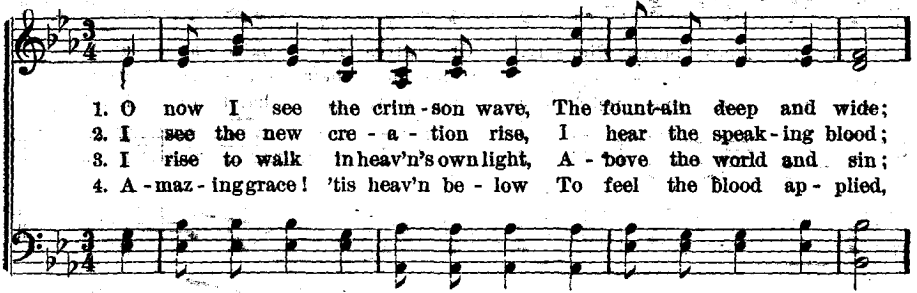
Our hearts should long for oth - ers The love of - Christ to share.

Where are the broth - ers? The Lord asks, Where?

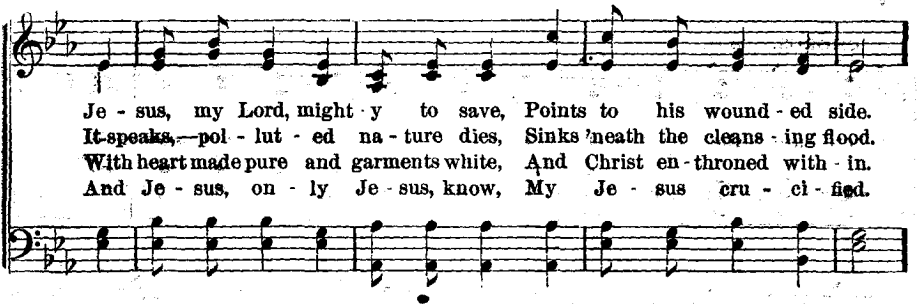
"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

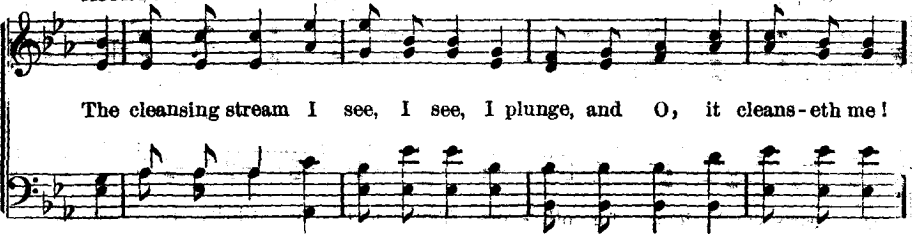


1. O now I see the crim-son wave, The fount-ain deep and wide;  
 2. I see the new cre-a-tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;  
 3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin;  
 4. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low To feel the blood ap-plied,

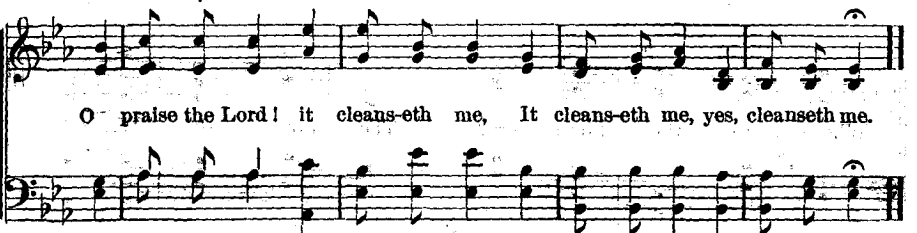


Je-sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to his wound-ed side.  
 It speaks, pol-lut-ed na-ture dies, Sinks 'neath the cleans-ing flood.  
 With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ en-throned with-in.  
 And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

CHORUS.



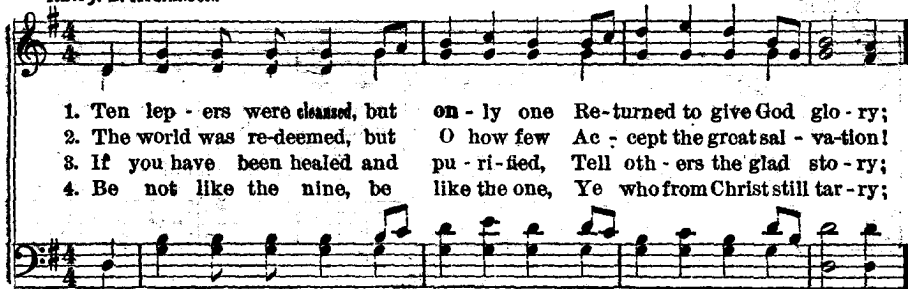
The cleansing stream I see, I see, I plunge, and O, it cleans-eth me!



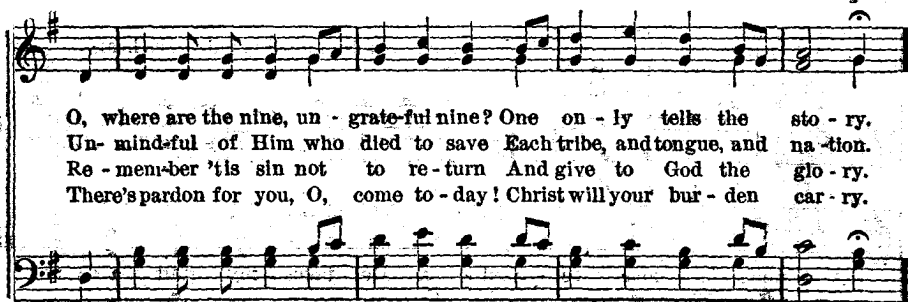
O-praise the Lord! it cleans-eth me, It cleans-eth me, yes, cleanseth me.

By permission.

Rev. J. B. ARCHINSON. "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?"—Luke 17: 17. FRANK M. DAVIS.

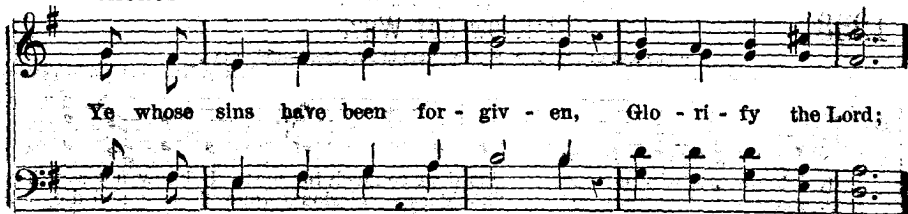


1. Ten lep - ers were cleansed, but on - ly one Re - turned to give God glo - ry;  
 2. The world was re - deemed, but O how few Ac - cept the great sal - vation!  
 3. If you have been healed and pu - ri - fied, Tell oth - ers the glad sto - ry;  
 4. Be not like the nine, be like the one, Ye who from Christ still tar - ry;

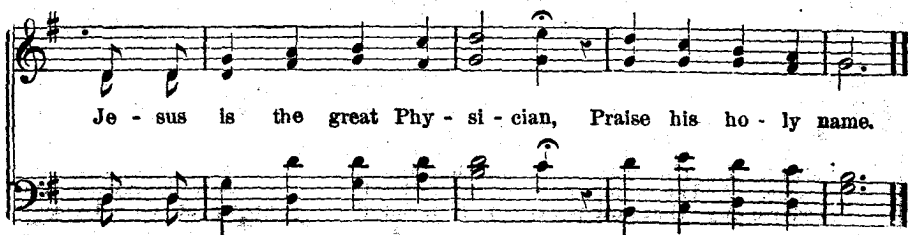


O, where are the nine, un - grate - ful nine? One on - ly tells the sto - ry.  
 Un - mind - ful of Him who died to save Each tribe, and tongue, and na - tion.  
 Re - mem - ber 'tis sin not to re - turn And give to God the glo - ry.  
 There's pardon for you, O, come to - day! Christ will your bur - den car - ry.

## CHORUS.



Ye whose sins have been for - giv - en, Glo - ri - fy the Lord;



Je - sus is the great Phy - si - cian, Praise his ho - ly name.



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## KNEELING AT THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Eph. 6: 14.

F. E. B.

F. E. BEIDEN.

1. I'm kneel-ing at the cross, The cross of Cal-va-ry; All earth-ly gain is  
 2. O sweet-est hour of day! O dear-est hour of night! When kneeling, thus I  
 3. His-mer-cy is my plea, No hope in self have I; His blood was shed for  
 4. When most I feel my need, Then greatest strength is mine; And oft-en as I

## CHORUS.

loss That hideth this from me.  
 pray, "Direct me, Lord, a-right." Kneeling, humbly kneeling; Je-sus hears me pray;  
 me,—This is my on-ly cry.  
 plead I feel his touch di-vine.

And now, his love re-veal-ing, He takes my guilt a-way.

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1238

## I KNOW NOT WHY.

"The love of Christ \* \* \* passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

GRACE E. LOVELIGHT.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I know not why my Saviour Has done so much for me; I know not why his  
 2. I know not why my Saviour Should leave a glorious throne, To bleed and die on  
 3. I know not why he bids me Breathe forth my wants in prayer, While day by day he  
 4. I know not where he leads me, And yet I fol-low still; I know not why he

fa-vor Has come so con-stant-ly; But this I know, I love him And  
 Cal-vry, For sin-ners to a-tone; But this I know, 'tis cer-tain, He  
 sees me, And knows my ev-'ry care; But this I know, while pray-ing And  
 needs me My vine-yard place to fill; But this I know, at du-ty, In

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# I KNOW NOT WHY.—Concluded.

trust him day by day, And cast my care up - on him, And watch and praise and pray.  
ful - ly ransomed me, And in that truth be - liev - ing, I feel that I am free.  
trust - ing in his word, My soul, refreshed, and strengthened, Rests sweet - ly on the Lord.  
prayer or ho - ly song, My heart keeps o - ver - flow - ing With rapt - ure all day long!

1239

## WOULD YOU KNOW WHY I AM SINGING?

F. E. B.

"Therefore we will sing songs all the days of our life."—Isa. 38 : 20.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Would you know why I am sing - ing, Sing - ing the whole day long?
2. Some - times a shad - ow of sad - ness O - ver my life doth fall;
3. Some - times a flood of temp - ta - tion O - ver my path doth roll;
4. Wheth - er in sun - shine or shad - ow, Je - sus my song, shall be;

'Tis be - cause Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Fill - eth my heart with song.  
Still in my spir - it I'm sing - ing; Je - sus is all in all.  
Still I keep pray - ing and sing - ing; Je - sus will keep my soul.  
Should I one mo - ment cease sing - ing, That would be loss to me.

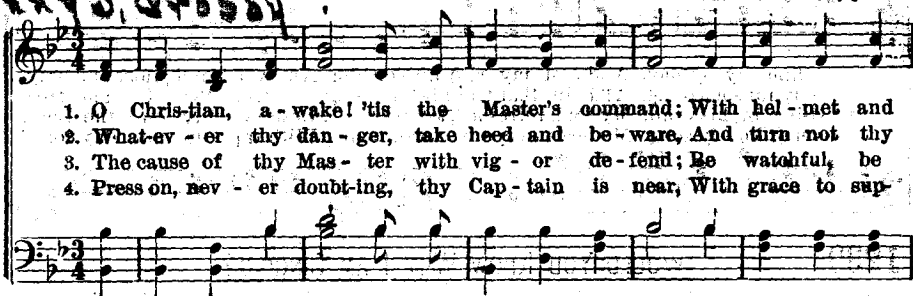
### CHORUS.

This is just why I am sing - ing, This is just why I am sing - ing;  
This is just why I'm singing, This is just why I'm singing;

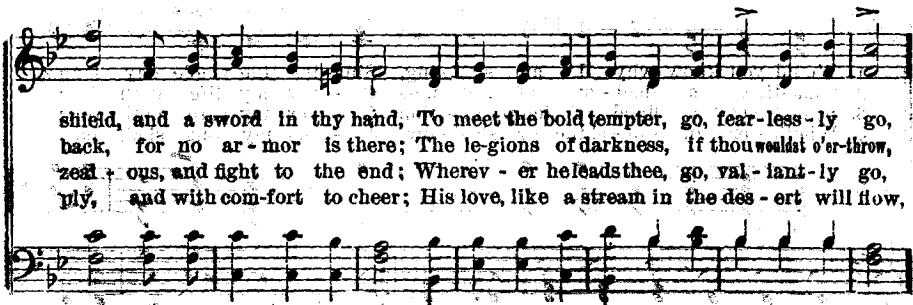
'Tis be - cause Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Fill - eth my heart with song.

"It is high time to awake \* \* let us therefore \* \* put on the armor of light." - Rom. 13:11, 12.  
 PHILIP PAULIPS, by per.

Fanny J. Crosby

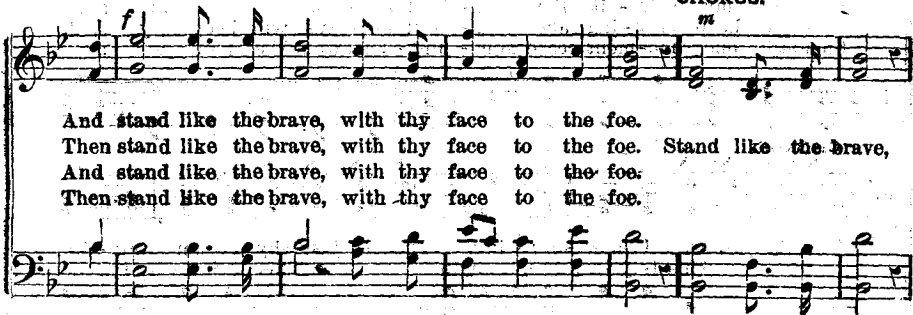


1. O Chris-tian, a-wake! 'tis the Mas-ter's com-mand; With hel-met and  
 2. What-ev-er thy dan-ger, take heed and be-ware, And turn not thy  
 3. The cause of thy Mas-ter with vig-or de-fend; Be watchful, be  
 4. Press on, nev-er doubt-ing, thy Cap-tain is near, With grace to sup-

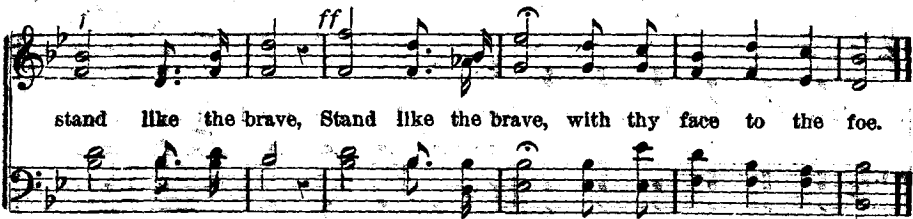


shield, and a sword in thy hand; To meet the bold tempter, go, fear-less-ly go,  
 back, for no ar-mor is there; The le-gions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'er-throw,  
 zeal-ous, and fight to the end; Wherev-er he leads thee, go, val-i-ant-ly go,  
 ply, and with com-fort to cheer; His love, like a stream in the des-ert will flow,

CHORUS.



And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.  
 Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe. Stand like the brave,  
 And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.  
 Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.



stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

GEORGE COOPER. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Ecl. 9: 10. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 2. { There's no time for i - die scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 3. { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; }

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, — O, the  
 For the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes; Help your  
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will

## REFRAIN.

good we all may do, While the days are going by!  
 fall - en brother rise, While the days are going by.    Go - ing by,    go - ing by,  
 keep our hearts glow, While the days are going by.    going by,    going by,

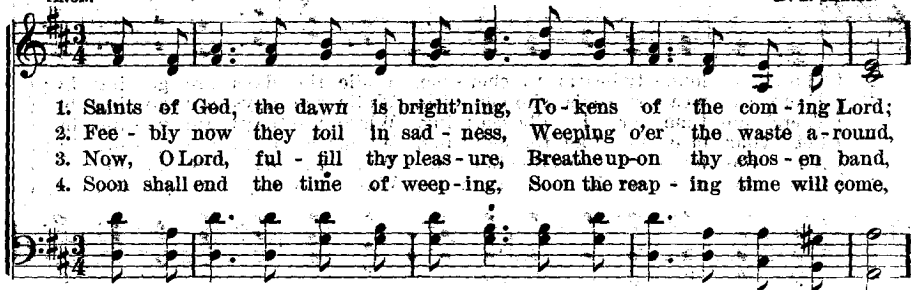
Go - ing by,    go - ing by;    O, the good we all may do, While the days are going by!  
 going by,    going by;

Words by per. S. T. Gordon & Son,

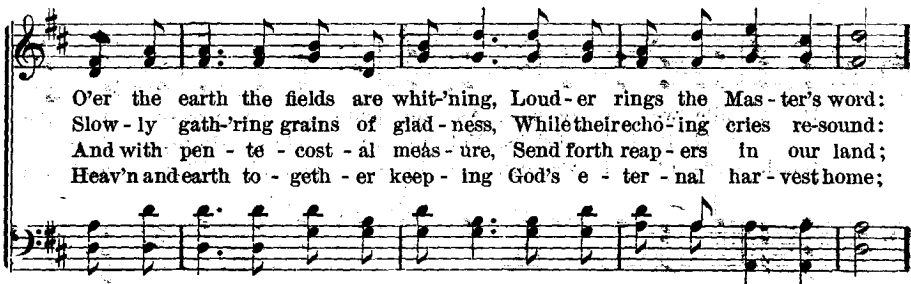
"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."—Luke 10:2.

ANON.

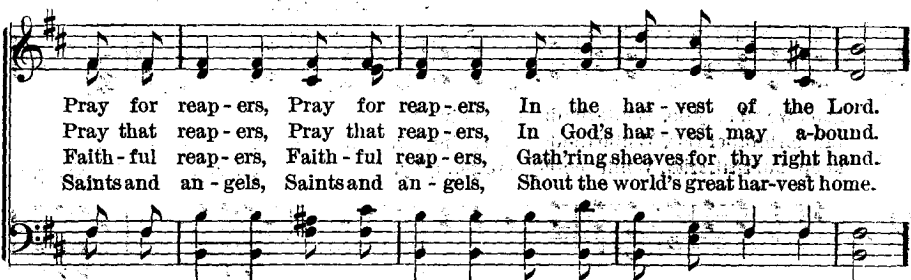
D. S. HAKES.



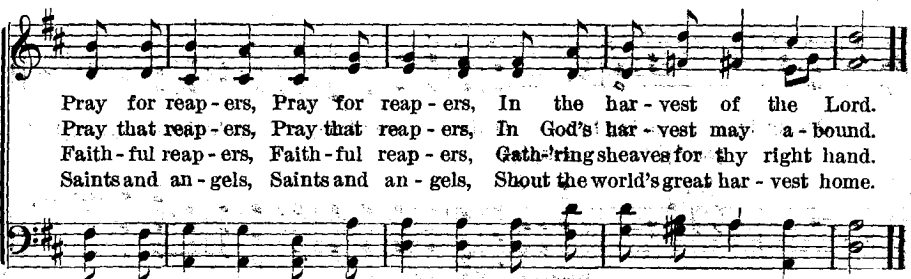
1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, To - kens of the com - ing Lord;  
 2. Fee - bly now they toil in sad - ness, Weeping o'er the waste a - round,  
 3. Now, O Lord, ful - fill thy pleas - ure, Breathe up - on thy chos - en band,  
 4. Soon shall end the time of weep - ing, Soon the reap - ing time will come,



O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning, Loud - er rings the Mas - ter's word:  
 Slow - ly gath - ring grains of glad - ness, While their echo - ing cries re - sound:  
 And with pen - te - cost - al meas - ure, Send forth reap - ers in our land;  
 Heav'n and earth to - geth - er keep - ing God's e - ter - nal har - vest home;



Pray for reap - ers, Pray for reap - ers, In the har - vest of the Lord.  
 Pray that reap - ers, Pray that reap - ers, In God's har - vest may a - bound.  
 Faith - ful reap - ers, Faith - ful reap - ers, Gath - ring sheaves for thy right hand.  
 Saints and an - gels, Saints and an - gels, Shout the world's great har - vest home.



Pray for reap - ers, Pray for reap - ers, In the har - vest of the Lord.  
 Pray that reap - ers, Pray that reap - ers, In God's har - vest may a - bound.  
 Faith - ful reap - ers, Faith - ful reap - ers, Gath - ring sheaves for thy right hand.  
 Saints and an - gels, Saints and an - gels, Shout the world's great har - vest home.

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"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. \* \* So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. \* \* For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."—Luke 14: 16-24.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Staccato movement.*

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's earnest work to do; Stand ready to be used  
 2. Ask not to be ex-cused, The Master calls to-day; Too long hast thou re-fused,  
 3. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's danger in de-lay; That wondrous love a-bused,

Where God may station you. His in-vi-tation kind To thee has oft been giv'n;  
 Now hast-en to o-bey. The harvest fields are white, The la-bor-ers are few;  
 For-ev-er turns a-way. While Mercy gently pleads And points the way to heav'n.

*D. S.*—Ask not to be ex-cused, This answer may be giv'n:

*Fine.* REFRAIN.

Ac-cept, and thou shalt find 'Tis sweet to work for Heav'n. Come, O come,  
 Let this be thy de-light, The Master's work to do.  
 While Je-sus in-ter-cedes, O come and be for-giv'n. to-day,

*Thou hast my love a-bused, Thou art excused from heav'n.*

*D. S.*

Ask not to be ex-cused; Come, O come (to-day), Stand ready to be used.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:16.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS,

I. BALTZELL

1. Are you Christ's light - bear - er? Of his joy a shar - er? Is this  
 2. Is your heart warm, glow - ing, With his love o'er - flow - ing, And his  
 3. Keep your al - tars burn - ing, Wait your Lord's re - turn - ing, While your

dark world fair - er For your cheer - ing ray? Is your bea - con light - ed, Guid - ing,  
 good - ness show - ing More and more each day? Are you pressing on - ward With his  
 heart's deep yearning Draws him ev - er near; With his radiance splendid, Shall your

*D. S.*—Are you waiting, yearning For your

Fine. CHORUS.

souls be - night - ed To the land of per - fect day?  
 faith - ful vanguard, In the safe and nar - row way? O brother! is your  
 light be blend - ed When his glo - ry shall ap - pear.

*Lord's re - turn - ing? Are you watching day by day?*

*D. S.*

lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made bright - er by its cheer - ing ray?

From "Holy Voices," by permission

"Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul."—Ezc. 33: 4, 5-

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watchman, blow the gos - pel trum - pet, Ev - 'ry soul a warning giv - e;  
 2. Sound it loud o'er ev - 'ry hill - top, Gloomy shade and sun - ny plain;  
 3. Sound it in the hedge and high - way, Earth's dark spots where exiles roam;  
 4. Sound it for the heav - y la - den, Wea - ry, long - ing to be free;

Who - so - ev - er hears the mes - sage May re - pent, and turn and live.  
 O - cean depths re - peat the message, Full sal - va - tion's glad re - frain.  
 Let it tell all things are read - y, Fa - ther waits to wel - come home.  
 Sound a Sav - iour's in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet - ly say - ing, "Come to me."

## CHORUS.

Blow the trum - pet, trust - y watchman, Blow it loud o'er land and sea; . . .  
 loud - o'er land and sea;

God com - mis - sions, sound the mes - sage! Ev - 'ry cap - tive may be free.

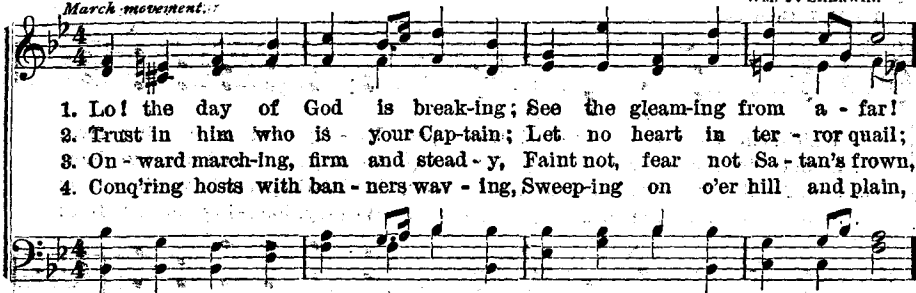
From "Songs of Triumph," by per.



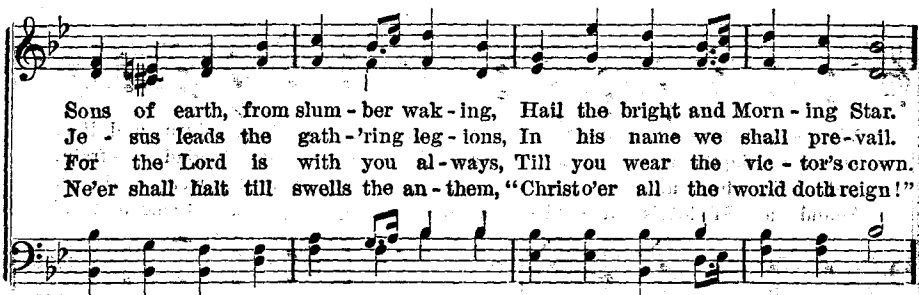
"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."—Eph. 6:13.

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

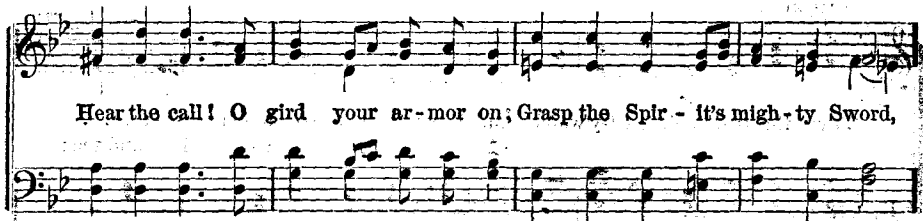
*March movement.*


1. Lo! the day of God is break-ing; See the gleam-ing from a - far!  
 2. Trust in him who is your Cap-tain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;  
 3. On - ward march-ing, firm and stead - y, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,  
 4. Conq'ring hosts with ban - ners wav - ing, Sweep-ing on o'er hill and plain,

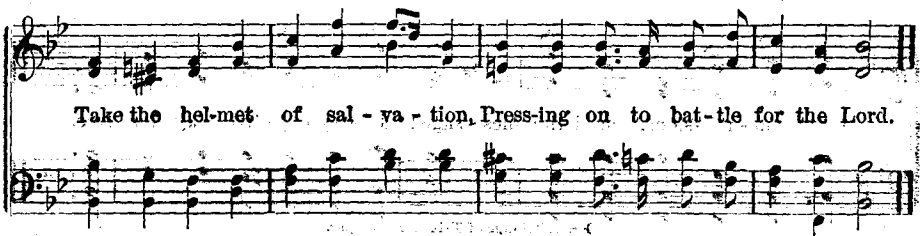


Sons of earth, from slum - ber wak - ing, Hail the bright and Morn - ing Star.  
 Je - sus leads the gath - ring leg - ions, In his name we shall pre - vail.  
 For the Lord is with you al - ways, Till you wear the vic - tor's crown.  
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the an - them, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

## CHORUS.



Hear the call! O gird your ar - mor on; Grasp the Spir - it's high - ty Sword,



Take the hel - met of sal - va - tion, Press - ing on to bat - tle for the Lord.

By permission.

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"Through God we shall do valiantly, for he it is that treadeth down our enemies."—Ps. 68: 12.

F. E. B.

*With Energy.*

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Words of cheer from the bat-tle-field of life, Welcome tid-ings from the war ;  
 2. Fierce and long has the struggle been with sin, Still the church moves on be-low ;  
 3. Stand like men ! there's a bat-tle to be fought ; Per-se-cu-tion's pow'r will rage ;  
 4. Who so strong as to trust in self a-lone 'Gainst a foe so swift and sure ?

Glo-rious news from the grand and ho-ly strife,—Soon the conflict will be o'er.  
 War with-out, and temp-ta-tion from with-in, Vainly seek her o-ver-throw.  
 Trust in God ! he de-liv-er-ance has wrought For his saints in ev-'ry age.  
 Who so weak that he can-not grasp the throne And the promised help se-cure ?

CHORUS.

Words of bat-tle cheer ! tid-ings from the war ! " How has gone the con-flict ? " Vic-t'ry's near ;

Words of bat-tle cheer ! tid-ings from the war ! Glorious news of vic-t'ry ! Words of cheer.

EMER E. REXFORD.

"Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."—Joel 3:13.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Moderato.*

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good  
 2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,  
 3. The fields all are ripening and far and wide The world now is wait-  
 4. So come with your sick-les ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-

from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth must the work be done,  
 though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by;  
 ing the har-vest tide: But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,  
 er the gold-en grain; Toll on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

## CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."  
 But gath-er from all for the home on high. Where are the reap-ers? O  
 And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.  
 Then share ye his joy in the "har-vest home."

who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" O,

who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

By permission The John Church Co.

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## BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13 : 39.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide  
 2. Sowing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor  
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho'the loss sus-tained our

and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,  
 win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end-ed,  
 spir - it oft-en-grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver, he will bid us wel-come,

## CHORUS.

We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.  
 We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves. Bring - ing in the sheaves,  
 We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

Bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves;

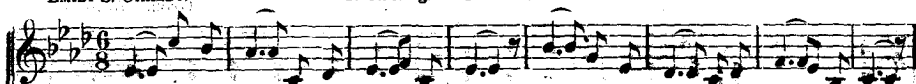
Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.

By permission.

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:8.

EMILY S. OAKLEY.

F. E. BELDEN.



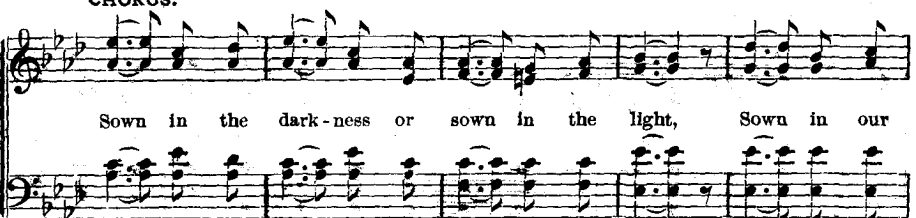
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Sow - ing the seed by the day - light fair, | Sow - ing the seed by the noon - day glare,      |
| 2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high,  | Sow - ing the seed on the rocks to die,          |
| 3. Sow - ing the seed of a lln - gering pain,  | Sow - ing the seed of a maddened brain,          |
| 4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, | Sow - ing the seed while the tear - drops start, |



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light,      | Sowing the seed in the sol - emn night.     |
| Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, | Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil.     |
| Sow - ing the seed of a tar - nished name,      | Sowing the seed of e - ter - nal shame.     |
| Sow - ing in hope till the reap - ers come      | Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home. |



CHORUS.



Sown in the dark - ness or sown in the light, Sown in our



weak - ness or sown in our might; Gath - ered in time or e -

# WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—Concluded.

ni - ty, Sure, ah! sure will the har - vest be.

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## WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

"Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."—2 Thess. 5: 6.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Work when the morn - ing shin - eth, Work when the noon - day gleams,
2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a read - y hand,
3. Work till the sum - mons com - eth,—Join with the hosts at rest;

Work when the day de - clin - eth, Work with its lat - est beams.  
 Work for the pure and ho - ly, Work for the true and grand.  
 So shall thy days be joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

### CHORUS.

Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will soon be gone;

Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission.

"The Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 14, 15.

MAY E. WARREN.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dy-ing look and live; To all  
 2. Lift him up, this pre-cious Sav-iour, Let the mul-ti-tude be-hold; They with  
 3. Lift him up in all his glo-ry, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him  
 4. O then lift him up in sing-ing, Lift the Sav-iour up in prayer; He, the

wea-ry, thirst-ing sin-ners, Liv-ing wa-ters will he give; And though once so meek and  
 will-ing hearts shall seek him, He will draw them to his fold; They shall gather from the  
 up, his love shall draw them, For the careless shall draw nigh; Let them hear a-gain the  
 glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er, All the sins of men did bear; Yes, the young shall bow be-

low-ly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he; And the blind, who grope in darkness, through the  
 wayside, Hast'ning on with joy-ous feet, They shall bear the cross of Je-sus, And shall  
 sto-ry Of the cross, the death of shame; And from tongue to tongue re-peat it; Might-y  
 fore him, And the old their voic-es raise; All the deaf shall hear ho-san-nah; And the

## CHORUS.

blood of Christ shall see.  
 find sal-va-tion sweet. Lift him up, the ris-en Sav-jour, High a-mid the wait-ing  
 throngs shall bless his name.  
 dumb shall shout his praise.

throng; Lift him up, 'tis he that speaketh, Now he bids you flee from wrong.

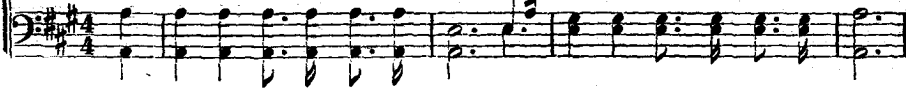
"Work \*\* while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."—John 9:4.

F. E. BELDEN.

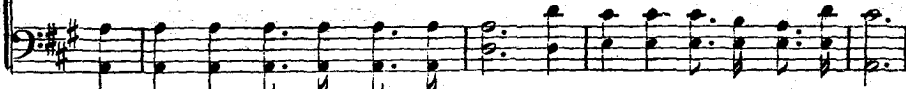
J. H. TENNEY.



1. O Christian, i - die all the day! 'Tis not e - nough to wait and pray;
2. O, stand not i - dly waiting by When sounds abroad the har - vest cry!
3. O, work in ear - nest for the Lord And trust him for the great re - ward;
4. Then to thy task! no more de - lay! Lest oth - ers bear thy sheaves a - way;



The time is short, the la - bor great, O work for Je - sus while you wait.  
Go forth in - to the rip - ened field And there for God the sick - le wield.  
'Tis he who la - bors wins the prize, No i - dler ev - er gains the skies.  
Lest some one wear e - ter - nal - ly The crown of life that was for thee.



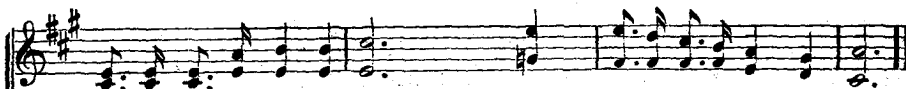
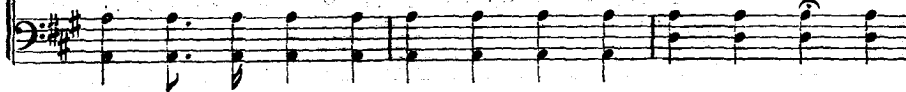
CHORUS.



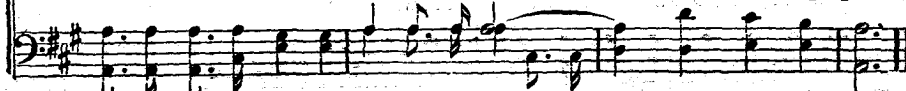
Work and wait, work and wait, E - ter - ni - ty of rest is  
Work and wait, work and wait,



near. work and wait, The time is short, the la - bor great, O



work and wait till Christ appear, O, work and wait till Christ appear.  
Work and wait . . . 'till Christ ap - pear.



Work and wait

By permission O. Ditson & Co.

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ANON.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. 16: 13. R. LOWRY.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch while 'tis called to-day; Watch, lest the world pre-  
 2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the prom-ised  
 3. Take Je-sus for thy trust; Watch while the foe is near; Gird well the ar - mor

vail; Watch, Chris-tian, watch and pray; Watch, for the flesh is weak;  
 prize Of heaven's e - ter - nal rest; Watch, Chris-tian, watch and pray;  
 on; Watch till thy Lord ap - pear. Now when thy sun is up,

Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch, lest the Bridegroom come; Watch, though he tarry long.  
 Thy Saviour watched for thee Till from his brow there poured Great drops of ag - o - ny.  
 Make thou no more de - lay, In this ac - cept - ed time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

## CHORUS.

O watch . . . and pray, . . . O watch and . . .  
 O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O

pray;  
 watch and pray; O watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.

From "Fresh Laurels," by per. Biglow &amp; Main.

FANNY J. CROSSBY.

"Watch ye, therefore, and pray always."—Luke 21: 36. W. J. KIRKBRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Mas-ter com-eth, If at morn-ing, noon, or night,  
 2. Watch and pray; the temp-ter may be near us; Keep the heart with jeal-ous care,  
 3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev-er wea-ry; Je-sus watched and prayed alone:  
 4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du-ty, 'Till we hear the Bridgroom's voice:

He may find a lamp in ev-'ry win-dow, Trimmed and burn-ing, clear and bright.  
 Lest the door a mo-ment left un-guarded, E-vil thoughts may en-ter there.  
 Prayed for us when on-ly stars be-held him, While on Ol-ive's brow they shone.  
 Then with him the mar-riage feast par-tak-ing, We shall ev-er more re-joice.

## CHORUS.

Watch and pray, the Lord command-eth; Watch and  
 Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth, Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch and

pray, 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gath-er  
 pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and pray, 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gather home his lov'd ones,

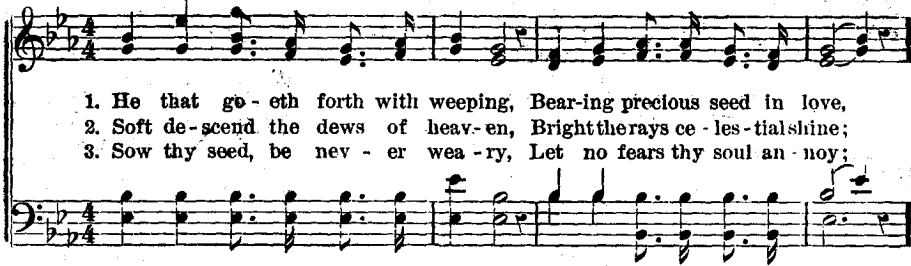
home his loved ones To the hap-py vale of song (of song).  
 Soon he'll gath-er home his loved ones the happy vale of song.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per.

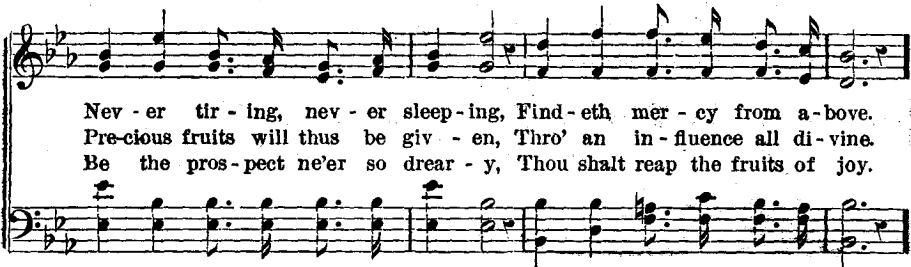
"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126:6.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

C. S. CABLE.

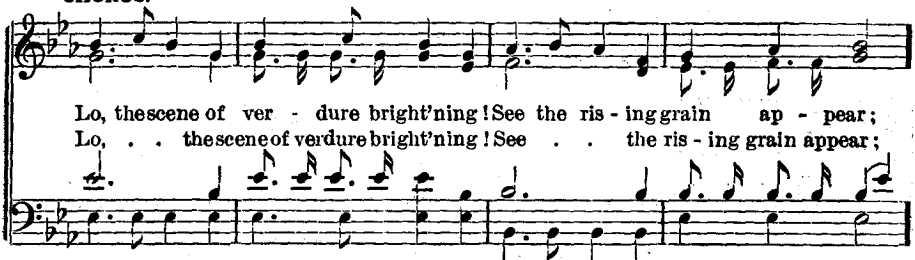


1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear - ing precious seed in love,  
 2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;  
 3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy;

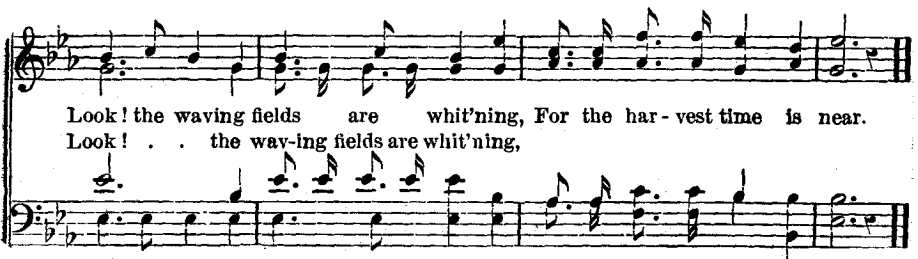


Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.  
 Pre - cious fruits will thus be giv - en, Thro' an in - fluence all di - vine.  
 Be the pros - pect ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

CHORUS.



Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright'ning! See the ris - ing grain ap - pear;  
 Lo, . . . the scene of verdure bright'ning! See . . . the ris - ing grain appear;



Look! the waving fields are whit'ning, For the har - vest time is near.  
 Look! . . . the way - ing fields are whit'ning,

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14: 23.

MISS ANNA SHIPTON.

IRA D. SANKRY, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. "Call them in;"—the poor, the wretch - ed, Sin-stained wan-d'ers from the  
 2. "Call them in;"—the Jew, the Gen - tile; Bid the stran - ger to the  
 3. "Call them in;"—the mere pro-fess - ors, Slumbering, sleep - ing, on death's  
 4. "Call them in;"—the brok - en-heart - ed, Cow - ring 'neath the brand of

fold; Peace and par-don free - ly of - fer; Can you weigh their worth with  
 feast; "Call them in,"—the rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the  
 brink; Nought of life are they pos - sess - ors, Yet of safe - ty vain - ly  
 shame; Speak Love's message low and tender,—"Twas for sin - ners Je - sus


gold? "Call them in,"—the weak, the wea - ry, Lad - en with the doom of  
 least: Forth the Fa - ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor - rows  
 think: Bring them in;—the care - less scof - fers, Pleas - ure seek - ers of the  
 came." See, the shad - ows length - en round us, Soon the day - dawn will be -

sin; Bid them come and rest in Je - sus; He is waiting;—"call them in."  
 seen; Robe, and ring, and roy - al san - dals, Wait the lost ones;—"call them in."  
 earth: Tell of God's most gracious of - fers, And of Je - sus' price - less worth.  
 gin; Can you leave them lost and lone - ly? *Christ is coming;*—"call them in."

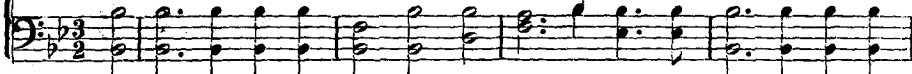

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."—John 9:4.

ANNA WARNER.

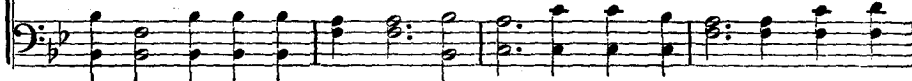
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



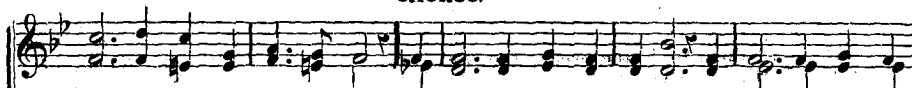
1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me: But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the
4. One more day's work for Je - sus,—O yes, a wea - ry day: But heav'n shines
5. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je - sus' feet! There toil seems



near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and  
du - ty, To speak his beau - ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere  
sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock en - ter in! How it did  
clear - er, And rest comes near - er, At each step of the way, And Christ in  
pleasure, My wants are treas - ure, And pain for him is sweet. Lord, if I



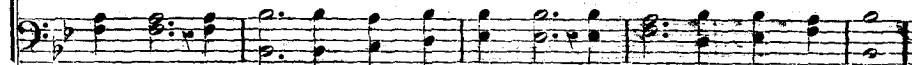
CHORUS.



light Fill all my soul to-night.  
tho't how Christ my life has bought.  
shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for  
all:— Be-fore his face I fall.  
may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.



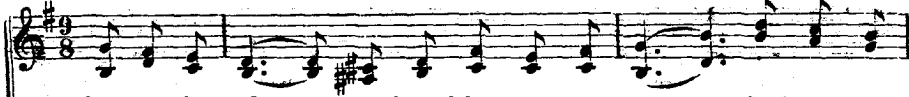
By permission Biglow & Main.

## SOWING IN TEARS.

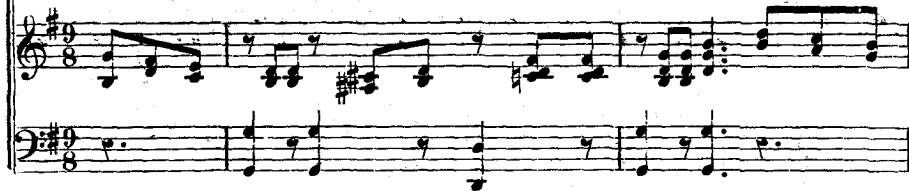
F. E. BELDEN.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126: 5.

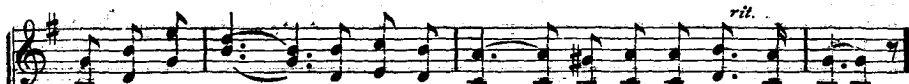
D. S. HAKES.



1. Sow-ing in sad - - ness through long, wea - ry years, . . . Sow - ter - ing  
 2. Sow-ing good seed - - as in sad - ness we go; . . . Sure is the  
 3. Sow to the Spir - - it, and life we shall reap, — . . . Life ev - er-



seed with the fast-fall-ing tears; O how we long for the  
 prom - ise, — to reap what we sow; Tears en - ly wa - ter the  
 last - ing, where none ev - er weep; Heav - en will yield us a



glad har - vest day, When sheaves are gath - ered, and tears wiped a - way!  
 grain that we cast, God will be - stow us the in - crease at last.  
 har - vest of peace, When all the la - bors of sum - mer shall cease.



## CHORUS.

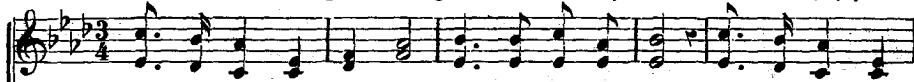


Sow - ing in - tears through long, wea - ry years; Wait, ev - ly wait, till the har - vest ap - pears.

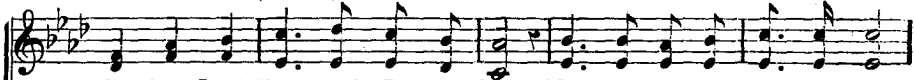
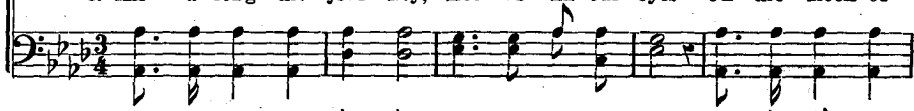


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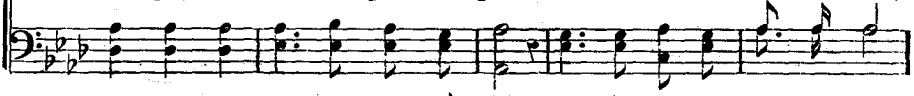
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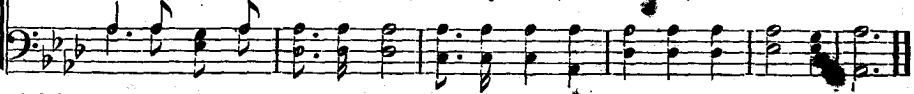
1. A - ny-where, dear Sav - iour, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bidst me  
 2. Where the night may find us, Sure - ly mat - ters not; If we camp with  
 3. All a - long the jour - ney, Let us fix our eyes On the "Rock of



la - bor, Lord, there would I a - bide. Mir - a - cle of sav - ing grace,  
 Je - sus, O bless - ed is the spot! Quick - ly we the tent may fold,  
 A - ges," Un - til we gain the prize. There the heart will make its home,



That thou giv - est me a place A - nywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.  
 Cheer - ful march thro' storm or cold, A - nywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.  
 Will - ing led by thee to roam, A - nywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.



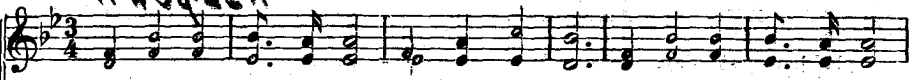
## 1261

## WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

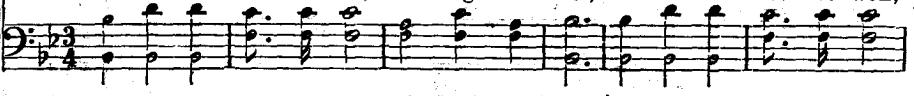
"We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."—2 Cor. 6: 1.

ANON.

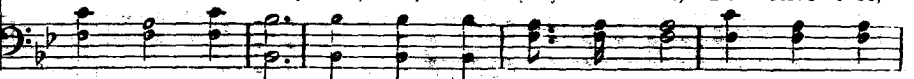
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Work - ing, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee; Un - wor - thy, sin - ful, weak,  
 2. A - long the cit - y's waste, Working with thee; Our ea - ger foot - steps haste,  
 3. Sav - iour, we wea - ry not, Working with thee; As hard as thine our lot,  
 4. So let us la - bor on, Working with thee, Till earth to thee is won,



Tho' we may be; Our all to thee we give, For thee a -  
 Like thee to be; The poor we gath - er in, The out - casts  
 Can nev - er be; Our joy and com - fort this, "Thy grace suf -  
 From sin set free; Till men, from shore to shore, Re - ceive thee,



From "Gathered Jewels," by permission.

# WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.—Concluded.

lone we live, And by thy grace a-chieve, Work-ing with thee.  
 raise from sin, And la-bor souls to win, Work-ing with thee.  
 fi-cient is;" This chang-es toil to bliss, Work-ing with thee.  
 and a-dore, And join us ev-er-more, Work-ing with thee.

1262

## WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11:13, 14. H. G. S.

1. God bids his peo-ple on the earth, Be-fore he comes and calls them hence
2. It is his will that we should pass Likestrangers, sep-'rate and a-side
3. He'd have us rear no state-ly towers, Sink no foun-da-tion walls of stone.
4. O broth-er, what-so-ev-er chain Binds us to flesh-ly lust and strife,

live un-knit to home and hearth, Like far-bound trav-el-ers—in tents.  
 From all the vain and world-ly mass That crowd the Bab-y-lons of pride.  
 But camp each night a few short hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.  
 Here let us rend it in God's name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life.

### CHORUS.

We'll live in tents un-til our feet Shall reach the land by sin un-trod,  
 We'll live in tents un-til our feet Shall reach the land

The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose Builder and whose Mak-er, God.

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"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4:35.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Serv - ants of Je - sus, the day is at hand, Fields for our la - bor in -  
 2. Work is a - bundant, the promise is great, Few are the reapers, in  
 3. Men who are faith - ful are fainting to - day, Worn with their la - bors, they  
 4. Hast - en the time when the reap - ers shall sing, And with re - joic - ing, their

vit - ing - ly stand; Mark ye the sig - nals, they widely dif - fuse Tokens of the  
 sad - ness they wait; Pa - tient - ly toll - ing, yet dai - ly they cry, Pray ye that our  
 fall by the way; Fill ye the ranks, and with heart and with hand Gather in the  
 sheaves home - ward bring; Saints with the an - gels to - geth - er shall meet: Glo - ri - ous and

CHORUS.

com - ing har - vest, joy - ful the news.  
 Lord and Mas - ter, reap - ers sup - ply. Pray for help, Christian, pray, pray, pray,  
 bless - ed har - vest, Christ gives command.  
 bless - ed meet - ing round Je - sus' feet.

Yes, pray for help in the fields white to - day; Gath - er the sheaves, bring the

world's har - vest home, Glo - ri - ous and bless - ed harvest, come, Sav - iour, come.

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission.

1. On the shore (on the shore) beyond the sea, Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair,  
 2. Hark! I hear (Hark! I hear) the Master say, "Up, ye reap- (up, ye reap-) ers! why so slow?"  
 3. Just be-yond (just be-yond) the rolling tide, The up - lift- (the up - lift-) ed hand I see;  
 4. Father, moth- (father, moth-) er, darling child, I must bid (I must bid) you all a-dieu;

There's a call (there's a call), a plaintive plea, I must hast- (I must hast-) en to be there.  
 To the vine- (to the vine-) yard, far a - way, Earthly kin- (earthly kin-) dred, let me go.  
 Lo! the gates (lo! the gates) are o - pen wide, And the lost (and the lost) are call- ing me.  
 Far a - cross (far a - cross) the wa- ters wild, There's a work (there's a work) for me to do.

## CHORUS.

Let me go, I can - not stay, I can - not stay, 'Tis the

Mas - ter call- ing me; Let me go, I must o -  
 Mas-ter, 'Tis the Mas-ter I must o - bey,

bey; Na - tive land, fare - well to thee, fare - well to thee (fare - well to thee).

"I say unto you \* \* there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."—Luke 15:7.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

(To be sung as a Solo.)

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the  
2. "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for

fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far, far from the gates of  
thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer: "One of mine Has wandered a - way from

gold;— A - way on the mount - ains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der  
me, And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to

Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.  
and my sheep, I go to the desert to and my sheep."

By permission.

- 8 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.  
Far out in the desert he heard its cry,—  
Fainting and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the  
way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray.  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels sang around the throne,  
"Rejoice for the Lord brings back his own!"

L. E. A.

"And when he came to it he found nothing but leaves."—Mark 11: 13.

SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life; O'er  
 2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves, Of life's fair ripen - ing grain: We  
 3. Nothing but leaves! Sad mem - ory weaves No veil to hide the past; And  
 4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but with - ered leaves? Ah,

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom - is - es un - kept, And  
 sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, — Words, t - dle words, for earn - est deeds, — Then  
 as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and mis - spent day, We  
 who shall at the Sav - iour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judg - ment seat Lay

reaps from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
 reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
 sad - ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!  
 down for gold - en sheaves, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

1267

## SOWING TO REAP.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Eph. 6: 7.

F. E. BELDEN.

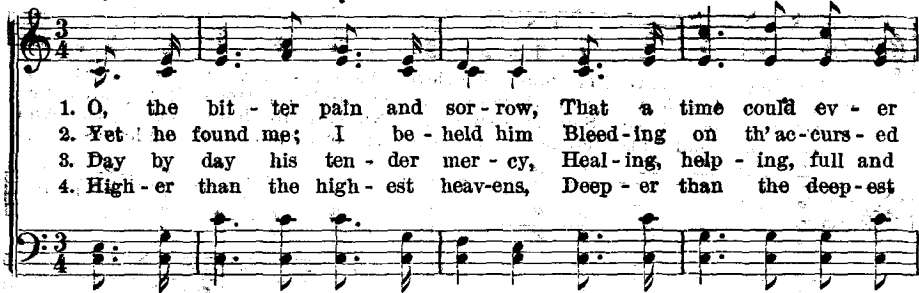
D. S. HAKES.

1. Sow - ing to death or life, Sow - ing to reap! Sow - ing to joy or strife, Which shall we reap?  
 2. Now is the sowing time, Life's blooming spring; Age is the winter clime, When joys take wing.  
 3. Sad, sad, the reaping day, If ill is sown; Vain, vain to weep and pray, Hopeless and lone.

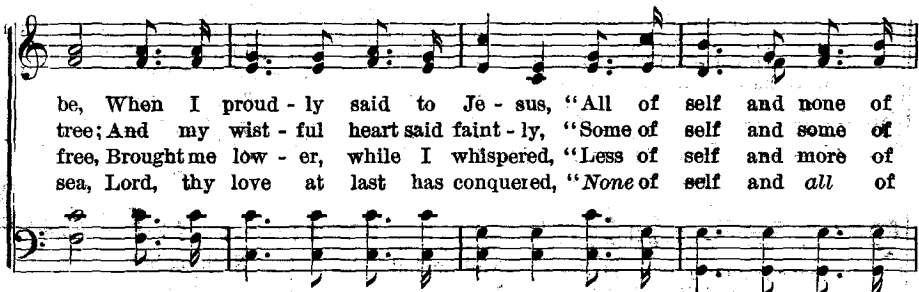
Now let good seed be cast; Sowing will soon be past; Harvest will come at last; What shall we reap?  
 Sow to the Spirit now, Here make thy solemn vow; Un - to thy Mak - er bow; Repentance bring.  
 Sowing for thee is o'er; Summer will come no more, Autumn will yield no store; Harvest is flown.

By permission O. Ditson &amp; Co.

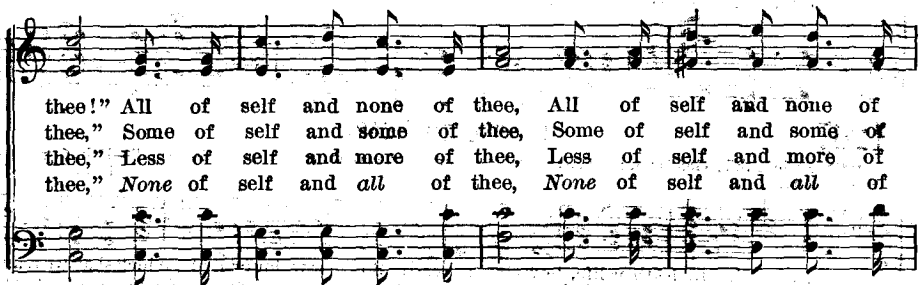
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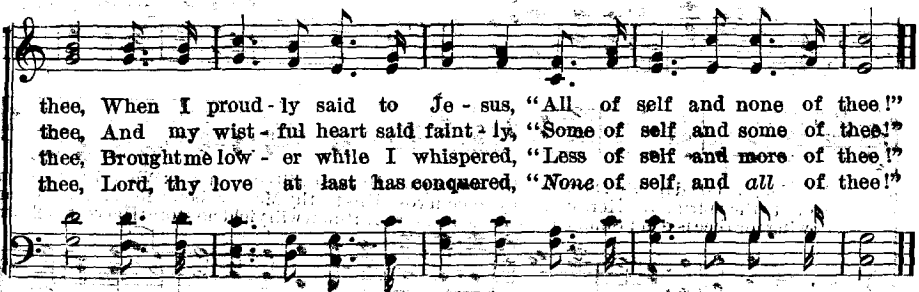
1. O, the bit - ter pain and sor - row, That a time could ev - er  
 2. Yet he found me; I be - held him Bleed - ing on th'ac - curs - ed  
 3. Day by day his ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and  
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est



be, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of  
 tree; And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of  
 free, Brought me low - er, while I whispered, "Less of self and more of  
 sea, Lord, thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of



thee!" All of self and none of thee, All of self and none of  
 thee," Some of self and some of thee, Some of self and some of  
 thee," Less of self and more of thee, Less of self and more of  
 thee," None of self and all of thee, None of self and all of



thee, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of thee!"  
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 thee, Brought me low - er while I whispered, "Less of self and more of thee!"  
 thee, Lord, thy love at last has conquered, "None of self, and all of thee!"

"And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."—Mark 10:47.

EMMA CAMPBELL.

THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng Which moves with bus - y haste a - long,  
 2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should he The cit - y move so might - i - ly?  
 3. Je - sus! 'tis he who once be - low Man's path - way trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
 4. To - day, as then, from place to place His ho - ly foot-prints we can trace;  
 5. Ho! all ye heav - y - lad - en come! Here's par - don, com - fort, rest, and home;  
 6. But if you still this call re - fuse, And all his wondrous love a - buse,

These won - drous gath - rings day by day? What means this strange com - mo - tion, pray?  
 A pass - ing stran - ger, has he skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?  
 And bur - dened ones, where'er he came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
 He paus - eth at our threshold, — nay, He en - ters, — con - de - scends to stay:  
 Ye wanderers from a Fa - ther's face, Re - turn, ac - cept his proffered grace.  
 Soon will he sad - ly from you turn, Your bit - ter prayer for par - don spurn.

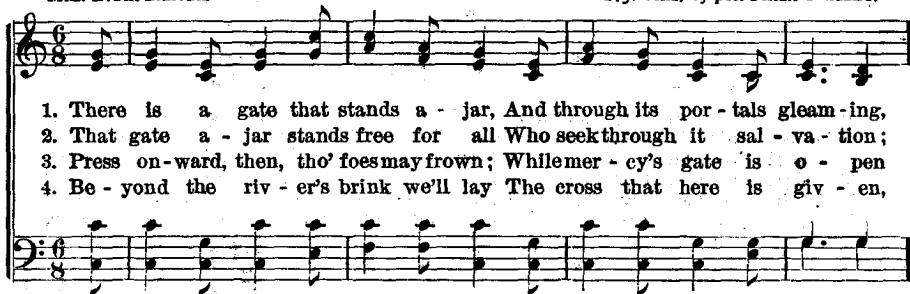
In accents hushed the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 The blind re - joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry— "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by?"  
 Ye tempt - ed ones, there's ref - ugenigh: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry— "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth *has passed by*."

In accents hushed the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
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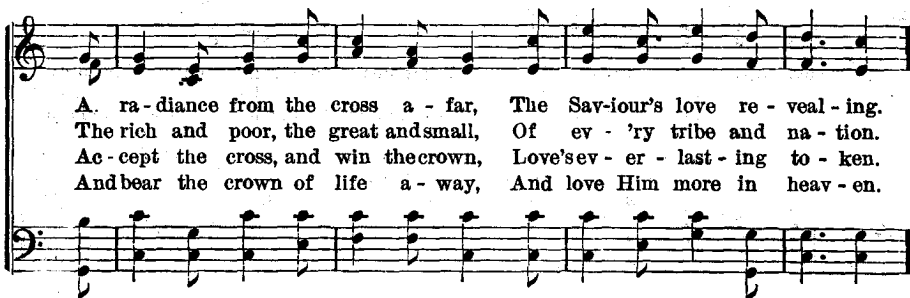
"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21:25.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

S. J. VAIL, by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

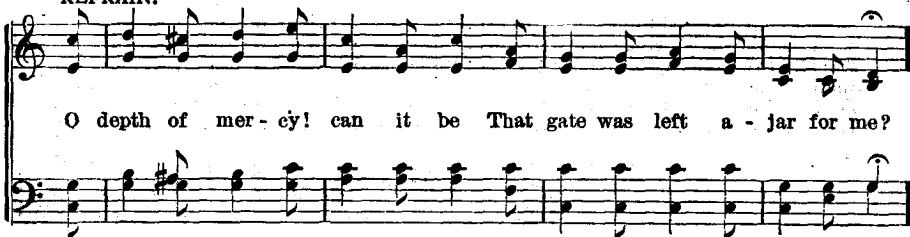


1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam - ing,  
 2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va - tion,  
 3. Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mer - cy's gate is o - pen  
 4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

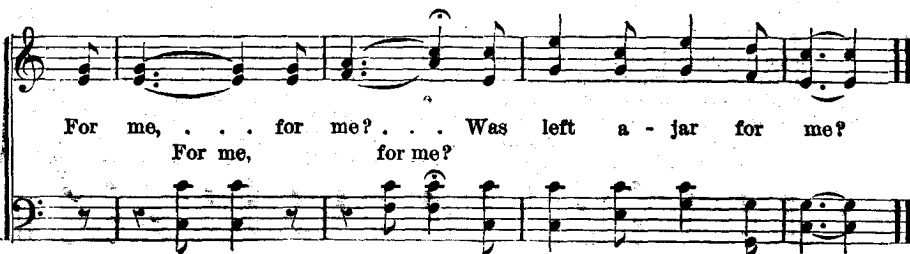


A. ra - diance from the cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.  
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.  
 Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.  
 And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.



O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me, . . . for me? . . . Was left a - jar for me?  
 For me, for me?

"Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Ps. 55:17.

S. O'MALLY CLUFF.

MELODY BY MRS. FLORENCE MCCALLUM, ARR.



1. I have a Sav-iour, he's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Saviour, though
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,
3. A robe fair and spotless, resplendent in whiteness, Is wait-ing in glo-ry my
4. To me has been given sweet peace like a riv-er—A peace that the friends of this
5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is



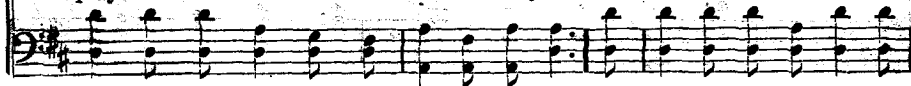
earth-friends be few; And now he is watch-ing in ten-der-ness o'er me, And  
 bless-ed and true; And soon will he call me to meet him in heav-en, But  
 won-der-ing view; And when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in bright-ness, Dear  
 world nev-er knew; And Christ is the Au-thor, and Christ is the Giv-er, And  
 your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may bring them to glo-ry, And



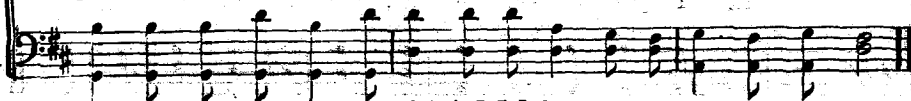
## CHORUS.



O that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too!  
 O that he'd let me bring you with me too!  
 friend, I would see you re-celv-ing one too! For you I am pray-ing, for  
 O that his peace might be giv-en to you!  
 prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!



you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

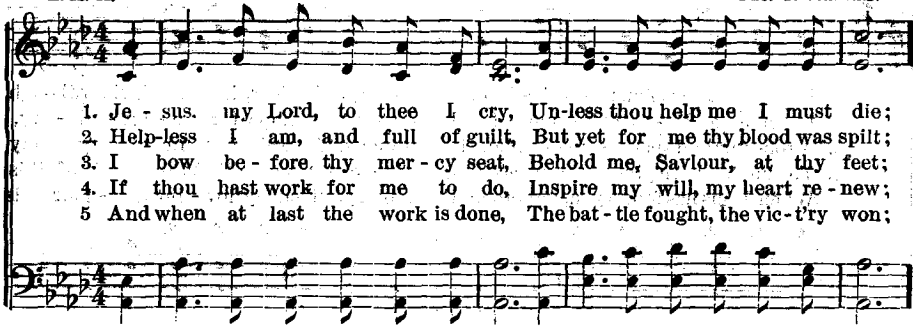




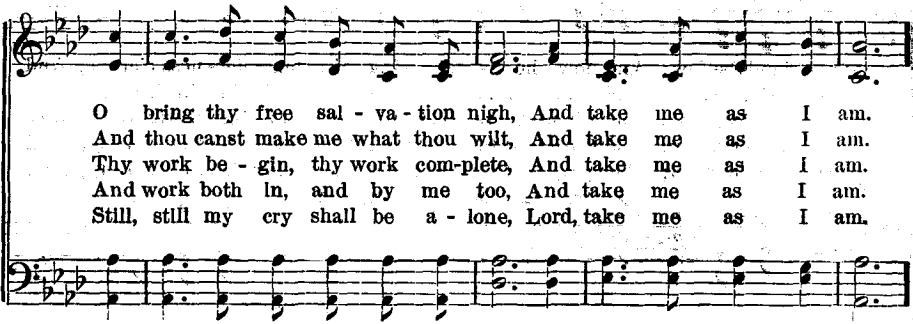
"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 102: 1.

E. H. H.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

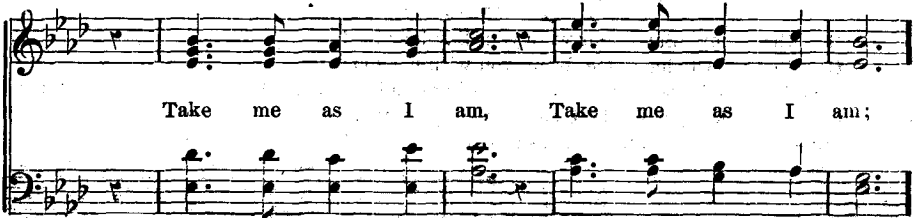


1. Je - sus. my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;  
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt;  
 3. I bow be - fore thy mer - cy seat, Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet;  
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart re - new;  
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle fought, the vic - try won;

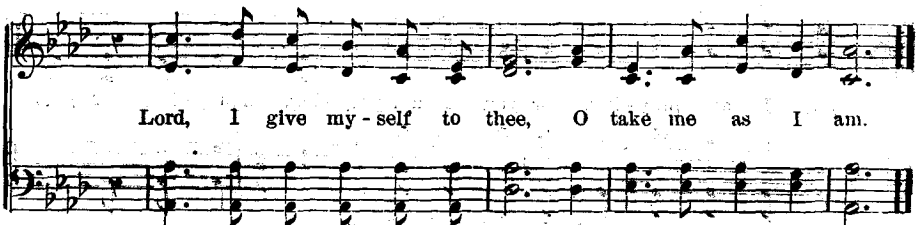


O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.  
 Thy work be - gin, thy work com - plete, And take me as I am.  
 And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.  
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am.

## CHORUS



Take me as I am, Take me as I am;



Lord, I give my - self to thee, O take me as I am.

By permission.

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"And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live."—Num. 21:8.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Tenderly.*

1. Look to the cross, sin - ner, be - lieve it, Look to the cross, healing is there ;  
 2. Leave all thy sin, hum - bly confess - ing, Tra - ly for - sake, turn and o - bey ;  
 3. Ask of the Lord, now he is will - ing Strength to im - part, grace to be - stow ;  
 4. Look to the cross, trust - ing in Je - sus, Might - y to help, mighty to save ;

Par - don is thine, on - ly re - ceive it, Look to the cross in prayer.  
 Je - sus will give free - ly his bless - ing, Ask and re - ceive to - day.  
 Prom - is - es sweet, ev - er ful - fill - ing, Prove the great debt we owe.  
 From all our guilt glad - ly he frees us, For us his life he gave.

## REFRAIN.

Look to the cross, look to the cross, Je - sus be - liev - ing, par - don re - ceiv - ing ;

Look to the cross, look to the cross, Look, and thy soul shall live.

"But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."—Matt. 24: 37.  
 KATE HARRINGTON, ARR. [May be sung as a Solo.] F. E. BELDEN.

1. They dreamed not of dan-ger, those sin-ners of old, Whom No - ah was chos - en to warn;  
 2. He could not arouse them; unheeding they stood, Un - moved by his warn-ing and prayer;  
 3. O sin - ners, the her - alds of mer - cy implore, They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"  
 \*4. And now while this message—"Christ's coming is near"—God's servants by thousands proclaim,

By frequent transgression their hearts had grown cold; They laughed his entreaties to scorn:  
 The proph-et passed in from the on - com - ing flood, And left them to hope-less de-spair:  
 The Ark of sal - va - tion is moored to your shore, O en - ter while yet there is room!  
 Say not like those sin - ners of old, with a sneer, "All things shall continue the same."

Yet dai - ly he called them, "O come, sinners, come, Be - lieve, and pre-pare to em-bark!  
 The flood-gates were opened, the del - uge came on, The heav - ens as midnight grew dark,  
 The storm-cloud of Jus - tice rolls dark o - ver head, And when by its fu - ry you're tossed,  
 The prophets have spoken; their words are unsealed; The judgment will short-ly be o'er;

Re - ceive the glad message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark."  
 Too late, then they turned, ev'ry foothold was gone, They perished in sight of the Ark,  
 A - las, of your per - ishing souls 't will be said, "They heard—they refused—and were lost!"  
 The arm of God's jus - tice will soon be revealed, And mer - cy in - vite you no more,

Re - ceive the glad message, and know there is room For all who will come to the Ark."  
 Too late, then they turned, ev'ry foot-hold was gone, They perished in sight of the Ark.  
 A - las, of your per-ish-ing souls 't will be said, "They heard—they refused—and were lost!"  
 The arm of God's jus - tice will soon be revealed, And mer - cy in - vite you no more.

\* Added.

# OUT OF THE ARK.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

{ Then come, no more de - lay - ing, The gra - cious call o - bey - ing; O  
To - day the word be - liev - ing, To - day the truth re - ceiv - ing, No

hear the Spir - it say - ing, "There's room for you to - day." } en - ter while you may.  
more the Spir - it grieving, — O (omit.) . . . . . }

1275

# PASS ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2 : 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth - ers thou art  
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneeling there in deep con -  
3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, broken  
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth be -

CHORUS.

call - ing, Do not pass me by.  
tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble  
spir - it, Save me by thy grace.  
side thee! Whom in heav'n but thee?

cry; While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per. Biglow & Main.

"Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions."—Matt. 19: 21, 22.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

W. J. KEENE PATRICK.

1. Crowd-ed is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Je - sus ?  
 2. Wast-ing all your pre - cious hours, Have you no work for Je - sus ?  
 3. Seek - ing earth's pos - ses - sions fair, Have you no time for Je - sus ?  
 4. Bear - ing on - ly worth-less leaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus ?

Capt-ured by earth's gild-ed snares, Have you no room for Je - sus ?  
 Spend-ing those God - giv - en pow'rs, Have you no work for Je - sus ?  
 None for gra - cious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Je - sus ?  
 In your hands no pre - cious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus ?

Lo! he's stand-ing at your door, Knock-ing, knock-ing, o'er and o'er;  
 Striv-ing not to con - quer sin, Seek - ing not a soul to win,  
 World-ly pleasures, wealth, and ease, Seek - ing, grasp-ing toys like these,  
 Not a grain to store a - way, Naught your la - bor to re - pay,

Hear him plead-ing ev - er - more; Have you no room for Je - sus ?  
 Bring-ing not a wan-d'r'er in; Have you no work for Je - sus ?  
 Striv - ing on - ly self to please; Have you no time for Je - sus ?  
 Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Je - sus.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

## FATHER, WE COME TO THEE.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Ps. 46:1.

F. E. BELDEN.

W. J. BÖSWICK.

1. Fa-ther, we come to thee, No oth-er help have we; Thou wilt our ref-uge be,  
 2. Save from our ma-n-y foes, Save from our earthly woes; Be thou our soul's re-pose  
 3. Give us thy grace divine, Seal us for - ev - er thine; Our wayward feet incline

On thee we call. Earth is but dark and drear With-out thy presence near;  
 In time of need. Doubt-ing are we, and weak, To us sweet courage speak;  
 From sin to flee. Oh, guide us, we im-plore, Till wea-ry life is o'er,

## CHORUS.

Be thou our com-fer-ther here, Fa-ther of all.  
 Thy might-y arm we seek For strength in-deed. Fa-ther, we come to thee,  
 And on a bright-er shore We dwell with thee.

Turn not a-way; Help-less we come to thee, Hear while we pray.

F. E. B. "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark."—Gen. 7: 1. F. E. BELDEN.

1. On time's wide waste of waters There floats a kind-ly bark; O earth's lost sons and  
 2. O trust in self no longer, For self will sure-ly fail; Tempta-tions will grow  
 3. Shall we be of the number Who seek for souls to save; Or shall we sink to  
 4. Then come while hope is offered, Thy com-ing shall be blest; E-ter-nal life is

daughters, It is Sal-va-tion's Ark! The wreck of self will strand you Be-  
 strong-er, And e-vil will pre-vail. Come, all thy fears a-bat-ing, For-  
 slum-ber On sin's de-lu-sive wave! How dread would be the wak-ing, How  
 prof-ered With-in the Ark of rest. The dove of peace shall hov-er A-

fore the voyage is o'er: Sal-va-tion's Ark will land you On heaven's peace-ful shore.  
 sak-ing all thy sin; While Mercy's Ark is wait-ing, O haste to en-ter in.  
 fear-ful and how dark, To find the tem-pest breaking, And we out-side the Ark!  
 bove thee on thy way, And God's own hands shall cov-er And keep thee ev-'ry day.

*p* REFRAIN.

Come in-to the Ark of safe-ty, Come in and be saved to-day;

*cres.* *f* *p*

The tem-pest may break to-mor-row, Come in-to the Ark to-day;

## COME INTO THE ARK.—Concluded.

*cres.* *rit.*

The tem-pest may break to-mor-row, Come in-to the Ark to-day.

1279

## JESUS IS PASSING.

"And, behold, two blind men sitting by the wayside, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David."—Matt. 20: 30.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Je-sus is pass-ing, Je-sus is pass-ing, Come, all ye blind, and re-  
 2. Je-sus is pass-ing, Je-sus is pass-ing, Come now, ye lame, to the  
 3. Je-sus is pass-ing, Je-sus is pass-ing, Come, all ye poor, to the  
 4. Je-sus is pass-ing, Je-sus is pass-ing, Come, ye af-flict-ed by

ceive now your sight; He will bend o'er you, He will restore you, He will ex-  
 Heal-er of all; His life he gave you, Onelook will save you, He will at-  
 plen- te-ous store; Now he will lead you, Ev-er will feed you, Je-sus in-  
 sin and by shame; O we im-plore you, Let him re-store you, Comewhilehe

change all your darkness for light; Come, and the Sav-iour will give you your sight,  
 tend to the poor cripple's call; Now he is pass-ing, is pass-ing for all,  
 vites you to hun-ger no more; Come to the boun-ti-ful heav-en - ly store.  
 lin-gers and calls you by name; Come, all ye la-den with sin and with shame.



"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22:17.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Why not come to Je-sus? There is hope for thee; There is wondrous  
 2. Doubt his love no long-er, Count all else but loss; Faith and hope grow  
 3. Who has love so con-stant, Love so tried and true, Thus to die for  
 4. Now the Ho - ly Spir - it Whis-pers his dear name, An-gels bend - ing

par - don, Of - fered full and free. On - ly trust his mer - cy,  
 strong - er Tak - ing up the cross. 'Tis a bur - den pre - cious,  
 sin - ners, Thus to die for you? At your heart he's knock - ing,  
 near you Bid you speak the same. Speak it while he's wait - ing,

Ask and be for-given; Why not come to Je - sus? He is the way to heav'n.  
 Giv - ing peace with-in; Why not come to Je - sus, And leave thy load of sin?  
 Turn him not a - way; Why not come to Je - sus? O, why not come to - day?  
 Speak it while you may; Why not come to Je - sus? He waits to hear you pray.

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"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."—Ps. 103:3.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

ARR. BY J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;  
 2. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;  
 3. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear; No oth - er name but Je - sus;  
 4. And when he comes to bring the crown,—The crown of life and glo - ry;

He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.  
 I love the bless - ed Sav - iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.  
 O how my soul de - lights to hear The pre - cious name of Je - sus!  
 Then by his side we will sit down, And tell re - demp - tion's sto - ry.

# THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

{ Sweet-est note in seraph song, } Sweetest car-ol ev-er sung,—Jesus, blessed Je-sus!  
 { Sweet-est name on mortal tongue, }

1282

CALLING.

"Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your souls shall live."—Isa. 55: 3.

W. L. T.

*Slow and tenderly.*

WILL L. THOMPSON, by per.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;  
 2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;  
 4. Think of the won-der-ful love he has prom-ised, Prom-ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal he's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.  
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not his mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me!  
 Shadows are gath-er-ing and death's night is com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned, he has mer-cy and par-don, Far-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home; . . .  
 Come home, come home, come home.

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

## 1283

P. P. B.

## ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Al - most per - suad - ed now to be - lieve; Al - most per - suad - ed  
 2. Al - most per - suad - ed, come, come to - day; Al - most per - suad - ed;  
 3. Al - most per - suad - ed; har - vest is past; Al - most per - suad - ed;

Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go Spir - it,  
 turn not a - way. Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are  
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vall; "Al - most" is

go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."  
 ling - ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wand - 'rer come!  
 but to fall! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail—"Al - most,—but lost!"

By permission The John Church Co.

## 1284

## THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

"An angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."—John 5: 4.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

REV. S. MORRISON.

1. The wa - ters are troubled, The an - gel is here; The fountain of  
 2. The wa - ters are troubled, No long - er de - lay; The fountain of  
 3. The wa - ters are troubled, The an - gel still waits; He paus - es in

mer - cy Flows heal - ing and clear; O come in your sor - row, And  
 mer - cy Has heal - ing to - day; Then why will you hin - ger, Since  
 per - m Who halts and de - bates: Give o - ver your faltering, Your

By permission.

498

# THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.—Concluded.

come in your sin; The wa-ters are troubled: Step in, O step in!  
 life you may win? The wa-ters are troubled: Step in, O step in!  
 strug-gles with - in; The wa-ters are troubled: Step in, O step in!

1285

## NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6:2.

ENGLISH.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the gate-way Where voic-es whis-per and wait;
3. They catch the strains of the mu-sic That floats so sweet-ly a-long;
4. They're in the dark and the dan-ger, They're in the night and the cold,

How ma-ny are com-ing and go-ing, How few are en-ter-ing in!  
 But fear-ing to en-ter in bold-ly, They lin-ger still at the gate.  
 Tho' know-ing the song they are sing-ing, Yet join-ing not in the song.  
 Tho' Je-sus is long-ing to lead them So kind-ly in-to his fold.

CHORUS.

Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet ling-er-ing still at the

gate-way; O wait not to get near-er, But an-ter while you may.

By permission.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.

F. E. B.

(DUET, OR QUARTETTE.)

F. E. BELDEN.

*Tenderly.* *cres.*

1. There's room for you to anchor Within the port of rest, Where tem-pests all are  
 2. There's room for you to anchor; The ship is wait-ing now,—The ship of God's pre-  
 3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved be-low; The same sweet voi-ces  
 4. O heav-ing, swelling bil-lows, Bear on-ward to my home! Be-yond these drear-y

*dim.* *p*

o-ver, And calms no more mo-lest; How sweet to wea-ry voya-gers, This  
 par-ing, O ask not Why nor How. His boundless love and mer-cy No  
 greet us As in the long a-go. Then hush! ye murm'ring wa-ters, Ye  
 headlands I see its shin-ing dome. There, there my faint-ing spir-it No

*f* *dim.* *p*

pre-cious prom-ise giv'n: There's room for you to an-chor Safe in heav'n.  
 tongue can ev-er tell,— If you but trust his prom-ise, All is well.  
 tempests, cease to blow! I al-most hear the mu-sic Soft and low.  
 more for rest shall sigh; 'Tis there I hope to an-chor By and by.

## REFRAIN.

*m* *mf*

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room (for you), there's

*f* *dim.* *p*

room (for you). There's room for you to an-chor Safe in heav'n.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23:26.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. They brought their gifts to Je - sus, And laid them at his feet, And love for this dear  
 2. A - part from oth - er giv - ers A poor way - far - er stood, He saw the gifts they  
 3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sorrow, "I know how kind thou art, Take all I have to

Sav - iour, Made ev - 'ry of - f'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help  
 of - fered, The poor - est count - ed good; And he was filled with long - ing, A  
 give thee, My sin - ful way - ward heart." Then Je - sus an - swered soft - ly, "Count

for the poor of earth, And not a gift among them Was thought of lit - tle worth.  
 gift, tho' poor, to bring; A - las! all empt - y - hand - ed He stood be - fore the King.  
 not the gift as small, Tho' all of them are precious, Thine is the best of all."

## CHORUS.

Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus, That he will count most sweet?

Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at his feet.

From "Church and Prayer-Meeting Songs," by permission.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—Matt. 16 : 24.  
F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Spirited.*

1. When the cross seems hard to car-ry, Lift! brother, lift! O'er the burden  
2. Du - ty's call is self - de - ny - ing, Lift! brother, lift! Half the bat - tle  
3. When the e - vil seems the strongest, Lift! brother, lift! Lift the hardest,

## CHORUS.

nev - er tar - ry, Lift! brother, lift!  
lies in try - ing, Lift! brother, lift! Lift the cross and clasp it tighter,  
lift the longest, Lift! brother, lift!

Lift! brother, lift! Lifting makes the burden lighter, Lift! brother, lift!

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## 1289

## I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

"They forsook all, and followed him."—Luke 5 : 11.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;  
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;  
4. In thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;

D. C.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, O thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry!

D. C

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."  
Soul and bod - y thine to be, Whol - ly thine for - ev - er - more.  
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

Hum - bly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

By permission.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are  
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will  
 3. O - hear his ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own him,  
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,  
 cleave the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

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## LEAD THEM TO THEE.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke 18: 16.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lead them, my God to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gav - est me;  
 2. When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay, Let no de - lu - sive snare, Lure them a - stray;  
 3. E'en for such lit - tle ones, Christ came a child, And thro' this world of sin Moved un - de - filed;  
 4. Yea, though my faith be dim, I would be - lieve That thou this precious gift Wilt now re - ceive;

O, by thy love di - vine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.  
 But from tempta - tion's power, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.  
 O, for his sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.  
 O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.



FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6:37.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can not count, That  
 2. I bring my grief to thee, The grief I can not tell; No  
 3. My joys to thee I bring, The joys thy love has giv'n, That  
 4. My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own; O

all may cleans-ed be, In the once o-pened Fount: I bring them,  
 words shall need-ed be, Thou know-est all so well: I bring the  
 each may be a wing To lift me near-er heav'n: I bring them,  
 Sav-our, let me be Thine, ev-er thine a-lone. My heart, my

Sav-our, all to thee; The bur-den is too great for me.  
 sor-row laid on me, O suf-fring Sav-our! all to thee.  
 Sav-our, all to thee, Who hast pro-cured them all for me.  
 life, my all, I bring To thee, my Sav-our and my King.

## 1293

## WHAT CAN I DO FOR THEE?

"For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous."—1 John 5: 3.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. I hear thy voice, O Lord, It tells me of thy love!  
 2. And thou didst suf-fer much, And shed thy pre-cious blood  
 3. 'T was all that I might have Sal-va-tion, full and free:  
 4. I'll bring my heart, dear Lord; 'T is all that I can do;

How thou, to save lost man, Didst leave thy home a-bove;  
 To save me from my sins, Thou bless-ed Lamb of God!  
 Rich are the gifts in-deed, That thou hast brought to me,  
 Though vile, I pray that thou Wilt cleanse it through and through:

## WHAT CAN I DO FOR THEE?—Concluded.

Thy glo - ry thou didst leave for me; What shall I leave for thee?  
 Yes, thou didst give thy life for me; What can I do for thee?  
 Yes, thou hast brought rich gifts to me; What shall I bring to thee?  
 Yes, I'll for - sake my sins for thee—My Sav - iour, help thou me.

1294

## SHALL I LET HIM IN?

“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.”—Rev. 3: 20.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Christ is knock - ing at my sad heart; Shall I let him in?  
 2. Shall I send him the lov - ing word? Shall I let him in?  
 3. Yes, I'll o - pen this proud heart's door, Yes, I'll let him in.

Pa - tient - ly plead - ing with my sad heart; O shall I let him in?  
 Meek - ly ac - cept - ing my gra - cious Lord, O shall I let him in?  
 Glad - ly I'll wel - come him ev - er - more; O, yes, I'll let him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and cheer - less is all with - in;  
 He can in - fi - nite love im - part, He can par - don this reb - el heart;  
 Bless - ed Sav - iour, a - bide with me, Cares and tri - als will light - er be;

Christ is bid - ding me turn un - to him; O shall I let him in?  
 Shall I bid him for - ev - er de - part, Or shall I let him in?  
 I am safe if I'm on - ly with thee, O, bless - ed Lord, come in!

"This is a faithful saying, \* \* that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.  
Miss F. R. HAVERGAL. J. E. WHITE, by per.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,  
2. My Father's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne, I left for earth-ly night,  
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-'rest ag-o-ny,

And quick-ened from the dead; I gave, I gave my life for thee, What  
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast  
To res-cue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What

hast thou given for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?  
thou left aught for me? I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left ought for me?  
hast thou borne for me? I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

## 1296

## LIKE AS A FATHER.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Ps. 103: 13.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HARKS.

1. Like as a father pit-ies his child, So the Lord pit-ies the sin-ner de-filed;  
2. Like as a father when we be-lieve, Mer-ci-ful still, he will glad-ly re-ceive;  
3. Like as a father, ev-er the same, He hath cre-at-ed, and knoweth our frame;  
4. Like as a father, constant is he, God in compassion re-gard-eth our plea;

Waiteth in kindness, Pit-ies our blindness, Longeth to welcome, tho' oft-en re-ville-d.  
List-ens to hear us, Bless-es to cheer us, Pit-ies when-ev-er his Spir-it we grieve.  
Watcheth the straying, Guardeth the praying, Bids us to trust in his al-might-y name.  
In need he cometh, Precious his promise: Father in heav-en for-ev-er to be.

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J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

"Art thou ready?"—Matt. 24: 44.

REV. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Soon the even-ing shad-ows, fall-ing, Close the day of mor-tal life;  
 2. Soon the aw-ful trum-pet sound-ing Calls thee to the judgment throne;  
 3. O how fa-tal 'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read-y—read-y now?  
 4. Price-less love and free sal-va-tion Free-ly still are of-fered thee;

Soon the hand of death ap-pall-ing Draws thee from its wea-ry strife.  
 Now pre-pare; for love a-bound-ing Yet has left thee not a-lone.  
 Read-y, should Death's i-cy fin-ger Lay its chill up-on thy brow?  
 Yield no long-er to temp-tation, But from sin and sor-row flee.

## CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? 'Tis the  
 Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y?

Spir-it call-ing, why de-lay? Are you read-y? Are you read-y?

Are you read-y? Do not lin-ger long-er, come to-day.  
 Are you read-y?

From "Heavenly Carols," by permission.

"If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"—Matt. 18: 12.

F. E. B.

[Respectfully dedicated to James McGranahan.]

F. E. BELDEN.

*Tenderly, with expression.*

1. The gold - en light is fad - ing Up - on the mount - ains gray,  
 2. I'll count the dear ones o - ver, The ten - der Shep - herd said,  
 3. With ten - der, anx - ious glance - es, He counts them o'er with care,  
 4. The mid - night dews are fall - ing, Yet through the mount - ains wild

And twi - light's pur - ple shad - ing Falls o'er the dy - ing day  
 My own waru fold shall cov - er Each lamb that I have led;  
 And vain his hope - ful fan - cles,—But nine - ty - nine are there.  
 He seeks the lost one call - ing: "Come back, come back, my child;"

As to the fold for slum - ber The wea - ry flock draws near:  
 If one has wan - dered blind - ly Or will - ful - ly a - way,  
 Then forth in - to the shad - ows, All else by him for - got,  
 His voice is sad with plead - ing, His locks are damp and cold,

One hun - dred was the num - ber,—Are there one hun - dred here?  
 I'll seek it long and kind - ly, Nor wait till break of day.  
 He search - es moor and mead - ows, And search - ing find - eth not.  
 His feet are torn and bleed - ing,—There's one with - out the fold.

# ARE YOU WITHIN THE FOLD TO-NIGHT?—Concluded.

*f* *p* *rit.*

One hun - dred was the num - ber,—Are there one hun - dred here?  
 I'll seek it long and kind - ly, Nor wait till break of day.  
 He search - es moor and mead - ows, And search - ing, find - eth not.  
 His feet are torn and bleed - ing,—There's one with - out the fold.

## REFRAIN.

Are you with - in the fold to - night, The fold of Christ, the fold of light?

Are you with - in the fold to - night? Are you with - in the fold (to - night)?

The gen - tle Shep - herd calls you now, With tear - ful eyes and saddened brow;

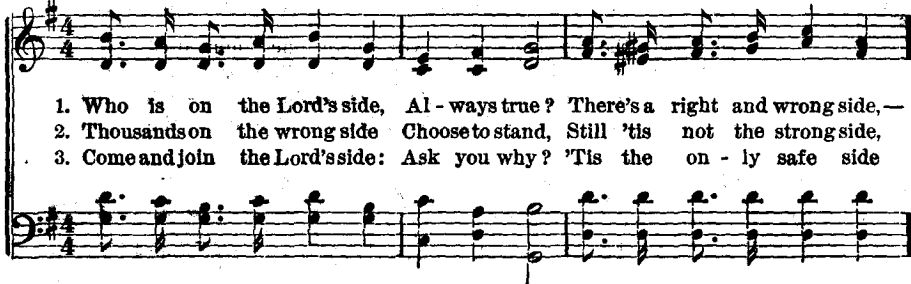
*cres.* *dim.*

Wilt thou not come? O come just now, There's room in Je - sus' fold.

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32: 26.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

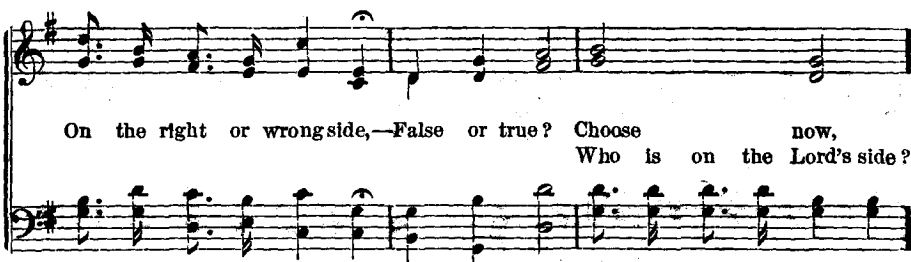


1. Who is on the Lord's side, Al - ways true? There's a right and wrong side, —  
 2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand, Still 'tis not the strong side,  
 3. Come and join the Lord's side: Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side

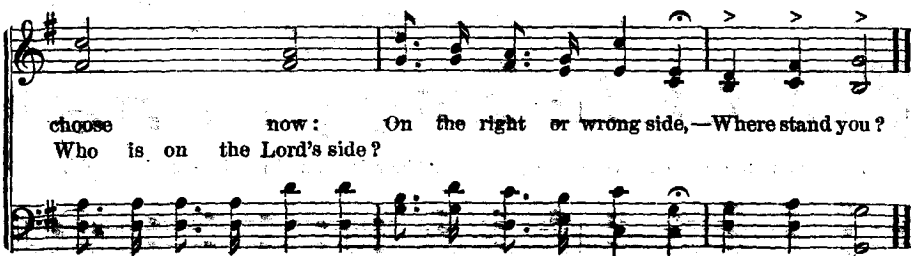
## CHORUS.



Where stand you? Choose now, choose now:  
 True and grand.  
 By and by. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?



On the right or wrong side, — False or true? Choose now,  
 Who is on the Lord's side?



choose now: On the right or wrong side, — Where stand you?  
 Who is on the Lord's side?

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENT.

1. Give me the Bi-ble, star of glad-ness gleaming, To cheer the wan-d'r'er  
 2. Give me the Bi-ble when my heart is bro-ken, When sin and grief have  
 3. Give me the Bi-ble, all my steps en-light-en, Teach me the dan-ger  
 4. Give me the Bi-ble, lamp of life im-mor-tal, Hold up that splen-dor

leas and tempest-tossed; No storm can hide that peace-ful radiance beaming,  
 filled my soul with fear; Give me the pre-cious words by Je-sus spo-ken,  
 of these realms be-low; That lamp of safe-ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten,  
 by the o-pen grave; Show me the light from heaven's shin-ing por-tal,

*D. S.—Pre-cept and prom-ise, law and love com-bin-ing,*

Fins. CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came to seek and save the lost.  
 Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-iour near. Give me the Bi-ble,—  
 That light—a-lone the path of peace can show.  
 Show me the glo-ry gild-ing Jor-dan's wave.

*Till night shall van-ish in e-ter-nal day.*

D. S.

ho-ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way.

From "Holy Voices," by permission.



"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—John 16:13. "Thy word is truth."—John 17:17. "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Ps. 73:24.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

*With energy.*

1. Hold to the helm, sail - or, when the skies are clear, Hold more  
 2. Thou - sands have launched on the change - ful sea of life Who have  
 3. Great - er the dan - ger, the broad - er flies the sail, Trust - ing

firm - ly when the storms ap - pear; Be - gin the watch ere you  
 per - ished in the aw - ful strife; Thou - sands to - day flaunt a  
 this a - lone, you're sure to fall; Sig - nal the life - boat be -

leave the shores of youth, And al - ways keep hold of the helm of truth.  
 broad pro - fes - sion sail, But where is the helm for the fear - ful gale?  
 fore the waves o'er - whelm, And ask for the BI - BLE, the guid - ing helm.

## CHORUS.

Hold to the helm, hold to the helm, Hold to the guid - ing

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## HOLD TO THE HELM.—Concluded.

helm of truth; Hold to the helm on the sun - ny seas of youth,

And all through the voyage let us hold to the truth.

1302

### STAND BY THE LAW.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."—Ps. 19: 7.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 5: 17-19.

"Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law."—1 John 3: 4.

"Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good."—Rom. 7: 12.

"Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law."—Rom. 3: 31.

"It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law."—Ps. 119: 126.

"Teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men."—Mark 7: 7, 8.

"O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts. \* \* \* They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying, The Lord saith: and the Lord hath not sent them: and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word; \* \* \* whereas ye say, The Lord saith it; albeit I have not spoken."—Eze. 13: 4-8.

"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isa. 8: 20.

#### MUSIC—"HOLD TO THE HELM."

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 <b>STAND</b> by the law once proclaimed from Sinai;<br/>Some its teachings and its force deny:<br/>What says the Saviour? now hearken and obey,—<br/>"Not one jot or tittle shall pass away."</p> <p>CHORUS:<br/>Stand by the law, stand by the law:<br/>Jesus the law did magnify;<br/>Stand by the law if you hope to enter heaven;<br/>The law proves us sinners; through Christ we're forgiven.</p> <p>2 Ten are its precepts,—consider them again,—<br/>Love to God, and love to fellow-men:<br/>Your point to God and the duty that we owe,<br/>And etc, our relation to mortals show.</p> | <p>3 Since by the law we are sinners proved to be,<br/>Christ has died that we may all be free:<br/>Free from the <i>death</i> which the broken law demands,<br/>But not from <i>obedience</i> to its commands.</p> <p>4 Now if the law was unknown till Sinai,<br/>All were righteous who before did die!<br/>And, if its precepts by Christ were done away,<br/>There lives not a sinner on earth to-day!</p> <p>5 All yearly sabbaths, and offerings the same,<br/>Lost their meaning when the Saviour came;<br/>But kill the <i>law</i>, and the <i>devil</i> goes to heaven!<br/>No need of a Saviour, or sins forgiven!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>F. E. Beiden.</i></p> |
|---|--|

These words (which appear by special request) were written during the speech of an Antinomian minister, when the subject of the law was being discussed publicly, and sung with good effect at the close of the meeting. Although the last stanza is a conclusion truthfully drawn from the arguments of those who endeavor to show that God's law is no longer binding, yet it is designed to be sung only on occasions when it will be most effectual to present the absurdity of the no-law theory, and it is hoped that no offense will be taken at the expressions of truth which these lines contain.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2:13.  
P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Hear the words our Sav-our hath spok - en, Words of life, un-  
2. All in vain we hear his com-mandments, All in vain his  
3. They with joy may en - ter the cit - y, Free from sin, from

fail - ing and true; Care - less one, prayer-less one, hear and re - mem - ber,  
prom - is - es, too; Hear - ing them, fear - ing them, nev - er can save us,  
sor - row and strife, Sanc - ti - fied, glo - ri - fied, now and for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

Je - sus says, "Bless - ed are they that do."  
Bless - ed, O bless - ed are they that do. Bless - ed are they that  
They may have right to the tree of life.

do his com-mandments, Bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they;

Bless - ed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. 22:14.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law. \* \* \* Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the *least* in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called *great* in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 5:17-19.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Not one sin - gle jot or tit - tle— Hear the great Teach - er say—  
 2. They shall gain the gold - en cit - y, Dwell on the earth made new,  
 3. They shall drink of life's pure riv - er, Sor - row and sigh - ing o'er;  
 4. Would you be a - mong the num - ber Je - sus will hon - or then?

D. C.—Who - so - ev - er shalt ex - alt them, Teach - ing men so to do,  
 \*de - ny

From my Fa - ther's ten commandments Ev - er shall pass a - way.  
 Who have kept the ten commandments, Own - ing the Sav - iour too.  
 Eat of life's fair tree for - ev - er, Nev - er to hun - ger more.  
 Faith in him can on - ly save you Heed - ing the pre - cepts ten.

Him will I ex - alt in heav - en: Do you be - lieve it true?  
 \*de - ny

## CHORUS.

Bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they, Bless - ed are they that do;

Bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they: Can it be said of you?

D. C.

\* Use in D. C. to stanzas 2 and 4, in place of "exalt."

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"In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—Matt. 15:9.

"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isa. 8:20.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. What says the Bi - ble, the bless - ed Bi - ble? This should my  
 2. Few ev - er stud - y the law e - ter - nal, Few ey - er  
 3. How will you an - swer at Je - sus' com - ing—Ye who Je-

on - ly question be; Teachings of men so oft - en mis-lead us,—  
 seek to know or do; Yet there are some who try to improve it,  
 ho - vah's law con - stitue? Can you re - ply, "I've kept the commandments?"

## CHORUS.

What says the book of God to me? What says the Bi - ble? few can  
 Touching the fourth commandment too.  
 An - swer the ques - tion, each of you.

tell; What says the Bi - ble? stud - y it well. Keep the com-

mandments, the ten commandments, Look for the com - ing Sav - iour too.

W. A. O. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life."—John 5: 39. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Search-ing the Scrip-tures, the bless-ed Scrip-tures, Seek-ing the  
 2. Search-ing the Scrip-tures, the bless-ed Scrip-tures, Seek-ing to  
 3. Search-ing the Scrip-tures, the bless-ed Scrip-tures, Seek-ing the

Sav-iour day by day, Striv-ing to learn the won-drous sto-ry,—  
 know the heav'n-ly way, Try-ing to reach the gold-en cit-y,—  
 wand'ers by the way, Try-ing to point a soul to Je-sus,—

## CHORUS.

What does the bless-ed Bi-ble say? Go and inquire, . . . the King com-  
 What does the bless-ed Bi-ble say?  
 What does the bless-ed Bi-ble say? Go and inquire,

mandeth, Ask of the Lord . . . for me and thee; Knock at the  
 Ask of the Lord

o - - - pen door of mercy Where there is par - - - don full and free.  
 Knock at the o-pen Where there is par-don

By permission.

"Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes \* \* \* make me to go in the path of thy commandments." —Ps. 119: 33, 35  
W. R. DAY

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; Teach me, O Lord, the way, the

Teach me, O Lord,

way of thy statutes; Make me to walk in the path of thy commandments,

Make me to walk, Make me to walk in the path of thy commandments for - ev - er - more;

Make me to walk, Make me to walk, Make me to walk in the  
Make me to walk, Make me to walk, Make me to walk,

path of thy commandments, forevermore, for - ev - er - more. A - men, A - men.

"Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."—1 Sam. 15: 22.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. To o - bey is better than sac - ri - fice, the Lord hath said; To heark - en when he com -  
 2. All ye who say, "There is naught to do since Christ doth save," Re - mem - ber what he com -  
 3. Re - member on - ly the do - ers of the word are blest; 'Tis well to hear and be -

## CHORUS.

mandeth, than an of - f'ring made.  
 mands you in the Book he gave. Turn to the Lord, and he will be gracious,  
 lieve it, but to do is best.

Walk in the way of his commandments. To o - bey is better than sac - ri - fice, the

Lord hath said; To heark - en when he com - mand - eth, than an of - f'ring made.



"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth. \* \* \* Thy word is truth."—John 16:13; 17:17.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.



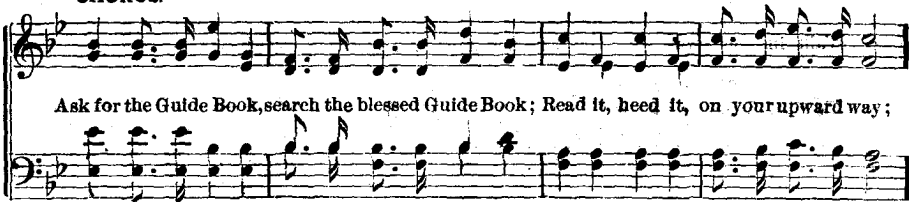
1. Ask for the Guide Book, the Bible from heav'n; For our sal-va-tion its pa-ges were giv'n;
2. Heed not the voi-ces that bid you remain, Heed not the false guides who seek only gain;
3. Thousands are trav'ling in death's downward way; Few walk the path that is nar-row to-day;
4. Though you may teach that the Sav-our has died, Claim to be just, and ap-pear sanc-ti-fied,—



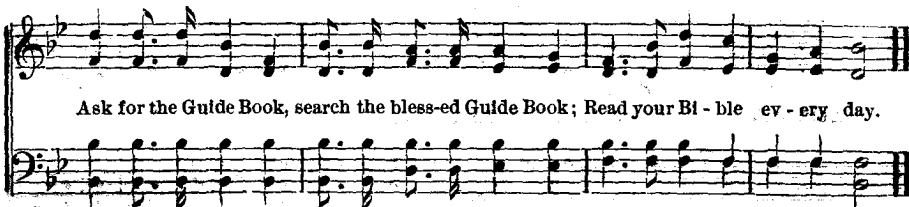
If of a truth you are seek-ing the way, Ask for the Guide Book, be-lieve, and o-bey.  
Ask for the Guide Book,—its teachings are true,—Heeding it dai-ly will carry you through.  
One ends in dark-ness, and one ends in light,—One is the wrong way, and one is the right.  
Still, if the law of the Lord you de-ny, "Vain your profession," the Lord will re-ply.



## CHORUS.



Ask for the Guide Book, search the blessed Guide Book; Read it, heed it, on your upward way;



Ask for the Guide Book, search the bless-ed Guide Book; Read your Bi-ble ev-ery day.

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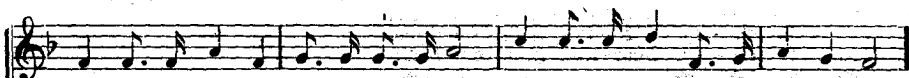
"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein."—Jer. 6: 16.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Ask for the old paths, by the prophets trod; Ask for the old paths, leading up to God;
2. Christ and the prophets traveled hand in hand; Heading the Bi-ble, we with them must stand;
3. Then, being honest, search, and you shall find Christ by his teaching proves the law divine;



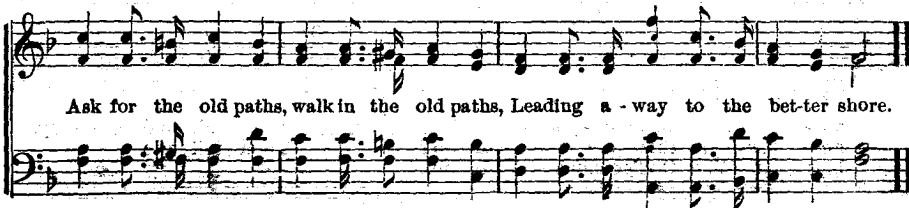
If you are trav'ling in a pathway new, 'Tis not the Bi-ble that's guiding you.  
But when we walk with cus-tom for a guide, How soon to er-ror we turn a-side!  
He by the prophets showed his gospel true; So law and gos-pel we of-fer you.



## CHORUS.



Ask for the old paths, walk in the old paths; Christ and the prophets trod the way before:



Ask for the old paths, walk in the old paths, Leading a - way to the bet-ter shore.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 13:8.

F. E. BELDEN.  
*Moderato.*

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Look up - on the gold - en im - age, Hear the king's de - cree; See the burn - ing  
2. 'Twas a hea - then king's commandment Governed conscience then; Yet how brave - ly  
3. So when earth - ly creeds of er - ror Bid you bend the knee, Turn and read the  
4. God is a - ble to de - liv - er As in days of old, All who walk the

D. C.—We will fol - low their ex - am - ple, Brave and faith - ful three, Bow - ing not be -  
CHORUS.

*Fine.* *f*  
fi - ery fur - nace, And the faith - ful three. Stand for the right Where  
for Je - ho - vah Stood those no - ble men!  
sim - ple sto - ry Of the faith - ful three.  
path of du - ty, Fear - less, firm, and bold.

fore the im - age At the world's de - cree.

ev - er you may be, Trust in - the Lord, Like the faith - ful three. D. C.

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F. E. B.

"Know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead."—James 2: 20.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. We love to tell the sto - ry; Yet there is more to do; For faith brings no sal -  
2. It is a pre - cious sto - ry, And we believe it true; But who of us can  
3. Let Faith re - peat the sto - ry, Let Works proclaim it true; For they a - lone are

CHORUS.

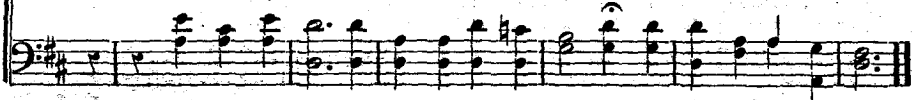
va - tion With - out o - be - dience too. Then tell the old, old sto - ry,  
an - swer That this a - lone will do? Then tell the  
bles - sed Who God's commandments do.

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## MORE TO DO.—Concluded.



And heed its precepts, too; 'T is well to tell the sto - ry, Yet there is more to do.  
And heed it,



1313

## JEHOVAH'S REST.

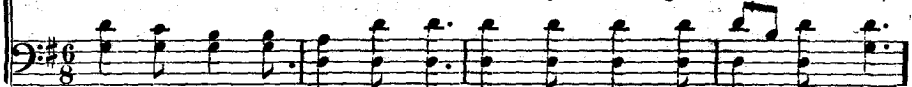
"And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."—Gen. 2 : 3.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Ho - ly day, Je - ho - vah's Rest, Of Cre - a - tion's week the best;
2. First his six days' work was done, Then the Sab - bath hour be - gun;
3. Thousands have his plan re - versed, Rest - ing now up - on the first;
4. All who speak the truth must say It was man who changed the day;
5. Thus I searched; and when I saw On - ly one great Sab - bath law,



Last of all the chos - en sev'n, Blessed of God, to man 't was giv'n.  
Thus he blessed the sev - enth day, Thus in rest - ing we o - bey.  
Search the Book and you shall know There's no script - ure tells them so.  
In God's word no change ap - pears Through the whole six thou - sand years!  
Then I has - tened to o - bey,—Plain - ly, 't was the on - ly way.



### CHORUS.



Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come;  
Welcome, welcome, ev - er wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, ev - er wel - come;



Glad we hail its pres - ence blest, 'T is the great Je - ho - vah's Rest.



"Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."—Ps. 119: 18.

[Anthem.]

F. E. BELDEN.

1st. ed.

{ 0 - pen thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things, wondrous things out of thy law, } out of thy law.  
 { 0 - pen thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things, wondrous things (omit.) }

Thou hast com - mand - ed us to keep thy pre - cepts, Thou hast command - ed us to keep thy pre - cepts ;

Turn my feet in the path of thy com - mand - ments, that I may walk there - in, In -

cline my heart to de - light in all thy stat - utes and cleanse me from all sin.

Thou hast com - mand - ed us to keep thy pre - cepts ; 0 - pen thou mine eyes, 0 Lord!

Thou hast com - mand - ed us to keep thy pre - cepts ; 0 - pen thou mine eyes, 0 Lord, that

I may be - hold thy law, that I may be - hold thy law, that I may be - hold thy  
 the wondrous things, the wondrous things, the

## OPEN THOU MINE EYES.—Concluded.

law; That I may be - hold wondrous things out of thy law: O - pen thou mine eyes, that wondrous things,

I may be - hold won - drous things, wondrous things out of thy law; O - pen thou mine eyes, that

I may be - hold won - drous things, won - drous things out of thy law. A - men.

1315

### "THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET."

{ Thy word is a lamp un - to my feet, and a light, a light un -  
How sweet are thy words un - to my taste— yea, sweeter than hon - ey

to my path! }  
to my (omit.) } mouth! Give me un - der - stand - ing, and I shall keep thy

law, for there - in do I de - light, O Lord, my God. A - men.

“Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”—Ecdl. 12 : 13.  
[Anthem.]

F. E. BELDEN.

Let us hear the con-clusion of the whole mat-ter, Let us hear the con-

clusion of the whole mat-ter, Let us hear the conclusion of the whole mat-ter: Fear

*cres. . . . . f*

God and keep his com-mandments; For this is the du-ty of man . . . the

For this is the du-ty,

whole du-ty of man. Hear the con-clusion, hear the con-clusion, Hear the con-

*p*

clu-sion of the whole mat-ter; Hear the con-clusion, hear the con-clusion,

*cres. . . . . f*      *p*



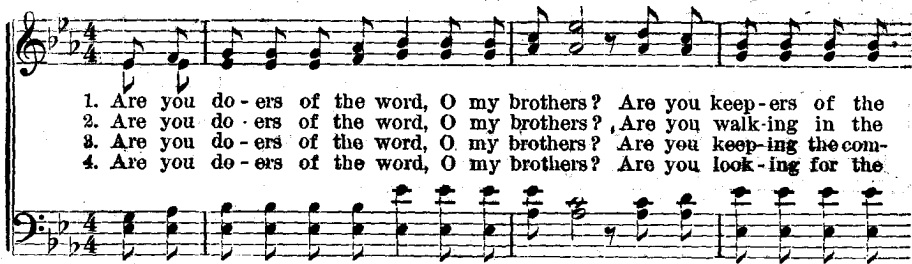


## ARE YOU DOERS OF THE WORD?

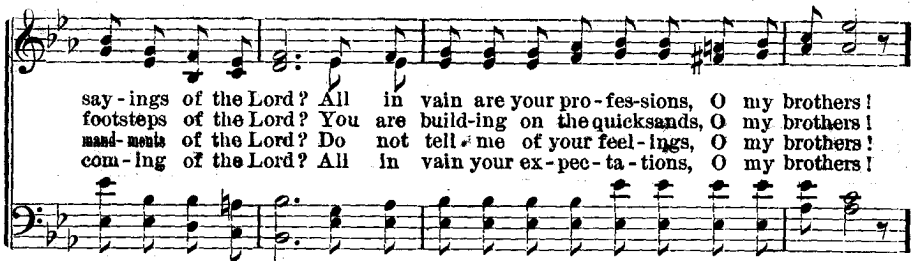
"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only."—James 1: 22.

H. R. TRICKETT,

J. H. FULLMORE.

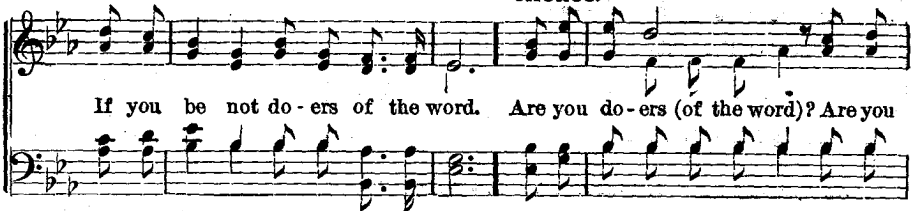


1. Are you do - ers of the word, O my brothers? Are you keep - ers of the  
 2. Are you do - ers of the word, O my brothers? Are you walk - ing in the  
 3. Are you do - ers of the word, O my brothers? Are you keep - ing the com -  
 4. Are you do - ers of the word, O my brothers? Are you look - ing for the

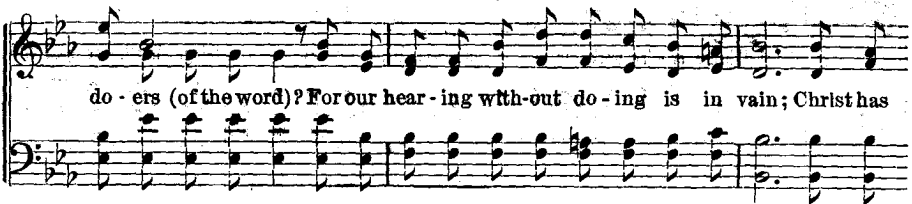


say - ings of the Lord? All in vain are your pro - fes - sions, O my brothers!  
 footsteps of the Lord? You are build - ing on the quicksands, O my brothers!  
 mand - ments of the Lord? Do not tell me of your feel - ings, O my brothers!  
 com - ing of the Lord? All in vain your ex - pec - ta - tions, O my brothers!

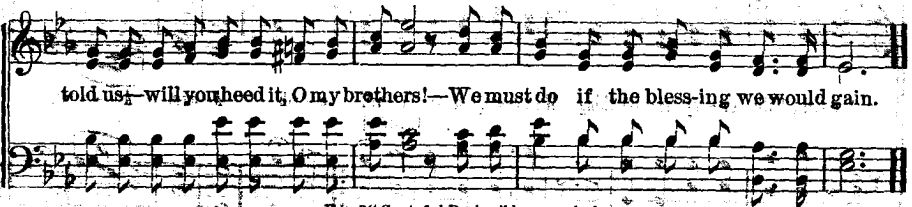
## CHORUS.



If you be not do - ers of the word. Are you do - ers (of the word)? Are you



do - ers (of the word)? For our hear - ing with - out do - ing is in vain; Christ has



told us—will you heed it, O my brothers!—We must do if the bless - ing we would gain.

From "Grateful Praise," by permission.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 16, 17.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'  
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-  
 3. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the  
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the  
 sad-ness, no dread, and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full-ness of glo-ry To re-ceive from the world his own.  
 blaze of his glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives his own.  
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives his own.

## CHORUS.

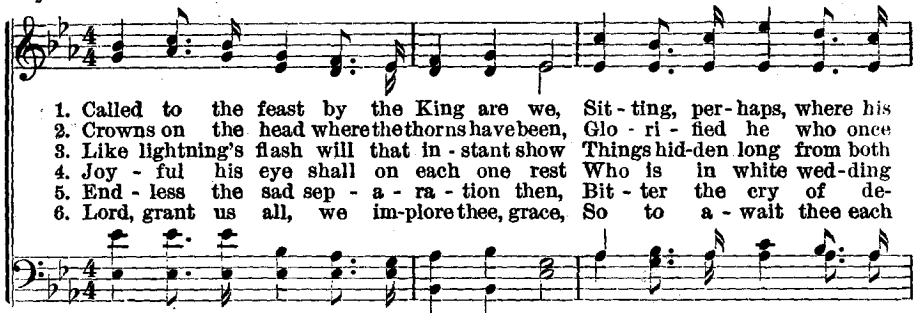
O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

turn-eth, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Amen, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

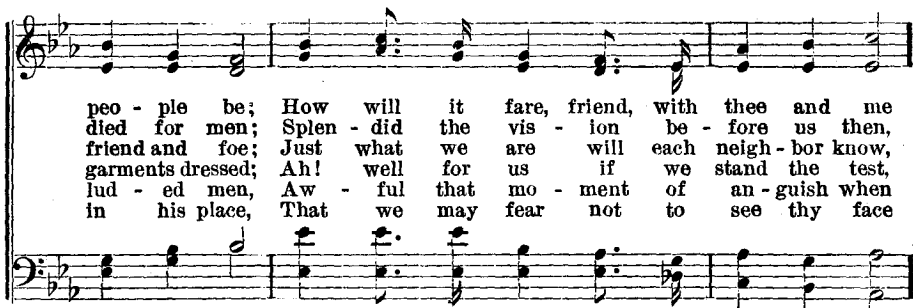
"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25:34.

J. E. LANDOR.

REV. E. S. LORENZ.

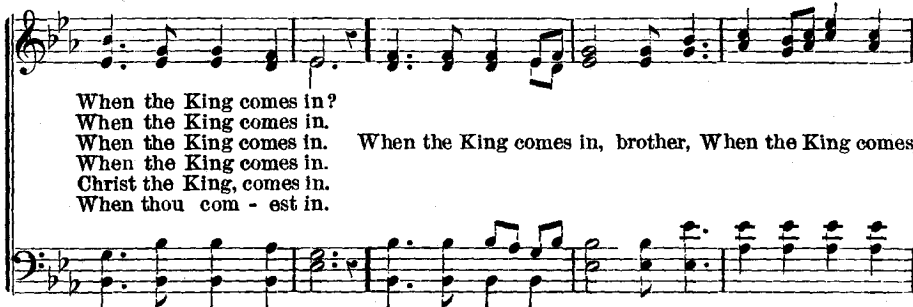


1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, per-haps, where his  
 2. Crowns on the head wherethorns have been, Glo-ri-fied he who once  
 3. Like lightning's flash will that in-stant show Things hid-den long from both  
 4. Joy-ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed-ding  
 5. End-less the sad sep-a-a-ra-tion then, Bit-ter the cry of de-  
 6. Lord, grant us all, we im-plore thee, grace, So to a-wait thee each

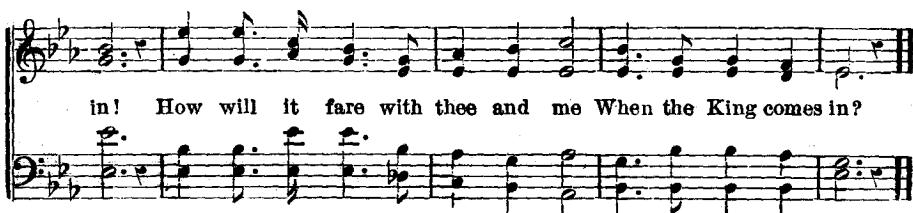


peo-ple be; How will it fare, friend, with thee and me  
 died for men; Splen-did the vis-ion be-fore us then,  
 friend and foe; Just what we are will each neigh-bor know,  
 garments dressed; Ah! well for us if we stand the test,  
 lud-ed men, Aw-ful that mo-ment of an-guish when  
 in his place, That we may fear not to see thy face

## REFRAIN.



When the King comes in?  
 When the King comes in.  
 When the King comes in. When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes  
 When the King comes in.  
 Christ the King, comes in.  
 When thou com-est in.



in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

From "Songs of Grace," by permission.

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."—Luke 3:17.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When Je - sus shall gath - er the na - tions, Be - fore him at last to ap - pear,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Sav - iour, The words "Faithful serv - ant, well done,"
3. He will smile when he looks on his chil - dren, And sees on the ransom'd his seal;
4. Then let us be watch - ing and wait - ing, With lamps burning steady and bright;
5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on heav - en, In pa - tience we wait for the time



Then how shall we stand in the Judgment, When sum - moned our sen - tence to hear?  
 Or, trem - bling with fear and with an - guish, Be banished a - way from his throne?  
 He will clothe them in heav - en - ly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.  
 When the Bride - groom shall call to the wed - ding O may we be read - y for flight!  
 When the days of our pil - grim - age end - ed, We'll bask in the pres - ence di - vine.



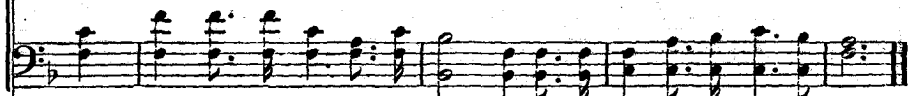
CHORUS.



He will gath - er the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scat - ter a - way;



Then how shall we stand in the Judg - ment Of the great res - ur - rection day?



From "The Garner," by per. John J. Hood.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. \* \* For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. \* \* \* Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24:36-42.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Allegretto.* > > > >

1. We know not the hour of the Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yet signs all fore-  
2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal - va - tion, There's truth in the  
3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn-ing, We'll work and we'll

tell that the mo - ment is near - ing When he shall re - turn, -  
book of the Lord's Rev - e - la - tion, Each proph - e - cy points  
wait till the Mas - ter's re - turn - ing, We'll sing and re - joice,

'tis a prom - ise most cheer - ing, - But we know not the hour.  
to the great con - sum - ma - tion, - But we know not the hour.  
ev - 'ry o - men dis - cern - ing, - But we know not the hour.

CHORUS.

He will come, He will come, let us watch and be read - y; He will

come, . . . hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! He will come in the  
He will come,

## WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.—Concluded.

clouds of his Father's bright glo - ry,—But we know not the hour.

### 1322

## HE'S COMING SOON.

"There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lust, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? \* \* But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night. \* \* Seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless."—2 Pet. 2:3-14.

F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Allegretto.*

1. O Chris - tian! have you heard it? He's com - ing soon; Though thou - sands  
2. Does now thy heart be - lieve it? He's com - ing soon; Do you with  
3. O day of joy and glad - ness! He's com - ing soon; O day of

have de - ferred it, He's com - ing soon. Let not thy heart grow wea - ry,  
joy re - ceive it? He's com - ing soon. Prize not this world's pos - ses - sions,  
gloom and sad - ness! He's com - ing soon. It may be night or morn - ing,

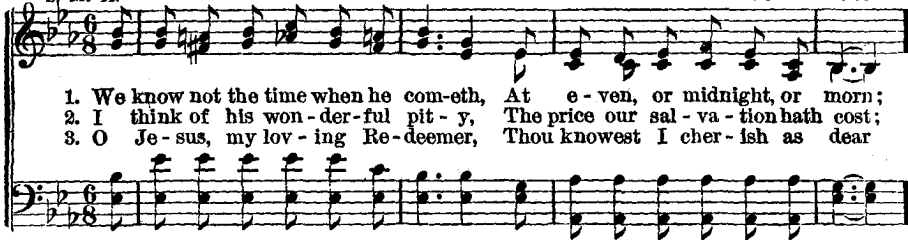
He's com - ing soon; Morn follows midnight dreary, He's com - ing soon. Leave all earth's  
zeal in - creas - ing, He's com - ing soon; Trust not to vain professions, He's com - ing soon. Work on, with  
He's com - ing soon; Do not re - ject the warning, He's com - ing soon. Are you pre -

sin - ful pleasures, He's coming soon; Lay up in heav'n your treasures, He's coming soon.  
zeal in - creas - ing, He's coming soon; Pray always, without ceas - ing, He's coming soon.  
pared to meet him? He's coming soon; Can you look up and greet him? He's coming soon.

"Let your loins be girt about and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord. \* \* \* Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."—Luke 12:35-37.

S. M. H.

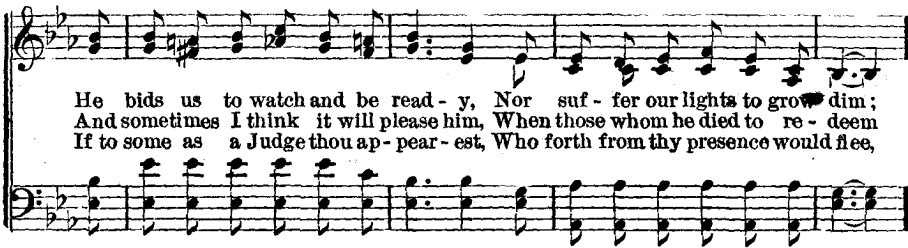
WILL H. PONTIUS.



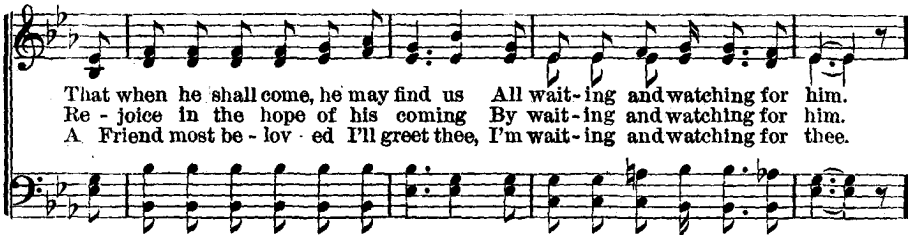
1. We know not the time when he com-eth, At e-ven, or midnight or morn;  
2. I think of his won-der-ful pit-y, The price our sal-va-tion hath cost;  
3. O Je-sus, my lov-ing Re-deemer, Thou knowest I cher-ish as dear



It may be at deep-en-ing twi-ght, It may be at ear-ly dawn.  
He left the bright mansions of glo-ry To suf-fer and die for the lost.  
The hope that mine eyes shall be-hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear!

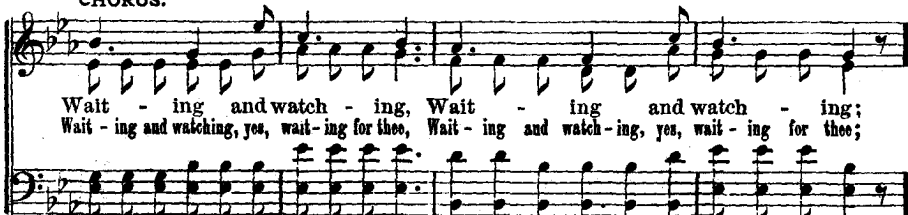


He bids us to watch and be read-y, Nor suf-fer our lights to grow dim;  
And sometimes I think it will please him, When those whom he died to re-deem  
If to some as a Judge thou ap-pear-est, Who forth from thy presence would flee,



That when he shall come, he may find us All wait-ing and watching for him.  
Re-joice in the hope of his coming By wait-ing and watching for him.  
A Friend most be-lov-ed I'll greet thee, I'm wait-ing and watching for thee.

## CHORUS.



Wait-ing and watch-ing, Wait-ing and watch-ing;  
Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes, wait-ing for thee, Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes, wait-ing for thee;

## WAITING AND WATCHING.—Concluded.

Wait - ing and watch - ing, Still wait-ing and watching for thee.  
 Wait - ing and watching, yes, wait - ing and watch - ing,

1324

### WHEN THOU COMEST.

W. A. O. "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—Luke 13:42. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When thou com - est in thy king - dom, Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me,  
 2. When thou com - est in thy king - dom, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be,  
 3. When thou com - est in thy king - dom, Mounting up - ward to the skies,

Thus the pen - i - tent thief en - treat - ed Christ, the Lord, on Cal - va - ry.  
 Like the pen - i - tent thief, I pray thee, Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me.  
 Like the pen - i - tent thief, I pray to Be with thee in Par - a - dise.

#### CHORUS.

Nev - er in vain, nev - er in vain, Faith in - spires this won - der - ful strain.

When thou com - est in thy king - dom, Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me.

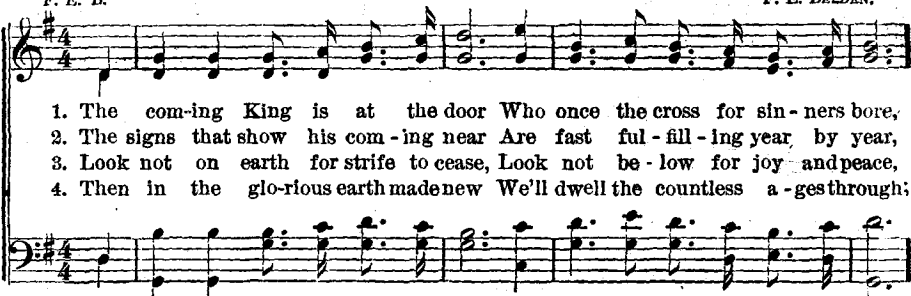
By permission.



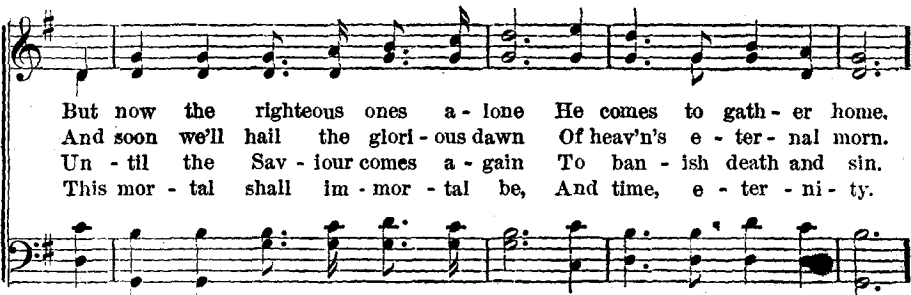
"So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."—Matt. 24 : 33, 34.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. The com-ing King is at the door Who once the cross for sin - ners bore,  
 2. The signs that show his com - ing near Are fast ful - fill - ing year by year,  
 3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be - low for joy and peace,  
 4. Then in the glo - rious earth made new We'll dwell the countless a - gest through;

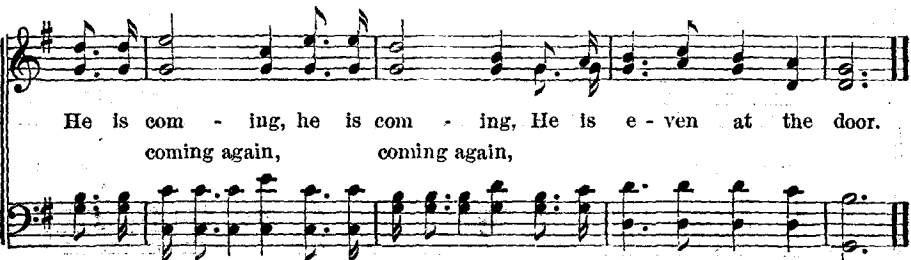


But now the righteous ones a - lone He comes to gath - er home.  
 And soon we'll hail the glori - ous dawn Of heav'n's e - ter - nal morn.  
 Un - til the Sav - iour comes a - gain To ban - ish death and sin.  
 This mor - tal shall im - mor - tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

## CHORUS.



At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, e - ven at the door;  
 At the door, at the door,



He is com - ing, he is com - ing, He is e - ven at the door.  
 coming again, coming again,

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."—Matt. 25: 10.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.



1. Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will



ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Be-hold, he cometh!  
lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes: He quick-ly cometh!  
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He sure-ly cometh!  
chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

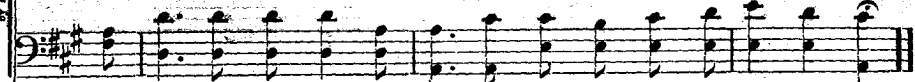


*D. S.*—Be-hold, he com-eth!

Fine.



be-hold, he com-eth! Be robbed and read-y; for the Bridegroom comes.  
he quick-ly com-eth! O soul, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.  
he sure-ly com-eth! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.  
lo! now he com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



be - hold, he com - eth! Be robbed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.



Be - hold the Bridegroom; for he comes, for he comes! Be - hold the Bridegroom; for he comes, for he comes.



From "Gems of Gospel Song," by permission.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACH.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown,  
 2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gath - ered home;  
 3. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the pearl - y gate,  
 4. Waiting for a bright - er dwell - ing Than I ev - er yet have seen,

On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown,  
 For the sum - mer - time has fad - ed, And the au - tumn winds have come,  
 At whose por - tals long I've lin - gered, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late;  
 Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, And the fields are ev - er green;

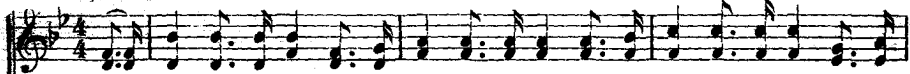
Till the night of death has fad - ed From the heart once full of day,  
 Quickly, reap - ers! gath - er quick - ly, All the ripe hours of my heart;  
 E - ven now I hear their foot - steps, And their voi - ces far a - way;  
 Wait - ing for my full re - demp - tion, When my Sav - iour shall re - store

Till the stars of heaven are break - ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray.  
 For the bloom of life is with - ered, And I hast - en to de - part.  
 If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.  
 All that sin has caused to with - er On this drear - y, mor - tal shore.

"The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest."—Lev. 25:4

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE.

W. A. OGDEN.



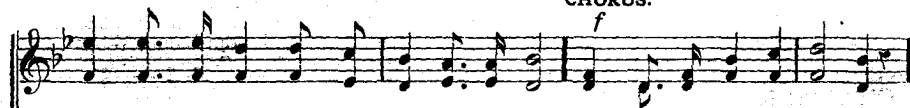
1. Oh, glo - ry to God! it is com - ing again, 'Tis the glad ju - bi - lee of the
2. 'Tis the glad an - ti - type of that day long a - go When the hosts of the Lord might not
3. Yes, glad - der by far is that rest by and by, When on wings like the ea - gle we



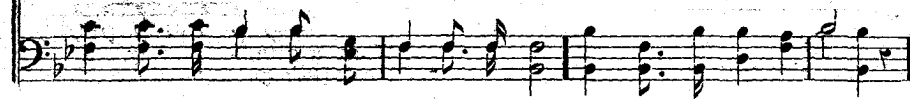
chil - dren of men; Then blow ye the trum - pet, shout glo - ry, and sing, And  
gath - er or sow; When the min - ions of Is - rael from la - bor were free, And the  
mount to the sky; We shall dwell ev - er - more in that land of the blest, In that



## CHORUS.



join in the prais - es of Je - sus the King.  
land was to rest in the glad ju - bi - lee. Shout with the voice of triumph,  
grand ju - bi - lee, in that sab - bath of rest.



Soon shall the saints be free; Glo - ry to the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Hast - en the ju - bi - lee.  
be free;



J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. 1:5.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final Judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim In tri-



greet each other by the crystal sea (crystal sea); When the  
 gathered, and the saved and ransomed see (gladly see); Then to  
 Lord in all his glory we shall see (we shall see); At the  
 triumphant strains the glorious jubilee (jubilee); Then to

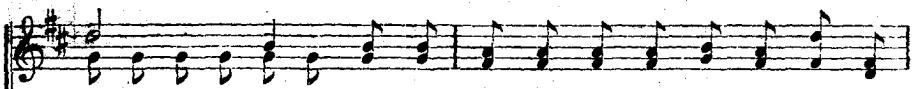
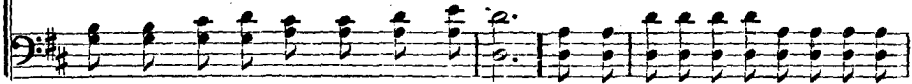


Lord himself from heaven to his glory bids them come, What a  
 meet a gain to gether, on the bright, celestial shore, What a  
 bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right," What a  
 meet and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, What a

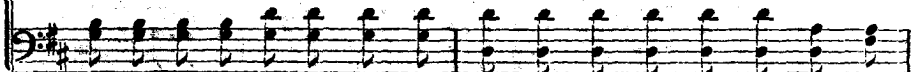


## CHORUS.

gath-ering of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath-ering of the loved ones, when we



gath-ering,  
 meet with one another, At the sounding of the glorious jub-



From "The Song Treasury," by permission.

## WHAT A GATHERING.—Concluded.

lee (ju - bi - lee)! What a gath - - 'ring, when the friends and all the

gath - - 'ring,  
dear ones meet each oth-er; What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

**1330**

## JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

JESSIE E. STROUT.

"The day of the Lord cometh, it is nigh at hand."—Joel 2: 1.

GEO. E. LEE.

1. Lift up the trum-pet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
3. Sound it, old o - cean, in each mighty wave; Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
4. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng; Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
5. Na-tions are an - gry, —by this we do know Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!

Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joy - ful and sing; Je - sus is com ing a - gain!  
Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain; Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!  
Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave; Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!  
Tem - pests and whirlwinds, the an - them prolong; Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!  
Knowledge in - creas - es; men run to and fro; Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

**CHORUS.**

Com - ing a - gain, com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. 4: 2.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sweet prom-ise,—“I will come a - gain; Go preach this gos-pel to all men;”  
 2. The right-eous dead shall then a - rise, With liv - ing saints ascend the skies;  
 3. The cit - y bright shall then ap-pear, The wick - ed then be raised to hear  
 4. Then shall it blos-som as of old, In beau - ty glo-rious to be-hold:

“Come quick - ly, Lord,” my soul doth say, “And bring that hap - py day.”  
 And Sa - tan in this vale of tears Be bound a thousand years.  
 The Judg - e's aw - ful sen - tence dire, And earth shall melt with fire.  
 And sin and death be found no more On that im - mor - tal shore.

## CHORUS.

Hap - py day, . . . O happy day! Happy day, O happy  
 Happy day, O happy day! happy day, Happy day, O happy

day!  
 day! happy day;  
 Come quickly Lord, no more de - lay; Come quickly, happy day.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16: 27.

L. D. SANTEE.

EDWIN BARNES.



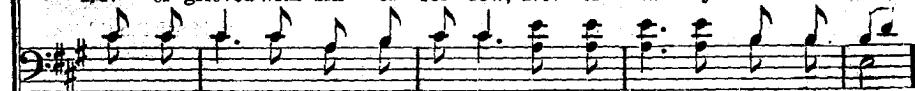
1. In the glad time of the har-vest, In the grand mil-len-nial year,
2. O the rap-ture of his peo-ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,
3. Long they've toiled within the har-vest, Sown the pree-gious seed with tears;
4. We shall greet the loved and lov-ing, Who have left us lone-ly here;



When the King shall take his scep-ter, And to judge the world ap-pear,  
With their hearts e'er turn-ing home-ward, Rich in faith and love to God.  
Soon they'll drop their heav-y bur-dens In the glad mil-len-nial years;  
Ev-ery heart-ache will be ban-ish-ed When the Sav-iour shall ap-pear;



Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand be-fore the throne;  
They will share the life im-mor-tal, They will know as they are known,  
They will share the bliss of hea-ven, Nev-er more to sigh or moan;  
Nev-er grieved with sin or sor-row, Nev-er wea-ry or a-lone;



Just a-wards will then be giv-en, When the King shall claim his own.  
They will pass the pear-ly por-tal, When the King shall claim his own.  
Star-ry crowns will then be giv-en, When the King shall claim his own.  
O, we long for that glad mor-row When the King shall claim his own.





"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."—Luke 21: 25, 26.

W. C. GAGE.

HENRY C. WORK.

1. O'er all the land have the signs now ap-peared, Tell - ing us soon our dear  
 2. Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars, Faith - ful - ly show that the  
 3. These, to the pil - grim, are o - mens of cheer, Toil - ing and sigh - ing in  
 4. Then let us ral - ly, and fresh cour - age take; Soon will we hear our dear

Sav - iour will come; Long has the worn pil - grim watched, hoped, and feared,  
 great day is near; Na - tions dis - tressed by the ru - mors of wars,  
 life's gloom - y way; All, all pro - claim that the Sav - iour is near,  
 Lord's lov - ing voice; Those who will now all their er - rors for - sake,

*D. S.—All hearts re - spond as we long for our home,*

**CHORUS.**

Wait - ing for that bless - ed hope; O come, Sav - iour, come.  
 And the hearts of wick - ed men are fail - ing for fear. Sound forth the tid - ings,  
 And the light is dawn - ing of that soon - com - ing day.  
 Soon the pearl - y gates will en - ter;—sing and re - joice.

*"Quick - ly come, O bless - ed Je - sus, come, Sav - iour, come."*

long, loud, and clear; Je - sus is com - ing, and soon will ap - pear;

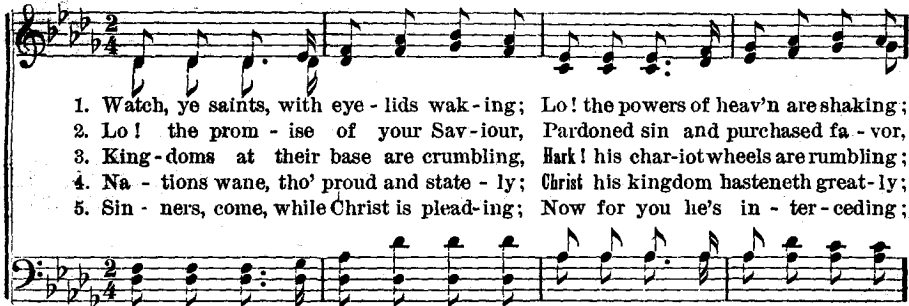
*D. S.*

Music by permission S. Brainerd's Sons.

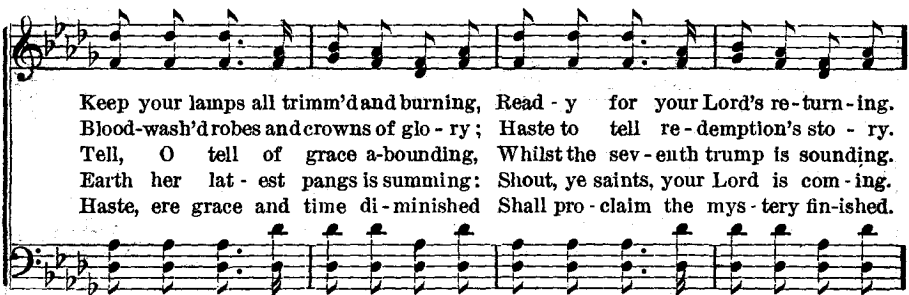
"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15.

MRS. PRUEBE PALMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

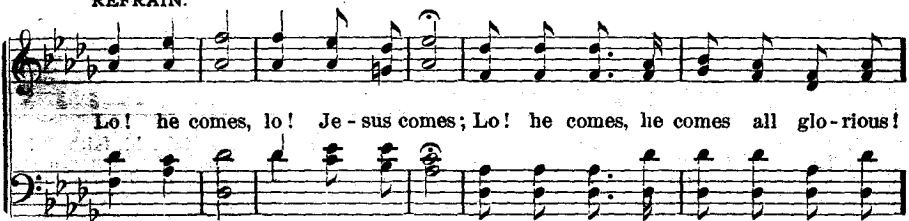


1. Watch, ye saints, with eye - lids wak - ing; Lo! the powers of heav'n are shaking;  
 2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav - iour, Pardoned sin and purchased fa - vor,  
 3. King - doms at their base are crumbling, Hark! his char - iot wheels are rumbling;  
 4. Na - tions wane, tho' proud and state - ly; Christ his kingdom hasteneth great - ly;  
 5. Sin - ners, come, while Christ is plead - ing; Now for you he's in - ter - ceding;



Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Read - y for your Lord's re - turn - ing.  
 Blood - wash'd robes and crowns of glo - ry; Haste to tell re - demption's sto - ry.  
 Tell, O tell of grace a - bounding, Whilst the sev - enth trump is sounding.  
 Earth her lat - est pangs is summing: Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com - ing.  
 Haste, ere grace and time di - minished Shall pro - claim the mys - tery fin - ished.

REFRAIN.



Lo! he comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glo - rious!



Je - sus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je - sus comes.

PHOEBE CARV.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." — Heb. 11:16.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. One-sweet-ly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home to-mansions be;  
 2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny mansions be; Nearer the throne where  
 3. Near-er my go-ing home, Lay-ing my burdens down, Leav-ing my cross of

## CHORUS.

day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.  
 Je-sus reigns, Near-er the crys-tal sea. Near-er my home, Near-er my home;  
 heav-y grief, Wear-ing my star-ry crown.

Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.

## 1336

## GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." — Matt. 24:30.

S. J. G.

S. J. GRAHAM.

1. The gold-en morning is fast approach-ing; Jesus soon will come To take his faith-ful and  
 2. The gospel sum-mons will soon be car-ried To the na-tions round; The Bride-groom then will  
 3. At-tend-ed by all the shin-ing an-gels, Down the flam-ing sky The Judge will come, and will  
 4. There those lov'd ones who have long been parted, Will all meet that day; The tears of those who are

## CHORUS.

hap-py children To their promis-ed home.  
 cease to tar-ry And the trumpet sound. O, we see the gleams of the gold-en morn-ing  
 take his peo-ple Where they will not die.  
 brok-en-heart-ed Will be wip-ed a-way.

## GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.—Concluded.

Piercing thro' this night of gloom! O, we see the gleams of the golden morning That will burst the tomb.

1337

### HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT?

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. 12:36.  
 "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?"—1 Pet. 4:17.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. The judgment has set, the books have been opened; How shall we stand in that great day
2. The work is begun with those who are sleeping; Soon will the liv - ing here be tried,
3. O, how shall we stand that moment of searching, When all our sins those books reveal?

When every thought, and word, and ac - tion, God, the righteous Judge, shall weigh?  
 Out of the books of God's re - mem - brance, His de - cis - ion to a - bide.  
 When from that court, each case de - cid - ed, Shall be grant - ed no ap - peal?

#### REFRAIN.

How shall we stand in that great day? How shall we stand in that great day?

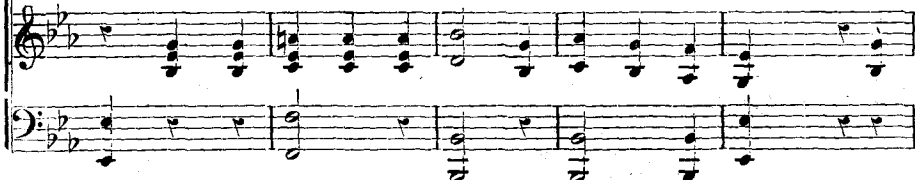
Shall we be found be - fore him want - ing? Or with our sins all washed a - way?



1. These words, said the Mas - ter, "I'm com - ing a - gain," That with me my
2. The first with this mes - sage was sent through the land: "Fear God, and give
3. The sec - ond this mes - sage of woe did re - peat: "The Church is not
4. The third mes - sage fol - lows, the last to be given, To point, once a -
5. The law of the Fa - ther, the faith of the Son, Must be kept by the



peo - ple for - ev - er may reign; That they may be read - y my  
 glo - ry; his Judg - ment's at hand; And wor - ship the Mak - er of  
 read - y her Mas - ter to greet; She's fall - en, back - slid - den, de -  
 gain, dy - ing sin - ners to heav'n: "If a - ny the beast or his  
 Church all u - nit - ed as one; The mark of re - bell - ion re -



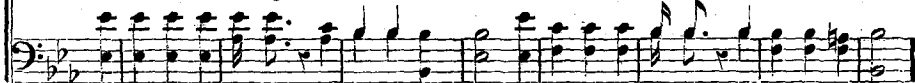
com - ing to see, I send forth my an - gels with mes - sa - ges three.  
 earth, sea, and sky, And the fountains of wa - ters, who rul - eth on high."  
 part - ed from Heav'n, And her love to earth's kings has un - law - ful - ly giv'n."  
 im - age a - dore, On him shall God's judgments a - bide ev - er - more."  
 fuse to re - ceive, Be sealed with God's seal, and e - ter - nal - ly live.



## CHORUS.



The Master is coming, he's coming for thee; O haste to be ready thy Master to see!



THE THREE MESSAGES.—Concluded.

*rit.*  
The Master is coming, he's coming for thee; O haste to be ready thy Master to see!

1339

"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

"Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.  
F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sweet promise is giv'n to all who believe,—“Behold I come quickly, mine  
2. We'll “watch unto prayer” with lamps burning bright; He comes to all others a  
3. Yes! this is our hope, 'tis built on His word,—The glorious appearing of

*f.*  
own to receive; Hold fast till I come; the danger is great; Sleep  
“thief in the night.” We know he is near, but know not the day,—As  
Jesus, our Lord; Of promises all, it stands as the sum: “Behold

D. S.—“Come, enter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright  
REFRAIN.

*Fine.*  
not as do others; be watchful, and wait.”  
spring shows that summer is not far away. “Hold fast till I come;” sweet  
hold I come quickly, hold fast till I come.”  
crowns are in waiting; hold fast till I come.”

D. S.  
promise of heav'n,—“The kingdom restored, to you shall be giv'n.”

"The Lord direct your hearts into . . . the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3:5.

W. G. IRVIN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,  
 2. I am wait-ing, worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,  
 3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er, For a home of bound-less love,  
 4. Hop-ing soon to meet the loved ones Where the man-y man-sions be.

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this change-ful life are gone.  
 Hop-ing, when the war-fare's o-ver, To re-ceive a crown of life.  
 Like a pil-grim look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.  
 Long-ing for the hap-py wel-come When my Sav-iour comes for me.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, Till this  
 I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing Till this

wea-ry life is o'er; On-ly wait-ing for my  
 wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry, Till this wea-ry life is o'er; On-ly wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing for my

welcome, for my welcome, From my Sav-iour on the oth-er shore.

By permission Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati.

"That ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

J. G.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. I am wait - ing for Je - sus to welcome me home, To the place he has  
 2. How I long to be roam - ing the blest fields of light, With the dear, lov - ing  
 3. Roll a - long, then, sweet moments, and bear me a - way To my beau - ti - ful

gone to pre - pare, To the man - sion of light and the robe, pure and white,  
 chil - dren of God, And to sing the sweet song as we're march - ing a - long,  
 home in the sky, To the land of the blest, where I sweet - ly shall rest

## CHORUS.

To the harp and the crown for me there. Wait - - ing,  
 Of re - demp - tion thro' Je - sus' blood! Wait - ing, dear Je - sus, yes,  
 In the pal - ace of Je - sus on high.

wait - - ing,  
 wait - ing for thee, I am wait - ing, dear Je - sus, for thee;

Ev - - er long - ing,  
 Ev - er I'm long - ing, dear Jesus, I'm long - ing All the beauties of heav - en to see.

By permission David C. Cook.



"A cloud received him out of their sight. \* \* This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."—Acts 1:9, 11. "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1:7.

WILLIAM BRICKEY.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. He is coming, yes, he's coming, with the ho - ly an - gel band; We re - joice to hear the  
 2. He is coming, yes, he's coming with great majesty and power, While be - fore and round a -  
 3. He is coming, not in se - cret, but like lightning in the sky, With the voice of the Arch -  
 4. He is coming, yes, he's coming; heav'n and earth before him flee, But in all the new cre -  
 5. He is coming! O what rapture! O what mu - sic to the ear! We an - tic - i - pate his

mes - sage as it speeds by sea and land, When the gos - pel of the king - dom shall in  
 bout him fire and tem - pest shall de - vour: Yes, with more than pageant splen - dor as he  
 an - gel and the trump of God most high. Then the dead in Christ will hear his voice and a  
 glo - ry, and be - lieve his kingdom near; We have wait - ed for him pa - tient - ly, and

all the world be preached For a wit - ness to all na - tions, and its fi - nal triumph reached.  
 rides up - on the cloud, While the saints and ho - ly an - gels shout with hal - le - lu - jahs loud,  
 from their graves arise, And with all the living righteous they shall meet him in the skies.  
 sun ashamed to shine, —When the Lord in dazzling glo - ry reigns in righteousness di - vine.  
 still our faith is strong, And we almost hear the an - gels shout "hosannas," loud and long.

## CHORUS.

He is coming, coming, coming on the cloud, With a shout of triumph, and with trumpet loud;

*dim.* All the dead shall hear his voice, all the righteous shall rejoice; For he's com - ing in glo - ry soon to reign.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 7: 21.

F. E. BELDEN.

EDWIN BARNES, by per.

1. Shall we stand at His com-ing, His glo - ri - ous com-ing, When the sum - mer is  
 2. When the Arch - angel's trump - et shall rend the broad heavens, And the mill - ions who  
 3. When the loud lam - en - ta - tion breaks forth from cre - a - tion, That the day of God's  
 4. Then the hope of pos - ses - sion will not be pro - fes - sion, For the lov - er of

o - ver, and har - vest is past? When the sheaves of his choosing he takes for his us - ing,  
 slumber im - mor - tal a - rise, Shall we stand with the ho - ly, the meek and the low - ly,  
 wrath and his fu - ry has come, Shall we join that sad chorus while death hovers o'er us?  
 self will his mo - tives behold, On - ly they who, obeying, have toiled, striving, praying,

## CHORUS.

To the glo - rious kingdom for - ev - er to last?  
 Who in glory triumphant mount up to the skies? Shall we stand at His coming, His  
 Or in terror unbounded stand trembling and dumb?  
 Shall ascend with the saints to the cit - y of gold.

glo - rious coming, When he gathers the wheat to his gar - ner above? When in glo - ry de -

scending, with the an - gels at - tending, He re - turns for his jewels, — the price of his love?

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children, forever."—Deut. 29 : 29.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."—Amos 3 : 7  
 "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man : but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 Pet. 1 : 21.

"There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."—Dan. 2 : 28.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Look for the way-marks as you jour-ney on, Look for the  
 2. First, the As-syr-ian king-dom ruled the world, Then Me-do-  
 3. Down in the feet of ir-on and of clay, Weak and di-

way-marks, pass-ing one by one; Down through the a-ges,  
 Per-sia's ban-ners were unfurled; And af-ter Greece held  
 vid-ed, soon to pass a-way; What will the next great,

past the kingdoms four,—Where are we stand-ing? Look the way-marks o'er.  
 u-ni-ver-sal sway, Rome seized the scep-ter,—Where are we to-day?  
 glo-rious dra-ma be? Christ and his com-ing, And e-ter-ni-ty.



"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—Dan. 5: 27.

F. E. B.  
*Slew.*

F. E. BELDEN.

1. When the Judges shall weigh our mo-tives For e - ter - nal gain or loss,  
2. Shall we hear the glad words spo-ken: "Faithful servant," and "well done,"  
3. Shall we heed the Spir - it's pleading, While for mer - cy we may call,

Shall we stand as gold be - fore him, Or as vile and worth-less dross?  
Or the dread and aw - ful sen-tence, "Thou art wanting," sin - ful one?  
Or de - lay till God's hand-writ - ing Seals the fi - nal doom of all?

REFRAIN.

Weighed in the bal - ance of the Lord, Weighed, weighed, and wanting;

Weighed by the stand - ard of his word, Weighed, weighed, and wanting.

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51: 3.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Sweet is thy noon - tide calm ;  
 2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shin - eth the gold - en day,  
 3. There is the home of my Saviour ; There, with the blood - wash'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.  
 Waft - ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.  
 O - ver the high - lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How  
 the pure and blest,

*rit.*  
 oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest !

By permission.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weep-ing, I shall be soon; Beyond the wak-ing and the  
 2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Beyond the shin-ing and the  
 3. Beyond the parting and the meet-ing, I shall be soon; Beyond the fare-well and the  
 4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon; Beyond the rock-waste and the

REFRAIN.

sleep-ing, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.  
 shad-ing, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home!  
 greet-ing, Beyond the pulse's fe-ver-beating, I shall be soon.  
 riv - er, Beyond the ev-er and the nev-er, I shall be soon.

Sweet, sweet hope! Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

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"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4 : 9.

J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are way - ing O'er the hills of fade-less green, And the  
 2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless-ed wave their hands; Hear the  
 3. Now we're safe from all temp - ta-tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the

CHORUS.

liv-ing waters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.  
 harps of God resounding From the bright immortal bands. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,  
 Rock of our sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.—Concluded.

When on that e - ternal shore; Drop the anchor! furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

1349

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, \* \* and they shall see the glory of the Lord."—Isa. 35 : 1, 2.  
ANNIE R. COUSIN. MELODY BY MRS. FLORENCE L. MCCALLUM. ARRANGED.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The  
2. I've wres - tled on to'ard heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide; Now,  
3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path - way, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now

summer morn I've sighed for,—The fair, sweet morn, a-wakes. Dark, dark has been the  
like a wea-ry trav' - ler That leaneth on his guide, A - mid the shades of  
these lie all be - hind me;— O for a well-tuned harp! O for the "hal - le-

mid - night; But dayspring is at hand: And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth  
even - ing, While sinks life's ling - ring sand, I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing,  
lu - jah," With yon tri - umphant band! Who sing where glo - ry dwell - eth,

In Im-man-uel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Im-man-uel's land.  
From Im-man-uel's land, I hail the glo-ry dawning, From Im-man-uel's land.  
In Im-man-uel's land, Who sing where glory dwelleth, In Im-man-uel's land.

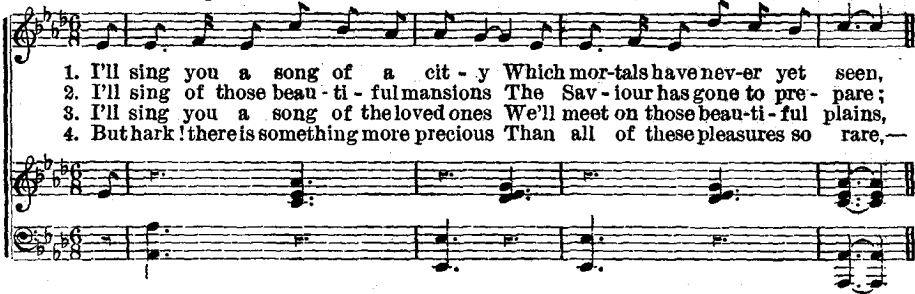


"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2:9.

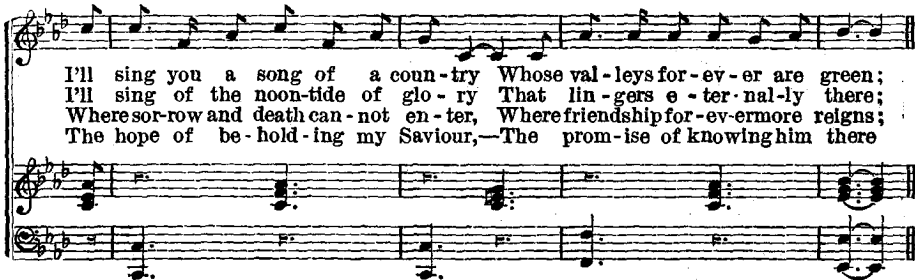
F. E. B.

*Andante with expression.* [Respectfully dedicated to Ira D. Sankey.]

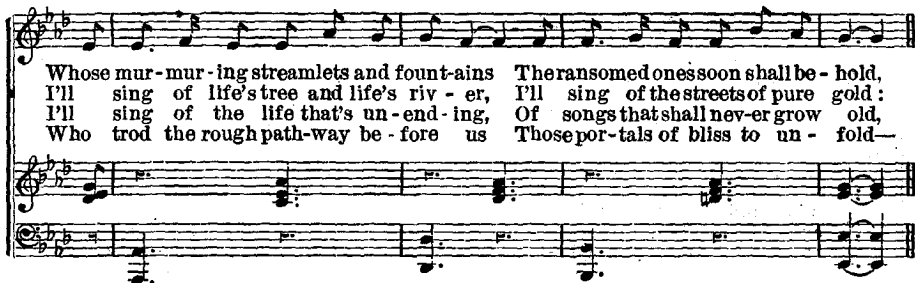
F. E. BELDEN.



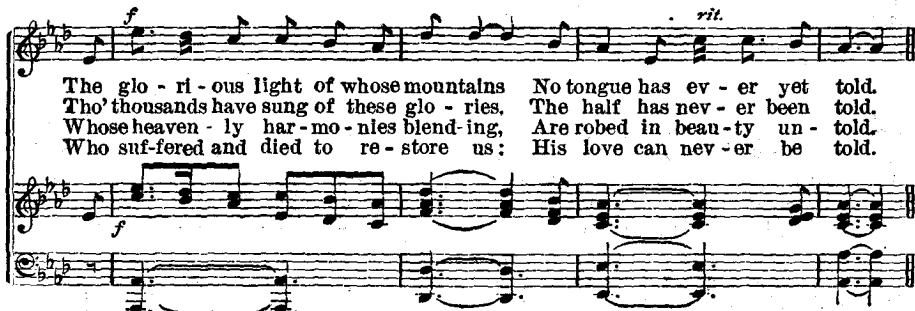
1. I'll sing you a song of a cit - y Which mor - tals have nev - er yet seen,  
 2. I'll sing of those beau - ti - ful man - sions The Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare;  
 3. I'll sing you a song of the loved ones We'll meet on those beau - ti - ful plains,  
 4. But hark! there is something more precious Than all of these pleasures so rare,—



I'll sing you a song of a coun - try Whose val - leys for - ev - er are green;  
 I'll sing of the noon - tide of glo - ry That lin - gers e - ter - nal - ly there;  
 Where sor - row and death can - not en - ter, Where friendship for - ev - er more reigns;  
 The hope of be - hold - ing my Sav - iour,—The prom - ise of know - ing him there



Whose mur - mur - ing streamlets and fount - ains Theransomed on soon shall be - hold,  
 I'll sing of life's tree and life's riv - er, I'll sing of the streets of pure gold;  
 I'll sing of the life that's un - end - ing, Of songs that shall nev - er grow old,  
 Who trod the rough path - way be - fore us Those por - tals of bliss to un - fold—



The glo - ri - ous light of whose mount - ains No tongue has ev - er yet told.  
 Tho' thousands have sung of these glo - ries, The half has nev - er been told.  
 Whose heav - en - ly har - mo - nies blend - ing, Are robed in beau - ty un - told.  
 Who suf - fered and died to re - store us: His love can nev - er be told.

# THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er been told, . . . The half has nev - er been told; . . .  
no, nev - er been told, no, nev - er been told;

O, won - der - ful king - dom of glo - ry! The half has nev - er been told. *rit.*

1351

## KINGDOM OF REST.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."—Rev. 21:1.  
Mrs. M. T. HAUGHEY. M. T. HAUGHEY.

1. think of a home in the kingdom of rest, Where the loved of the Lord will a - bide;  
2. O kingdom of rest! would we taste of thy bliss, And share in the prom - ised re - ward,

'Tis a home which the glo - ry of God doth il - l - ume, And noth - ing of ill can be - tide.  
We must care - ful - ly lift ev - 'ry cross that ap - pears, And joy - ful - ly fol - low our Lord.

There sor - row and tears are for - ev - er un - known, And joys nev - er end - ing find room;  
Tho' the road lead thro' toiling and suf - fer - ing here, We must drink of the cup that is giv'n;

There the brow wears the im - press of heav - en - ly peace, And the cheek im - mor - tal - i - ty's bloom.  
Through much trib - u - la - tion his chosen must pass, If they en - ter the kingdom of heav'n.

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 13.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

W. M.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,  
 2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,  
 3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re - joic - es, And my wea - ry heart grows light;  
 4. O ye wea - ry, sad, and tossed ones! Droop not, faint not by the way;

When sweet an - gel voic - es, sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel - come home,  
 Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glo - rious, hap - py land?  
 For the sweet im - mor - tal voic - es And th' an - gel - ic fac - es bright  
 Ye shall join the loved and lost ones In the land of per - fect day.

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the dwell - ers know no care,—  
 Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing, On us as in days of yore?  
 That shall sing with us the sto - ry Of re - demp - tion round the throne,  
 Harp - strings, touched by an - gel fin - gers, Mur - mur in my rap - tured ear;

In that land of light and glo - ry,—Shall we know each oth - er there?  
 Shall we feel the same arms twining, Fond - ly round us as be - fore?  
 Are with us the heirs of glo - ry, And we'll know as we are known.  
 Ev - er - more their sweet song ling - ers, "We shall know each oth - er there!"

## CHORUS.

Shall we know . . . . . each oth - er? Shall we know . . . . . each oth - er?  
 \*We shall We shall

\* For last two stanzas.

Shall we know

562

Shall we know

# SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?—Concluded.

Shall we know . . . . . each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?  
*We shall* *We shall*

Shall we know

1353

## SWEET BY AND BY.

"And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—Isa. 33: 24. S. FILLMORE BENNETT. J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest;  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer a trib - ute of praise,

For our Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.  
 And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, — Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.  
 For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the blessings that hal - low our days.

### CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, by and by, Weshall meet on that beautiful shore,  
 by and by, by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, by and by, Weshall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
 by and by, by and by,

By permission O. Ditson & Co.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—1. Cor. 13:13.

ANNIE HERBERT.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the  
 2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust, If we  
 3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to

sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shin - ing  
 miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snow - y wings of peace shall  
 face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Far be - yond the o - rient

let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray; We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the  
 cov - er All the plain that hides a - way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the  
 meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the

CHORUS.

mists have cleared a - way.  
 mists have cleared a - way. We shall know . . . . as we are known . . . . Nev - er -  
 mists have cleared a - way. We shall know as we are known,

more . . . . to walk a - lone, In the dawn - - - ing of the  
 Nev - er more to walk alone, In the dawn - ing of the

By per. S. Bralnard's Sons.

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## WE SHALL KNOW.—Concluded.

morn-ing, When the mists have cleared a-way; In the  
 When the mists have cleared a-way;

dawn - - - ing of the morning, When the mists . . have cleared away (have cleared away).  
 In the dawning When the mists

*rit.*

1355

## WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 4: 17.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. When Je - sus calls his jew-els From ev - ery land and sea, And takes them home to
2. We'll meet the friends depart - ed, —The loved ones laid a - way; Not one will be for-
3. We'll meet the kings and prophets Of a - ges long a - go, And all the faith-ful
4. We'll meet in all his beau-ty The One whom we a - dore, Who died that we, be-
5. O, hope of all the faith-ful! With longing hearts we say, "Come quickly, blessed

### REFRAIN.

glo - ry, What a meet - ing that will be!  
 got - ten On the res - ur - rec - tion day. We'll meet . . them in glo - ry,  
 mar - tyrs Whb bled for truth be - low.  
 liv - ing, Might live for - ev - er - more. We'll meet them all in glo - ry,  
 Sav - iour, And bring the prom - ised day."

Meet . . them in glo - ry, Meet . . them in glo - ry; What a meet - ing that will be!  
 Meet them all in glo - ry, Meet them all in glo - ry;

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest."—Ps. 55 : 6.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the  
 2. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends soon shall rest; Then a -  
 3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my journey I see; And to

over there,

saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Will be robed in their garments of white, over there.  
 way from my sor - row and care Let me fly to the land of the blest, over there.  
 bear me from earth o - ver there The an - gels are com - ing for me, over there.

REFRAIN.

Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, over there;  
 Over there, over there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, over there;  
 Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, over there;

Over there, over there,

Over there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.  
 Over there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there.  
 Over there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

By permission.

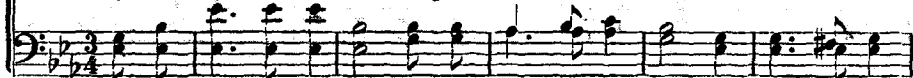
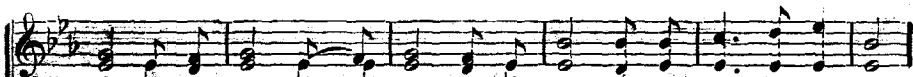
"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."—Rev. 21:1-3.

By MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

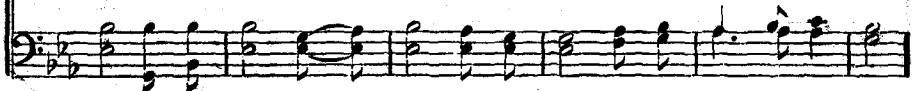
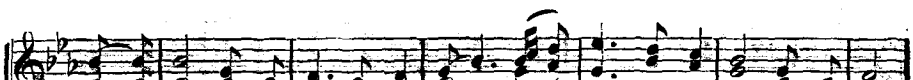
PHILIP PHILLIPS, ly. per.





1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way  
 2. O, that home of the soul! in my vis - ions and dreams Its bright, jas - per  
 3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of  
 4. O, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land; So free from all


home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand,  
 walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes  
 Naz - areth stands; The King of all king - doms for - ev - er, is he,  
 sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,

While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;  
 Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me;  
 And he hold - eth our crowns in his hands, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands;  
 To meet one an - oth - er a - gain! To meet one an - oth - er a - gain!

Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eter - ni - ty roll.  
 Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.  
 The King of all kingdoms fore - ver, is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands,  
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain!





"Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ; which is far better."—Phil. 1:23. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Col. 3:4.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be; Life for the dead is  
 2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's as-  
 3. And when the morn shall come That ends earth's night of pain, Thro' grace I shall es-  
 4. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis thy will, The prom - ise of that

in that word: 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in this bod - y pent,  
 pir - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear! Ah, then my spir - it faints  
 cape the tomb, And life e - ter - nal gain; Then know - ing "as I'm known,"  
 faith - ful word E'en now to me ful - fill. Be thou at my right hand,

Ab - sent from him I roam; Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A  
 To reach the land I love; The bright in - her - it - ance of saints, Je -  
 How shall I love that word, And oft re - peat be - fore the throne, "For -  
 Then I can nev - er fail; Up - hold thou me, and I shall stand, And

CHORUS.

day's march nearer home.  
 ru - sa - lem a - bove. Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march nearer home.  
 ev - er with the Lord!"  
 in thy strength prevail.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion."—Isa. 51: 11.

ANON.

GEO. E. LEE.

1. I'm go-ing home; the tid-ings come, And sweet-ly fall up-on my ear;  
 2. I'm go-ing home; this wil-der-ness Grows brighter when my mind re-calls  
 3. I'm go-ing home, and cold, pale death Has lost its ter-rors, since I know  
 4. I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, My heart leaps high while thus I sing;

A-lit-tle long-er here I'll roam, And then my Sav-iour will ap-pear.  
 The glorious mansions read-y made, With-in fair Zi-on's jas-per walls.  
 My long-lost friends shall meet me there, Where life's fair tree shall ev-er grow.  
 O hap-py day! it soon will come, And I shall see our glo-rious King.

## CHORUS.

Hail! hap-py day, hail! ho-ly rest, Hail! an-gels, saints, and Sav-iour too;

I'm go-ing home, ye sighs and tears, I bid you now a long a-dieu.

By permission.

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"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. 11: 13.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT,

T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye  
 2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;  
 3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?  
 4. Filled with de-light, my rapt-ured soul Would here no long-er stay;

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
 There Christ, the Sun, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.  
 When shall I see my Father's face, And in his king-dom rest?  
 Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-  
 by and by,

cross on the ev-er-green-shore; . . . Sing the song of Mo-ses and the  
 ev-er-green-shore;

Lamb by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

By permission.

"Thy land shall be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62:4.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWINEY.

1. There is a land of corn and wine, And all its joys will soon be mine;  
 2. My Sav - iour then will walk with me; O sweet com - mun - ion that will be!  
 3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze, Will come from ev - er - ver - nal trees,  
 4. The zeph - yrs then will la - den be With sounds of sweet - est mel - o - dy,

There shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For earth's dark night has passed a-way.  
 He'll gent - ly lead me by the hand, In that ce - les - tial, hap - py land.  
 And flowers that nev - er - fad - ing grow, Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
 As an - gels, with the ransomed throng, Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah land! sweet Beu - lah land! Up - on thy highs I long to stand,

And view the ra - diant, jas - per sea, And mansions fair, prepared for me;

And find on that e - ter - nal shore My heaven, my home, for - ev - er - more.

From "The Garner," by per. John J. Hood.

## SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."—Ps. 46:4.

ANON.

ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel - feet have trod ;  
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,  
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down ;  
 4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease,

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God ?  
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.  
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

## CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er ;

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

## THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE SUN.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—Matt. 13 : 43.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Cheer up, wea-ry heart, with joy you may run The race that be-fore you ap-pears;  
 2. Stand firm, fainting heart, be brave in the right, The hel-met of faith you should wear;  
 3. Sweet prom-ise of God! It rings in my ear Like mu-sic I can-not de-scribe;

Of the right-eous 'tis said, They shall shine as the sun In the realm of e-ter-nal years.  
 By the sword of his word and the pow'r of his might, God will help you the cross to bear.  
 I may shine as the sun if I on-ly draw near To the Lamb who on Calv'ry died.

## CHORUS.

They shall shine . . . as the sun, All they who their Mas-ter o-bey;  
 They shall shine as the sun When their work is done,

They shall shine . . . as the sun, With Je-sus thro' end-less day.  
 They shall shine as the sun When their work is done,

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21:4.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome  
 2. On the jas - per threshold stand - ing, Like a pil - grim safe - ly  
 3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh - est fragrance, spir - it -  
 4. Not a tear - drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas - ure ev - er  
 5. Christ, him - self, the liv - ing splen - dor, Christ the sun - light, mild and

ring - ing, News of won - drous glad - ness bring - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 land - ing, See the strange bright scene ex - pand - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 heal - ing, Hap - py hymns a - round us steal - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 pall - eth, Song to song for - ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 ten - der; Prais - es to the Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

REFRAIN.

Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joy - ful sto - ry of heav'n at last!

*Small notes for final ending.*

Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; End - less, bound - less glo - ry, In heav'n at last.

From "Songs of Triumph," by permission.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before."—Phil. 3:13

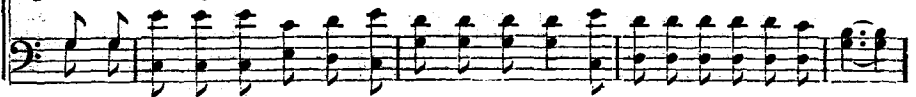
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



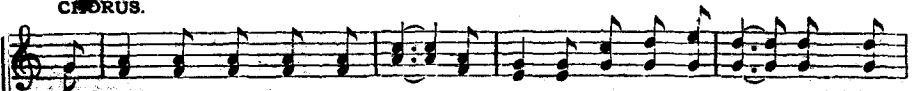
1. We are Joy-ous-ly voy - a - ging over the main, Bound for the ev - er-green shore,
2. We have noth-ing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un - der our Saviour's command;
3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls; Noth - ing can haf - fle his skill:
4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon, Send not a glim-mer-ing ray,
5. Let the high - heav-ing billows and mountainous wave, Fear - ful-ly o - verhead break;



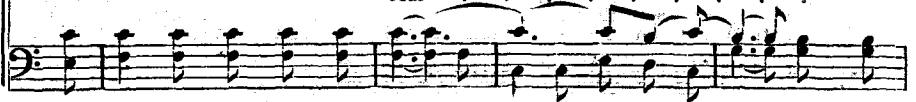
Whose in - hab - it - ants nev - er of sick-ness complain, And nev - er see death an-y more.  
 And our hearts in the midst of the dan-gers are brave; For Je-sus will bring us to land.  
 And his voice when the thun-der-ing hur - ri-cane rolls, Can make the loud tempest be still.  
 Then the light of His countenance, brighter than noon, Will drive all our ter-ror a - way.  
 There is One by our side that can com-fort and save, There is One who will never forsake.



CHORUS.



Then let the hur - ri - cane roar, It will the soon - er be o'er; We will  
 roar



weath - er the blast, and we'll land at last Safe on the ev - er - green shore.



From "The Golden Chain." by per. Biglow & Main.



"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?"—Ps. 24: 3.  
 J. G. C. ARR. JAMES G. CLARK, by per.

1. O the beau-ti-ful hills where the saints will rest, When the Lord has made all things new;  
 2. The cit-ties of yore that were reared in crime, And re-nowned by the praise of seers,  
 3. We dream of rest on the beau-ti-ful hills, Where the trav'ler shall thirst no more;  
 4. Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling To our feet this load of ours;

Where we shall for-get, in the smiles of God, The toils we have journeyed through.  
 Went down in the tramp of old King Time, To sleep with his grey-haired years.  
 And we hear the hum of a thousand rills That wan-der the green glens o'er.  
 The winds of spring to the val-leys sing, And the turf re-plies with flowers,—

We have seen those hills in their brightness rise By the eye of faith be-low,  
 But the beau-ti-ful hills rise bright and strong Thro' the smoke of old Time's red wars,  
 We'll grasp the hands of the martyred ones, Who have braved the world's rude strife,  
 And thus we learn on our win-try way That our Father rules as he wills;

And we've felt the thrill of im-mor-tal eyes In the night of our dark-est woe.  
 As on that day when the first deep song Rolled up from the morn-ing stars.  
 And shout with them o'er the vic'try gained, And the crown of im-mor-tal life.  
 And the breath of God on our souls shall play Till we reach those ra-diant hills.

## CHORUS.

Then sing of the beau-ti-ful hills, . . . That rise from the ever green shore; . . .  
 ev-er green shore;

# THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.—Concluded.

6 sing of the beau-ti-ful hills, . . . When the wea-ry shall toil . no more.

*rit.*

1367

## REST YONDER.

HORATIUS BONAR.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4:3.

E. W. KILLOGG.

1. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit-y yet to come;  
 2. In it all is light and glo-ry, O'er it shines a night-less day;  
 3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a-long,  
 4. Soon we pass this des-ert drear-y, Soon we bid fare-well to pain,

On-ward to it I am hast'ning, On to my e-ter-nal home.  
 Ev-ery trace of sin's sad sto-ry, All the curse has passed a-way.  
 On the fresh-est past-ures feeds us, Turns our sigh-ing in-to song.  
 Nev-er-more are sad and wea-ry, Nev-er, nev-er sin a-gain!

### REFRAIN.

There is rest yon-der, there is rest yon-der, There is rest in that hap-py land;

There is rest yon-der, there is rest yon-der, There is rest in that hap-py land.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. 8:18.

HORACE L. HASTINGS.

ELIHU S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?  
 3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?  
 4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?

Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?  
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
 Shall we know his bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on his throne?

REFRAIN.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

*Other stanzas on opposite page.*

1. Shall we meet . . . beyond the riv-er, Where the sur - - ges cease to roll!  
Shall we meet . . . Where the surges

Where in all . . . the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
Wherein all . . . Sorrow ne'er

Shall we meet . . . in that blest harbor, When our storm - - y voyage is o'er!  
Shall we meet . . . When our stormy

Shall we meet . . . and cast our an-chor, By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?  
Shall we meet . . . By the fair,

*cres.*

Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surges cease to roll, Where in all the bright for-ev-er,  
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? Yes! be-yond the riv-er.

*pp* *dim.*

WE SHALL MEET.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21: 4.

MRS. E. W. SAWYER.

D. S. HAKES.

*Handwritten:* ~~new~~ last hymn at B. Roseville

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, In that glo-ri-ous land of bliss,  
 2. We shall meet with those de - part - ed From this world of sin and strife,  
 3. We shall meet with Christ our Sav-i-our, Soon to come and take his own;

Where the Son shall reign for - ev - er As the King of Right-eous-ness;  
 Meet no long - er brok - en heart - ed, But with an e - ter - nal life.  
 Then we'll share his bless - ed fa - vor, And shall know as we are known;

We shall meet in you - der cit - y, With its walls of jas - per, bright,  
 We shall meet and share the glo - ry Of that countless, hap - py throng;  
 O the joy, the ex - ul - ta - tion, Of the saints then tru - ly his!

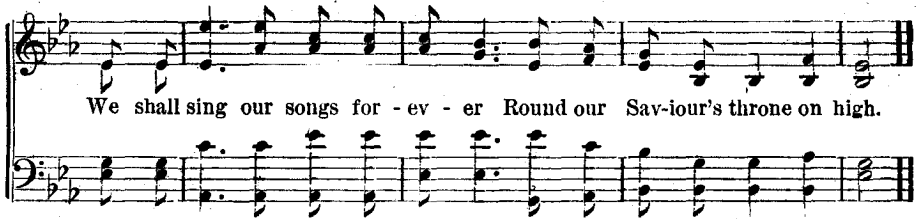
We shall shout our songs of tri - umph, No more sor - row, pain, nor night.  
 We shall tell re - demp - tion's sto - ry, Sing his prais - es, loud and long.  
 O the glo - ri - ous trans - for - ma - tion, When we see him as he is.

REFRAIN.

We shall meet in you - der cit - y By and by, and by and by;

By permission O. Ditson & Co.

## WE SHALL MEET.—Concluded.



We shall sing our songs for - ev - er Round our Sav-iour's throne on high.

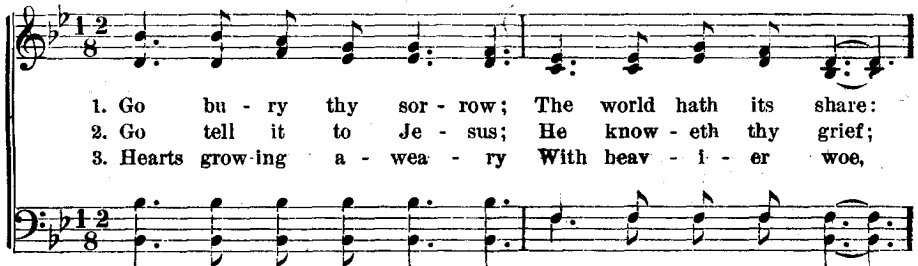
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## GO BURY THY SORROW.

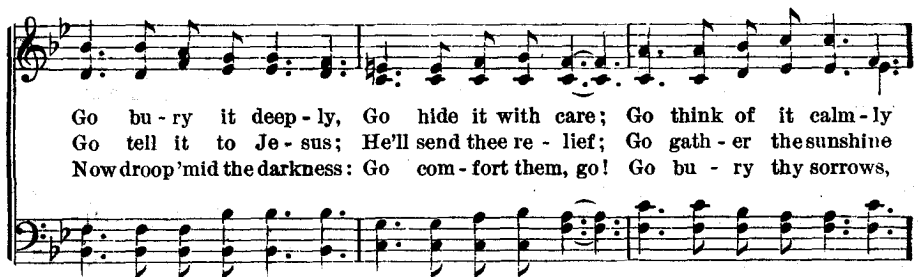
"His disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14:27

ANON.

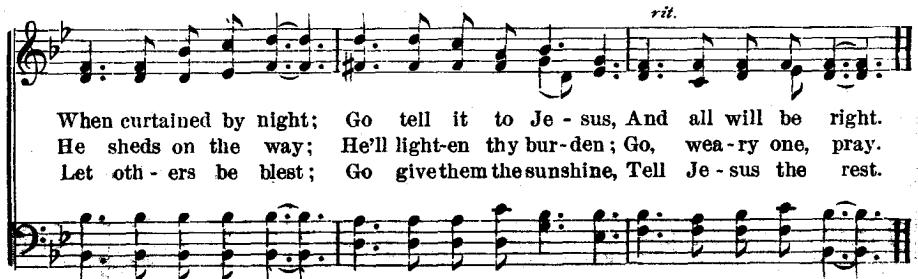
P. P. BLISS.



1. Go bu - ry thy sor - row; The world hath its share:  
2. Go tell it to Je - sus; He know - eth thy grief;  
3. Hearts grow - ing a - wea - ry With heav - i - er woe,



Go bu - ry it deep - ly, Go hide it with care; Go think of it calm - ly  
Go tell it to Je - sus; He'll send thee re - lief; Go gath - er the sunshine  
Now droop'mid the darkness: Go com - fort them, go! Go bu - ry thy sorrows,



*rit.*  
When curtained by night; Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.  
He sheds on the way; He'll light-en thy bur - den; Go, wea - ry one, pray.  
Let oth - ers be blest; Go give them the sunshine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

By permission The John Church Co.

July 18, 1917

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like  
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as -  
 3. My sin— O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous thought!—My sin— not in  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll ; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no  
 back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de -

REFRAIN.

say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." It is well . . . .  
 taste, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.  
 more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 scend; "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is

with my soul . . . .  
 well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

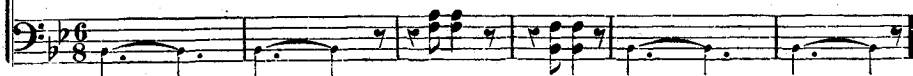
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30: 10.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES.



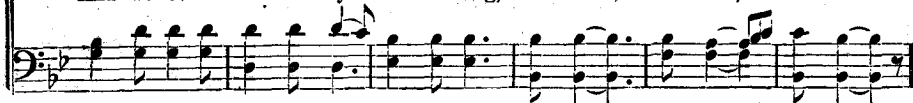
1. When we lay our burdens down, Some-time, some-time; When we take the harp and crown
2. We shall join the an-gel through Some-time, some-time; We shall raise a joy - ful song
3. We shall see the cit - y fair, Some-time, some-time; We shall dwell for-ev - er there,
4. We shall meet to part no more, Some-time, some-time; On that blest im-mor-tal shore,
5. In that bright, e-ter-nal day,—Some-time, some-time; Tears shall all be wiped a - way,



Some-time, some-time;



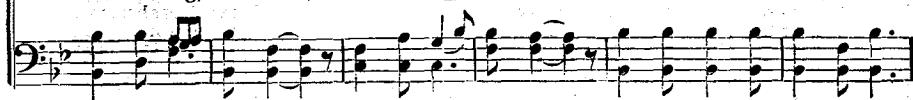
In that cit - y of re-nown, We shall sing, some - time, Some-time, some - time.  
 Through the endless a-ges long,—We shall sing, some - time, Some-time, some - time.  
 Free from sorrow, sin and care, In the glad some - time, Some-time, some - time.  
 Where the reign of death is o'er, We shall meet, some - time, Some-time, some - time.  
 And we nev-er-more shall say "We shall sing, some - time," Some-time, some - time.



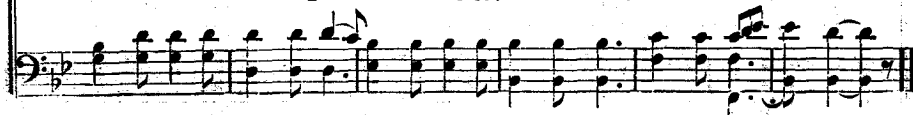
## REFRAIN.



We shall sing, some - time, We shall sing, some - time, Where the heart is nev - er sad,



Where the dwellers all are glad; In that hap-py, E - den clime, We shall meet, some-time.



By permission O. Ditson & Co.



## 1375

## HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

T. C. TILDESLEY.  
Slowly."For so he giveth his beloved sleep.—Ps. 127: 2.  
[Solo or Quartette.]

FRANZ ABT. ARR.

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tempest cloud may lower, The surge of sin may  
2. The din of war may roll With all its rag - ing flight; Grief may oppress the  
3. In childhood's winsome page, In manhood's joy-ous bloom, In fee - ble-ness and

*f* REFRAIN.

beat Up - on earth's troubled shore;  
soul Throughout the weary night; God doth his own in safe - ty keep;  
age, In death's dark, gath'ring gloom;

*cres.* He giv-eth his be - lov - ed sleep, *dim.* He giv-eth his be - lov - ed sleep. *rit. pp*

## 1376

## \* SHE SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring  
E. C. R. with him."—1 Thess. 4: 14. E. C. RIGGS.

1. Sor - row-ful mourn - er, si - lent-ly weep; Weep for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.  
2. Bear her away, friends, to her last home; Peace-ful-ly lay her down in the tomb.  
3. Beautiful song-birds, sing round her grave; Gent - ly ye pine-boughs, o - ver her wave;

Gaze on the form where beauty once bloomed; Now in the dust it must be entombed.  
Light-ly, tread light - ly, round the low bed; Sweetly now sleeps the beau - ti - ful dead.  
Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring; Mu - sic-al rill, your re - qui-em sing.

\* "He or "she," as desired.

From "Coronet," by per. Root & Cady.  
584

# SHE SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

*rit.*

Sor - rowful mourn - er, si - lent-ly weep; Weep for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.  
*Last stanza.* Soon shall we meet her, weeping no more, Meet her up - on yon beau - ti - ful shore.

1377

## "CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD."

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Ps. 55: 22.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy  
 Cast thy burden on the Lord,

bur - den on the Lord, And he will sus - tain thee, and strengthen thee, and com - fort thee;

He will sustain thee, and comfort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee.

He will sustain thee, He will comfort thee: Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.

“He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.”—Matt. 5:45

F. E. BELDEN.

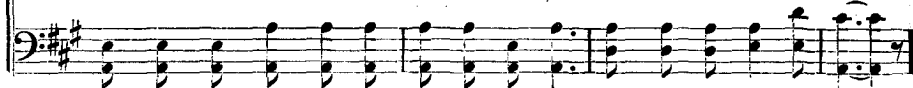
D. S. HAKES.



1. Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, that spark - les so bright, Beau - ti - ful, fresh and free!
2. Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, for young and for old, Poured by the hand di - vine;
3. Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, yes this is the song, This is the theme for you;



Fall - ing from heav - en like jew - els of light, Fall - ing for you and me;  
Give me pure wa - ter so health - ful and cold, Fill up this cup of mine;  
This is the drink for the youth - ful and strong, Pure as the morning dew.



Fresh from the boun - ti - ful Giv - er of all, Noth - ing so pure can be (can be);  
Sweet is the breath of the blos - soming spring, Kissed by the sil - ver rain (sil - ver rain);  
This is the gift from our Father's own hand, In ev - ery land 't is found (it is found);



This is the song of the showers that fall O - ver the lake and lea (o - ver the lea):  
Gay is the song that the lit - tle birds sing O - ver the hill and plain (over the plain):  
This is the song of the tem - perance band Echoed the world a - round (alla - round):

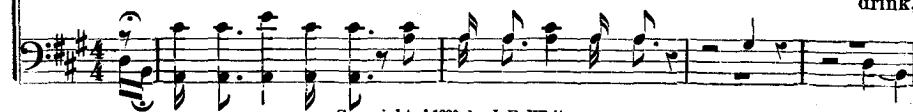


CHORUS.



Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter. Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink, drink, drink.

drink,



# WATER, PURE WATER.—Concluded.

Drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink pure wa - ter.

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,

*rit.*

1379

## SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8: 31.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

*Vigorously.*

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;  
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail;  
 3. O thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, By thy grace;

Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - 'ry one, Rest your cause upon His ho - ly word.  
 Shield and banner bright, Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail.  
 When the battle's done, And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Be - fore thy face.

**CHORUS.**

*ff*

Rouse, then, soldiers! ral - ly round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word along;

Onward, forward, shout a-loud Ho - sanna! Christ is Cap - tain of the mighty throng.

By permission.

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions."—Jer. 53: 1.

E. P. HAKES.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Ring it out! ring it out on ev-'ry hand; Ref-or-ma-tion has be-gun. Ring it  
 2. Ring the bells in the East and in the West; Ref-or-ma-tion has be-gun. All u-  
 3. Ring it out! ring it out in ev-'ry home; Ref-or-ma-tion has be-gun. Let the

out! ring it out through all the land; Vic-to-ry is almost won. 'Tis war to the death with  
 nite in the war-cry—do your best; Let the work be grandly done. Then raise up the standard,  
 young hear the call, let old age come, Ev-'ry heart should join as one. Then la-bor at morn and

wine and beer, With ale and gin and whis-ky too; Then join in our un-ion, nev-er fear,  
 swell the song, And press the foe on ev-'ry field, Till justice shall triumph o-ver wrong,  
 work at noon, Nor rest when ev-'ning shadows fall; For vic-tory grand shall crown us soon,

CHORUS.

Be earn-est, faith-ful, firm, and true.  
 And all the hosts of e-vil yield. Ring it out! ring it out! Let the  
 And truth and right shall reign o'er all.

reign of peace be-gin! Ring it out with a shout! Tem-per-ance is bound to win!

"Be not afraid nor dismayed; \* \* for the battle is not yours, but God's."—2 Chron. 20:15.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

W. J. BOSTWICK.

*Martial.*

1. There's a bat-tle song to sing (song to sing, song to sing), An a-larm bell loud to  
 2. Think it not a skirmishlight (skir-mish light, skirmish light), 'Tis to be a nation's  
 3. Hall! Co-lum-bia, dare to be (dare to be, dare to be) God's pe-cu-liarland and

ring (loud to ring, loud to ring); There's a drum-beat to be heard, And a na-tion to be stirred;  
 fight (na-tion's fight, nation's fight)! Cities, towns, shall feel the stroke, Hills be dark-ened with the smoke,  
 free (land and free, land and free); Brothers, let the key-noting, Mothers, pray, and chil-dren, sing;

Strike the key-note, ring it out (ring it out, ring it out), Send it with a loy-al  
 Horse and foot in bat-tle heat (bat-tle heat, bat-tle heat) Shall to-geth-er clashing  
 Drive the traf-fic to the wall (to the wall, to the wall); Pro-hi-bi-tion! shout it,

shout (loy-al shout, loy-al shout), Send it with a loy-al shout (loy-al shout, loy-al shout);  
 meet (clash-ing meet, clash-ing meet), Shall to-geth-er clashing meet (clash-ing meet, clash-ing meet);  
 all (shout it, all, shout it, all), Pro-hi-bi-tion! shout it, all (shout it, all, shout it, all);

Loud and long (loud and long), loud and long, loud and long; Strike the key-note bold and strong.  
 Not in play (not in play), not in play, not in play; It shall be a sur-dy fray.  
 Pray and vote (pray and vote)! pray and vote, pray and vote, And ring out a grand key-note.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10: 13.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic - t'ry will  
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Through faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 rev - rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,  
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark pas - sions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

## LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. 23: 31, 32.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Look not up - on the wine That sparkles in its flow, For death is slumb'ring there,  
 2. Be - hold the gi - ant fiend Who laughs in mock - y; He binds the strongest heart,  
 3. Go thou, un - veil his form, And bid the erring flee; O lift the de - mon's mask,  
 4. Lift up the tempt - ed soul Now fall - en in despair, Di - rect his thoughts above,

Be - neath its rud - dy glow. No hap - piness it bringeth, At last it on - ly stingeth;  
 And boasts of vic - to - ry. No hu - man hand can sev - er His bands that loosen never  
 And let the tempted see. Implore them to a - waken Ere hap - piness be taken,  
 To God, who heareth prayer. His arm in might - y power Can bid the demon cower,

## CHORUS.

It bit - eth, and it wringeth The heart with bitter woe.  
 Un - til the soul for - ev - er Rests in e - ter - ni - ty. Look not up - on the wine,  
 While fetters may be shaken, While yet they may go free.  
 And in temp - ta - tion's hour Will an escape prepare.

O shun the glowing cup! A demon's arms entwine The souls of those who sup.



"Because thou hast not given him warning, he shall die in his sin; \* \* \* but his blood will I require at thine hand."—Ezek. 3: 18-20.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

*With energy.*

1. Launch the life-boat! see; the ship is stranding! There are loved ones you may save:  
 2. Off beneath youth's mild and sun-ny wa-ters Hid-den shoals of dan-ger lie;  
 3. Off up-on life's dark and storm-y o-cean Stur-dy manhood's bark is tossed;  
 4. O for hearts to love as did the Mas-ter Those who sad-ly fall in life!

Launch the life-boat from the gos-pel land-ing! The storm is on the wave.  
 Where's the pi-lot for our sons and daughters, To guide them safe-ly by?  
 Where's the faith that stills the wild com-mo-tion Be-fore a soul is lost?  
 O for will-ing hands that la-lor fast-er The fier-c-er grows the strife!

## CHORUS.

Launch the life-boat! launch the life-boat! Tho' the surges roar; Launch the life-boat! launch the life-boat

From the gos-pel shore! Wrecks of manhood on the rocks of e-vil, Wrecks of youth up-

# LAUNCH THE LIFE-BOAT!—Concluded.

*accel.*

on the shoals: Quickly launch the bless-ed gos-pel life-boat, And gather in the souls.

1385

## DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—Dan. 1: 8.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com-mand,  
 2. Ma - ny might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,  
 3. Ma - ny gi - ants great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,  
 4. Hold the tem-p'rance ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!

Hen - or them, the faith - ful few, All hail to Dan - iel's band!  
 Who for God had been a host By join - ing Dan - iel's band!  
 Head - long to the earth would fall If met by Dan - iel's band!  
 Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's band!

### CHORUS.

Dare to be a Dan - iel, Dare to stand - alone! Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!

“He sendeth the springs into the valleys; \* \* They give drink to every beast of the field.”—Ps. 104: 10, 11.  
F. E. B. ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN.

*f*

Pure, cold water! We would rec-om-mend cold wa-ter; 'Tis the best of drinks for ev-'ry son and daughter.

*p* Duet.

On the val-ley, or the plain, or the mount-ain, There's no oth-er drink compares with the fount-ain:

*f*

Cold wa-ter. cold wa-ter; There is health in pure, cold wa-ter, There is wealth in pure, cold wa-ter.

*p*

Bear a-way your wine and beer, and your ci-der; Nature's right to rule must nev-er be de-nied her.

We would rec-om-mend cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter, Cold  
We would rec-om-mend, yes, we would rec-om-mend cold wa-ter,

*cres.* *ff*

wa-ter, cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter,—We would rec-om-mend the pure, cold wa-ter!

## SLEEPING ON GUARD.

"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—2 Thess. 5:6.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Out from the camp-fire's red glowing, Cheerfully shedding its light, On to the pickets we're  
 2. Yonder Rum's camp-lights are burning; Hark to the revel-ry there! Waiting the conflict re-  
 3. Our aim is vig-i-lance ev-er, We can al-low no de-feat; True hearted soldiers will

go-ing, For the long watches of night; Let us be care-ful that slumber Press not our  
 turning, Scouts are abroad ev'ry-where; We must be watchful and ready, See ev-'ry  
 nev-er Join in the coward's re-treat; Wa-ry and watchful be keeping, Tho' the task

eye-lid too hard, — Sure-ly not one of our number Must be found sleeping on guard.  
 entrance is barred, Keeping our heads cool and steady; — All is lost, sleeping on guard.  
 be e'er so hard, Knowing what dangers come creeping When we are sleeping on guard.

## CHORUS.

Yes, sleep-ing on guard, Sleep-ing on guard, Sleep-ing on guard, . . .

Not sure-ly not one of our number Must be found sleeping on guard.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."—Prov. 14:34.

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

W. A. OGDEN.

With energy.

*cres.*

1. Brit-tan-nia, rouse thee! queen Isle of the O-cean, And strike for the millions that
2. Co-lum-bia, fresh as the glow of the morning, And strong in the race of the
3. And thou, Young Dominion! crowned in earth's sto-ry, And bathed in the light of the
4. Brit-tan-nia, hast-en! Co-lum-bi-a, speed thee! The wide world is wait-ing a

boast of thy fame; Co-lum-bia, an-swer with heart of de-vo-tion,  
na-tions to run;—A ty-rant is ris-ing, look well to the warn-ing,  
Tem-per-ance Star, Dost shine as a bride in her cor-o-nal glo-ry,  
new, ho-ly song; Be brave in the strug-gle, and on-ward God lead thee!

And march to the strife in the Con-quer-or's name. Old land of the brave,  
And hon-or the name of thine own Wash-ing-ton; Young land of the free,  
Our sis-ter-land, greet-ed and praised from a-far; Shout back o'er the sea,  
Till ju-bi-lee com-eth, ex-ult-ant and long; The waves of the sea

Thy flag on the wave, O long may it ride o'er thy en-e-my's grave!  
Let all the world see The rapt-ure of free-dom still dwell-ing in thee!  
To the Queen of the Free, Vic-to-ri-ous splen-dor still lin-gers o'er thee.  
Shall chime with the free,—To God in the heav-en's the glo-ry shall be.

## RAISE THE STANDARD HIGH.

"Lift up a standard for the people."—Isa. 62: 10.

F. E. BELDEN.

(MALE QUARTETTE.)

D. S. HAKES.

1. Raise the stand-ard high, Sound the gath-'ring cry, Let the e - vil king-dom fall;  
 2. O - ver sea and land, With an i - ron hand, Has the mon-arch held his sway;  
 3. Let the right pre-vail, Let the e - vil fall In the con-flict fierce and long,

With a pur-poser true, And a will to do, Sons of freedom, come ye all.  
 But his rules shall cease, And the reign of peace Ush - er in the gold-en day.  
 Till the land is free, And the vic - to - ry Crowns the temp'rance army strong.

## CHORUS.

Raise the temp'rance stand - ard high, Shout the might-y bat - tle  
 Raise the temp'rance stand-ard high, on high, Shout the might-y temp'rance.

cry; Let the e - vil king - dom fall, Sons of freedom, come ye all.  
 battle cry; Let the evil kingdom fall, Sons of freedom, come ye all.

Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is rag-ing, And who-so - ev - er is de-celv-ed there-

by is not wise. Who hath woe? who hath sor - row? who hath contentions? who hath

babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tar - ry long at

wine, They that tar-ry long at wine, They that tar-ry  
They that tarry long at wine, They that tarry long at wine,

long at wine. Look not thou up - on the wine when it is red, Look not thou up - on the

wine when it is red, Look not thou up - on the wine when it is red, Death In - gereth there;

And it bit-eth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder; Look not thou up - on the wine,

"WINE IS A MOCKER."—Concluded.

It bit-eth like a ser - - - - - pent, Like a ser - - - - -

- - - - - pent, It bit-eth like a serpent, And stingeth like an adder.

Look not thou up - on the wine, up - on the wine, up - on the wine.

1391

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—1 Cor. 9: 25.

ANON.

FRANZ ABT.

1. Hear the temp'rance call, Freemen one and all, Hear your country's earnest cry; See your na-tive land  
 2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; To the polls! the land to save; Let your leaders be  
 3. Halt! our Fath-er-land, Here thy children stand, All re-solved, u-nited, true; In the temp'rance cause

CHORUS.

Lift her beck'ning hand.— Sons of freedom, come ye nigh.  
 True and noble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave. Chase the monster from our shore, Let his  
 Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is, and vow.

Chase the monster from our  
 cru-el reign be o'er; Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.  
 shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er, be o'er.



"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4:39.

Miss M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is raging! The bil-lows are toss-ing high! The sky is o'er-  
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The depths of my  
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest; Earth's sun in the

shadowed with blackness; No shelter or help is nigh; "Car-est thou not that we perish?"—  
 sad heart are troub-led; O, waken and save, I pray! Tor-rents of sin and of anguish  
 calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's within my breast; Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er,

How canst thou lie asleep, When each moment so madly is threat'ning A grave in the angry deep?  
 Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I perish! I perish! dear Master; O hasten, and take con-trol.  
 Leave me a-lone no more; And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

CHORUS.

*p* *pp*  
 "The winds and the waves shall obey my will, Peace, . . . be still! . . . Whether the wrath of the  
 be still! peace, be still!"

*cres.*  
 storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-ev-er it be, No water can swallow the

## PEACE, BE STILL!—Concluded.

ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey my will;

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey my will; Peace, peace, be still!"

1393

## WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

ANON. "Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 37: 8.  
Arranged from SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."

1. We lay us calmly down to sleep When friendly night is come, and leave To God the rest;
2. As sinks the sun in western skies When day is done, and twi-light dim Comes silent on;
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for ach-ing head So cool and low?
4. Some other hand the task can take, If so it seem-eth best,—the task By us be-gun;

Wheth-er we wake to smile or weep, Or wake no more on time's fair shore, He knoweth best,  
So fades the world's most luring prize On eyes that close in deep re - pose Till wakes the dawn,  
Have we found life so passing fair, So grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go?  
No work for which we need to wake In joy or grief, for life so brief, Be-neath the sun,

### REFRAIN

He know-eth best.  
Till wakes the dawn. O Fa-ther, bless in love thy child! We lay us down to sleep.  
Should dread to go?  
Be-neath the sun.

"And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified."—Mark 15: 15.

ANON.

[May be sung as a Solo.]

ARRANGED.

1. It was not sleep that bound my sight Up - on that well re - membered night;  
 2. Be - fore my wond'ring eyes there stood A vast, a count - less mul - ti - tude;  
 3. As o'er the crowd - ed scene I gazed, A - gainst the lu - rid, east - ern sky,  
 4. Then soft - ly from that gath'ring throng A - rose the sound of sol - emn song;  
 5. I woke; thou wast not by my side, I heard a loud ex - ult - ing cry:  
 6. Our ear - ly days of joy are past; Our youth - ful spring is with - ered all;

It was not fan - cy's fit - ful power Beguiled me in that sol - emn hour:  
 The ho - ary sire, the prat - tling child, The mother, and the maid - en mild,  
 I saw the shameful cross upraised, I saw the suf - ferer doomed to die.  
 And while I caught the swell - ing lay, The myr - iad voic - es seemed to say—  
 I heard the scorn - ful priests de - ride, The el - ders mur - mur, "Cru - ci - fy!"  
 A - far from Rome our lot is cast, Beneath the sun - ny skies of Gaul;

But o'er the vis - ion of my soul The mys - tic fu - ture seemed to roll;  
 The gladsome youth, and man of care— All tribes, all a - ges, min - gled there;  
 'Twas He whom late with sorrowing mien, In Zi - on's streets I oft had seen;  
 "And we be - lieve in Him that died, By Ponti - us Pi - late cru - ci - fied—  
 O Pilate! hadst thou marked my prayer, That guilt - less blood to shield and spare,  
 The thoughts that memory treasures yet Of oth - er days, be - gin to flee;

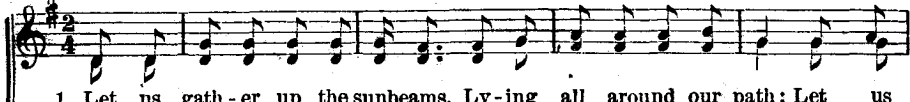
And in the deep, prophet - ic trance, Revealed its treas - ures to my glance.  
 And all, wher - e'er I turned to see, In hum - ble si - lence bent the knee.  
 And now in blood and ag - o - ny, He turned a dy - ing look on me.  
 That he shall come, when time is fled, To judge the liv - ing and the dead."  
 That deed of hor - ror would not be A stain to thine—a curse to thee!  
 But nev - er shall my heart for - get The Cru - ci - fied of Gal - i - lee!

## SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

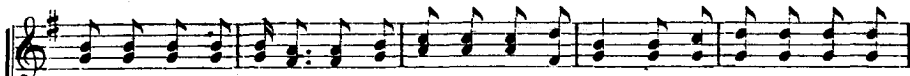
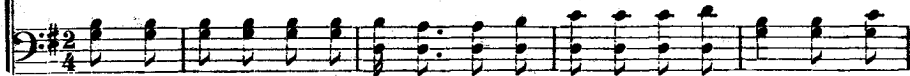
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

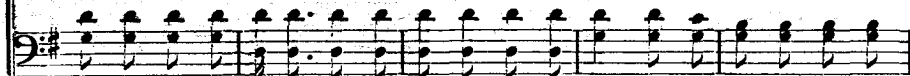
S. J. VAIL, by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



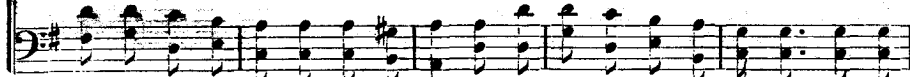
1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams, Ly - ing all around our path; Let us
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mfu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bñrd is flown! Strange that
3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Pressed against the window pane. Would be
4. Ah! those lit - tle ice-cold fin - gers, How they point our mem'ries back To the



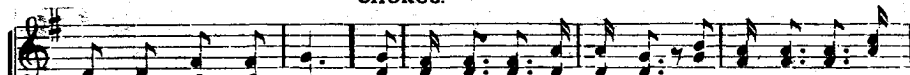
keep the wheat and roses, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweet - est  
 we should slight the violets Till the love - ly flowers are gone! Strange that summers skies and  
 cold - and stiff to - morrow—Nev - er troub - le us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our  
 has - ty words and actions Strewed along our backward track! How those lit - tle hands re -



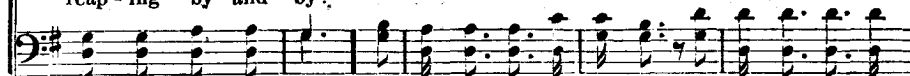
com - fort In the bless - ings of to - day, With a patient hand re - mov - ing All the  
 sun - shine Nev - er seem one half so fair As when winter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the  
 dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our brow! Would the prints of ros - y fin - gers Vex us  
 mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scatter thorns—but ros - es—For our



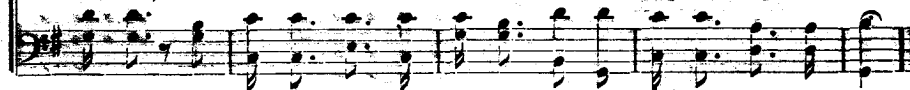
## CHORUS.



bri - ers from the way.  
 whitedown in the air. Then scat - ter seeds of kindness. Then scatter seeds of  
 then as they do now?  
 reap - ing by and by!



kindness, Then scat - ter seeds of kindness, For our reap - ing by and by.



• "When the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus."—  
John 27 : 4.

Mrs. C. L. SCHACKLOCK.

E. H. BAILEY.

1. O Gal - i - lee, (O Gal - i - lee) sweet Gal - i - lee, (sweet Gal - i - lee)  
2. Thy waves which once (Thy waves which once) his ves - sel bore (his ves - sel bore)  
3. Thro' a - ges yet (Thro' a - ges yet) to come, thy name (to come, thy name)

What mem-'ries rise (What mem-'ries rise) at thought of thee! (at thought of thee)  
Will sound his praise (Will sound his praise) for - ev - er - more; (for - er - er - more)  
An hom - age true (An hom - age true) will ev - er claim; (will er - er claim)

In mor - tal guise (In mor - tal guise) up - on thy shore (up - on thy shore)  
And from thy depths, (And from thy depths) be - lov - ed sea, (be - lov - ed sea)  
'Tis hal - low'd ground (Tis hal - low'd ground) where once he trod, (where once he trod)

CHORUS.

The Saviour trod whom we a - dore.  
We hear the call, "Come, follow me." O Gal - i - lee, O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i -  
The Prince of peace, the Son of God. lee, O Gal - i - lee,

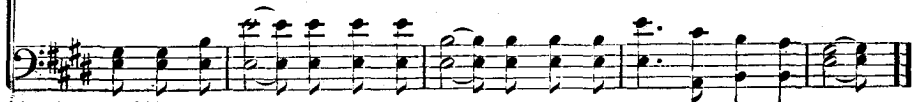
lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Thy bless - ed name will sa - cred be  
sweet Gal - i - lee, Thy blessed name will sacred be

From "Carols of Joy," by permission Frank M. Davis.

# GALILEE.—Concluded.



In ev-'ry clime, on ev-'ry shore, Till suns shall set to rise no more.



1397

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle."—Ps. 18: 39.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

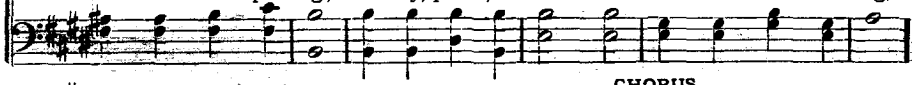
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y arm-y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
4. Crowns and thrones have perished, Kingdoms ruled and waned, But the Church of Je-sus
5. Onward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces



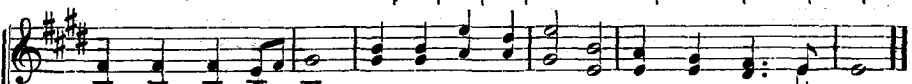
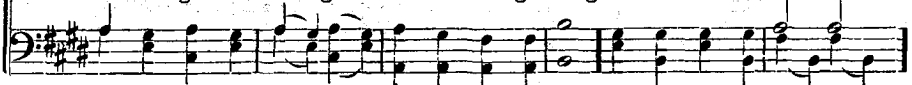
Go-ing on he-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a- gainst the foe;  
 On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we,  
 Con-stant has remained. Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;  
 In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, praise, and hon-or Un-to Christ the King,



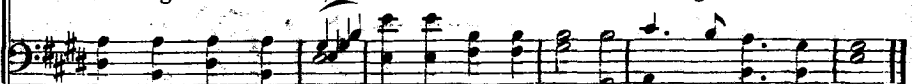
### CHORUS.



For-ward in-to bat-tle,	See, his ban-ners go!
Brothers, lift your voi-ces,	Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine,	One in char-i-ty. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
We have Christ's own promise,	That can nev-er fail.
This through countless a-ges	Men and an-gels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.



ANON.

"For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Rom. 13: 11.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on; Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twilight,  
2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the wa-ters o'er, While the light is soft-ly dy-ing,  
3. Worn and wea-ry, of the pilgrim Hails the set-ting of the sun; For the goal is one day near-er,  
4. Near-er home! yes, one day near-er To our Father's house on high,—To the green fields and the fountains,

For an-oth-er day is gone, Gone for aye, its race is o-ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come:  
On his distant native shore, Thus the Christian on Life's ocean, As his light boat cuts the foam,  
And his journey nearer done. So we feel, when o'er Life's desert, Heart and san-dal-worn we roam;  
Of the land beyond the sky; For the heavens grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,

## CHORUS

Still 'tis sweet to know at even, We are one day near-er home,  
In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day near-er home!" Nearer home, nearer home,  
As the twilight gathers o'er us, We are one day near-er home. Beautiful home, heavenly home,  
And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

Near-er to our home on high, our home on high, To the green fields and the  
near-er to our home on high, and the fountains, To the

fount-ains Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky.  
green fields and the fount-ains Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky, beyond the sky.

FANNY CROSBY.

"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—Rev. 19:6.

H. P. DANKS,

*f*

1. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, Let all the world re - joice,  
 2. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, And who so great as he?  
 3. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, These hours to him be - long;

And come be - fore his throne of grace With tune - ful heart and voice;  
 The depths of earth are in his hands, He rules the might - y sea;  
 Oh, en - ter now his tem - ple gates, And fill his courts with song;

The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, And there his praise shall ring, . .  
 Oh, crown his name with hon - or, And let his stand - ard wave, . .  
 Be - neath his roy - al ban - ner Let ev - 'ry crea - ture fall, . .

To him shall princ - es bend the knee, And kings their glo - ry bring.  
 Till dis - tant isles be - yond the deep Shall own his pow'r to save.  
 Ex - alt the King of heav'n and earth, And crown him Lord of all.



"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand. \* \* \* Rend your hearts and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God."—Joel 2 : 1, 13.

"Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God."—Joel 2 : 23.

F. E. B.

[Either set of words may be sung as best suits the occasion.]

F. E. BELDEN.

*With energy.*

Sound an alarm, all ye watch-men, for the day of the Lord is near; Blow ye the trumpet, the  
*Sing to the Lord, ye his peo - ple, and be glad in his ho - ly name; Great is his good-ness to-*

trump-et in Zi-on,—sound an a-larm. The day of the Lord is nigh at hand,  
*ward us, his children,—sing and re-joice. Sing prais-es to him, for he is good,*

*cres.*

The day of the Lord is nigh at hand, The day of the Lord is nigh at hand.  
*Sing prais-es to him, for he is good, Sing prais-es to him, for he is good.*

Awake! awake! awake! awake! Blow ye the trumpet in Zion; Awake! awake! awake! awake!  
*Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! Sing to the Lord, and be joyful; Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!*

*Choral.*

Blow ye the trump-et, and sound an a-larm. Rend your hearts and not your garments,  
*Sing to the Lord, and be joy-ful in him. Bow be-fore him with thanks-giv-ing,*

*a tempo cres.*

Turn un-to the Lord. Wak-en, wak-en, wak-en, waken! Wake ye and sound an a-larm.  
*Mag-ni-fy his name. Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him! Sing, and rejoice in the Lord.*

*Fast, and in Chanting Style.*

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

I have set watchmen up-on thy walls, O Je - ru - salem! which shall never hold their  
 peace, day nor night. Go through the gates, pre-pare ye the way, pre-  
 pare ye the way of the peo - ple. Cast up the high-way, cast up the high-way, cast  
 up the highway, and gath-er out the stones. Lift up a stand-ard, lift up a standard,  
 lift up a stand-ard a-mong the peo - ple. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -  
 lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - men! A - men! A - men! A - men!

*mf* *f*

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and greatly to be

*m* *cres.* *f*

praised; Great, great, great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed,

In the cit-y of our God, in the mount-ain of his ho-li-ness, In the

cit-y of our God, In the mount-ain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the

Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed;

*cres.* *f*

Great, great, great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed,  
Lord, . . .

In the cit-y of our God, in the mount-ain of his ho-li-ness, in the

"GREAT IS THE LORD."—Concluded.

cit - y of our God, in the mount - ain of his ho - li - ness. Great is the

Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed, In the cit - y of our God, in the

mountain of his ho - li - ness; Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be praised,

In the cit - y of our God, In the mount - ain of his ho - li - ness;

In the cit - y of our God, In the mount - ain of his ho - li - ness.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Hal - le -

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

*Moderato.*

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

*mp*

Be - hold, what man-ner of love, Be - hold, what man - ner of love the

*m* *Repeat, Tenor singing Soprano.*

Fa-ther hath bestowed up - on us, that we should be call-ed the sons of God.

Be - hold, what man-ner of love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up -

Be - hold what man - ner of love . . . the

on us,

*cres.*

Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us That we . . . . . should be

That we should be call - ed the sons of

*mf*

call - ed the sons . . . of God. There - fore the world knoweth us

God, that we should be called the sons of God.

*rit.* *Inst.*

not, be - cause it knew him not, it knew him not, it knew him not.

By per. Biglow &amp; Main.

612

"BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE."—Concluded.

*A little faster.*  
*mp* *cres.*

Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, the sons of God. And it doth not yet ap - pear what we

*mp* *cres.*  
ap - pear, . . . . . that etc.  
shall be, but we know, that when he shall ap - pear, we know, that when he shall ap -

*f*  
pear, we shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he  
him,

*f*  
we shall see him as he is, . . . . . we shall be  
is,  
we shall see him as he is, . . . . . we shall see him as he  
him, . . . . . we shall see him, etc.

*f*  
like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, shall see him as he  
is, . . . . . we shall see him as he is, . . . . . for we shall see him, etc.

*Slower.*  
is, we shall be like him, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.

*Allegretto.*

LOWELL MASON.

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When,

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, . . . . In joy and peace, In

joy, . . . . In joy and peace, In joy, . . . . . and peace with thee?

Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as -  
Oh, when shall I, thy courts,

cond: Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - - baths  
thy courts ascend: Oh, when shall I

have no end? There hap - pier bowers than E - den's  
the courts, thy courts ascend? There happier bowers

"JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME."—Continued.

bloom: No sin, nor sor - row know; Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy  
 than Eden's bloom, nor sor-row know;

scenes, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, I onward  
 I onward press to you, I onward press

press to you, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me!

Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may! I've

I've Ca - - naan's good - - ly land in view, And realms . . . of endless  
 Ca - - naan's good - ly land . . . in view, And realms of

I've Ca - - naan's good - - ly land in view, And realms . . . of endless  
 day . . . . .  
 end - - less day. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo - rious home! My soul still pants, My

day



"JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME."—Concluded.

soul still pants for thee; Then, Then shall my la-bors have an end, When I . . . . . When  
Then, When

I thy joys, thy joys, . . . . . thy joys shall see, When I . . . . . thy

joys shall see, thy joys shall see, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa -  
thy joys, . . . . .

lem! Name ev - - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me.

1405

O COME, LET US SING!

DR. BOYCE.

1. O come, let us sing un - to the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the Strength of our Sal - vation.  
2. For the Lord is a great - God; And a great King a - bove all gods.  
3. The sea is his, and he made it; And his hands pre - par-ed the dry - land.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.  
In his hand are all the corners of the earth; And the strength of the hills is his - also.  
O come, let us worship and fall down, And kneel be - fore the Lord our Maker.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer to my parting hour Than e'er I've been be- fore. Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be;

2. Nearer my going home, Lay- ing my bur- den down, Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wearing my star- ry crown. Father, perfect my trust, Strengthen my fee- ble faith;

## CHORUS.

Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Near- er the crys- tal sea. My home, my home, my home  
Support me when at last I stand Up- on the shore of death. my home, my home, My

bean- ti- ful heav- en- ly home, I am near- er my home to- day, Than ev- er I've been be- fore.

From "Anthem Treasures," by permission.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, For his mer- cy en- dur- eth for- ev- er.  
2. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords; For his mer- cy en- dur- eth for- ev- er.  
3. To Him that By wisdom made the heavens; For his mer- cy en- dur- eth for- ev- er.

O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mer- cy en- dureth for- ev- er.  
To him who alone doeth great wonders; For his mer- cy en- dureth for- ev- er. A - men.  
To him that stretched out the earth above the waters; For his mercy en- dureth for- ev- er.

By permission.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the king - dom of heaven.  
 Blessed are the meek: for they shall in - her - it the earth.  
 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall oh - tain mer - cy.  
 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall he called God's children.  
 Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and speak  
 all manner of evil against you, false - ly for my . . . . sake.

*Final.*

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.  
 Blessed are they that do hunger  
 and thirst for righteousness: for they shall be filled.  
 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. A - men, A - men.  
 Blessed are they which are persecuted for right - eous-ness' sake.  
 Rejoice and be exceeding glad, your re-ward is in heaven.

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## 1409

## BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

W. A. TARBUTTON, by per.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

*Refrain.*

Love, rest and home! sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the shining and the shading,  
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
 I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
 I shall be soon.

1. This book is all that's left me now, Tears will un-bid-den start; With fal-tering lip and  
 2. Ah! well do I remember those, Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone  
 3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To broth-ers, sis-ters, dear;—How calm was my poor  
 4. Thou tru-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stant-y I've tried; When all were false I've

throbbing brow, I press it to my heart; For ma-n-y gen-er-a-tions past Here  
 used to close, Af-ter the evening prayer, And speak of what these pa-ges said. In  
 mother's look, Who loved God's word to hear. Her an-gel face—I see it yet! What  
 found thee true My coun-sel-lor and guide. The mines of earth no treas-ures give That

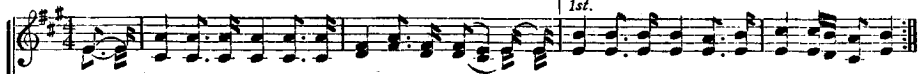
is our fam-ily tree; My mother's hands this Bible clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.  
 tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the si-lent dead Yet are they liv-ing still.  
 thronging memories come! Again that lit-tle group is met, With-in the walls of home.  
 could this volume huy—In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

Our Father who art in heaven, ballowed  
 Give us this day our  
 And lead us not into temptation, but de-

be thy name,  
 dal-ly bread;  
 liver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;  
 And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us;  
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for- ever. A - men. A - men.

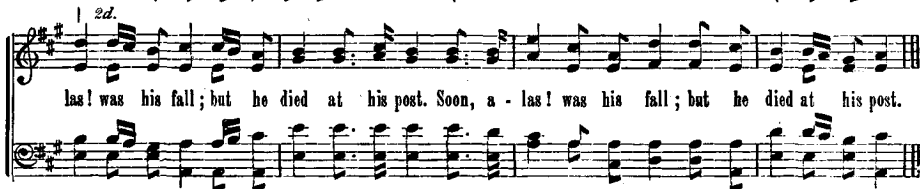
(Published by request.)



1. } A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hastened, the her-ald of mer-cy and truth; }  
 } For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a- (*omit.*) . . . . . }



las! was his fall; but he died at his post. Soon, a - las! was his fall; but he died at his post.



2 The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom,  
 One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb:  
 For in ardor he led in the van of the host,  
 And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

3 He wept not, himself, that his warfare was done:  
 The battle was fought, and the victory won;  
 But he whispered of those whom his heart loved  
 the most,  
 "Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;  
 He asked not that fame should his merits re-  
 hearse;  
 But he asked as a boon,—this he coveted  
 most—  
 That his brethren might know that he died at his  
 post.

5 How can we the words of our brother forget?  
 Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:  
 And example so sacred shall never be lost,  
 We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

*Anon.*

1413

THE BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON.

L. HEATH.

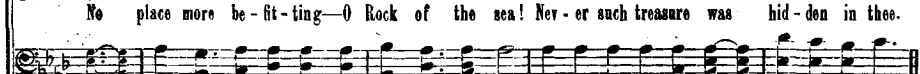
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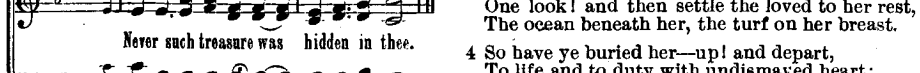
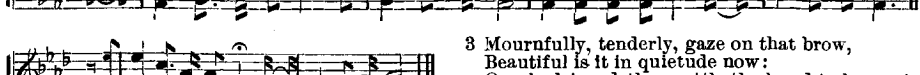
1. Mourn - ful - ly, ten - der - ly, bear on the dead, Where the war-rior has lain, let the Christian be laid;



No place more be - fit - ting—O Rock of the sea! Ner - er such treasure was hid - don in thee.



Never such treasure was hidden in thee.



2 Mournfully, tenderly, solemn and slow,  
 Tears are bedewing the path as we go;  
 Kindred and strangers are mourners to-day,  
 Gently, so gently, O! bear her away.

3 Mournfully, tenderly, gaze on that brow,  
 Beautiful is it in quietude now:  
 One look! and then settle the loved to her rest,  
 The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.

4 So have ye buried her—up! and depart,  
 To life and to duty with undismayed heart:  
 Fear not—for the love of the stranger will keep,  
 The casket that lies in the Rock of the deep.

5 Peace to thy bosom, thou servant of God!  
 The vale thou art treading, before, thou hast trod:  
 Precious dust thou hast laid by the Hopia tree,  
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*H. S. Washburn.*

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Hursley	542	Balerma	395	St. Peter	981	Bonar	817
I'm Going Home (with Cho.)	597	Bear Me On (with Cho.)	1159	Valentia	673	Diademata	125
Lebanon	627	Belmont	147	Warwick	550	Verdi	399
Louvan	662	Bemerton	577	Wesley	1103	<b>6s. 8 lines.</b>	
Loving-Kindness	1168	Bliss	187	Winchester	208	Steele	740
Luton	61	Bradford	350	Woodland	80, 354	<b>6s &amp; 4s. 4 lines.</b>	
Malvern	471, 927	Brown	519	Zerah	70, 794	To-day	414
Mason	262	Caddo	644	<b>C. M. 8 lines.</b>		<b>6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.</b>	
McCabe	315	China	326, 937	Brattle Street	686	America	34, 819
Melcombe	691	Chopin	635, 798	Canaan	868	Italy	127
Melita	694	Christmas	288	Carol	291	New Haven	155
Mendon	140	Communum	759	Jerusalem	450	Olivet	684
Migdol	108	Coronation	111	Monnt Bethel	486	<b>6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.</b>	
Miller	51	Covenry	669	New Jerusalem	1162	Bethany	655
Missionary Chant	365	Denfield	175, 1071	Oakley	992	Healdsburg	659
Oakland	1036	Denton	446	Perseverance	484, 808	Oak	485
Olden	316	Devizes	1083	Varina	83, 989	Robinson	766
Old Hundred	1, 256	Downs	442	<b>C. P. M.</b>		<b>6s &amp; 5s. 4 lines.</b>	
Olive's Brow	314	Dundee	74, 755	Ariel	123, 897	Comfort	711
Osborne	921	Elizabethtown	230	Chardon	235, 874	Last Lovely Morning (P)	833
Park Street	212	Evan	308	Meribah	658	<b>6s &amp; 5s. 8 lines.</b>	
Protection	926	Exhortation	680	What Sound Is This?	1142	Repose	965
Rest	924	Fairport	727	<b>C. H. M.</b>		<b>6s &amp; 5s. 6. 6. 6. 5.</b>	
Retreat	514, 923	Fountain	1107	Hope	967	Unity	270
Rockingham	801	Geneva	77	Supplication	537	<b>S. M.</b>	
Rothwell	54	Grandeur	898	Willcott	966	Badea	236
Russell	916	Grigg	702	<b>C. H. M.</b>		Boylston	151, 558
Russia	104	Hallowell	1164	Conitron	453	Day	191, 732
Samson	1132	Harvey's Chant	27, 399	Dennis	688, 1086	Herbert	227, 724
Sessions	168, 875	Holy Cross	377	<b>C. H. M.</b>		Howard	114
Truro	1032	Hummel	1047	Supplication	537	Willcott	966
Uxbridge	58, 624	<b>C. H. M.</b>		Willcott	966	<b>S. M.</b>	
Ward	347	Harvey's Chant	27, 399	<b>C. H. M.</b>		Badea	236
Ware	136, 1128	Herbert	227, 724	Hope	967	Boylston	151, 558
		Holy Cross	377	Supplication	537	Conitron	453
		Hummel	1047	Willcott	966	Day	191, 732
				Dennis	688, 1086	Dennis	688, 1086

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

6. 6. 8. 8. 6.	NO.	7s, 6s & 4.	NO.	8. 8. 8. 4.	NO.	12s & 11s. 4 lines.	NO.
Go to Thy Rest	954	Glad Tidings	831	Carruth	536	Harvest	427
7s. 4 lines.		8s. 4 lines.		Nauford	1125	Little Flock	867
Aletta	457	Beautiful Zion	996	9s. 4 lines.		Scotland	971
Durham	480	8s. 8 lines.		Gone to the Grave	969	Will You Go (with Cho.)	425
Fisk	1052	Contrast	505, 840	9s & 7s. 4 lines.		12s & 11s. 12. 12. 11. 11.	
Grannis	497	8s & 4s. 4 lines.		Hakes	715	Eden	1181
Hart	372	Ella	958	9s & 8s. 8 lines.		H. M.	
Hendon	15, 904	Long Time Ago	820	Morning Light	862	Darwall	1126
Holley	720	8. 8. 8. 5.		10s. 4 lines.		Lenox	252
Horton	767	Sunshine	131	Eventide	568, 1121	Lischer	254
Lovest Thou Me?	587	8s & 6s. 6 lines.		Freepart	249	Logan	860
Lubeck	826	Waring	744	Melson	1187	Murray	859
Meet Again	953	8s & 6s. 8 lines.		Mendelssohn	100	Peldon	912
Mercy	158, 563	Courage	623	Triumph (P)	620	Tilford	735
Monkland	1051	Restoration	1120	10s & 4s. 4 lines.		Zebulon	167
Nuremberg	1027	8s & 7s. 4 lines.		Hastings	776	P. M.	
Pleal	240, 383, 321	Auber	1085	10s & 7s. 10. 10. 10. 7.		Almost There	1194
Root	37, 805	Diligence (P. with Cho.)	852	Here is No Rest	618	Amsterdam	897
Scudamore	713	Even Me (with Cho.)	493	Homeward Bound	507	Angels Hovering	1158
Seymour	531	Fern Dell	959	10. 10. 11. 12.		Ava	421
Vienna	339	Good Cheer (with Cho.)	851	London	617	Beautiful Home	1009
White Robes (with Cho.)	997	I Will Follow Thee (with Cho.)	494	10s & 11s. 4 lines.		Betrayal	834
7s. 6 lines.		Mount Vernon	960	Lyons	97	Better Land	1008
Dix	239	Palmer	534	11s. 4 lines.		Bound for the Land of Canaan	1141
Eltham	527	Rathbun	41, 1063	Daughter of Zion (P)	1005	Calvary	232
Gethsemane	331, 956	Rest for the Weary (P)	1002	Expostulation	417	Choir of Angels	1157
Guide	685	Shirley	130	Frederick	1006	Come and Reign	1175
Pilot Me	769	Sleep	962	Goshen	781, 864	Come Let Us Anew	510
Rock of Ages	1114	Stockwell	162	Heavenly Music	1154	Come to Jesus	1149
Rosefield	768	Tackmar	660	Home	518	Convert	469
Sabbath	244	Wellesley	92	Home, Sweet Home	1177	Decisive Day	913
Spanish Hymn	489	Wilmot	277	Humility	1124	Deliverance Will Come	145
7s. 8 lines.		8s & 7s. 6 lines.		I Cannot Go Back	1185	Drooping Souls	1156
Amboy	901	Bavaria	800	I Love Thee	511	Emerald Gates	1161
Benevento	567	Neander	903	Otto	255	Expectation	872
Come Home (with Cho.)	609	Promise	772	Portuguese Hymn	788	Farewell	965
Guide	778	Regent Square	295	Remember Lot's Wife	1155	Fountain of Life	496
Herald Angels	293	Stolly	233	Rest in Heaven	512	Goshen Token	832
Martyn	464, 771	Stanley	1058	The Last Call	1190	Hail, Happy Day!	1165
Onido	1080	Tamworth	857	11s. 8 lines.		Have You Faith?	823
Watchman	628	Union	1024	Afton	1178	He's Coming	1169
Wickham	779	8s & 7s. 8 lines.		11s. 8 lines.		How Far from Home?	1147
7s & 4s. 8 lines.		Autumn	501	Beloved	124	I'm a Pilgrim	1159
I'm a Traveler	516	Come, Ye Sinners	412	Thanksgiving	46	Judgment	910
7s & 5s. 8 lines.		Converse	535	11s & 8s. 8 lines.		King of Glory	870
Message	1060	Dawning	842	Brother, Be Faithful	509	Lead, Kindly Light	777
7. 7. 7. 5.		Deerhurst	466	11s & 9s. 4 lines.		Love of the Lord	1144
Caledonia (D)	614, 638	Ellesdale	499	Coping Events	861	Mark That Pilgrim	1140
Choptown	615	Fabon	95	11s & 10s. 4 lines.		Nicaea	99
Salisbury	166	Fillmore	1069	Avision (P)	800	Paradise	1159
7s & 6s. 4 lines.		Greenville	244	Come, Ye Disconsolate	420	Peaceful Rest	710, 345
Marietta	461	Harwell	132	Hail to the Brightness	1004	Pentence	350
Advent (P)	900	Illinois	1118	Hanover	298	Piggah's Mountain	1166
7s & 6s. 8 lines.		Let Me Go (with Cho.)	504	Henley	714	Requiem	867
Aurelia	415	Love Divine	850	Rodman	866	Resurrection Morning	1175
Chenies	125	Nettleton	503	Sill Water (P)	779	Saviour, Come	1152
Ellacombe	743	Onward	848	12s. 4 lines.		Sweet Be Thy Rest	920
Ewing	246, 998	Resurrection	968	Chariot	871, 908	Tell Me of Heaven	1098
Life's Harvest	1053	Shepherd	775	12s & 10s. 4 lines.		The Cross and Crown	1173
Memorial	230	The Alarm	847	Southampton	45	The Promise	1125
Mendebras	611	Treat	1047	8s, 7s & 4.		There is a Land	1146
Missionary Hymn	1055	Zion	854, 905	8s & 7s. 7. 7.		This Groaning Earth	1171
Munich	357	St. Joseph	312	12s & 10s. 4 lines.		Time Now is Cloaking	1174
Resting By-and-By (with Cho.)	1057			Whispering Angels	1154	Warning	623
Sweet Rest in Heaven (with Cho.)	880			Will You Go?	1172	We Have Heard	1600
Webb	492, 628			Will You Rest Us?	1159	Welcome Home	1179
Work (P)	7056			Wish You Well	1129	When He Comes	1183
				World to Come	1000	When the King of Kings Comes	1167
				Worthy	225		



FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

Table with 12 columns of text, each starting with a number (No.) and a line of text. The text includes various religious and poetic phrases such as 'Dost thyself, an', 'From sorrow, toll', 'Hail happy day', and 'He lives, and gra'. The numbers range from 1 to 924.





FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.
O sweet and blest 999	O we long to be 1153	Revive our droop 151	Should all the fo 170	Sound it loud or 1345	Tell me not of ga 1695
O sweetest hour 1237	O we see the gla 1896	Revive our despair 1191	Should seem'd 496	Sound it, bid oon 1280	Tell of his wond' 76
O teach us, as w 179	O what a blessed 679	Ring it out, . . . 1380	Should earth aga 1237	Sorrow and fear 690	Tell, O tell us, ar 864
O tears, and sin 870	O what a joyous 767	Ring the bells in 1399	Should I, to gain 653	Sorrowful mourn 3786	Tempt not my so 856
O tell me, how 778	O what a bliss 924	Show us the way 1065	Should I, to gain 653	So when earth 1311	Ten are tis pecc 1320
O tell me the pla 779	O what a scene w 825	Rise from these 1076	Should persecut 685	So when in sife 639	Ten thousand th 77
O tell of his mig 97	O what is life? 966	Rise, Lord, and 683	Should swift dea 698	Sowing good seed 1254	Ten thousand w 649
O that an angel's 198	O what is tribua 870	Rise, rise thou g 819	Should swift dea 698	Sowing in tears 1259	Thankful I take 750
O that beautiful 1303	O what needest 1298	Rise, roused w 893	Shout with the v 1323	Sowing in the su 1249	Thank for meo 567
O that bright 1076	O who would be 805	Riven the rock 706	Show me what E 581	Sowing the seed 1250	That are the 148
O that each in 510	O when shall th 559	Rivers to the ocs 337	Shun evil spira 1383	Sown in the durt 1367	That bears unu 1372
O that each from 510	O where is this a 302	Rocks and storms 1348	Signs in nature o 330	Sow thy seed, be 1063	That eye is fixe 520
O that home of 1387	O who like thee, 302	Rol along then a 1341	Signs in the sun 1338	Sow to the Spirit 1256	That good ajar at 1270
O that in me the 578	O who's like my 511	Rol, roll thou a 1341	Since by the sun 1338	Speak gently; 't 687	That heavenly in 148
O that it now th 578	O why is thou b 1213	Rouse thou eold 1379	Since from his w 1023	Speak thy pardo 150	That hope the so 678
O that men wou 88	O wisest lovel 329	Rose then in eve 1221	Since I can say t 102	Speak thy pray 150	That law shall st 218
O that our heart 1041	O wondrous lam 368	Sad, sad, the rea 1267	Since I, who was 815	Speak to my car 850	That man may b 634
O that our thou 215	O wondrous loud 302	Sad to his toil he 1046	Since nothing go 1198	Speed thy comin 722	That peace who 727
O that with yoad 110	O wondrous love 357	Saf'd to his toil he 1046	Since thou art ou 1103	Spirit divine, at 146	That power is pr 520
O that with yoad 1229	O work in earn 1263	Saf'd to his th 1198	Since thou art ou 1103	Spirit of grace, O 227	That rich stoin 628
O the anguish of 492	O wretched state 689	Safely in thy sanc 745	Sing, O sing, ye 1102	Stand by the law 1302	That sacred stoa 511
O the height of Je 489	O write thy word 224	Sages, in thy sanc 745	Sing the Son's a 490	Stand firm, fait 1363	That spirit wail 140
O then aloud, in 20	O ye weary, sad, 1352	Sages, leave your 297	Sing we then ese 490	Stand firm, men 1363	That sweet com 469
O then arise und 60	Pain or sickness 1692	Saints, before th 297	Sing we, thea, in 1026	Stand like men 1363	That tender hear 311
O then lift him u 1252	Paschal Lamb b 358	Saints lift your h 851	Sing, you, too, th 1144	Stand up; stand 611	That that unchang 1388
O then, my soul, 738	Pass me not, O g 495	Saints lift your h 851	Sinners, come, w 1334	Startled shepher 295	That voice from 688
O then, on faith's 660	Pass me not, O H 495	Salvation! let th 489	Sinners whose lo 1229	Steadfast then, a 1058	That was my th 228
O then repeat, er 890	Peace be with in 1137	Sanctify us, Lord 483	Sinners whose lo 1229	Still rest, rest, 639	That will be a h 180
O then that thy 890	Peaceful be with 980	Save from our m 1277	Sinners whose lo 1229	Still rest, rest, 639	That will be a h 180
O thou to the Ro 1207	Peace on the w 564	Save us in the pr 767	Sister, then we 991	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the angels lar 257
O the rapture of 1382	Peace on earth, g 296	Saviour, hasten 132	Sister, then we 991	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O there'll be his 1174	Peace to our bret 267	Saviour! I long 766	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O there the loved 1119	Peace to thy wif 1413	Saviour, let thy 135	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O the rich, dear 119	Perhaps he will a 398	Saviour, may our 564	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Other refuge has 770	Permit them to a 1075	Saviour, at thy 276	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Other refuge has 1225	Pilgrims, on th 848	Saviour, of rouls, 645	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O the sunlight, b 1216	Pilgrims, on th 848	Saviour parted fr 140	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O the sweet won 307	Place on the Lord 612	Saviour, Saviour 825	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O think what was 613	Plant thy heave 826	Saviour, we was 1261	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O thou bright Ki 1100	Pleased with the 440	Say, sisters, will 1180	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O thou God of al 1879	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O thou great God 573	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O thou help of the 711	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O thou long-expe 636	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O thou, my Savi 698	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O to be brought t 728	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O to grace how g 503	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O trust in self no 1278	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O 'twere hard th 1200	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O 'twere joy, to 42	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O 'twill be parad 1001	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our aim is vigila 1387	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our arms are we 1366	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our compass in a 1170	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our coat of arm 577	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our dearest joys, 650	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our early days of 1394	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our eyes shall th 536	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our Father, God 514	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our faith, and to 185	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our flesh and sen 628	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our glad hospita 884	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our God shall be 1233	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our great Exam 1102	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our hearts, if Go 882	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our heavenly Pa 1018	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our heavenly Fa 167	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our humble gra 577	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our life as a drea 510	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our lives throu 78	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our Lord and S 1106	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our midnight is 52	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our mourning, de 629	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our only care an 253	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our prison is th 813	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our quickened so 369	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our restless ang 136	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our rising passia 713	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our Saviour, ded 252	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our sins were lai 1111	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our songs of pra 1141	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our sorrows are 1123	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our souls are in 757	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our souls-on the 485	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Our sus is sink 560	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Ours to bow the s 1061	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Ours to work as f 1203	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Over sea and lan 1389	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Over the heart of 1346	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
Over, there, ovr 1396	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O voice of mercy 430	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O wail, meekly w 1196	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O watch, and fig 601	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292
O watch and pra 1254	Pleasant with the 440	Search of truth and 164	Slay in the gall 470	Still, O Lord, our 1028	That the answer h 292





FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

Table with 10 columns of text, each starting with a number (No.) and a line of text. The text includes various religious and poetic phrases such as 'Wailing and weeping', 'When shall I see', 'What happiness', 'With undertone', etc.

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

No.		No.	
Abide with me! Fast falls the.....	568	Are vain desires within.....	640
According to thy gracious.....	1104	Are we almost there?.....	1184
Acquaint thyself quickly.....	419	Are you Christ's light-bearer.....	1244
A day of awful grandeur.....	893	Are you doers of the word.....	1317
A few more years shall.....	817	Are you ready for the.....	1326
Afflicted saint, to Christ.....	695	Arise, my soul, arise.....	359
Again our earthly cares.....	7	Arise, ye mourning saints.....	799
Against the God that.....	968	As drowsy earth is dreaming.....	789
Again the day returns af.....	849	As Jesus died, and rose.....	896
A glory gilds the sacred.....	180	Ask for the Guide Book.....	1300
A glory in the word we.....	179	Ask for the old paths.....	1310
Ah! guilty sinner, ruined by.....	423	Ask not to be excused.....	1243
Ah! how shall fallen man.....	384	Asleep in Jesus! blessed.....	924
Ah! whither should I go.....	453	As oft, with worn and.....	706
Ah! why should doubts.....	663	As pants the wearied hart.....	100
Aha! and did my Saviour.....	923	As the hart, with eager.....	481
A little while, our Lord.....	788	As the sweet flower that.....	928
All hail the power of.....	111, 1289	As through this changing.....	623
All praise to our redeeming.....	1017	As time rolls on amid.....	251
All praise to thee, eternal Lord.....	984	As when in silence vernal.....	142
All that I was, my sin, my.....	446	As with gladness men.....	299
All things are ready.....	404	A thrilling cry, we hear.....	1148
All things are thine; no.....	1128	At the sounding of the.....	1329
All ye nations, praise the.....	40	At thy command, O Lord.....	1097
All you that are weary.....	426	Author of good! to thee I.....	758
Almighty Father, bless the.....	963	Awaked from sin's delusive.....	433
Almighty God, thy word is.....	190	Awake! Jerusalem, awake!.....	1011
Almost persuaded now to.....	1283	Awake, my heart, arise.....	439
A lovely infant sleeps in.....	936	Awake, my heart, my soul.....	214
Amazing grace! how sweet.....	441	Awake, my soul, in joyful 110, 1168	
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	599, 1144	Awake, my soul! lift up.....	594
Am I my brother's Keeper?.....	1234	Awake, my soul! stretch.....	598
Among the mountain trees.....	334	Awake, ye saints, and raise.....	794
An angel's voice now breaks.....	1187	Away from his home.....	1412
And art thou, gracious Master.....	657	Away my unbelieving fear.....	668
And is the gospel peace.....	629	Away with our sorrow and.....	841
And is there, Lord, a rest.....	986		
And must I be to Judgment.....	891	Baptized into our Saviour's.....	1076
And must I part with.....	649	Baptize us anew, with fire.....	1209
And must this body die?.....	950	Beautiful valley of Eden.....	1246
And though our bodies.....	1041	Beautiful Zion, built.....	996
And will the Judge.....	887	Before Jehovah's awful.....	19
And wilt thou, O eternal.....	1131	Before the heavens were.....	387
Angels, from the realms.....	397	Before the throne of God.....	853
Angels! roll the rock.....	841	Begin, my tongue, some.....	76
Angel voices sweetly singing.....	1069	Behold a Stranger at the.....	395
Another day is gone.....	559	Behold God's own exalted.....	1198
Another six days' work is.....	215	Behold how sweet, how.....	918
Anywhere, dear Saviour.....	1260	Behold I come! the Saviour.....	797
A parting hymn we sing.....	1112	Behold the Christian warrior.....	593
A pilgrim through this.....	311	Behold, the day is come;.....	886
		Behold, the expected time.....	790
		Behold the Lord of earth.....	1109
		Behold the Saviour at the door!.....	787
		Behold the Saviour of man.....	323
		Behold the throne of grace!.....	528
		Behold the western evening.....	988
		Behold what manner of love.....	1403
		Behold, where, in a mortal.....	309
		Be joyful in God! all ye lands of.....	46
		Be patient, be patient; no.....	1183
		Be perfect; holiness pursue;.....	264
		Be merciful unto me, O God!.....	449
		Be still, my heart! these.....	768
		Be tranquil, O my soul.....	733
		Be with us, Lord, where'er.....	261
		Beyond the smiling and.....	1347, 1409
		Beyond the starry skies.....	126
		Beyond this gloomy night.....	989
		Blessed are the poor in spirit.....	1408
		Blessed are they henceforth.....	916
		Blessed Bible, how I love it.....	194
		Blessed Jesus, heavenly Lamb.....	459
		Blessed Jesus, meek and.....	561
		Blessed Lord, how much I.....	1199
		Blest are the pure in heart.....	633
		Blest are the undefiled in.....	303
		Blest be the tie that binds.....	1023
		Blest Comforter divine.....	154
		Blest hour, when mortal.....	216
		Blest Saviour, we thy.....	1079
		Bound upon the accursed tree.....	335
		Break, break, eternal day.....	819
		Breast the wave, Christian.....	617
		Brethren, let us walk.....	1024
		Brethren, while we sojourn here.....	600
		Brightest and best of the.....	296
		Britania, rouse thee! queen.....	1388
		Broad is the road that leads.....	361
		Brother pilgrim, be not weary.....	880
		Brother, you may work.....	1068
		Builder of mighty worlds.....	1196
		Buried beneath the yielding.....	1071
		Buried with Christ! yes.....	1034
		Burst, ye emerald gates.....	1161
		By Christ redeemed in.....	1125
		By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	647
		By faith in Christ I walk.....	665
		By living faith we now can see.....	343
		Called to the feast by the King.....	1212
		Call them in; the poor.....	1297

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No.		No.		No.	
	Calm on the listening ear.....	292	Come, thou Fount of every.....	508	Faith adds new charms.....
	Can sinners hope for heaven.....	387	Come, thou long-expected.....	345	Faith is the polar star.....
	Cast thy bread upon the.....	1064	Come, thou almighty King.....	36	Far down the ages now,.....
	Cast thy burden on the.....	732, 1377	Come, thou soul-transforming.....	157	Farewell, all earthly treasures,.....
	Cheer up, weary heart.....	1363	Come to Jesus, come to.....	1149	Farewell! we meet no more.....
	Cheer up, ye soldiers of the.....	622	Come to the living waters.....	399	Far from mortal cares.....
	Chief of sinners though I.....	489	Come unto me when shadows.....	714	Far from my thoughts, vain.....
	Child of sin and sorrow.....	421	Come, weary souls with.....	388	Far from the world, O Lord, I.....
	Child of sin and sorrow,.....	422	Come, ye disconsolate.....	420	Father, hear the prayer.....
	Children of the heavenly King.....	482	Come, ye sinners, poor and.....	412	Father, hear thy humble child,.....
	Christ, from whom all.....	1031	Come, ye souls by sin.....	413	Father, how wide thy glory.....
	Christian brethren, ere we.....	374	Come, ye that fear the Lord.....	13	Father, I know that all my.....
	Christian, seek not yet.....	615	Come, ye that know and.....	70	Father, I stretch my hands.....
	Christian, the morn breaks.....	363	Come, ye that love the Saviour's.....	113	Father of mercies, bow thine.....
	Christian, thy warfare will.....	508	Come ye who love the Lord.....	30	Father of mercies, in thy.....
	Christian, therefore yield.....	712	Coming Saviour, now.....	1117	Father of mercies, send thy.....
	Christ is coming! let.....	359	Command thy blessing from.....	475	Father supreme, whose.....
	Christ is knocking at my.....	1294	Cross, reproach, and tribulation.....	661	Father, we come to thee.....
	Christ is risen, our Lord.....	342	Crowded is your heart with.....	1276	Father, whatever of earthly bliss.....
	Christ, the Lord, will come.....	823	Crown him with many.....	125	Fear not, little flock, 'tis.....
	Christ, who came my.....	1091	Dark brood the heavens over.....	876	Few in number, little.....
	Choose ye his cross to.....	1090	Dark is the hour when death.....	987	Fierce and wild the storm is.....
	Church of the ever-living.....	1019	Dark was the night, and.....	226	For a season called to part.....
	Closer to thee, my Father.....	1199	Daughter of Zion, awake.....	1005	Forbid them not, the Saviour.....
	Closing Sabbath! Ah, how soon.....	245	Day of Judgment, day of.....	908	For Caanan I've rested.....
	Clouds of glory lingering.....	822	Day of redemption! when.....	863	Forever here my rest shall.....
	Come, all ye saints, to.....	1163	Dear as thou wert, and.....	941	Forever with the Lord.....
	Come, all ye saints of God.....	127	Dear Lord, we would thy.....	228	Forgive us, Lord, to thee we.....
	Come, and let us sweetly join.....	1023	Dear Saviour, here we.....	302	For the mercies of the day.....
	Come and reign; come and.....	1176	Dear Saviour, lead my.....	776	Forth from the dark and.....
	Come, blessed Spirit, source.....	188	Dear Saviour, we would.....	303	Friend after friend departs.....
	Come, dearest Lord, and feed.....	229	Deep are the wounds which.....	363	Friend and companion, dear.....
	Come, Desire of nations.....	526	Deign, Jesus, Lord, my soul.....	747	From all that dwell below.....
	Come, divine and peaceful.....	160	Delay not, delay not, O.....	413	From every stormy wind.....
	Come, gracious Spirit.....	186	Delightful day, best gift.....	219	From Greenland's icy.....
	Come hither, all ye weary.....	392	Delightful work! young.....	648	From lips divine, like.....
	Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	155	Depth of mercy! can there.....	457	From the lips of angels spoken.....
	Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts.....	149	Did Christ o'er sinners weep?.....	456	From the table now.....
	Come, Holy Spirit, calm.....	139	Dismiss us with thy.....	257	Gently, dear Saviour, now.....
	Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	151	Does the gospel word proclaim.....	458	Give me the Bible, star.....
	Come, Holy Spirit, Dove.....	1080	Down to the sacred wave.....	1088	Give to the winds thy fears.....
	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly G.....	141	Draw near us to-day, and a.....	1124	Giver and Guardian of.....
	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly D.....	144	Drooping souls, no longer.....	1156	Glad tidings! glad tidings!.....
	Come, humble sinner, in.....	398	Dust, receive thy kindred!.....	965	Glorious things of thee are.....
	Come join, ye saints, with.....	124	Each setting sun.....	896	Glory be to God above.....
	Come, let us anew, our.....	510	Early, my God, without.....	476	Glory, honor, praise, and.....
	Come, let us join our cheerful.....	112	Earth to earth, and dust to dust.....	956	Glory to God on high!.....
	Come, let us join our songs.....	356	Equip me for the war.....	603	Glory to thee, my God.....
	Come, let us pray! 'tis sweet.....	537	Erected high in heaven.....	355	Go bury thy sorrow; the.....
	Come, let us sing the song.....	104	Ere mountains reared.....	56	God bids his people on.....
	Come, let us to the Lord.....	523	Ere to the world again.....	268	God calling yet! shall I.....
	Come, Lord, and carry not.....	814	Eternal Beam of light.....	750	God has said, Forever blessed.....
	Come, my Redeemer, come.....	1221	Eternal depth of love.....	54	God, in the gospel of his Son.....
	Come, my soul, thy suit.....	581	Eternal Father; God of love.....	292	God is Love; his mercy.....
	Come, O my soul, in sacred.....	61	Eternal God, celestial King.....	226	God is my strong salvation.....
	Come, O my soul, to Calvary.....	323	Eternal Power, whose high.....	50	God is our refuge and.....
	Come on, my partners in.....	1143	Eternal Source of every.....	69	God is the name my soul.....
	Come, O thou Traveler.....	628	Eternal Spirit, power of.....	145	God is the refuge of his.....
	Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice.....	406	Eye hath not seen, ear.....	990	God moves in a mysterious.....
	Come, sound his praise.....	29	Fade, fade, each earthly.....	655	God of light and matchless.....
	Come, Spirit, source of light.....	153	Faint not, Christian! though.....	607	God of love that hearest.....
	Come, O thou all-victorious.....	403			God of mercy, God of grace.....
	Come, thou beloved Redeemer.....	292			God of my life, to thee belong.....
	Come, thou Desire of all thy.....	9			

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No.		No.		No.	
God of my life, to thee I call.....	697	Hasten, sinner, to be wise:.....	409	How peaceful is the grave!.....	951
God of my life, whose.....	58	Haste, traveler, haste! the.....	394	How perfect is Thy word!.....	191
God of our salvation.....	281	Have I need of aught, O.....	1215	How pleasant, how divinely.....	3
God of the morning, at.....	539	Hear the glorious proclamation	1157	How precious is the book.....	176
God of the morning ray.....	35	Hear the temp'rance call.....	1391	How prone are professors.....	1155
God of the prophet's power!.....	1043	Hear the words our Saviour.....	1308	How sad our state by nature.....	371
God of the universe, to.....	1136	Hear what the voice from.....	943	How shall I follow him.....	304
God's holy law, transgressed.....	381	Heavy clouds are gathering.....	410	How shall the young secure.....	189
God's law demands one.....	197	He dies! the Friend of sinners.....	317	How slender is life's silver.....	942
God's perfect law converts the.....	203	Heed not the tempter's siren.....	636	How sweet are the tidings.....	1169
Go forth on wings of faith.....	1050	He is coming, yes, he's.....	1342	How sweet, how heavenly is.....	1014
Go forward, Christian soldier.....	613	He has come! the Christ of God.....	294	How sweetly flowed the gospel.....	307
Go, labor on, while yet 'tis.....	1036	Heir of the kingdom, O why.....	666	How sweet the hour of closing.....	915
Go, messenger of peace and.....	1088	He leadeth me! O blessed.....	749	How sweet the light of.....	544
Go not far from me, O my.....	745	He reigns, the Lord, the.....	875	How sweet the name of Jesus.....	118
Go, preach the gospel, saith.....	1032	Here, in thy name, Eternal.....	1135	How sweet, to leave the world.....	5
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	331	Here o'er the earth as a.....	618	How sweet to reflect on those.....	1181
Go to thy rest in peace.....	954	Here, O my Lord, I see thee.....	1122	How sweet upon this sacred.....	230
Gracious Father, guard thy.....	843	Here, Saviour, we would come.....	1087	How tedious and tasteless the.....	506
Gracious Father, lend thine.....	17	He's coming once again.....	899	How tender is thy hand.....	89
Gracious God, ere we part.....	271	He sleeps in Jesus, peaceful.....	920	How vain are all things.....	650
Gracious Spirit, love divine.....	159	He that goeth forth with.....	1063, 1256	How vain is all beneath.....	926
Gracious Redeemer, shake.....	584	High in the heavens, eternal.....	47	I am coming to the cross.....	1289
Gracious Saviour, we adore.....	1094	His earthly work is done.....	360	I am resting in the shadow.....	1200
Grant me within thy courts.....	477	Ho! idlers in the vineyard.....	1054	I am waiting for Jesus to.....	1341
Great God, attend while Zion.....	25	Hold to the helm, sailor.....	1301	I am waiting for the morning.....	1240
Great God, how infinite thou.....	78	Hold up thy light, O child.....	1057	I ask not, Lord, for less to.....	724
Great God, I own thy sentence.....	937	Holy and reverend is the.....	29	I bring my sins to thee.....	1292
Great God, what do I see and.....	910	Holy as thou, O Lord, is none.....	60	If God is mine, then present.....	708
Great God, when I approach.....	444	Holy day! Jehovah's rest.....	242, 1313	If I in thy likeness, O Lord.....	968
Great God, whose universal.....	976	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God.....	99	If through unruined seas.....	736
Great God, with wonder and.....	178	Holy Sabbath, sacred rest.....	241	If 'tis sweet to mingle where.....	376
Great is the the Lord, and gr.....	1402	Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.....	778	If you cannot on the ocean.....	1070
Great King of glory, come.....	1126	Holy Spirit, fount of blessing.....	164	I gave my life for thee.....	1295
Great Spirit, by whose mighty.....	150	Holy Spirit, lamp of light.....	166	I have a Saviour, he's pleading.....	1371
Guide and guard us, O our.....	280	Holy Spirit, light divine.....	358	I have set watchmen upon.....	1401
Guide me, O thou great.....	773, 1218	Holy Spirit, source of gladness.....	163	I heard a voice, the sweetest.....	451
Hail glorious day! ere long.....	796	Holy Spirit, truth divine.....	161	I heard the voice of Jesus.....	450
Hail, happy day! thou day.....	250	Home, home, beameth before.....	832	I hear the Saviour say.....	1198
Hail peaceful day! divinely.....	234	Hope of our hearts, O Lord.....	868	I hear thy voice, O Lord.....	1293
Hail peaceful morn! thy.....	235	Ho! reapers of life's harvest.....	1053	I know not why my Saviour.....	1238
Hail, sacred truth! whose.....	186	How beauteous are their feet.....	1040	I know that my Redeemer lives.....	350
Hail the day that sees him.....	340	How beauteous were the marks.....	302	I know that my Redeemer lives.....	337
Hail, thou bright and.....	248	How blest are they who always.....	210	I know that my Redeemer lives.....	923
Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....	358	How blest the children of the.....	377	I lay my sins on Jesus.....	461
Hail to the brightness of.....	1004	How blest the hour when.....	1081	I left it all with Jesus, long.....	1222
Happy the heart where graces.....	674	How blest the sacred tie.....	1013	I'll sing you a song of a city.....	1350
Happy the home when God.....	552	How bright a day was that.....	232	I long to behold Him arrayed.....	340
Hark! hark! hear the children.....	631	How can we see the children.....	549	I love thee, I love thee, I love.....	511
Hark! hark! my soul.....	1212	How charming is the place.....	14	I love the Lord; he heard my.....	522
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord.....	587	How cheering is the Christian's.....	680	I love the sacred book of.....	171
Hark, sinner, while God from.....	427	How far from home? I asked.....	1147	I love thine earthly Sabbaths.....	226
Hark! ten thousand harps and.....	132	How firm a foundation, ye.....	781	I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	1021
Hark! that shout of rapture.....	904	How gentle God's commands!.....	91	I love to steal awhile away.....	519
Hark! the Archangel's trump.....	906	How great thy wisdom, power.....	379	I love to tell the story.....	1204
Hark, the glad sound!.....	594	How happy are the little flock.....	374	I'm kneeling at the cross.....	1237
Hark! the herald angels.....	293	How happy every child of.....	679	I'm a lonely traveler here.....	616
Hark! the song of jubilee.....	901	How helpless guilty nature.....	373	I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a.....	1150
Hark! the voice of Jesus.....	1069	How long, O Lord, our Saviour.....	633	I'm but a stranger here.....	485
Hark! what mean those holy.....	396	How long, O Lord, shall I.....	571	I'm going home; the tidings.....	1359
Haste, my dull soul, arise.....	659	How long shall Death, the.....	933	I'm not ashamed to own my.....	637
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time.....	684	How long we've been the heirs.....	791	Imposture shrinks from.....	103
Hasten, Lord, the promised.....	835	How oft this wretched, sinful.....	590	I'm weary of staying.....	264

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No.	No.	No.
Tread thee, precious Jesus,.....462	Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry,.....1272	Lo, He cometh! countless.....911
In every trying hour.....735	Jesus, my Saviour, let me be.....681	Lonely and weary, by sorrow.....620
In expectation sweet,.....816	Jesus, my strength, my hope,.....661	Lone pilgrim, cease that.....792
Infinite Love! what precious.....367	Jesus, our Hope, our Life, our.....800	Long for my Saviour I've.....872
In grief and fear, to thee, O.....741	Jesus, our Lord, make no.....8	Long upon the mountains.....844
In heavenly love abiding.....768	Jesus our Saviour says, I will.....873	Look for the way-marks.....1344
In imitation, Lord, of thee,.....1102	Jesus, Saviour of our race,.....464	Look not upon the wine.....1388
In mercy, not in wrath,.....454	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....769	Look to the cross, sinner,.....1273
In the Christian's home in.....1003	Jesus, thou joy of loving.....106	Look upon the golden image.....1311
In the cross of Christ I glory.....130	Jesus, the Lord of glory, died.....353	Lord, at this closing hour.....267
In the glad time of the.....1332	Jesus, the very thought of thee 117	Lord, at thy feet we humbly.....445
In the resurrection morning.....1175	Jesus, thine all-victorious.....578	Lord, at thy table we behold.....1105
In these our days exalt thy.....1049	Jesus, thy blood and.....346	Lord, dismiss us with thy.....283
In the sun, and moon, and stars, 821	Jesus, thy love shall we.....327	Lord, forgive me, day by day,.....460
In the vineyard of our.....1068	Jesus, thy word is my delight.....188	Lord, grant thy blessing here.....4
In thy house, while now we.....18	Jesus, to thee I now can.....442	Lord, how mysterious are.....64
In vain we seek for peace.....374	Jesus, we look to thee,.....11	Lord, how secure my.....204
I saw a way-worn traveler.....1145	Jesus wept! those tears are.....313	Lord, I believe; thy power I.....672
I saw one weary, sad, and torn. 667	Jesus, we thy promise claim.....493	Lord, I cannot let thee go.....535
I seek the mercy-seat.....455	Jesus, where'er thy people.....471	Lord, I care not for riches.....1205
I sing the mighty power.....83	Jesus, while our hearts are.....959	Lord, I hear of showers of.....495
Is not the way to heavenly.....699	Jesus, who knows full well.....529	Lord, I was blind; I could not.....437
Is this the kind return.....386	Joyfully, joyfully, onward.....619	Lord, in humble, sweet.....1085
It came upon the midnight.....291	Joy to the world, the Lord will 886	Lord, in the morning, thou.....546
I think of a home in the.....1351	Just as I am, without one.....428	Lord, in the strength of grace.....654
It is thy hand, my God;.....739		Lord, in thy presence here.....1016
It may be at morn, when the.....1318	Kind are the words that.....698	Lord Jesus, when we stand.....319
It was not sleep that bound.....1304		Lord, my weak thought in.....65
I want a principle within.....486	Laborers of Christ, arise,.....1044	Lord of all being, throned afar.....52
I will follow thee, my Saviour.....494	Lamb of God! to thee I cry;.....491	Lord of glory! thou hast.....1062
I will never, never leave.....772	Lamp of our feet, whereby.....187	Lord of heaven and earth.....44
I will sing of Jesus' love.....1193	Land ahead! its fruits are.....1246	Lord of hosts, how lovely, fair.....16
I will sing you a song.....1357	Launch the life-boat! see;.....1384	Lord of my life, O may thy.....547
I would be, dear Saviour.....1201	Lead, kindly Light, amid the.....777	Lord of the harvest, hear.....1042
I would not live away.....1178	Lead them, my God, to thee,.....1291	Lord of the Sabbath and its.....212
	Let all the heathen writers.....185	Lord of the Sabbath, hear us.....223
Jehovah, God, thy gracious.....75	Let everlasting glories.....170	Lord, on this Sabbath-day.....224
Jerusalem, my glorious.....1404	Let every lamp be burning.....852	Lord! thou hast searched.....53
Jerusalem, my happy home.....981	Let me but hear my Saviour.....633	Lord, thy children guide and.....768
Jerusalem the glorious,.....999	Let me go where saints are.....504	Lord, thy glory fills the.....95
Jerusalem the golden,.....998	Let others boast of wealth or.....181	Lord, we are vile, and full of.....362
Jesus, and didst thou leave.....443	Let others seek a home.....805	Lord, we come before thee.....15
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....101	Let party names no more.....1023	Lord! when I all things would.....646
Jesus, at thy command.....785	Let piteous grace descend.....1073	Lord, when my raptured.....73
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....660	Let thy Spirit, blessed Saviour.....162	Lord! when we bend before.....577
Jesus demands this heart.....575	Let us gather up the sunbeams 1395	Lord, with glowing heart.....96
Jesus died on Calvary's.....830	Let us hear the conclusion.....1246	Lo! round the throne, a.....974
Jesus, engrave it on my.....396	Let us keep steadfast guard.....813	Lo! the day of God is breaking 1246
Jesus, faithful to his word,.....900	Let worldly minds the world.....638	Lo! the time hastens on.....1153
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear.....591	Lift him up, 'tis he that.....1252	Lo! what a glorious sight, 982, 1162
Jesus! full of all compassion.....466	Lift the voice, and sound.....1067	Lo! what an entertaining sight 1015
Jesus, great Shepherd of the.....760	Lift up the trumpet, and.....1330	Love divine, all love excelling, 165
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....499	Lift your heads with.....861	
Jesus invites his saints.....1110	Lift your heads, ye friends.....855	Magnify Jehovah's name,.....38
Jesus is passing.....1279	Light after darkness,.....1211	Majestic sweetness sits.....120
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,.....1027	Light of the world, shine.....184	Make duty plain, O Lord.....765
Jesus, lover of my soul,.....770, 771	Light of those whose dreary.....880	Maker of land and rolling.....1129
Jesus, lover of my soul,.....1224, 1225	Like as a father pities his.....1206	Mark that pilgrim—lowly.....1140
Jesus made known the path.....934	Like shadows gliding o'er.....923	Master, the tempest is raging.....1392
Jesus, merciful and mild.....465	Like sheep we went astray.....823	May the grace of Christ.....279
Jesus, my Advocate above.....244	Lo! an angel loud proclaiming 860	Meekly in Jordan's holy.....1083
Jesus, my All, to heaven is 486, 1196	Lo! He comes; the Archangel's 907	Meet again when time is.....955
Jesus, my love, my chief.....102	Lo! He comes, with clouds.....906	'Mid scenes of affliction, with.....513

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No.		No.		No.
'Wild scenes of confusion and.....1177	O Christian, idle all the day.....1283	On Jordan's stormy banks.....901, 1300		
Mighty God, while angels.....94	O Christian, on the billow of.....1266	Only waiting till the shadows.....1267		
Morning breaks upon the tomb, 339	O come, come away! for time's 1166	O now I see the crimson.....1266		
Mortals, awake, with angels.....1289	O Comfort to the dreary!.....415	On the high cliffs of Jordan.....1006		
Mournfully, tenderly, bear on 1413	O could I find, from day to day, 639	On the mountain's top.....887		
Must Simon bear his cross.....1173	O could I speak the matchless...122	On the shore beyond the sea.....1264		
My blest Redeemer and my.....801	O could our thoughts and.....669	On time's tempestuous.....808		
My brother, I wish you well...1189	O day of rest and gladness.....246	On time's wide waste of waters 1278		
My days are gliding swiftly by...486	O deem not they are blest.....691	Onward, Christian soldiers!.....1397		
My faith looks up to thee.....664	O'er all the land have the signs 1393	Onward speed thy conquering 1060		
My former hopes are fled.....385	O'er the distant mountain.....856	Open the windows of heaven.....1223		
My God, how endless is thy...545	O'er the hill the sun is setting, 1398	Open thou mine eyes.....1314		
My God, how wonderful.....79	O exiled Paradise, O how we! 1190	O perfect law of the Most High! 200		
My God, is any hour so sweet...536	O for a closer walk with God!...581	O sacred Head, once wounded...330		
My God, my Father, while I.....716	O for a faith that will not 677, 1164	O Saviour, may we never rest...642		
My God, my God, to thee.....462	O for a heart to praise my God! 645	O sinner, heed the voice of...397		
My God, my King, thy various...32	O for a thousand tongues, to...114	O sinner, mark thy fate!.....408		
My God, permit me not to.....572	O for that flame of living fire...140	O solemn thought! and can...349		
My gracious Lord, I own.....627	O for that tenderness of heart...448	O sometimes the shadows are 1307		
My head is low, my heart.....579	O for the death of those.....948	O speed thee, Christian, on thy 487		
My heavenly home is bright...297	O for the robes of whiteness...835	O sweetly through the gloomy...994		
My hope is built on nothing...666	Of in danger, oft in woe,.....606	O tell me of heaven, sweet...1008		
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