

Advent · Christian · Hymnal



J. W. T. MERRILL,

NO. SUTTON, - N. H.

SCC
2167

THE
ADVENT CHRISTIAN HYMNAL

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP

SEVENTH EDITION



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PREFACE.

The Lord through the Psalmist exhorts those who would worship him, to "enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." One of the means for carrying out this exhortation is by the use of hymns designed to implant gratitude and spiritual devotion in the minds and hearts of the people.

In the preparation of the Advent Christian Hymnal the Committee have had the above purpose in view. Nearly all the hymn books of the various denominations have been placed under contribution, and a careful selection made therefrom. We would here gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the publishers and authors, who have so generally granted us permission to use their copyright hymns and tunes.

Among other especially noteworthy features in this Hymnal, we call particular attention to the following:

The very clear and legible size of the type in both the words and music.

The general freedom of the pages from being overcrowded.

The classification of hymns to cover a vast variety of subjects, some of them not being found in any other hymn book.

The metrical arrangement of the tunes.

The selection of a large number of old standard hymns.

As a Committee we have endeavored conscientiously to carry out the instructions of the Advent Christian Publication Society in preparing a book containing hymns in harmony with our faith as a denomination, and suitable for both public worship and social services.

For lack of space allowed, we were compelled to leave out some hymns which we would otherwise have gladly inserted; but we trust that the many very choice new ones will more than compensate their loss.

Praying for the blessing of the Great Head of the church to rest upon our humble effort, and committing the Hymnal to the charitable judgment of all, especially of those who are "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," we respectfully subscribe ourselves.

N. P. COOK,
G. F. HAINES, } *Committee.*
F. S. STANTON, }

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Advent Christian Hymnal.

1 ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord will come! Let earth re-ceive her King!

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
sing,
sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord will come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Lord shall reign!
Let men their songs employ: [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He'll rule the world with truth and grace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

2

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.

SECOND ADVENT.

3 PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. When first to this pol - lut - ed earth The ho - ly Sav - iour came,

So hum - ble was his place of birth, Few cared to know his name.

- 1** When first to this polluted earth
The holy Saviour came,
So humble was his place of birth,
Few cared to know his name.
- 2** But lo! with clouds he comes again,
The crown upon his brow;
And every eye shall see him then,
And every knee shall bow.
- 3** O blessed hope! O joyful thought!
For those who know his grace,
That when the fight of faith is fought,
They shall behold his face!
- 4** To work and wait, to watch and pray,
With lamps kept burning clear,
Be this our service day by day,
Until the Lord appear.

4

- 1** He comes, the royal Conq'ror comes:
His legions fill the sky;
Angelic trumpets rend the tombs,
And loud proclaim him nigh.
- 2** Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage
Against this sovereign Lord!
What madness urges to engage
The terror of his sword?
- 3** O that they now would seek that face
From which they cannot flee!
And thou, my soul, adore the grace
That sweetly conquered thee!

5

- 1** Our Saviour Christ will quickly come,
As lightning shines on high;
In clouds, with power and glory great,
Be seen by every eye.
- 2** The dead are raised, the living changed;
From every land they come;
And thus triumphant over death,
They now are gathered home.
- 3** O glorious hope! if Jesus be
Our Saviour and our Friend,
For we shall then be with our Lord,
In joys that never end.
- 4** O may we wait, and watch, and pray,
Free from tormenting fear;
Our life be all devotedness,
Till he our Lord appear.

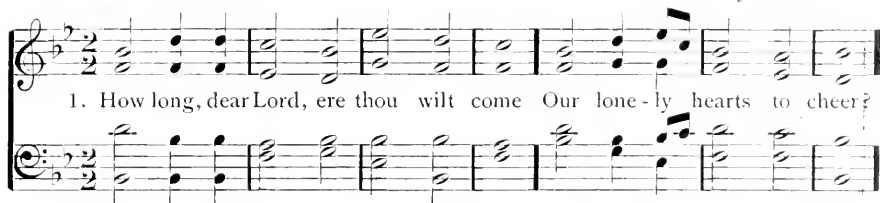
6

- 1** My soul is happy when I hear
The Saviour is so nigh;
I long 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 love the hours that bring
The glory of our song.

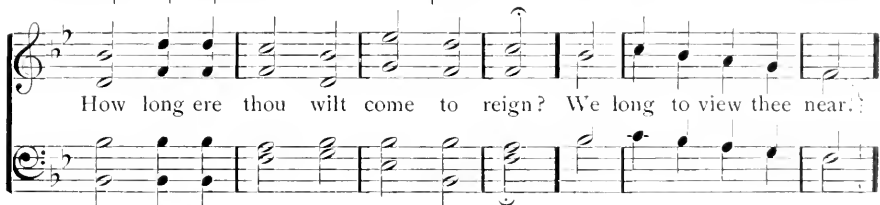
SECOND ADVENT.

7 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

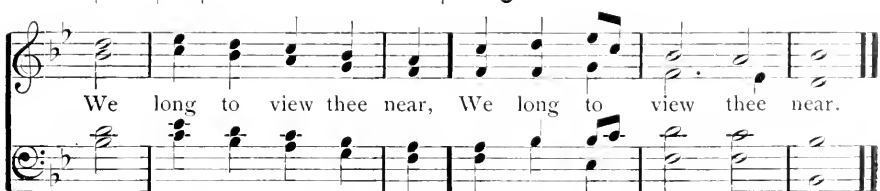
J. RANDALL.



1. How long, dear Lord, ere thou wilt come Our lone-ly hearts to cheer?



How long ere thou wilt come to reign? We long to view thee near.



We long to view thee near, We long to view thee near.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 How long, dear Lord, ere thou wilt come
Our lonely hearts to cheer?
How long ere thou wilt come to reign?
 : We long to view thee near. : </p> <p>2 O come and cheer our sorrowing hearts,
We long thy face to see;
O come and take thy weary bride,
 : To dwell, dear Lord, with thee. : </p> <p>3 We look abroad o'er earth's domain,
We hear thy children cry,—
How long, O Lord, ere thou wilt come,
 : And bring redemption nigh? : </p> <p>4 How long ere grief and pain shall cease,
And tears be wiped away,
And joys untold our hearts shall cheer
 : 'Mid realms of endless day. : </p> <p>8</p> <p>1 Ascend, beloved, to the joy;
The festal day has come;
To-night the Lamb doth feast his own
 : In the great upper room. : </p> <p>2 The festal lamps are lighting now
In the glad marriage hall;
By angel hands the board is spread;
 : The King his own doth call. : </p> | <p>3 Long, long deferred, now come at last
The Lamb's glad wedding day;
The guests are gathering to the feast;
 : How bright the new array! : </p> <p>4 Sorrow and sighing are no more;
The weeping hours are past;
The joy and glory are begun;
 : The crown has come at last. : </p> <p style="text-align: right;">H. BONAR.</p> <p>9</p> <p>1 The Lord our Saviour will appear;
His day is nigh at hand;
The signs bespeak his coming near,
 : And all may understand. : </p> <p>2 Behold, he comes! he comes to reign
On earth with all his saints;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,
 : Will end our long complaints. : </p> <p>3 The prince of darkness he'll destroy;
The hosts of sin o'erthrow;
Satan shall then no more annoy,
 : But Christ shall reign below. : </p> <p>4 Then those who suffer in his name,
And did obey his word,
Shall rise in glory and proclaim
 : The goodness of their Lord. : </p> |
|---|---|

SECOND ADVENT.

10 ALL SAINTS. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. Star of our hope! he'll soon appear, The last loud trumpet speaks him near;

Hail him, all saints, from pole to pole—How welcome to the faith-ful soul!

- 1 Star of our hope! he'll soon appear,
The last loud trumpet speaks him near;
Hail him, all saints, from pole to pole—
How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 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.

11

- 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 may'st be
In that severest Judgment free!
- 3 O Christ! forgive, remit, protect,
And set thy servant with th' elect,
That I may hear the voice that calls
The righteous to thy heavenly halls!

J. M. NEALE.

12

- 1 A little while, and he will come,
Then we shall wander here no more;
He comes to take us to that home
Where all our sorrows will be o'er.
- 2 A little while, he'll come again;
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our greatest 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
Oh! let us in his footsteps haste, [cross?
Counting for him all else as loss.
- 4 A little while—come, Saviour, come!
For thee thy church has waited long;
Take thy poor, wearied people home,
To sing the new, unending song.

13

- 1 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
- 2 Come, quickly come; true Life of all;
The curse of death is on the ground;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
- 3 Come, quickly come; sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall,
With weary watching for the day.

SECOND ADVENT.

14 ANVERN. L. M.

L. MASON.

- 1 The Lord is coming in the clouds,
Is coming with angelic crowds;
A universal shout shall rend
||: The air, and Jesus will descend. :||
- 2 How grand the pomp of his descent!
What glory waits on the event!
The glory that to heaven belongs
||: Is his, and his the angels' songs. :||
- 3 Unlike to those who nothing see
Beyond the world, those men should be
Who look for Jesus in the air, [there. :||
||: And know that they shall meet him

15

- 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 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. :||
- 4 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. :||

M. A. STEWARD.

16

- 1 O Jesus, Lord! when shall we see
And cast our longing eyes on thee;
On thee, our light, our life, our love,
||: Our all below, our heaven above? :||
- 2 O happy day! when we no more
Shall grieve him whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall cease,
||: And all our trials end in peace. :||
- 3 Come, Saviour, come! O quickly come,
Take us, thy waiting people, home;
We long to stand around thy throne,
||: To love and serve thee, Lord, alone. :||

17

- 1 He comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll:
||: How welcome to the faithful soul! :||
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned,
Girt with omnipotence and grace!
||: And glory decks the Saviour's face. :||
- 3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdom for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
||: And hail him their triumphant Lord. :||
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
||: Forever and forever reigns. :||

C. WESLEY.

SECOND ADVENT.

18 MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes, For thine ex - pect - ed com - ing waits ;

When will the promised light a - rise, And glo - ry beam on Zi - on's gates?

- 1 Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits ;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?
- 2 O come and reign o'er every land,
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.
- 3 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour ;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

W. H. BATHRUST.

19

- 1 Lo, He, on whom all power is laid,
Who sits at God's right hand on high,
To judge the living and the dead,
In fire and tempest draweth nigh.
- 2 Awake, thou careless world, awake ;
Sinners, behold his countenance
In beauty terrible, and quake
Condemn'd beneath his piercing glance.
- 3 But ye, O faithful souls, shall see
That morning rise in love and joy ;
Your Saviour comes to set you free,
Your Judge shall all your bonds destroy.
- 4 His people, with a mighty hand,
He, from earth's conflict, then shall
Into their promised fatherland, [bring
Where songs of victory they shall sing.

- 5 Arise, and let us haste to meet
The Bridegroom standing at the door,
That we may worship at his feet
With holy angels evermore.

J. RIST.

20

- 1 The Lord is coming! let this be
The herald note of jubilee ;
And when we meet, and when we part,
The salutation from the heart.
- 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! watch and pray!
Watch ye, and haste unto the day ;
So shalt thou then escape the snare,
And Christ's eternal glory share.

21

- 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 [won.
Which Christ our glorious King hath
- 3 Ten thousand thousands then shall raise
Their joyful notes, and sing this strain:
Awake the song of grateful praise
Unto the Lamb who once was slain.

SECOND ADVENT.

22 BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. In ex - pec - ta - tion sweet, We'll wait, and sing, and pray,

Till Christ's tri-umph - al car we meet, And see an end - less day.

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 Conq'r comes ;
Death falls beneath his sword ;
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord !

3 The trumpet sounds!—"Awake,
Ye dead! to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

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.

5 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day ;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.
J. SWAIN.

3 Watch!—'tis the Lord's command ;
And while we speak he's near :
Mark every 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.

P. DODDRIDGE.

24

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not :
Bring the long-looked-for day ;
Oh! why these years of waiting here?
Oh! why this long delay?

2 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out by these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

3 Is not the field now ripe?
Come, with thy sickle, then,
Reap the great harvest of the earth,
Come, gather in the grain.

4 Come, and make all things new.
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

H. BONAR.

23

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait ;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

SECOND ADVENT.

25 DURBIN. Ss, 7s & 7s. D.

1. { Hark, ten thousand thousand voices Sing the song of Ju - bi - lee ; }
 { Earth thro' all her tribes re - joic - es, Broke her long cap - tiv - i - ty. }

Hail, Mes - si - ah! great De - liv - erer, Hail, Mes - si - ah! praise to

thee! Hail, Mes - si - ah! great De - liv - erer, Hail, Mes - si - ah! praise to thee!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Hark, ten thousand thousand voices
 Sing the song of Jubilee :
 Earth through all her tribes rejoices,
 Broke her long captivity.
 : Hail, Messiah! great Deliverer,
 Hail, Messiah! praise to thee! : </p> <p>2 Now the theme, in pealing thunders.
 Through the universe is rung ;
 Now, in gentler tones, the wonders
 Of redeeming grace are sung.
 : Wilder now, and louder rising,
 Swells and soars th' enraptured strains. : </p> <p>3 While they sweep the golden lyre,
 More enchanting notes arise.
 Till each anthem, wafted higher,
 Joins the chorus of the skies.
 : Earth's unnumbered tongues comprising,
 Sound the Conqueror's praise again. : </p> | <p>4 Oh, the rapturous, blissful story,
 Spoken to Immanuel's praise :
 And the strains so full of glory,
 That immortal voices raise!
 : Now a sea of bliss unbounded
 Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole. : </p> <p>5 While our crowns of glory casting
 At his feet, in rapture lost,
 We, in anthems everlasting,
 Mingle with th' angelic host ;
 : Jesus reigns! the shout is sounded,
 And its joyous echoes roll. : </p> <p>6 Yes, he reigns ; the great Messiah,
 In majestic glory crowned ;
 Israel's hope and earth's desire,
 Now triumphant and renowned.
 : Hail, Messiah! reign forever!
 Hail, Immanuel! Lord of all! : </p> |
|--|--|

T. KELLY.

SECOND ADVENT.

26 THE COMING KING. 8s, 7s & 4s.

M. GRANT.

1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion Bid her groans and trav - ail cease ;

Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re - store, and faith in - crease ;

Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail 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!

J. R. MACDUFF.

27

- 1 Lo, the day of Christ's appearing,
Day of life, and day of light,
Day when death itself shall perish,
Day which ne'er shall set in night.
||: Hallelujah! :||
Day which ne'er shall set in night.
- 2 Speedily that day is coming,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.
||: Hallelujah! :||
And the patient reign most blest.
- 3 See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long ;
Song implored, at length he hasteth :
Cometh with salvation strong.
||: Hallelujah! :||
Cometh with salvation strong.

SECOND ADVENT.

28 SEE THAT PILGRIM. Ss & 7s.

Arranged.

1. See that pil-grim—low-ly bending; Hear his prayer to heav'n as-cend-ing;
 Praise and sighs to - geth - er blending From his lips in mourn-ful strain:
 Glow-ing with sin - cere con-tri-tion, And with child-like, blest sub-mis-sion,
 Ev - er ris - eth this pe - ti - tion—“Je-sus, come! oh, come to reign!”

1 See that pilgrim—lowly bending;
 Hear his prayer to heav'n ascending;
 Praise and sighs together blending
 From his lips in mournful strain:
 Glowing with sincere contrition,
 And with child-like, blest submission,
 Ever riseth this petition—
 “Jesus, come! oh, come to reign!”

2 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.”

29

1 Lord, we see the day approaching
 When thou wilt again appear;
 Sinners still, thy garments touching,
 Stay thee in thy coming here.
 Hid in heaven is all our treasure,
 Patience now becomes thy saints;
 Lord, we wait thy gracious pleasure,
 Faith should silence all complaints.

2 Coming judgments round us darken,
 Human hearts may fail or fear;
 But to thee alone we hearken,
 “Your redemption draweth near.”
 Make each waiting child obedient,
 Stay our anxious hearts on this:
 If thy going were “expedient,”
 Surely thy return is bliss.

SECOND ADVENT.

30 MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Son of God, thy peo-ple's shield, Must we still thine ab - sence mourn? }
 { Let thy prom-ise be ful - filled; Thou hast said, "I will re - turn." }
D.C. Then will cease the con-stant tear, Hope be turned to joy - ful sight.

D.C.
 Gra-cious Mas-ter, soon ap - pear; Quick-ly bring thy morning light;

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 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 thy sheep shall feed in peace;
 Hush forever trouble's sigh,
 Sin and sorrow's triumphs cease.

31

1 Darkness overspreads us here,
 But the night wears fast away;
 Jacob's star will soon appear,
 Harbinger of endless day;
 Now 't is time to rouse from sleep,
 Trim our lamps, and stand prepared,
 For our Lord strict watch to keep,
 Lest he find us off our guard.

2 Though already saved by grace
 From the hour we first believed,
 Yet, while sin and war have place,
 We are but in part relieved;

Still we for redemption wait,
 Christ will give it when he comes;
 He will break the prison-gate,
 And admit us to our homes.

ANON.

32

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 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!

SECOND ADVENT.

33 NUREMBURG. 7^s.

J. R. AHLE.

1. { "Come, Lord Je-sus!" pil-grim, pray, In-cense of-fer day by day; }
 { May the Lord in-spire this prayer In his mem-bers every-where:— }

"Come and gath-er all thine own: Come and take thy prom-ised throne."

1 "Come, Lord Jesus!" pilgrim, pray,
 Incense offer day by day;
 May the Lord inspire this prayer
 In his members everywhere:—
 "Come and gather all thine own;
 Come and take thy promised throne."

2 With desire our spirits burn
 For thy glorious return.
 As we know when summer's near,

So we know when thou'lt appear.
 Come and gather all thine own
 Come and take thy glorious throne.

3 Hear Creation's pleading groan—
 Earth's sin-stricken ceaseless moan.
 O, thou ever blessed King
 Thou alone canst healing bring.
 Haste, Beloved! come again,
 Come in righteousness to reign.

E. C. PEARSON.

34 OMEGA.

Arr. by F. A. BLACKMER.

1. { The day of our God in its gran-deur is com-ing,
 { Earth's vint-age all ri-pen'd, the reap-ers de-scend-ing,
 CHO.—O, Sav-iour, Re-deem-er, ride on in thy pow-er,

Time's rec-ord is clos-ing, the judg-ment is near: . . . }
 Will reap the dread har-vest—Death's sic-kle they bear. . . }
 De-scend in thy glo-ry, and reign on thy throne.

FINE.

SECOND ADVENT.

OMEGA.—Concluded.

The Sav-iour de-scend-ing will come with all pow-er, The

trump of Je-ho-vah will sound thro' the air; And ter-ri-fied millions will

wail in their anguish, Their hearts fail with terror, and sink in de-spair.

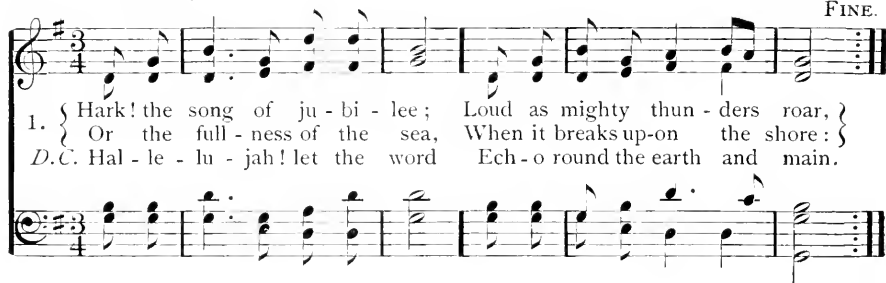
- 1 The day of our God in its grandeur is coming,
 Time's record is closing, the judgment is near;
 Earth's vintage all ripened, the reapers descending,
 Will reap the dread harvest—Death's sickle they bear.
 The Saviour descending will come with all power,
 The trump of Jehovah will sound through the air;
 And terrified millions will wail in their anguish,
 Their hearts fail with terror, and sink in despair.
- 2 Creation is groaning, and travails with danger,
 The "wise" see its peril, and look for the end;
 The bride is in exile, a pilgrim and stranger,
 Expecting the Bridegroom will soon her defend.
 She longs to lay by her sad garments of mourning,
 And put on the robe which her Lover will bring;
 To strike the key-note of the loud, choral anthem
 At the coronation of Jesus, her King.
- 3 Our Father in heaven, we pray for the kingdom
 Appointed to Jesus, our Saviour and Lord;
 Where all thy redeemed ones will eat at his table,
 And dwell in his presence, their glorious reward.
 Then come, O thou Blessed! with that shining city,
 Whose walls are of jasper, whose streets are of gold;
 O, come with the mansion, for us, thou didst promise—
 We're watching and longing thy face to behold!

A. A. HOYT.

SECOND ADVENT.

35 ELTHAM. 7s.

L. MASON.
FINE.



1. { Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee; Loud as mighty 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.



Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
D.C.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee :
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banner furled, [done,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end ;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

J. MONTGOMERY.

36

1 Ye whose harps, untuned so long,
Have by Babel's waters hung,
Wake aloud the joyful song,
Join the chorus every tongue :

Jesus comes to break the chain,
Lord of living and of dead ;
Christ the Conqueror comes to reign,
He shall bruise the serpent's head.

2 Captives long by Satan bound,
Rise and cast your bonds away.
See the King with glory crowned,
Ushers in redemption's day.
He can burst your galling chains,
He can set each captive free ;
He can cleanse sin's foulest stains ;
He can give you liberty.

37

1 Come, Desire of nations, come !
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
Hear the Spirit and the bride,
Come and take us to thy side.
Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward :
Then with all thy saints descend ;
Then our earthly trials end.

2 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here,
Glorious in thy saints appear :
Speak the sacred number sealed,
Speak the mystery revealed.
Take to thee thy royal power.
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;
Reign, when death no more shall be,
Reign to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

SECOND ADVENT.

38

ADVENT CALL. 7s & 6s.

A. T. GORHAM.

Lively.

1. Rejoice, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights appear; The evening is ad-
vancing, The midnight now is near. The Bridegroom is a-ris-ing, And soon he
draweth nigh, Up, up, and watch and wres-tle, At midnight comes the cry.

1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
The midnight now is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh,
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain,
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever,
When sorrow is no more.
Upon the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold
In triumph cast before him,
Your diadems of gold!

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With heart and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see,
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!

Gen., L. LAURENTI.

39

1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there:
Reward of grace how wondrous!
Short toil—eternal rest!
O, miracle of mercy,
That rebels should be blest!

2 I know not, O, I know not
What social joys are there,
What pure, unfading glory,
What light beyond compare.
O garden free from sorrow!
O plains that fear no strife!
Dear Saviour, come in glory,
Give us eternal life.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

SECOND ADVENT.

40 MILLENNIAL DAWN. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

1. How long, O Lord, our Saviour, Wilt thou re-main a-way? Our hearts are growing

wea - ry Of thy so long de - lay; O, when shall come the mo-ment When

bright-er far than morn, The sunshine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy peo-ple dawn?

1 How long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay;
O, when shall come the moment
When brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?

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 How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom!
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay!
The very bride her portion
And calling hath forgot.
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O, wake thy slumb'ring virgins!
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all thy saints repeat it,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

J. G. DECK.

41

1 O when shall I see Jesus,
And in his presence dwell;
Possess that rest eternal,
Where songs triumphant swell?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessed Saviour,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
His smiling face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The host celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King.

SECOND ADVENT.

42 CONTRAST. 8s. D.

L. 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 mountain of God? FINE.

I languish, and sigh to be there, Where Je-sus hath fixed his a-bode. *D.S.*

1 I long to behold him arrayed
 With glory and light from above ;
 The King in his beauty displayed,
 His beauty of holiest love :
 I languish, and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed his abode ;
 O, when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God ?

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.

4 Away with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home ;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come :
 No need of the sun in that day
 Which never is followed by night,
 Where Jesus' beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light.

C. WESLEY.

43

1 The church in her militant state
 Is weary, and cannot forbear :
 The saints with desire still wait
 To see him again in the air.
 The Spirit invites, in the bride,
 Her heavenly Lord to descend ;
 And place her, enthroned at his side,
 In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
 And gladly I join in the cry ;
 O Jesus, in triumph appear !
 Appear in the clouds of the sky.
 Come, Lord, to the bride of thy love,
 In fullness of majesty come :
 And bring me the mansion above :
 Prepared for my heavenly home.

C. WESLEY.

SECOND ADVENT.

44 HINTON. 118.

Arranged.

1. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand:
 Al - read - y the dawn may be seen in the sky;
 Re - joice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own com - mand;
 Re - joice, for the com - ing of Je - sus draws nigh.

- 1 The night is far spent, and the day is at hand:
 Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
 Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command:
 Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.
- 2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears!
 How welcome to those who have shared in his cross!
 A crown incorruptible then will be theirs.
 A rich compensation for suffering and loss.
- 3 What is loss in this world when compared with that day,
 To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed?
 "The Saviour is coming," his people may say;
 "The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."
- 4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
 Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
 Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame;
 So much to be loved, and so little to love.

SECOND ADVENT.

45 ZION. Ss, 7s, & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. { Lo, he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain! }
 { Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train. } Hal-le-lu-jah!

Je-sus comes on earth to reign! Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus comes on earth to reign!

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain!
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 ||: Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes on earth to reign! :||

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nailed him to the tree,
 ||: Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see. :||

3 Now redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear,
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Rise to meet him in the air:
 ||: Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appears! :||

4 Yea, amen: let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Make thy righteous sentence known,
 ||: O, come quickly!
 Claim the kingdom for thine own! :||
 C. WESLEY.

46

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking,
 Comes the reddening dawn of day:
 Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
 Rise, and sing and watch and pray:
 ||: 'T is thy 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 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! :||
 J. S. B. MONSELL.

47

1 Lo, he cometh: countless trumpets
 Wake to life the slumbering dead;
 'Mid ten thousand saints and 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 joyful sentence hear:
 ||: Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine. :||

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, welcome to my rest. :||
 J. CENNICK.

SECOND ADVENT.

48 SONNET. Ss & 4s.

F. S. STANTON.

1. When shall the saints for-ev-er rest With all the ransom'd and the blest?

When will their journeyings all be o'er? When will they meet to part no more?

When shall their toils and tri-als cease? When shall they rest and be at peace?

When Je - sus comes, When Je - sus comes.

1 When shall the saints forever rest
With all the ransomed and the blest?
When will their journeyings all be o'er?
When will they meet to part no more?
When shall their toils and trials cease?
When shall they rest and be at peace?
||: When Jesus comes. :||

2 When shall the pilgrim's longing sight
Be gladdened by the glorious light,
That shall be shed in golden flood
Upon the paradise of God,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come,
But where the blest shall find a home?
||: When Jesus comes. :||

3 When shall this war and strife be done?
When shall the hard-fought fight be won?
When shall the ransom'd victors be
Enrob'd in immortality?
When shall the bonds of death be riven?
When shall the crown of life be given?
||: When Jesus comes. :||

4 Then, while as pilgrims here we roam,
We'll cry, Lord Jesus, hopely come—
Come, end our faith, our hopes, our fears,
Our griefs and sorrows, sighs and tears,
Restore the kingdom, wear the crown,
O rend the heavens! appear, come down!
||: Lord Jesus, come! :||

SECOND ADVENT.

49 KEDRON. 118.

Arranged.

1. The Bridegroom is com-ing, O hark, hear the cry! He's com-ing in

glo-ry—his king-dom is nigh; And myr-iads of an-gels a-

wait his com-mand, To gath-er the faith-ful from ev-er-y land.

1 The Bridegroom is coming, O hark, hear the cry!
He's coming in glory—his kingdom is nigh;
And myriads of angels await his command.
To gather the faithful from every land.

2 The storm-cloud of vengeance is gathering fast,
The harvest is ripening and soon will be past;
The last final struggle of earth has begun,
Soon all will be ended, and strife will be done.

3 Then gird on thine armor, O Christian, with care;
The time of great peril prevails everywhere;

Be watchful, be prayerful, forgiving and kind,
The enemy watches each unguarded mind.

4 O hail the glad morning when Jesus shall reign!
No more of our loved ones by death will be slain;
He'll wake all his people who sleep in the tomb,
And make them immortal, forever to bloom.

5 The earth robed in beauty will soon be our home—
The pure golden city with high tower'd dome;
The songs of the ransom'd will roll o'er the plain,
In glory unending with Jesus we'll reign!

SECOND ADVENT.

50

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. 118 & 128.

Arranged.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. The King in his beau - ty, by an - gels at - tend - ed, Soon tread - ing the
 path - way of heav - en shall say, "The con - flict is o - ver, the
 war - fare is end - ed, A - rise, my be - lov - ed, from
 earth come a - way. A - rise, my be - lov - ed, from earth come a - way."

- 1 The King in his beauty, by angels attended,
 Soon treading the pathway of heaven shall say,
 "The conflict is over, the warfare is ended,
 ||: Arise, my beloved, from earth come away. :||
- 2 The graves are seen bursting, the dark caverns open,
 The rocks and the mountains down by him are thrown,
 The captives are rescued, death's chains, they are broken,
 ||: While saints of all ages arise from the tomb. :||
- 3 The toil-worn and weary, who long have been waiting
 The coming of Christ to receive their reward,
 Rejoicing and shouting, while nature is shaking,
 ||: Together mount up at the voice of the Lord. :||

SECOND ADVENT.

51 ADVENT. C. M.

J. B. CALKINS.

1. Je - sus, our hope, our life, our heaven, The lingering times have flown ;

To thee the king-dom now is given ; Re-turn and claim thine own.

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.

52

1 'T is he : the mighty Saviour comes,
The victory now is won ;
And lo, the throne of David waits
For David's royal Son !

2 Thou blessed Heir of all the earth,
Ascend thine ancient throne,
And bid the willing nations now
Thy peaceful sceptre own.

3 Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord,
That man at length may see
That joy, so long estranged from earth,
Can only spring from thee.

4 O happy day ! 't is come at last,
The reign of death is o'er ;
And sin that marred our sweetest joys
Shall grieve our hearts no more.

5 Fruit of thy toil, thou bleeding Lamb,
These joys we owe to thee ;
Then take the glory, Lord, 't is thine,
And shall forever be.

53

1 Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for One that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see ! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near ;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes—for, O, his yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his bride away.

5 Then weep no more : 't is all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine ;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine !

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

SECOND ADVENT.

54 THE PORTER.

Arr. by A. Ross.

1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will rise and bid me come
 2. Many a wea-ry path I've trav-elled In the dark-ness, storm and strife,
 3. Ma-n-y friends, who travelled with me, Reach'd the val - ley long a - go ;
 4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was shorter, And their jour-ney soon - er done ;
 5. I shall soon be there and with him, I shall join the glo-ri-ous throng,

To the glo - ry of his pres-ence, To the glad-ness of his home.
 Bear - ing many a heav - y bur - den, Oft - en struggling for my life.
 One by one they left me bat-tling With the dark and craft - y foe.
 O, how lov - ing - ly they'll greet me, When the bat - tle shall be won.
 There to min - gle in his wor-ship, And helpswell the might-y song.

REFRAIN.

I am watch - - - - ing at the por - tal, I am
 I am watch-ing, I am watch-ing, I am

wait - - - - - ing at the door, On - ly wait - - - -
 wait-ing, I am wait - ing, wait-ing, on - ly

ing for his com-ing, My Re - deem - - - er gone be - fore.
 wait - ing My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er

SECOND ADVENT.

55 THE GLORIOUS COMING.

F. S. STANTON.

Slow.

1. Our Sav - iour shall descend a - gain, Earth's bur - ied mill - ions rais - ing ;
 2. What tho' these bod - ies lie in dust, Be - fore that glad ap - pear - ing ?
 3. What tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower, And a - ges pass in sad - ness ?
 4. Then safe at last, the bless - ed throng, Set free from trib - u - la - tion.

With him shall come a glo - rious train, A - dor - ing him and prais - ing.
 Yet shall they stand a - mong the just, Our Sav - iour's im - age wear - ing.
 Their dark - est hour shall swell the power And glo - ry of that glad - ness.
 For - ev - er praise in ho - ly song The God of their sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

ff Raise high the song that loud and long Be - fore him ceas - eth nev - er,

mf Till, cast - ing down their gold - en crowns, All wor - ship him for - ev - er.

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SECOND ADVENT.

56

HE'S COMING.

Arr. by G. E. LEE.

1. How sweet are the tid - ings that greet the pil - grim's ear,
 2. The moss - y old graves where the pil - grims sleep,
 3. There we'll meet ne'er to part in our hap - py E - den home,
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men! Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain!

As he wan - ders in ex - ile from home ; Soon, soon will the
 Shall be o - pened as wide as be - fore, And the mil - lions that
 Sweet songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing ; From the North, from the
 Soon, if faith - ful, we all shall be there ; O, be watch - ful, be

Sav - iour in glo - ry ap - pear, And soon will the king - dom come.
 sleep in the might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more.
 South, all the ransomed shall come, And worship our heav'nly King.
 hope - ful, be joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry we'll wear.

CHORUS.

He's coming, com - ing, coming soon I know ! Coming back to this earth a - gain ;

And the wea - ry pil - grims will to glo - ry go, When the Sav - iour comes to reign.

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SECOND ADVENT.

57 THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Arranged.

1. { Praise God, the time is com - ing, When Je - sus Christ shall reign ;
He'll come to meet his peo - ple, Who've wait - ed long for him :

When from the realms of glo - ry He will re - turn a - gain ; }
O ! how those eyes will brighten That with watching have grown dim ! }

CHORUS.

Yes, in clouds of daz-zling splen-dor He's com - ing by and by ;

O ! be read - y, friends, to meet him ! For the time is draw-ing nigh.

1 Praise God, the time is coming,
When Jesus Christ shall reign ;
When from the realms of glory
He will return again :
He'll come to meet his people,
Who've waited long for him :
O ! how those eyes will brighten
That with watching have grown dim !
—CHO.

2 How blest to be with Jesus,
That holy Son of God,
And walk with him those golden streets
No sinful feet have trod :

We then shall be immortal
And clothed in purest white,
And wear a crown of glory,
Ever beautiful and bright.—CHO.

3 And then with saints and angels,
Through an eternal day,
We will praise our blessed Saviour
And his loving voice obey ;
There we shall roam forever,
With loved ones by our side,
And Jesus will go with us,
And be our constant guide.—CHO.

ANON.

SECOND ADVENT.

58 GOOD NEWS.
Moderato.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Good news, good news, I hear; 'Tis sounding far and wide. The Lord will soon ap-
 2. The joy - ful news I love, That Je - sus soon will come In glo - ry from a -
 3. Dear Je - sus, come a - gain, We'll gladly wel - come thee, O, come on earth to

pear, To take his lov - ing Bride. She's wait - ed long to see The
 bove, To take his peo - ple home. Then all our grief will cease, And
 reign, And set death's captives free. Till then di - rect our way; With

hap - py morning dawn, When death no more will be, And sin for - ev - er gone.
 partings be no more; We'll greet our friends in peace, On Canaan's happy shore.
 thee we would a - gree; For this we humbly pray, Come bring the ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Re - joyce, . . . re - joyce, . . . Good news, good news I hear; . . .
 Re - joyce, re - joyce, re - joyce, re - joyce, I hear;

Re - joyce, . . . re - joyce, . . . Good news, good news I hear.
 Re - joyce, re - joyce, re - joyce, re - joyce,

From "GOLDEN SONGS," Used by permission.

SECOND ADVENT.

59 WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where his people be :
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glorified he who once died for men ;
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both friend and foe,
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dressed—

How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
 Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
 Just what we are will ev - 'ry one know, When the King comes in.
 Ah! well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in, broth - er, When the King comes in!

How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

FROM "SONGS OF GRACE," BY PER.

SECOND ADVENT.

60 THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

G. F. Root.

1. We are watching, we are wait-ing For the bright, pro-phet - ic day ;
 2. We are watching, we are wait-ing For the beau-teous King of day ;
 3. We are watching, we are wait-ing For the time so long fore - told,
 4. We are watching, we are wait-ing For an earth made free from strife,

When the shadows, drear - y shadows, From the world shall roll a - way.
 For the chief-est of ten thousand, For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
 When with saved ones of all a - ges, We shall walk the streets of gold.
 Then, the pow'r of Sa - tan end - ed, We shall have e - ter - nal life.

CHORUS.

We are wait - ing for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawning,

We are wait - ing for the morning, For the gold - en spires of day.

Lo! he comes! see the King draw near; Zi - on, shout, the Lord is here.

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SECOND ADVENT.

61 WAITING FOR THEE.

1. BALTZELL, by per.



1. Sav - iour, we are long-ing, wait - ing, For the com-ing of the day,
2. All our earth-ly name and treas - ure We have left to welcome thee,
3. Lov - ing Sav-iour, come and save us, Save us from our dreadful foe ;
4. Je - sus, come ! O, bring thy glo - ry ! We are looking it to see :



When thou wilt re-turn and bless us, Tak - ing all our pains a - way.
 And to do thy will and pleas - ure, Wait - ing till thy face we see.
 In this des - ert do not leave us— Here we know not where to go.
 We are tell-ing o'er the sto - ry, While we're waiting, Lord, for thee.



CHORUS.



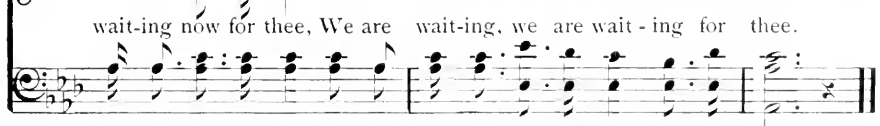
We are wait-ing now, for thee, We are wait-ing now for thee, We are



wait-ing, we are wait-ing for thee ; We are wait-ing now for thee, We are



wait-ing now for thee, We are wait-ing, we are wait - ing for thee.



WORSHIP—GENERAL.

62

PETERBOROUGH, C. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. What shall I ren-der to my God, For all his kind - ness shown?

My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

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

4 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.

S. WESLEY.

63

1 Once more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart:
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

J. HART.

64

1 O God, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly harkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

3 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

H. AUBER.

65

1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast: [heaven,

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

R. HIEBER.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

66 MARLOW. C. M.

J. CHETHAM.

1 Come, happy souls, approach your God,
With new, melodious songs ;
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his only Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revengeful rod ;
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came
And brought salvation down.

67

1 To thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise ;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.

2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds ;
Thy glory knows no end ;
The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.

3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and might,
My constant theme shall be ;
That song shall be my soul's delight
Which breathes in praise to thee.

I. WATTS.

4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move ;
His tender mercies all shall find,
And all his goodness prove.

5 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign ;
And thy dominion, firm and sure,
Forever shall remain.

68

1 Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when, with heart and voice, we
Our grateful hymns to raise, [strive
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review ;
With love divine transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too !

J. D. CARLYLE.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

69 LANESBORO, C. M.

DIXON.

1. Early, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek thy face ; My thirsty spir - it

faints a - way, My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, Without thy cheer - ing grace.

- 1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
||: My thirsty spirit faints away, :||
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
||: Or raise so high my cheerful voice, :||
As thy forgiving love.
- 3 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
||: Thus will I lift my hands to pray, :||
And tune my lips to sing.

70

- 1 Father, to thee my soul I lift ;
My soul on thee depends ;
||: Convinced that every perfect gift :||
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too :
||: Without the Spirit of thy Son :||
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
||: Unless, in answer to our Lord, :||
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
||: In whom we are, and move, and live :||
Our God is all in all.

C. WESLEY.

71

- 1 Be strong, my soul, in God Most High,
And trust his mighty arm ;
||: The hand that holds the starry sky :||
Preserves thee safe from harm.
- 2 He is thy buckler and defence,
Thy rock, thy strength, and tower ;
||: And he will be thy confidence, :||
In each distressing hour.
- 3 Be strong, my soul, in God Most High,
Though helpless, poor, and low ;
||: The gleaming worlds that stud the sky :||
His power and glory show.

72

- 1 Hail, great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise ;
||: Nature, through all her various scenes, :||
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
||: And, while we gaze, our hearts exult :||
With transports ever new.
- 3 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine :
||: The silent grove, the awful shade, :||
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 4 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see,
||: O, may our hearts, great God, be led :||
Through all thy works to thee !

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

73 GRANGER. C. M.

FLORENCE E. TUTTLE.

Maestoso.

1. O, all ye lands, re-joice in God, Sing praises to his name,

Let all the earth with one ac-cord, His wondrous acts pro-claim.

- 1 O, all ye lands, rejoice in God,
Sing praises to his name,
Let all the earth with one accord,
His wondrous acts proclaim.
- 2 And let his faithful servants tell,
How by redeeming love,
They all are saved from death and hell,
To greet him from above.
- 3 O, then rejoice and shout for joy,
Ye ransomed of the Lord,
Be grateful, praise your sweet employ,
He brings you your reward.

74

- 1 The offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.
- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee—
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

BOWRING.

75

- 1 O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here ;
All shall be thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine ;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.
- 3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born ;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 4 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts ;
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity !

BARBAULD.

76

- 1 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
We kneel within thy house of prayer ;
O, give us hearts to pray.
- 2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.
- 3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face ;
O, make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

I. NEWTON.

WORSHIP — GENERAL.

77 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. RANDALL.

1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
||: Thy vast, thy boundless praise. :||

2 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
||: And lull each pain to rest. :||

3 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God ;
My life with all its active powers,
||: Shall spread thy praise abroad. :||

78
1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
||: Upon a throne of love. :||

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
||: Nor double-flaming sword. :||

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
||: And reach th' almighty throne. :||

I. WATTS.

79
1 Begin the high, celestial strain,
My raptured soul, and sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
||: To heaven's almighty King. :||

2 Take up the burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
To deck with gold the opening morn,
||: Or shade the evening skies. :||

3 Long let it warble round the spheres
And echo through the sky ;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
||: Improve the harmony ; :||

4 While we, with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Creator sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
||: To heaven's eternal King. :||

ANON.

80
1 Praise ye the Lord ; on every height
Songs to his glory raise ;
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
||: Join in immortal praise. :||

2 O, fire and vapor, hail and snow,
Ye servants of his will !
O, stormy winds, that only blow,
||: His mandates to fulfill ! :||

3 Judges of nations ; kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high ;
O, youths and virgins of the land !
||: O, age and infancy !— :||

4 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
All homage should be given ;
Whose glory, from th' eternal throne,
||: Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven. :||

WORSHIP — GENERAL.

81 GENEVA. C. M.

J. COLE.

When all thy mercies, O my God,

Transported with

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?—
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 5 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

J. ADDISON.

82

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

- 3 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

I. WATTS.

83

- 1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

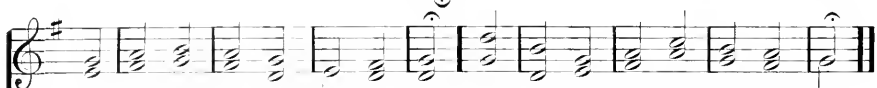
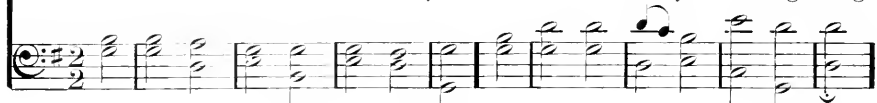
WORSHIP — GENERAL.

84 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

G. FRANC.



1. Ye na - tions round the earth, re - joice Be - fore the Lord, your sov'reign King!



Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ; With all your tongues his glo-ry sing.



- 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King!
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are his work, and not our own—
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

I. WATTS.

85

- 1 Come, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?
- 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,
Almighty power with wisdom shines ;
His works, thro' 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!

T. BLACKLOCK.

86

- 1 With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro' all my soul.
- 3 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

87

- 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 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
Our gracious God, by us confessed ;
May naught in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blessed.
- 4 With thee, and these, forever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

88 CREATION. L. M.

Arr. from HAYDN.

Bold.

I. With glo - - ry clad, with strength ar - - rayed, The

Lord that o'er all na - ture reigns ; The world's foun-da - tion

strong - ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains.

1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns ;
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see ;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

89

1 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

2 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.

3 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung,
To thee at last in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

J. PIERPONT.

90

1 Awake, my tongue ; thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing ;
Praise him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge ! how profound !
A depth where all our tho'ts are drowned !
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold :
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O, what grace !
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace !
Here wisdom shines forever bright ;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

91 WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, grant thy blessing here to-day ; O ! give thy peo- ple joy and peace ;

The to- kens of thy love dis- play, And fa- vor that shall nev- er cease.

- 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 that Jesus brought ;
The path of light we joyful tread ;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their 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.

92

- 1 Millions within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bowed ;
Their faces Zionward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.
- 2 But thou, soul-searching God ! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee ;
And hast accepted those alone,
Who in the Spirit worshiped thee.
- 3 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Of various languages and lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.
- 4 Yet one prayer more ;—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth ac-
cord ;—
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son :
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord !

J. MONTGOMERY.

93

- 1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise,
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise ;
- 2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.
- 3 O, enter, then, his temple gate !
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE & BRADY.

94

- 1 If, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands,
To that blest place let me repair,
That I may learn my duty there.
- 2 If there be still a sacrifice,
That may to God with favor rise,
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.
- 3 Where God would have the offering made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

95 WELLS. L. M.
Slow.

I. HOLDROYD.

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;

Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Thro' ev-ery land, by ev-ery tongue.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

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;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
I. WATTS.

96
1 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
I. WATTS.

97
1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And humbly thy protection claim.

2 Eternal source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie—the love of thee.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

98

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

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 heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.
Shall fill thy courts with sounding

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.

I. WATTS.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

99 CRUCIFIXION. L. M.

1. O thou, whom all thy saints a - dore, We now with all thy saints a - gree,

And bow our in - most souls be - fore Thy glorious, aw - ful Maj - es - ty.

- 1 O thou, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.
- 2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire:
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 4 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

C. WESLEY.

100

- 1 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore.
From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Thro' all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 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.

- 4 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

J. MONTGOMERY.

101

- 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.

W. WRANGHAM.

102

- 1 Eternal God, almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed:
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

BROWNE.

WORSHIP — GENERAL.

103 WARD. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in - vade ;

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

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

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.

I. WATTS.

104

1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live ;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

3 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith ;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

4 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

I. WATTS.

105

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 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.

3 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 !

I. WATTS.

106

1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes
Be everlasting honors done, [know,
By all the church, through Christ,
his Son.

I. WATTS.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

107 BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

L. EDSON.

1. Great God, at - tend while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy
presence springs ; To spend one day with thee on earth To
To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with
spend one day with thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thousand days of mirth.
thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

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 meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
||: Not tents of ease or 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 real good from upright souls.

I. WATTS.

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper 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.

J. PIERPONT.

109

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 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 ;

3 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the Rock of peace ;
The Rock that never shall remove,—
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

108

1 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
||: Whom kings adored in song sublime, :||
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

110 MALVERN. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Awake! our souls, a - way! our fears, Let ev - ery trembling thought be gone ;

Awake! and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

1 Awake! our souls, away! our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake! and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True,—'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds 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.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

I. WATTS.

4 While all his works his name proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
O, let my heart, my life, my tongue
Attend, and join the blissful song.

A. STEELE.

112

1 Praise ye the Lord : my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

111

1 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;
My God demands the grateful song ;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays ;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

113

1 O praise the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely
flows ;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done :
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praises should equal run.

3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford
In just returns of praise employ ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

TATE & BRADY.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

114

WARREN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Je-ho-vah reigns, ex-alt - ed high, O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;

Though clouds and darkness veil his feet, His dwelling is the mer-cy - seat.

- 1 Jehovah reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame ;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of sin defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord ;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

115

- 1 The Lord! how absolute he reigns !
Let every angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss ;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.
- 3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

- 4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

116

- 1 Come, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise :
God is a sovereign King : rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let us turn, with holy fear,
To him who now invites us near ;
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 3 Come, seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promised rest ;
Obey, and be forever blest.

117

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make ;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O! enter, then, his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

W. KETHE.

WORSHIP — GENERAL.

118 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. O ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love ;

Whose mer - cy firm, thro' a - ges past, Hath stood, and shall for - ev - er last.

1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast — but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

TATE & BRADY.

119

1 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.

2 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

3 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

I. WATTS.

120

1 Sing to Jehovah's mighty name ;
Publish abroad his glorious fame ;
Let all the saints, with one accord,
Exalt and magnify the Lord.

2 Praise him in holy strains sublime ;
Employ a melody divine ;
Let thoughts celestial seize the soul,
While music from the tongue shall roll.

3 Now let our animation rise
Like sacred incense to the skies ;
Nor let one passion, base or vile,
The worship of our God defile.

4 So shall our condescending King
Accept the tribute that we bring ;
And pour his plenteous blessings down,
And all our years with favor crown.

5 So shall our tongues be trained in time
To roll the numbers all divine,
When mortal days and years are done,
And the eternal kingdom come.

121

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate : [road
God is their strength ; and, through the
They lean upon their helper, God.

I. WATTS.

WORSHIP — GENERAL.

122 DUNBAR. S. M.

E. W. DUNBAR.

1. Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo-ry sing:

Je-ho-vah is the sov-ereign God, The u-ni-ver-sal King.

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
 - 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
 - 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, 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.
- I. WATTS.

124

- 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.
- T. JERVIS.

123

- 1 Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.
- 2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.
- 3 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

C. WESLEY.

125

- 1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

I. WATTS.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

126 CAPUA. S. M.

J. D. VINTON.

1. Be - hold, what won - drous grace The Fa - ther has be - stowed
 On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!

- 1 Behold, what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we shall be made;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
 Will help us to endure;
 Will purify our souls from sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 4 Father, if in thy love,
 We share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest on every heart.

I. WATTS.

127

- 1 Our Maker and our King!
 To thee our all we owe;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 Whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind!
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 Our hearts to grateful love.
- 3 Lord, what can we impart,
 When all is thine before;
 Thy love demands a thankful heart;
 The gift, alas! how poor!

- 4 O let thy grace inspire
 Our souls with strength divine;
 Let all our powers to thee aspire,
 And all our days be thine.

128

- 1 Is this the kind return?
 Are these the thanks we owe?
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 Turn—turn us, mighty God!
 And mould our souls afresh; [stone,
 Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
 And give us hearts of flesh.
- 3 Let past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes;
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

I. WATTS.

129

- 1 Come to the house of praise!
 Ye who are happy now,
 In sweet accord your voices raise,
 In kindred homage bow.
- 2 Ye aged, hither come!
 For ye have felt his love: [dumb—
 Soon shall your trembling tongues be
 Your lips forget to move.
- 3 Ye young! before his throne,
 Come, bow: your voices raise;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown,
 Who gives the power to praise.

E. TAYLOR.

WORSHIP — GENERAL.

130 SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great,

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.

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 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

I. WATTS.

131

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 gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.

I. WATTS.

132

1 Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;—
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As all the seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

133 HENDON. 7s.

DR. MALAN.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hal-le-lu-jahs rang, When Jehovah's work be-gun, When he spake, and it was done, When he spake, and it was done.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
||: When he spake, and it was done. :||
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when he
||: Captive led captivity. :||
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
||: Songs of praise shall hail their birth. :||
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church is called to raise
||: Psalms and hymns of grateful praise. :||

J. MONTGOMERY.

134

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
||: Triumph in redeeming love. :||
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
||: Praise, and bless redeeming love. :||
- 3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your sinful fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
||: Canceled by redeeming love. :||

M. MADAN.

135

- 1 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky!
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
||: Man, the well-beloved of Heaven. :||
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
||: God of power, and God of love. :||
- 3 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear the world's atonement, thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
||: Take, O take our sins away. :||

C. WESLEY.

136

- 1 Praise the Lord, his glories show
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
||: All that see and share his love. :||
- 2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
||: Praise him, praise him, evermore! :||
- 3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace;
All that he for man hath done,
||: All he sends us through his Son. :||
- 4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
||: Praise him, praise him, evermore! :||

H. F. LYTE.

WORSHIP—GENERAL.

137 MONKLAND. 7s.

J. B. WILKES.

1. Thank and praise Je - ho - vah's name ; For his mer - cies, firm and sure,
From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.

1 Thank and praise Jehovah's name ;
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In his courts on holy days.

4 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.

5 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

J. MONTGOMERY.

138

1 Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined :

2 Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

3 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;

4 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;—

5 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th'accepted offering bring—
Love to thee and all mankind.

J. TAYLOR.

139

1 To thy temple we repair ;
Lord, we love to worship there ;
While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue,
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While thy word is heard 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 ;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

J. MONTGOMERY.

WORSHIP—MORNING.

140 HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

Used by per. of BIGLOW & MAIN Co.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye, To thee lift up mine eye.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
||: To thee lift up mine eye. :||
- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
||: Nor dwell at thy right hand. :||
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
||: And worship in thy fear. :||
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
||: And plain before my face. :||

I. WATTS.

141

- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
||: To him that rules the skies. :||
- 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 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
||: And bring a pleasant night. :||

I. WATTS.

142

- 1 Awake, my soul, to meet the day ;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the heavy chain that binds
||: Thine active faculties. :||
- 2 God's guardian shield was round me
In my defenseless sleep : [spread
Let him have all my waking hours
||: Who doth my slumbers keep. :||
- 3 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Thy radiant beams display ;
And guide my dark, bewildered soul
||: To everlasting day. :||

P. DODDRIDGE.

143

- 1 Again, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn ;
Again my waking eyes unclose
||: To view the smiling morn. :||
- 2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing ;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
||: And watched me while I slept. :||
- 3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord ;
O, teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
||: To guide me through the day. :||
- 4 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant Guardian prove ;
O, sanctify my heart, and fill
||: With thoughts of holy love. :||

WORSHIP—MORNING.

144 AMES. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. My op'ning eyes with rap - ture see The dawn of thy re - turn - ing day ;

My thoughts, O God, as - cend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.

1 My op'ning eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day ;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 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.

3 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.
J. HUTTON.

145

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom has assigned
O, let me cheerfully fulfill !
In all thy works thy presence find,
And prove thine own accepted will.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.
C. WESLEY.

146

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
The daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere ;
Thy conscience as the noontide clear ;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.
T. KEN.

147

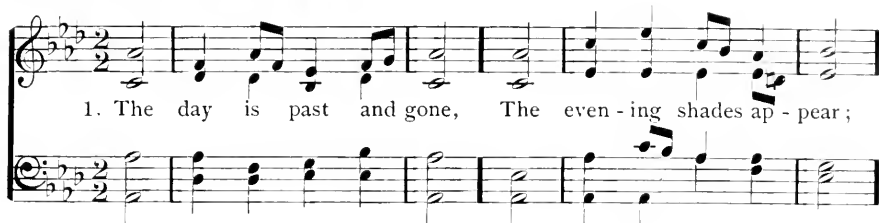
1 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts be borne ;
And may we ever clearly see
Our dearest treasure, Lord, in thee !

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.

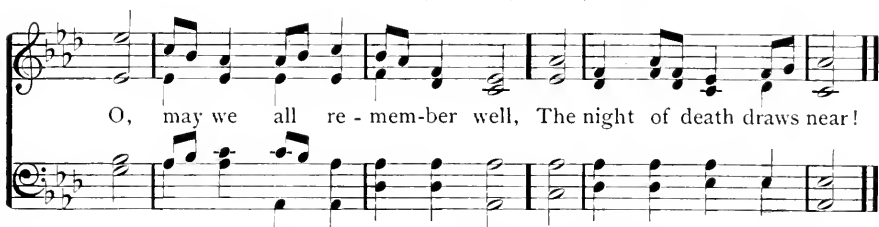
3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify each wayward soul ;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

WORSHIP — EVENING.

148 EVENING HYMN. S. M.



1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear;



O, may we all remember well, The night of death draws near!

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near!
- 2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure and free from fear;
May angels guard us till the light
Of morning shall appear.
- 3 And then when we arise
And view th'unwearing sun,
May we press on to win the prize —
For heavenly glory run.
- 4 And when life's day is past,
And time shall be no more,
O, may we in thy presence rest,
Where night will come no more.

T. LELAND.

149

- 1 The day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!
- 2 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!
- 3 'T is thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy name.

- 4 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. ELLERTON.

150

- 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?

W. J. BLEW.

151

- 1 Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 3 Present we know thou art,
But O thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

WORSHIP—EVENING.

152

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord hath 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.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgivès 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, when the night of death shall come.
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

I. WATTS.

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

A. STEELE.

153

1 Great God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise !

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus ; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

154

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 approach of ill.

T. KEN.

155

1 O Holy Father, 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We lift to thee our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power.

2 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour ;
Night o'er us, with its stars,— we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

3 In grief console, in gladness bless,
In darkness guide, in sickness cheer ;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Before thy throne we shall appear.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

WORSHIP—EVENING.

156 BAVA. L. M.

From the "GERMAN PSALTER."

1. My God, ac-cept my ear-ly vows, Like morning in-cense in thy house ;

And let my night-ly wor-ship rise, Sweet as the evening sac - ri - fice.

1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house ;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their grateful love.

I. WATTS.

157

1 Still evening comes, with gentle shade,
Sweet harbinger of balmy rest
From toilsome hours, and anxious
thoughts,
Revolving in the pensive breast.

2 Refulgent day in darkness sets ;
The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep ;
Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.

3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease ;
The scene obscured inspires my eye,
And darkness marks the loved retreat
Where pleasures live and sorrows die.

4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,
And undisturbed by human voice,
Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
And bids my soul in God rejoice.

158

1 My God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil 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 my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

I. WATTS.

159

1 With heart and voice, O Lord, we raise
To thee a song of grateful praise,
For all the mercies thou hast shown
To us now gathered at thy throne.

2 Accept the sacrifice we bring ;
And may we ever closely cling
To thee, thy word, thy work, thy ways,
Till glory ends our pilgrim days.

3 Then in that world where none shall die,
But live thy name to glorify,
We shall, with all the ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

WORSHIP—LORD'S DAY.

160 MEAR. C. M.

Welsh Air. A. WILLIAMS.

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

With joy the sum - mons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne.

- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own ;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.
- 3 Spirit of grace ! O deign to dwell
Within thy church below ;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

H. AUER.

161

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
But in the kingdom, when he reigns
He shall have nobler praise.

I. WATTS.

162

- 1 And now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's ;
This day he rose, who bore our sins—
For so his word records.
- 2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing !—
Their voices fill the sky ;
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.
- 3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise ;
May we their rapture feel ;
Our thankful songs with their's we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.
- 4 Come, then, ye saints ! and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord—
Of Christ, the everlasting King—
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

T. KELLY.

163

- 1 Spirit of truth ! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame.
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.
- 3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

R. HEBER.

WORSHIP—LORD'S DAY.

164 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.</p> <p>2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast :
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !</p> <p>3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !</p> <p>4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.</p> <p>5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.</p> | <p>3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.</p> <p>4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new :
With praise, we think on mercies past ;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.</p> <p>5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !</p> |
|---|---|

J. STENNETT.

165

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows !

I. WATTS.

166

1 Again the Lord's own day is here,
The day to Christian people dear,
As, week by week, it bids them tell
How Jesus rose from death and hell.

2 For by his flock their Lord declared
His resurrection should be shared ;
And they who trust in him to save,
Shall triumph with him o'er the grave.

3 We, one and all, of him possessed
Are with exceeding treasures blest ;
Though absent yet his grace we share ;
Our every need is yet his care.

4 And therefore unto thee we sing,
O Lord of Peace, Eternal King :
Thy love we praise, thy name adore,
Both on this day and evermore.

WORSHIP—LORD'S DAY.

1. { Safe-ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ; }
 { Let us now a blessing seek, (Omit.) }

Wait - ing in his courts to - day : { Day of all the week the best,
 { Day of all the week the best,

Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest. }
 (Omit.) Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

- 1 Safely through another week,
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day :
 ||: Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest. :||
- 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 house appear ;
 ||: Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast. :||

J. NEWTON.

168

- 1 Closing Sabbath! Ah, how soon
 Have thy sacred moments passed :
 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, [sod?
 Thoughts which cling to earth's low
 ||: Or has sweet communion shone
 Through its hours from God alone? :||
- 3 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. :||

GOD—CREATOR.

169

HERMON. C. M.

L. MASON.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the first line of lyrics, and the second system contains the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

1. Re-joyce, ye righteous, in the Lord ; This work be - longs to you :

Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How ho - ly, just and true !

1 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true !

2 By his creative word of might,
The heavenly arch was reared,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.

3 He bade the mighty waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The swelling seas their limits know,
And their own stations keep.

4 His works of nature and of grace,
Reveal his wondrous name ;
His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heaven and earth proclaim.

I. WATTS.

4 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.

I. WATTS.

171

1 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in a book, to show
How God himself is found.

2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.

3 Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

J. KEBLE.

170

1 I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

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.

172

1 Great God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we,
Let all the 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 ;
Great God, there's nothing new.

I. WATTS.

GOD—CREATOR.

173 YOAKLEY. L. P. M.

W. YOAKLEY.



1. { Our God is good, and he is great ; A-round his throne the an-gels wait ; }
 { He made the sun, with beams so bright, He made the moon which shines by night, }



The glittering skies, that look so fair, With ev - ery star that sparkles there.



1 Our God is good, and he is great ;
 Around his throne the angels wait ;
 He made the sun, with beams so bright,
 He made the moon which shines by night,
 The glittering skies, that look so fair,
 With every star that sparkles there.

2 The mountains and the rocks he made,
 And all the hills in order laid ;
 He poured the water in the seas,
 He made the grass, the herbs, the trees,
 The valleys and the fields so fair,
 And every flower that blossoms there.

3 The lion and the tiger bold,
 The sheep and cattle of the fold,
 The little birds that sweetly sing,
 The insect with its beauteous wing,
 The fishes,—all we see that's fair
 Or good,—he made, and placed them
 there.

2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
 Well known the language of their song,
 When, one by one, the stars appear,
 Led by the silent moon along ;
 Till round the earth, from all the sky
 Thy beauty beams on every eye.

3 Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
 Comes like a bridegroom from his
 And, like a giant, glad to run [bower,
 His bright career with speed and power :
 Thy flaming messenger, to dart
 Life through the depth of nature's heart.

J. MONTGOMERY.

175

1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee ;
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
 plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

MOORE.

174

1 Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare ;
 The firmament displays thy skill ;
 The changing clouds, the viewless air,
 Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil ;
 Day unto day doth utter speech,
 And night to night thy knowledge teach.

GOD—PROVIDENCE.

176 ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on 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 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

W. COWPER.

- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ; [shines,
Through the whole earth his bounty
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 soul he loves.

I. WATTS.

178

- 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.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name ;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

HERVEY.

177

- 1 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In psalms of glory sing.

GOD—PROVIDENCE.

179 AMES. L. M.

S. NEUKOMM.

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

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied scenes my soul hath
Or turned aside the fatal hour, [led,
Or lifted up my sinking head.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.
C. WESLEY.</p> | <p>3 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort
The sons of Adam, in distress, [spring !
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.</p> <p>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.
I. WATTS.</p> |
|--|--|

181

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.</p> <p>2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise as the wonders of thy hands
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.
R. PALMER.</p> |
|--|--|

GOD—PROVIDENCE.

182 LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. My Ma-ker and my King! To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

- 1 My Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
- 4 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

A. STEELE.

183

- 1 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!
- 3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

184

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."
- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide 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,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

P. DODDRIDGE.

185

- 1 Lord, I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 3 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

J. RYLAND.

GOD—PROVIDENCE.

186

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

J. DAVE.

1. My Father!—cheer-ing name! O, may I call thee mine?

Give me the hum-ble hope to claim A por-tion so di-vine.

1 My Father!—cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

4 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

A. STEELE.

187

1 Thy way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight:
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

5 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

J. FAWCETT.

188

1 Thou, the eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought;
And worthy to be feared, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought.

2 None can with thee compare;
Thy glory fills the sky;
And all created beings are
As nothing in thine eye.

3 Of thine unbounded power
To thee the praise we give;
Omnipotently great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive.

4 Whene'er thou wilt proceed,
Thy work can none withstand,
Or frustrate thy determined deed,
Or stay th' Almighty's hand.

5 Thou, Lord, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Most wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable.

GOD — PROVIDENCE.

189

BARNES. 7s. D.

F. D. BARNES.

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1. When dark clouds the stars obscure, And no light shines thro' the sky, Comes this

prom - ise sweet and sure: "I will guide thee with mine eye."

Guide thee thro' the darkest night, Bid the threat'ning shadows fly,
Guide thee thro' the dark - est night,

Safe in - to the blessed light, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Safe in - to the bless - ed light,

1 When dark clouds the stars obscure,
And no light shines through the sky,
Comes this promise sweet and sure:
"I will guide thee with mine eye."
Guide thee through the darkest night,
Bid the threat'ning shadows fly;
Safe into the blessed light,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

2 When around my storm-tossed bark
Billows roll like mountains high,
Through the tempest wild and dark,
"I will guide thee with mine eye,"

Guide thee to the harbor's rest,
Where the placid waters lie,
O'er the deep sea's troubled breast,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3 When temptations oft assail,
And in weakness I would cry,
When all earthly help shall fail,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."
Guide thee to the One above,
Who will needed strength supply;
Precious words I dearly love:
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

E. E. MILES.

GOD—LOVE AND GRACE.

190 WONDROUS LOVE.

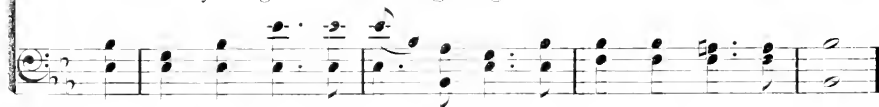
W. G. FISCHER.



1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to his saints makes known
4. Be - liev - ing souls re - joice and sing; Sing as you for - ward go



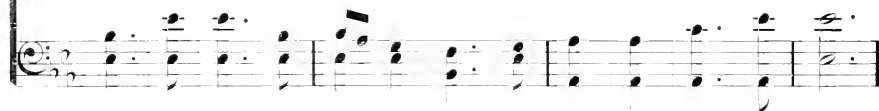
Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 Re - demp - tion by his love I find, And cleans - ing through his blood.
 The bless - ed rest, when freed from sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 To meet your glorious, com - ing King, And all his love to know.



CHORUS.



O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;



It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.



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GOD—LOVE AND GRACE.

191 NETTLETON. Ss & 7s.

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. Praise the moun - t - I'm fixed up - on it! Moun - t of thy re - deem - ing love.

D.C.
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove ;

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy praise ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm 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 my wandering heart 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 from thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

192

1 God of light and matchless splendor,
Feeble though the praise we bring,
Let thy Spirit touch and tender
Every heart as now we sing,
Heaven above cannot contain thee ;
At thy presence earth would flee ;
And though every sin doth pain thee,
Still thy mercy spareth me!

2 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!
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.

193

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.
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die : —

3 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives! —
Flow, my praise, forever flow :
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
Thence return and reign forever : —
Be the kingdom all thine own!

GOD—LOVE AND GRACE.

194 LYONS. 105 & 115.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Though troubles as - sail, and dan - gers affright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide, The prom - ise as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."

- 1 Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
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 When Satan appears to stop 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."
- 3 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great name:
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

195

- 1 O worship the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded 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 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!

CHRIST—BIRTH.

196 WARWICK. C. M.

1. Mor - tals, a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the sol - emn lay ;

Joy, love and grat - i - tude com - bine To hail th' au - spi - cious day.

- 1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world,
When, bursting, glorious, heavenly light,
The wondrous scene unfurled.
- 3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 4 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die!

S. MEDLEY.

197

- 1 Awake, awake the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord !
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power
By whom the worlds were made—
O happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

- 4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

198

- 1 Shepherds, rejoice ; lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
News from the region of the skies —
Salvation's born to-day!
- 2 Jesus, the Lord, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you ;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

I. WATTS.

199

- 1 Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth ;
Mortals, awake! let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.
- 2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form and die
For evils we had done!
- 3 Good-will to men! ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy !
He comes, with rich abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.

CHRIST — BIRTH.

200 CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

F. O. WELLCOME.

Joyfully. f

1. Glad tidings of great joy to men, good - will up - on the earth ;
 2. The shepherds on the Ju - dean hills the joy - ful mes - sage caught,

In Da - vid's cit - y of Ju - dea, an in - fant King has birth.
 And gave un - to the lis - tening world, the song the an - gels taught.

DUET. *Andantino.*

m
 Thus sang the an - gel mul - ti - tude, and all the heavenly band,
 The earth took up in ec - ta - sy thy seraph's joy - ful strain,
 ORGAN.

f
 Pealed forth the an - them of the Lord, of peace thro'out the land.
 And echoes through the cen - tu - ries its won - der - ful re - frain.

accel. CHORUS. *fff*
Tempo primo.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise be to God a - bove,
ff
 ORGAN.

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CHRIST—BIRTH.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.—Concluded.

Whosent the Sav - iour of the world in to - ken of his love.

201 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

Allegro.

1. Calm on the lis-tening ear of night, Come heaven's me-lo - dious strains,

Where wild Judea stretches far Her silver-mantled plains, Her silver-mantled plains.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
||: Her silver-mantled plains. :||

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
||: Make music on the air. :||

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
||: The day-spring from on high. :||

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
||: Her silent groves of palm. :||

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,"
||: To Heaven's eternal King. :||

E. H. SEARS.

202

1 High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known
||: To wake a cheerful song. :||

2 Justice and grace, with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
||: To us a Child is born! :||

3 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
||: And by our lives displayed. :||

CHRIST—BIRTH.

203 ZERAH. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given ;

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven,

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.

- 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 Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord. :||
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
||: Justice shall guard his throne of love,
And peace abound below. :||
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born ;
To us a Son is given ;
||: The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven. :||

J. MORRISTON.

204

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
||: The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around. :||
- 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 meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid." :||

N. TATE.

205

- 1 As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
- 2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.
- 3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet ;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
- 4 O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

W. C. BRYANT.

CHRIST — CHARACTER AND WORK.

206

EMMONS. C. M.

F. BURGMÜLLER.

1. Let us rejoice in Christ the Lord, Who claims us for his own ; The hope that's built up-

on his word. Can ne'er be o - ver-thrown, Can ne'er be o - ver-thrown.

- 1 Let us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who claims us for his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word,
||: Can ne'er be overthrown. :||
- 2 Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God
||: Beyond the reach of harm. :||
- 3 Weak as we are, we will not faint,
Or, fainting, cannot fail ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
||: Must in the end prevail. :||
- 4 As surely as he overcame,
And conquered death and sin,
So surely those that trust his name
||: Will all his triumph win. :||

207

- 1 No longer far from rest I roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home ;
||: The Lord my portion is. :||
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
||: And give himself to me. :||
- 3 His person fixes all my love ;
His blood removes my fear ;
And, while he pleads for me above,
||: His arm preserves me here. :||

208

- 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 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
||: He labored for their good. :||
- 4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;
His image may we bear ;
O may we tread his holy steps,
||: His joy and glory share! :||

ENFIELD.

209

- 1 O happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them with his word,
||: His arm supports them well. :||
- 2 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
||: And gilds the gloom of night. :||
- 3 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine,
But give us still to find thee near,
||: And own us still for thine. :||

J. NEWTON.

CHRIST—CHARACTER AND WORK.

210 LAKE ENON. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shep-herd and my Guide,

I bid fare-well to ev-ery fear; My wants are well sup-plied.

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1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are well supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

A. STEELE.

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; [dark shade,
Though I should walk through death's
My Shepherd's with me there.

I. WATTS.

211

1 Jesus, thou Source divine,
Whence hope and comfort flow;
Jesus, no other name than thine
Can save from future woe.

2 None else will heaven approve;
Thou art the only way,
Ordn'd by everlasting love,
To realms of endless day.

3 Here let our feet abide,
Nor from thy path depart:
Direct our steps, thou gracious Guide,
And cheer the fainting heart.

A. STEELE.

212

1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

213

1 Like sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings 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 num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

I. WATTS.

CHRIST—CHARACTER AND WORK.

214 SHIRLAND. S. M.

S. STANLEY.

1. A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord your lead - er is ;

The foe be - fore his ban-ner flies, And vic - to - ry is his.

- 1 Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord your leader is ;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.
- 2 We follow him, our Guide,
Our Captain, and our King ;
We follow him, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease ;
When we can cast our cares away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light ;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight.

T. KELLY.

215

- 1 Thou, Lord, art gone on high,
To realms beyond the skies ;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
- 2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.
- 3 And girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

216

- 1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 How large his bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood !
- 3 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care ;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

P. DODDRIDGE.

217

- 1 Thou very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of bondage came,
Thy ransomed people led.
- 2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfill thy character.
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light ;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above ;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

CHRIST—CHARACTER AND WORK.

218 SAVIOUR SHEPHERD. Ss & 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us ; Much we need thy tend'rst care ; }
 { In thy pleas-ant pastures feed us ; For our use thy folds pre-pare : }

Bless-ed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are ;

Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

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1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us ;
 Much we need thy tend'rst care ;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us ;
 For our use thy folds prepare :
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are. :||

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, 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, blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee. :||

4 Early let us seek thy favor ;
 Early let us do thy will ;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,

With thy love our bosoms fill :
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still. :||
 D. A. THRUPE.

219

1 Saviour! who thy flock art feeding
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share ;
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in thy gracious arm ;
 There, we know, thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way :
 Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

W. A. MÜHLENBERG.

CHRIST — CHARACTER AND WORK.

220

MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, ref - uge of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly. }
 { While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high ; }
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive me home at last.

D. C.
 Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past!

- 1 Jesus, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past !
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive me home 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 defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 All in 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 cover 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.

C. WESLEY.

221

- 1 Lord, thou art my rock of strength,
 And my home is in thine arms ;
 Thou wilt send me help at length,
 And I feel no wild alarms :
 Sin nor death can pierce the shield
 Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
 Up to thee myself I yield,
 And my sorrows are thine own.
- 2 When my trials tarry long
 Unto thee I look and wait ;
 Knowing none, though keen and strong,
 Can my trust in thee abate :
 And this faith I long have nursed,
 Comes alone, O God, from thee ;
 Thou my heart didst open first,
 Thou didst set this hope in me.
- 3 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
 O'er me, keep me close to thee ;
 In the peace thy love doth shed,
 Let me dwell eternally !
 Be my all : in all I do.
 Let me only seek thy will ;
 Let my heart to thee be true
 And thus peaceful, calm and still.

FRANCKE.

CHRIST — CHARACTER AND WORK.

222 FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE. 108. W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark - ness
 deep - ens — Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!

- 1 Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide :
 The darkness deepens — Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !
- 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 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free :
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 4 Thou upon me in early youth didst smile,
 And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee :
 On to life's close, O Lord, abide with me.
- 5 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 !
- 6 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
 Death's sting where then? the grave's proud victory,
 When evermore thou shalt abide with me ?

H. F. LYTE.

CHRIST—CHARACTER AND WORK.

223 FREDERICK. 118.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 faith in his ex-cel-lent word; What more can he say than to
 you he hath said, You, who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled!

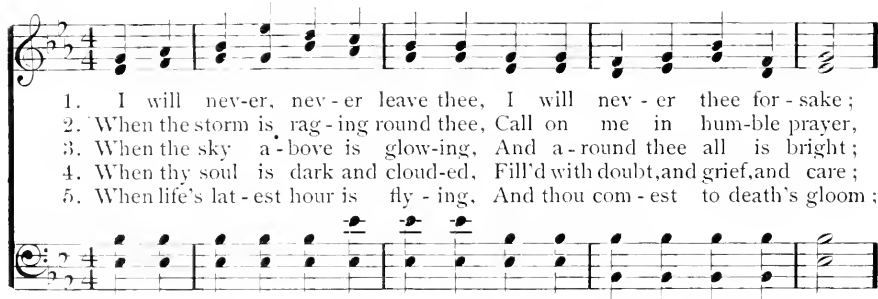
- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled!
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "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 gracious omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "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.
- 6 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."

G. KEITH.

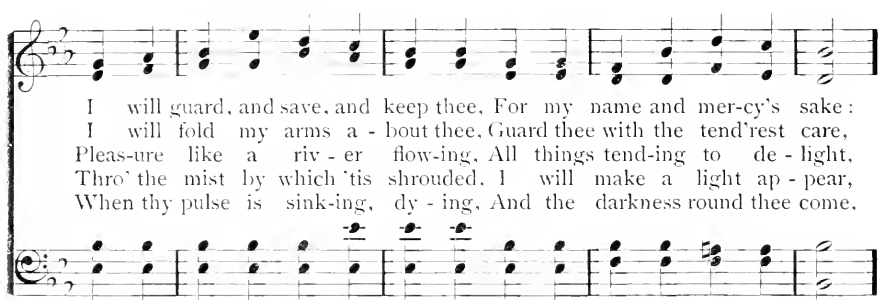
CHRIST—CHARACTER AND WORK.

224 I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

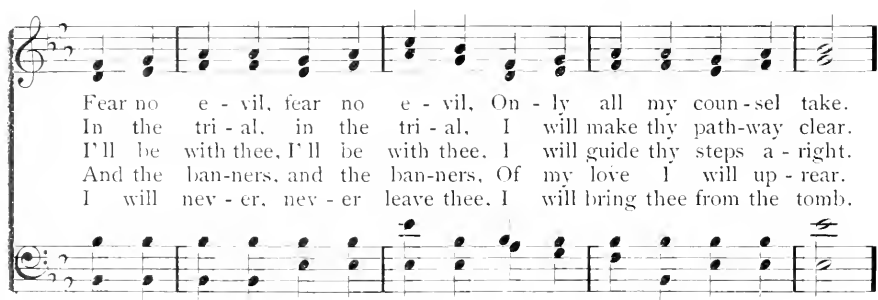
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake ;
 2. When the storm is rag-ing round thee, Call on me in hum-ble prayer,
 3. When the sky a-bove is glow-ing, And a-round thee all is bright ;
 4. When thy soul is dark and cloud-ed, Fill'd with doubt, and grief, and care ;
 5. When life's lat-est hour is fly-ing, And thou com-est to death's gloom ;

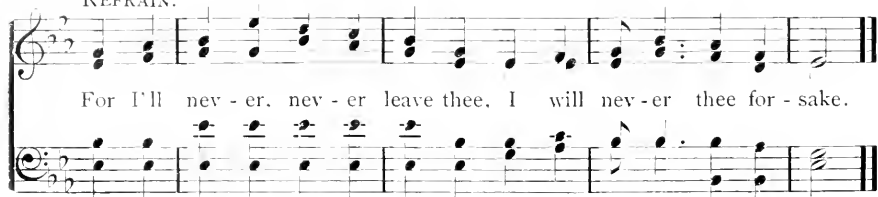


I will guard, and save, and keep thee, For my name and mer-cy's sake ;
 I will fold my arms a-bout thee, Guard thee with the tend'rest care,
 Pleas-ure like a riv-er flow-ing, All things tend-ing to de-light,
 Thro' the mist by which 'tis shrouded, I will make a light ap-pear,
 When thy pulse is sink-ing, dy-ing, And the darkness round thee come.



Fear no e-vil, fear no e-vil, On-ly all my coun-sel take.
 In the tri-al, in the tri-al, I will make thy path-way clear.
 I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps a-right.
 And the ban-ners, and the ban-ners, Of my love I will up-rear.
 I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will bring thee from the tomb.

REFRAIN.



For I'll nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake.

CHRIST — CHARACTER AND WORK.

225

AFTON. 115. D.

J. D. SPILLMAN.

1. O Sav-our of sinners, when faint and depress'd, With manifold tri - als and
2. When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the land, And mer - it - ed vengeance de-

sor - rows oppressed, I'll bow at thy feet, and with con - fi - dence cry, "Lead
scends from thy hand! O'erwhelm'd with the sight, for pro - tec - tion I'll fly, And

me to the Rock that is high - er than I!" When tempted by Sa - tan the
hide in the Rock that is high - er than I! At home, with the cho - sen of

Spir - it to grieve, The ser - vice of Christ, my Redeemer, to leave, I'll claim my re -
Je - sus, I long To dwell, and e - ter - nal - ly join in the song Of praise and of

la - tion to Je - sus on high, The Rock of sal - va - tion that's higher than I!
blessing, while a - ges pass by, Christ Je - sus, the Rock that is higher than I!

CHRIST—CHARACTER AND WORK.

226 ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

T. HASTINGS.
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee ;
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands ;
Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone :

3 In my hand no price I bring :
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace :
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I with the throng unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne —
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. TOPLADY.

227

1 When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ at last,
Looking o'er life's journey past,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own ;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

R. M. MCCHEYNE.

228

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine :
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy divine :
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

229 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

W. TANSUR.

1. Be - hold the Sav - our of mankind Nailed to the shame - ful tree ;
How vast the love that him in - clined To bleed and die for me !

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;
"Receive my soul," he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine ?

S. WESLEY.

230

- 1 Blest be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
Which joined in council to restore
And save our ruined race.
- 2 Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood :
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 3 He honored all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

231

- 1 The Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwells in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode ;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed th' 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 !

A. STEELE.

232

- 1 Well may the earth, astonished, shake,
And nature sympathize !
The sun as darkest night be black ;
The Saviour, Jesus dies.
- 2 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood ;
Is this the Infinite ? 'tis he,—
My Saviour and my Lord.
- 3 For me these pangs his soul assail ;
For me this death is borne ;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

233 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins ;

And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains ;

Lose all their guilt-y stains ; . . . Lose all their guilt-y stains ;

And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains. :||

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 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be 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 But in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping, stammering
Is ransomed from the grave. :||

W. COWPER.

234

1 When wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound. :||

2 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief ;
His heart that's touched with all our joys
And feeleth for our grief. :||

3 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord !
Unseal that cleansing tide :
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side. :||

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

235 AVON. C. M.

H. WILSON.

1. My song shall al - ways be of him Who gave him-self for me ;

Who bled, a sin - ner to re-deem. And died up - on the tree.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My song shall always be of him
Who gave himself for me ;
Who bled, a sinner to redeem,
And died upon the tree.</p> <p>2 I never can his look forget,
Who suffered for my good ;
His wounded head, hands, side, and feet,
Poured forth the sacred flood.</p> <p>3 Like him on earth I wish to be,
That, when he doth appear,
I may rejoice his face to see,
And his blest voice to hear.</p> | <p>2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
Thy Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.</p> <p>3 Thus if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin :
His name forbids my slavish fear ;
His grace removes my sin.</p> <p>4 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th'incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.</p> |
|--|--|

I. WATTS.

236

- 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 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

TURNER.

237

- 1 Dearest of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God !
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?

238

- 1 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt !
Behold th' atoning, precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt !
- 2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word :
The chief of sinners need not fear :
Behold the Lamb of God !
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood ;
Arise, return from grievous falls :
Behold the Lamb of God !
- 4 In every state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood ;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God !

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

239 DOWNS. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. I see the crowd in Pi-late's hall; I mark their wrath-ful mien;

Their shouts of "Cru - ci - fy" ap - pall, With blas - phe - my be - tween.

1 I see the crowd in Pilate's hall;
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "Crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.

2 Around yon cross the throng I see,
Mocking the Sufferer's groan;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

3 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood;
I nailed him to the tree;
I crucified the Christ of God;
I joined the mockery!

4 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

H. BONAR.

240

1 To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

3 Dear suffering Lamb, thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And linked our life with thine.

4 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all, below, above,
Redeemed and blest by thee.

5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

E. DENNY.

241

1 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

4 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

J. NEWTON.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

242 GRIGGS. C. M.

J. GRIGG.

1. The roy - al ban - ner is un - furled, The cross is reared on high,
On which the Sav - iour of the world Is stretched in ag - o - ny.

- 1 The royal banner is unfurled,
The cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.
- 2 And see! the spear hath pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.
- 3 Jehovah, we thy name adore,
In thee we will rejoice,
And sing, till time shall be no more,
The triumphs of the cross.

V. FORTUNATUS.

243

- 1 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own :
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread :
If God his sword of justice draw,
It strikes the sinner dead.
- 3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Has answered all demands :
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord ;
'T is on thy cross we rest :
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

I. WATTS.

244

- 1 Jesus, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own sin-offering brought
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altars spilt ;
But thy one offering took away
Forever all our guilt.
- 4 Thou, great Melchisedec! shalt reign
In peace on Zion's hill,—
Thyself the Lamb that once was slain,
To save from every ill.

245

- 1 Jesus! O name divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news, what heavenly power
In thy dear name is found.
- 2 Our souls as needy and condemned,
In hopeless fetters bound ;
With all our numerous sins depraved,
In fear and guilt were found.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

246 COMMUNION. C. M.

S. JENKS.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.

3 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'T is all that I can do.

I. WATTS.

247

- 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 When'er I feel temptation's power,
 On Jesus I'll rely,
 And in the sharp, conflicting hour,
 Repair to Calvary.

248

- 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, which felt for all,
 For us 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?
 H. BONAR.

249

- 1 Yonder — amazing sight! — I see
 Th' atoning Son of God
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,
 In agony and blood.
- 2 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
 Proclaim the truth aloud,
 And, with th' amazed centurion cry,
 "This is the Son of God."
- 3 So great, so vast a sacrifice
 May well my hope revive:
 If God's own Son thus bleed and dies,
 The sinner sure may live.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

250

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Used by per. of THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO

1. 'Tis midnight ; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone ;

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

- 1 'Tis midnight ; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight ; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 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.
- 3 'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that 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.

W. B. TAPPAN.

251

- 1 Lord ! in the garden agony
No light seemed on thy soul to break ;
No form of seraph lingered nigh,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake ;
- 2 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The vict'ry over ill was won ;
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
'Thy will, O God, not mine, be done !'
- 3 In weakness, help us to contend ;
In darkness, yield to God our will ;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still.

252

- 1 "Father divine !" the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away !
- 2 But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done !

253

- 1 'Tis finished ! the Messiah dies ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own ;
Accomplished is the sacrifice ;
The great redeeming work is done.
- 2 'Tis finished ! all the debt is paid ;
Justice divine is satisfied ;
The grand and full atonement made ;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.
- 3 The veil is rent ; in him alone
The living way to God 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.

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

254 SALEM. Ss & 7s.

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.

Used by per. of OLIVER DRISMAN CO.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 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 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

J. BOWRING.

255

- 1 O my God, my love, my Saviour,
Didst thou groan and die for me?
Didst thou for my sad behavior
Bleed upon the rugged tree?
- 2 O my Lord, did men deride thee?
Didst thou suffer shame and loss?
And for me, with thieves beside thee,
Didst thou hang upon the cross?
- 3 Great Creator, man redeeming,
Thou the lost doth make anew;
May thy love within me beaming,
Fire my heart with fervor true!
- 4 Make my soul in loving union
Gladly active, faithful, free;
Ever thine, in sweet communion,
Let me dwell at last with thee.

T. AQUINAS.

256

- 1 Hark! the notes of angels, singing
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life is given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

T. KELLY.

257

- 1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
- 2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.

J. EVANS.

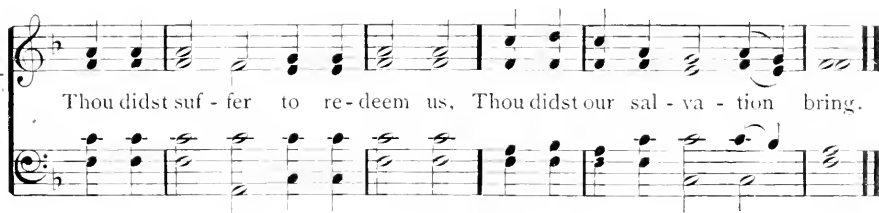
CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

258 TALMAR. Ss & 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Hail! thou once re - ject - ed Je - sus, Now the ev - er - last - ing King!



Thou didst suf - fer to re - deem us, Thou didst our sal - va - tion bring.

- 1 Hail! thou once rejected Jesus,
Now the everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to redeem us,
Thou didst our salvation bring.
 - 2 Once the agonizing Saviour,
Bearing all our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.
 - 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed!
All our sins on thee were laid;
With the Spirit's power anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
 - 4 All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Thou didst come to earth from heaven,
Here to make our peace with God.
- J. BAKEWELL.

259

- 1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

J. NEWTON.

260

- 1 Smitten, stricken, bruised and gory,
See the Sufferer on the tree;
Lamb of God and Lord of glory;
Lo my Saviour dies for me.
- 2 In the gloom behold him languish,
List his last expiring cry;
Hear, O earth, his wail of anguish,
"It is finished," see him die.
- 3 Now to God's right hand ascended,
Lo, he lives to die no more:
Thence he comes with hosts attended,
Comes to reign from shore to shore.

261

- 1 Wounded, smitten, and afflicted,
See him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected,
Yes, my soul, 'tis he! 'tis he!
- 2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
Was there ever grief like this?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress.
- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
- 4 Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.

T. KELLY.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

262

CROSS OF CHRIST. 7s. D.

J. C. STODDARD.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: '1. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Hide my sins, and shel - ter me ; Claim or mer - it have I none, I am vile, and all un - done : I to thee for suc - cor fly ; Give me ref - uge, or I die : Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my hopes are hung on thee.'

- 1 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Hide my sins, and shelter me ;
Claim or merit have I none,
I am vile, and all undone :
I to thee for succor fly ;
Give me refuge, or I die ;
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
All my hopes are hung on thee.
- 2 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Let me to thy shadow flee :
Here they mocked the crucified,
Here the royal sufferer died ;
Here was shed th' atoning blood,
Till it crimsoned all the sod.
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Can the guilty trust in thee ?

- 3 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Type of love's deep mystery ;
'T was my sins provoked this love,
I this matchless passion moved ;
For my soul this love was stored,
On my head the blessing poured.
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Now I solve love's mystery.
- 4 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
'This my boast shall ever be :
That the blood for me was shed,
That for me he groaned and bled ;
Now I catch that gracious eye,
Now I know I shall not die.
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
All my guilt is lost in thee.

D. T. TAYLOR.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

263 LONG TIME AGO. Ss & 4s.

Arranged. UNKNOWN.

1. Je - sus died on Calv'ry's mountain, Long time a - go ;
 And sal - va - tion's heal - ing fountain Doth free - ly flow.

- 1 Jesus died on Calv'ry's mountain,
 Long time ago ;
 And salvation's healing fountain
 Doth freely flow.
- 2 Jesus died, but lives forever—
 No more to die ;
 Blessed Jesus, precious Saviour,
 Now sits on high.

- 3 Now in heav'n he 's interceding
 For dying men ;
 Soon he 'll finish there his pleading,
 And come again.
- 4 When he comes a voice from heaven
 Shall pierce the tomb ;
 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Children—come home."

264 SPANISH HYMN. 7s & 6s.

SPANISH MELODY.
FINE.

1. Je - sus, Lamb of God, for me Thou, the Lord of life, didst die ;
D.C. Death's dark wa - ters o'er me roll, Save, O save my sink - ing soul!
D.C.
 Whith - er—whither, but to thee, Can a trembling sin - ner fly!

- 1 Jesus, Lamb of God, for me
 Thou, the Lord of life, didst die ;
 Whither—whither, but to thee,
 Can a trembling sinner fly !
 Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
 Save, O save my sinking soul !
- 2 Never bowed a martyr's head
 Weighed with equal sorrow down ;
 Never blood so rich was shed,

- Never king wore such a crown ;
 To thy cross and sacrifice
 Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.
- 3 All my soul by love subdued,
 Melts in deep contrition there ;
 By thy mighty grace renewed,
 New-born hope forbids despair :
 Lord ! thou canst my guilt forgive,
 Thou hast bid me look and live.

R. PALMER.

CHRIST — SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

265 COME UNTO ME. 7s, 4s & 6s.

G. E. LEE.

1. Hark! 'tis the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing to thee, Wea - ry and burden'd one,
 ..Come un-to me." For thee my blood was spilt, To take a-way thy guilt ;
 I'll cleanse thee, if thou wilt But come to me.

- 1 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
 Calling to thee,
 Weary and burdened one,
 "Come unto me."
 For thee my blood was spilt,
 To take away thy guilt ;
 I'll cleanse thee, if thou wilt
 But come to me.
- 2 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
 Calling to thee ;
 "Speak for me while thou may'st ;
 In me be free.
 The world may mock and sneer,
 But thou need'st never fear,
 For I am always near ;
 So speak for me."
- 3 Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
 Calling to thee ;
 "I come again that thou
 May'st come to me.
 And when I come again,
 Thou shalt be freed from pain,
 And in my kingdom reign
 Eternally."

266

- 1 Draw near my soul to Calv'ry,
 Thy Saviour see ;
 Hear now his plaintive cry,
 Breathed there for thee.
 On him thy sin was laid ;
 His blood thy debt has paid ;
 The cross thy peace hath made ;
 He died for thee.
- 2 Fount of all peace and cleansing,
 By thee made whole :
 Saviour, I yield my heart,—
 Reign in my soul.
 As thou hast suffered long,
 Thy love shall be my song ;
 While with the blood-bought throng
 Blest ages roll.
- 3 Come thou, O Prince and Saviour,
 We wait for thee ;
 No more shall sorrow's crown
 Thy garland be.
 But crowns of empire own,
 Thy universal throne,
 All sin and pain unknown
 Eternally.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

267 ON THE CROSS. 7s, 6s & 8s.

Arranged.

Andante

1. { Be-hold, behold! the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross ;
For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross.

Andantino.

Now hear his all - im - por - tant cry, "E - loi la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni."

a tempo.

Draw near, and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.

1 Behold, behold! the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross ;
For you he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross.
Now hear his all-important cry,
"Eloi lama sabacthani."
Draw near, and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross.

2 Behold! his arms extended wide,
On the cross, on the cross ;
Behold! his bleeding hands and side,
On the cross, on the cross.
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heav'ns are cloth'd in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross ;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross ;
Let every Christian come and sing
Round the cross, round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb
On the cross, on the cross.

268

1 Behold, the Saviour comes with clouds ;
Lo, he comes! lo, he comes!
Around him throng angelic crowds ;
Lo, he comes! lo, he comes!
Now every eye the King shall see,
Who groaned and died on Calvary,
While sinners wail in agony,
When he comes, when he comes.

2 He who for us the cross did bear—
Lo, he comes! lo, he comes!
His many diadems to wear ;
Lo, he comes! lo, he comes!
O while his foes grow pale with fear,
May I rejoice to see him near,
And rise to meet him in the air,
When he comes, when he comes.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

269 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

J. T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small ;
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy power, and thine a - lone
 3. For noth - ing good have I, Where - by thy grace to claim,—
 4. Then down be - neath the cross I'll lay my sin - sick soul ;
 5. And when be - fore the throne I stand, in him com - plete,

Child of weakness, 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 - ments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
 For naught have I to bring,— Thy grace must make me whole.
 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.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

270

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

G. C. WELLS.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid, O God, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord ;
 3. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, It were an of - f'ring far too small ;

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them for his blood.
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

CHORUS.

{ The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The wondrous cross of Je - sus ;
 { From all our sin, its guilt and pow'r, And ev - ery stain it frees us. }

Then I'm cling - ing, cling - ing, clinging, O I'm cling - ing to the cross,

Yes, I'm cling - ing, cling - ing, cling - ing, cling - ing to the cross.

CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

271 THE PRECIOUS BLOOD!

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallowed cross I see!
 2. The cross! the cross! the heav - y cross, The Sav - iour bore for me,
 3. The crown! the crown! the glo - rious crown! The crown of vic - to - ry!

Re - mind - ing me of pre - cious blood That once was shed for me.
 Which bowed him to the earth with grief On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
 The crown of life! it shall be mine When Je - sus I shall see.

CHORUS. *Slow and soft.*

O the blood! the pre - cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,

rit.
 Up - on the cross, in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.

272

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.—CHO.

2 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.—CHO.

3 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
 By love my soul is drawn;
 Henceforth, forever, thine I am;
 Here life and peace are born.—CHO.

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.—CHO.

R. PALMER.

CHRIST—RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

273 BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Wel-come, thou Vic-tor in the strife, Welcome from out the cave!

To-day we tri-umph in thy life A-round thine emp-ty grave.

1 Welcome, thou Victor in the strife,
Welcome from out the cave!
To-day we triumph in thy life
Around thine empty grave.

2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

4 We trust in thee; O help us live
Henceforth to thee aright!
The blessings thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

B. SCHMOLKE.

4 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

I. WATTS.

275

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

A. L. BARBAULD.

274

1 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

2 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

3 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

276

1 Awake, glad soul! awake! awake!
Thy Lord has risen long,
Go to his grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song.

2 Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in his resurrection take,
And comfort in his word.

3 And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise—
Christ died, and rose for me.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

CHRIST—RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

277 MELCOMBE. L. M.

J. WEBBE.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high ;

The powers of hell are cap-tiveled—Dragg'd to the por-tals of the sky.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 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 massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal 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 !
C. WESLEY.

- 4 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God ! thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
WALLIN.

279

- 1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky :
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounced his dreadful law
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.
I. WATTS.

278

- 1 When I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquered
death :
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.
- 3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

280

- 1 A hymn of glory let us sing ; [ring ;
New songs throughout the world shall
By a new way none ever tread,
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.
- 2 Th' apostles on the mountain stand,—
The mystic mount, in Holy Land ;
They, with the virgin mother, see
Jesus ascend in majesty.
- 3 The angels say to the eleven :
"Why stand ye gazing into heaven ?
This is the Saviour,— this is he !
Jesus hath triumphed gloriously !"

CHRIST—RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

281 CHRIST IS RISEN. 8s & 7s.

F. S. STANTON.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en; He has ris - en from the grave;
 2. Death was strong :—it could not hold him; All the chains were snapped in twain:
 3. No! he could not see cor - rup - tion,—He, the Fa - ther's ho - ly One;
 4. As he lives, we shall live al - so—Death hath no more power to hold;

He has led the cap - tor cap - tive, He has might - y power to save.
 Tho' a pris - oner calm and gen - tle, Could he lie a - mong the slain?
 His.—the mis - sion of a Sav - iour; Now the Vic - tor's work is done.
 Tho' we sleep,—'tis not for ev - er,—He will bring us to his fold.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en; He is ris - en from the grave;

He has led the cap - tor cap - tive, He has might - y power to save.

282

- 1 Sing with all the sons of glory,
 Sing the resurrection song!
 Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
 To the former days belong. CHO.
- 2 O what glory, far exceeding
 All that eye has yet perceived!
 Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
 Never that full joy conceived. CHO.

- 3 God has promised, Christ prepares it,
 There on high our welcome waits:
 Every humble spirit shares it,
 Christ has passed the heav'nly gates.
 CHO.
- 4 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
 Jesus lives who once was dead;
 Join, O man, the deathless voices,
 Child of God, lift up thy head! CHO.

W. J. BROSS.

CHRIST—RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

283 HENDON, 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Ma-ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the early dawn; Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had gone, But the Lord she loved had gone.

- 1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
||: But the Lord she loved had gone. :||
- 2 For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
||: Issued from her weeping eyes. :||
- 3 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
||: Now he bids her heart rejoice. :||
- 4 What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
||: He will wipe your tears away. :||

ANON.

284

- 1 Sing, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round him, as he rises, raise
||: Your ascending Saviour's praise. :||
- 2 Bruised is the serpent's head;
Hell is vanquished, death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high,
||: Captive is captivity. :||
- 3 All his work and warfare done,
He into his heaven is gone;
And, upon his Father's throne,
||: Now is pleading for his own. :||

J. S. B. MONSELL.

285

- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
||: See the glorious Saviour rise. :||
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
||: Doubt no more his power to save. :||
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
||: See the place where Jesus lay. :||

W. B. COLLYER.

286

- 1 He is gone! a cloud of light
Hath received him from our sight;
Gone to heaven, where mortal eye
||: Cannot reach the radiant sky. :||
- 2 Through the veil of time and space
Passed into the holiest place;
All his toil and sorrow done,
||: All the battle fought and won. :||
- 3 He is gone! towards their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
||: Forward are our glances cast. :||
- 4 He is gone! but we once more
Shall behold him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
||: As on earth he went and came. :||

CHRIST—RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

287 NUREMBURG. 7s.

J. R. AILE.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day! Sons of men and an - gels say:

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply!

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

4 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection thou.

C. WESLEY.

4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide:
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne;
Boundless empire is thy own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Raise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues!

T. GIBBONS.

289

1 Hail, the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in.

3 Circled round with angel powers
Their triumphant Lord and ours;
Conq'ror over death and sin—
Take the King of glory in.

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below.

C. WESLEY.

288

1 Angels, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom!

2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the joyful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conq'ror mount the skies;
When he comes, ye conquer too:
He has triumphed thus for you.

CHRIST — RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

290

TRUMPET. 105, 115 & 125.

1. Lift your glad voices in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, the
2. Glo-ry to God, in full anthems of joy; Our life in the fu-ture Death

saints shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gath-ered a-round him,
can - not de-destroy: Sad were the life we may part with to - mor - row,

And short the do-min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheered the dark

darkness that bound him, Re-splen-dent in glo-ry, to live and to save.
val - ley of sor-row — We'll rise when he comes, and to meet him as - cend.

CHORUS.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high, The Saviour hath risen, the saints shall not die.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high, For Jesus hath risen, the saints shall not die.

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CHRIST—INTERCESSION.

291 CLARENDON. C. M.

I. TUCKER.

1. With joy we med-i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove ;

His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bo - som glows with love.

- 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.

I. WATTS.

292

- 1 The true Messiah now appears ;
The types are all withdrawn ;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love ;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 3 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died ;"
And then he shows his open veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

293

- 1 O let triumphant faith dispel
Our fear and guilt and woe ;
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe ?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live ;
Shall he not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give ?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse ?
'Tis God hath justified ;
Who now his people shall condemn ?
The Lamb of God hath died.
- 4 And he who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave ;
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

294

- 1 Come, let us all adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay ;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.
- 2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair ;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.
- 3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe :
O let thy mercies plead above,
While we implore below.

CHRIST — INTERCESSION.

295 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. He lives, the great Re-deem-er lives ; What joy the blest as - sur-ance gives!

And now, be - fore his Fa-ther God, Pleads the full mer - it of his blood.

- 1 He lives, the great Redeemer lives :
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend !
On him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

A. STEELE.

296

- 1 Oft we, alas, forget the love
Of him who bought us with his blood ;
Who now, as our High Priest above,
E'er intercedes for us with God.
- 2 Oft we forget the woe, the pain,
The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,
The wrath his soul did once sustain,
From sin and death to set us free.
- 3 Oft we forget that we are one
With every saint that loves his name ;
United to him on the throne ;
Our life, our hope, our Lord, the same.

J. G. DECK.

297

- 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 mankind appears.
- 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.

M. BRUCE.

298

- 1 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That man to answer him should dare !
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.
- 2 There must a mediator plead,
Who God and man may both embrace,
With God for man to intercede
And offer man the purchased grace.
- 3 And, lo ! 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.

CHRIST—INTERCESSION.

299 GRATITUDE. L. M.

A. BOST.

1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of his dy-ing love,

Be humble hon-ors paid be-low, And strains of no-bler praise-a-bove.

- 1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'T was he who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in his precious blood ;
'T is he who makes us priests and kings
And brings us, rebels, near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed ;
Let every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move ;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

I. WATTS.

300

- 1 The Lord who once on Calvary bled,
And rose triumphant from the dead,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The Friend of man's apostate race.
- 2 There as our Advocate he reigns,
Touched with the feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and groans, and agonies.
- 3 O let us, then, before his throne,
With boldness make our sorrows known !
And seek, from fears distrustful freed,
His grace to help in time of need.

M. BRUCE.

301

- 1 Before the throne of God above,
I have a strong, a perfect plea :
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
- 2 My name is graven on his hands ;
My name is written on his heart ;
I know that while in heaven he stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
- 3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see him there,
Who made an end of all my sin.
- 4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free ;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.

C. L. SMITH.

302

- 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 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,
Hear, and my weak petitions 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.

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST — INTERCESSION.

303 LENOX. H. M.

L. EDBSON.

1. A-rise, my soul, a - rise ; Shake off thy guilty fears : The bleeding sac - ri - fice

In my be - half ap - pears. Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,

My name is writ - ten on his hands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

1 Arise, my soul, arise ;
 Shake off thy guilty fears :
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears.
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 ||: My name is written on his hands. :||

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood atoned 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 that ransomed 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. :||

5 To God I'm reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 ||: And Father, Abba, Father, cry. :||
C. WESLEY.

304

1 Join all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love and power,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 ||: Too mean to set my Saviour forth. :||

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offered his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside ;
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 ||: And now it pleads before the throne. :||

3 O thou Almighty Lord !
 My Conqu'ror and my King !
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing :
 Thine is the power : behold, I sit,
 ||: In willing bonds, before thy feet. :||

I. WATTS

CHRIST — INTERCESSION.

305 CAN YOU HATE THE SAVIOUR?

Arranged.

1. Now the Sav - iour stands and pleading At the sin - ner's bolt-ed heart ;
 2. Now he's wait - ing to be gracious, Now he stands and looks on thee ;
 3. O - pen now your hearts be - fore him, Bid the Sav - iour welcome in ;
 4. Come, for all things now are read - y, Yet there's room for ma - ny more ;

Now in heav'n he's in - ter - ced - ing, Un - der - tak - ing sin - ner's part.
 See what kind - ness, love and pit - y, Shine a - round on you and me.
 Now receive, — and O a - dore him, Take a full discharge from sin.
 O ye blind, ye lame and need - y, Come to wis - dom's boundless store.

CHORUS.

Sin - ners, can you hate the Saviour? Will you thrust him from your arms?

Once he died for your be - hav - ior, Now he calls you to his arms.

306

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 Intercessor, there abide ;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side. CHO.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading ;
 There thou dost our place prepare :
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear. CHO.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give. CHO.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits ;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise. CHO.

J. BAKEWELL.

CHRIST — ADORATION.

307 DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDNER.

1. O what a treas - ure all di - vine Is hid in Christ, the Lord!

From him what rays of glo - ry shine! What peace his paths af - ford!

1 O what a treasure all divine
Is hid in Christ, the Lord!
From him what rays of glory shine!
What peace his paths afford!

2 In him our light and life are found,
Though we were dead before;
And now he makes our joys abound,
Who all our sorrows bore.

3 When sore distressed, he to our aid
On rapid pinions flies,
And to the wounds which sin has made
A healing balm applies.

4 'Tis from his fullness we receive,
And daily grow in grace;
That to his glory we may live,
And see him face to face.

308

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die;
When ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name
And join the sacred song.

A. STEELE.

309

1 Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 How deep the wounds thine arrows give!
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds the smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And, when thy victories are complete,—
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace.—

5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that glorious throng;
And I with them thy praise will sound
In heaven's immortal song.

WALLIN.

CHRIST—ADORATION.

310

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
||: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all. :||

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

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

E. PERRONEF.

311

1 Jesus, our strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour and our King,
||: Triumphantly thy name we bless,
Thy conquering name we sing. :||

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause;
||: We triumph in reproach and shame,
And sufferings of the cross. :||

3 Superior to our foes we've stood
Above their smile or frown;
||: On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love looked down. :||

4 O let us have thy presence still;
Set as a flint our face,
||: To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace! :||

312

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
In sea, or earth, or sky;
||: Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly. :||

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
||: It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their thoughts to heaven. :||

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
||: Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead. :||

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
||: The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace. :||

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
||: 'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!" :||

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST—ADORATION.

313 TURNER, C. M.

A. MAXIM.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing The great Re-deem-er's

praise, The glo-ries of our God and King, The glo-ries of our
The glo-ries of our God . . . and King, The

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

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

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
The great Redeemer's praise,
||: The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace. :||

2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
||: 'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace. :||

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoners free ;
||: His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me. :||

4 He speaks — and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
||: The broken, contrite hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe. :||

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST — ADORATION.

314 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 ||: His lips with grace o'erflow. :||

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 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 ||: Lord, they should all be thine. :||

S. STENNETT.

315

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 that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus!"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips 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 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 ||: And speak thine endless praise. :||

316

1 O sing to him who loved and bled,
 Ye heaven-born sinners, sing ;
 'T was Jesus suffered in your stead ;
 ||: Own him your God and King. :||

2 He washed us, in his precious blood,
 From every guilty stain ;
 He made us kings and priests to God,
 ||: And we shall with him reign. :||

3 To him that loved us when depraved,
 When guilty, blind, and poor ;
 To him that loved, and died, and saved,
 ||: Be glory evermore. :||

PERCY CHAPEL COL.

317

1 Is there on earth a nobler name
 Than Jesus to be found?
 Who can assert a higher claim,
 ||: Or more with truth abound? :||

2 How noble were the truths he taught!
 How pure the life he led!
 And shall another Lord be sought,
 ||: And we disown our Head? :||

3 Ashamed of Jesus! shall we let
 Our heavenly prospects go,
 And, madly, at defiance set
 ||: The threats of future woe? :||

CHRIST — ADORATION.

318 LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

Arranged.

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-kindness, O how free !

His lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free !

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 its way oppose :
He safely leads his church 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 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last, expiring breath,
||: His loving-kindness sing in death. :||

6 And when earth's rightful King shall
To take his ransomed people home, [come,
I'll sing upon that blissful shore
||: His loving-kindness evermore. :||

S. MEDLEY.

319

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 life, that groaned and
Worthy to rise, and live and reign [died,
||: At his almighty Father's side. :||

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
||: And a bright crown without a thorn. :||

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men !
Let angels sound his sacred name,
||: And every creature say,—Amen. :||

I. WATTS.

CHRIST—ADORATION.

320 WARE. L. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! Awake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue!

Ho-san-na to th'e-ter-nal name! And all his boundless love pro-claim.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal name!
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 O may we reach that blissful place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties we'll behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

321

1 What are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

322

1 There is none other name than thine,
Immanuel's Jesus, name divine,
On which to rest for sins forgiven—
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other name than thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That with a gracious power can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

3 Name above every name, thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Immanuel Jesus, name divine,
Rock of salvation, thou art mine.

323

1 O speak of Jesus: other names
Have lost for me their interest now:
His is the only one that claims
To be an antidote for woe.

2 O speak of Jesus—of his power
As Son of God and Son of Man,
Which day by day, and hour by hour,
As he wrought out the wondrous plan.

3 O speak of Jesus—of his death;
For us he lived, for us he died;
" 'T is finished," with his latest breath
The Lord, Immanuel Jesus, cried.

4 Yes, speak of Jesus: while mine ear
Can listen to a human voice,
That name my parting soul will cheer,
Will bid me e'en in death rejoice.

CHRIST—ADORATION.

324 MILLENNIUM. II. M.

ENGLISH.

1. Rejoice — the Lord is King; Your God and King a - dore; Mortals, give
thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more; Lift up the
heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

- 1 Rejoice — the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice, aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come —
The pearly gates shall open
To take the ransomed home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound — rejoice!

325

- 1 Let every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme;
Let nature raise from every tongue
Of grateful praise a general song.

- 2 But, O from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow!
Your voices raise, ye highly blest;
Declare his praise above the rest.

326

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sovereign will.
- 3 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Saviour and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

CHRIST — ADORATION.

327 VICTOR. 8s, 7s & 4s.

M. S.

1. { Look, ye saints : the sight is glorious ; See the Man of sorrows now ;
From the fight returned victorious, Every knee to him shall bow : } Crown him,
crown him ; Crowns become the Victor's brow, Crowns become the Victor's brow.

1 Look, ye saints : the sight is glorious ;
See the Man of sorrows now ;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow ;
Crown him, crown him ;
||: Crowns become the Victor's brow. :||

2 Crown the Saviour, all ye angels,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthroned him,
While the heavenly concave rings ;
Crown him, crown him ;
||: Crown the Saviour King of kings. :||

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Now ye angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
||: Speak abroad the Victor's fame. :||

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
||: King of kings, and Lord of lords. :||

T. KELLY.

328

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
||: God himself shall loose thy bands. :||

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 Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;
All thy warfare now be past :
God thy Saviour will defend thee ;
Victory is thine at last ;
All thy conflicts
||: End in everlasting rest. :||

T. KELLY.

329

1 Praise my soul, the King of heaven ;
To his feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing.
Praise him, praise him,
||: Praise the everlasting King. :||

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.
Praise him, praise him,
||: Glorious in his faithfulness. :||

3 Shepherd-like he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frames he knows ;
In his hand he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him, praise him,
||: Widely as his mercy flows. :||

H. F. LYTE.

CHRIST—ADORATION.

330

LAMB OF CALVARY. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. Come, all ye saints of God; Wide through the earth a-broad
 Spread Je-sus' fame; Tell what his love has done; Trust in his
 name a-lone; Shout to his loft-y throne, "Wor-thy the Lamb!"

- 1 Come, all ye saints of God;
 Wide through the earth abroad
 Spread Jesus' fame;
 Tell what his love has done;
 Trust in his name alone;
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 Hark! how angelic lays
 Filled with the Saviour's praise,
 Dwell on his name;
 Soon like them we'll be found,
 Whene'er the trump shall sound,
 While all the heavens resound—
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 To him our hearts we raise,
 None else shall have our praise;
 Praise ye his name!
 We who have felt his blood,
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Spread his dear fame abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears;
 Dry up 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!"

331

- 1 Now I have found a Friend
 Whose love shall never end;
 Jesus is mine.
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though human friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace;
 Jesus is mine.
- 2 Though I grow poor and old,
 He will my faith uphold;
 Jesus is mine.
 He shall my wants supply;
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Naught can my hope descry;
 Jesus is mine.
- 3 When earth shall pass away,
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
 O what a glorious thing
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harps to sing,
 Jesus is mine.
- 4 Saviour! thy name I bless;
 Thine was the precious grace;
 Praise shall be thine.
 Spirit of holiness!
 Sealing to me this grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus as mine.

HOLY SPIRIT.

332 ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove, With thy ce - les - tial fire :

Come, and with flames of zeal and love Our hearts and tongues in - spire.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

2 The Spirit, by a heavenly breath,
New life creates within ;
It quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals ;
Our bodies it a temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

333

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to ever dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And yet as viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart ;
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
In which to make his rest.

4 Spirit of purity and grace !
Our weakness pitying see ;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
All purified by thee !

334

1 Enthroned on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down ;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire, —
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give ;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

T. HAWES.

335

1 Spirit divine, attend our prayer :
Now make this place thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
O come, great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

A. REED.

HOLY SPIRIT.

336

WARE. L. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. Come, gracious Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove ;

Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ; O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.
- 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.

S. BROWNLE.

337

- 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 Come, make thy constant dwelling here
Fill me with hope, dispel my fear ;
Still let thy presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel thee to depart.
- 3 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.
- 4 O let a holy flock await,
In crowds, around thy temple gate ;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee !

338

- 1 Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know,
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

I. WATTS.

339

- 1 O come, Creator Spirit blest !
Within these souls of thine to rest ;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, now descend !
Most blessed gift which God can send ;
Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life !
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.
- 3 With patience firm and purpose high,
The weakness of our flesh supply ;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.
- 4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead ;
So shall we not, with thee to guide,
Turn from the paths of life aside.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

HOLY SPIRIT.

340 OLMUTZ. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Lord God, our Fa - ther, hear, In this ac - cept - ed hour :

As on the day of Pen - te - cost, Grant us the Spir - it's power.

1 Lord God, our Father, hear,
In this accepted hour ;
As on the day of Pentecost,
Grant us the Spirit's power.

2 We meet with one accord,
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind,
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind ;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 On us thy Spirit pour,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. HART.

342

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.

341

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

343

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense ;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise ;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

B. BEDDOME.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

344

DUNDEE. C. M.

G. FRANC.

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.

1 Father of mercies, in thy Word,
What endless glory shines ;
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around :
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever sweet delight :
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour here.

A. STEELE.

4 Thus may thy Word be dearer still,
And studied more, each day ;
And, as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

346

1 Oppressed with guilt, and full of fears,
We come to thee, our Lord ;
While not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy holy Word.

2 The volume of our Father's grace
Does all our grief dispel ;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And learn to do his will.

3 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command ;
Nor we forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand !

345

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.

347

1 What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun !
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives — but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
It makes the simple truly wise,
It gives the hungry meat.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

W. COWPER.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

348 MARLOW. C. M.

J. CIETHAM.

1. Je - sus, thy Word is my de - light, There grace and truth are seen ;

O could I stud - y day and night, And med - i - tate there - in !

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,
Made known to us, dear Lord ;
To us the promises apply,
Recorded in thy Word.

W. HAMMOND.

349

1 Lord, I have made thy Word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

350

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise ;
We hate the sinners road ;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy Word is everlasting truth :
How pure is every page !
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

I. WATTS.

351

1 The starry heavens thy rule obey ;
The earth maintains her place ;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

2 But still thy Law and Gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than thy Word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

3 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

352 BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.

1. Al-might - y God, thy Word is cast Like seed up - on the ground ;

O let the dew of heaven de-scend, And shed its influ - ence round.

- 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.

J. CAWOOD.

353

- 1 The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold ;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied ;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this Book denied.

- 4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

S. STENNETT.

354

- 1 Hail, sacred Truth ! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night ;
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Thy Word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wand'ring 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 th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

J. BUTTRESS.

355

- 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 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought ;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.
- 3 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy Word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

I. WATTS.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

356

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Je-sus, my Sav-iour and my Lord, To thee I lift mine eyes ; Teach and in -

struct me by thy Word, And make me tru - ly wise, And make me tru - ly wise.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by thy Word,
||: And make me truly wise. :||
- 2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
||: Thy love more clearly still. :||
- 3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight ;
Help me to love its Author more ;
||: To seek thee day and night. :||
- 4 O let it purify the heart,
And guide me all my days ;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
||: And thou shalt have the praise. :||

357

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrine shines,
||: The light of God from heaven. :||
- 2 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod ;
And brings to view the matchless grace
||: Of a forgiving God. :||
- 3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
||: And calms our anxious fears. :||

J. FAWCETT.

358

- 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. :||

359

- 1 O how I love thy holy law !
'T is daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
||: Divine advice by night. :||
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy Word ;
My soul with longing melts away
||: To hear thy gospel, Lord. :||
- 3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage
And well employ my tongue,
And in my weary pilgrimage
||: Yield me a heavenly song. :||
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
||: And there I write thy praise. :||

I. WATTS.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

360 SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

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

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

- 1 O holy Book of truth divine!
Eternal as thy Maker's name;
Through countless ages of decline
Thy glowing truths have stood the same.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

361

- 1 'T was by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly 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.

I. WATTS.

362

- 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.

R. GRANT.

363

- 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 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy Truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 3 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly
The gospel makes the simple wise, [light;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

I. WATTS.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

364 TRURO. L. M.
Bold.

C. BURNEX.

1. God, in the Gos-pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter-nal coun-sels known ;

'Tis here his rich - est mer-cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.

- 1 God, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis 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 raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest Volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

B. BEDDOME.

365

- 1 How precious is thy Word, O God !
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and Eden.
- 2 It fills the soul with sweet delight ;
It quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right ;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 3 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
It comforts and instructs us too.

366

- 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 To each thy sacred Word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy ;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 3 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.

J. FAWCETT.

367

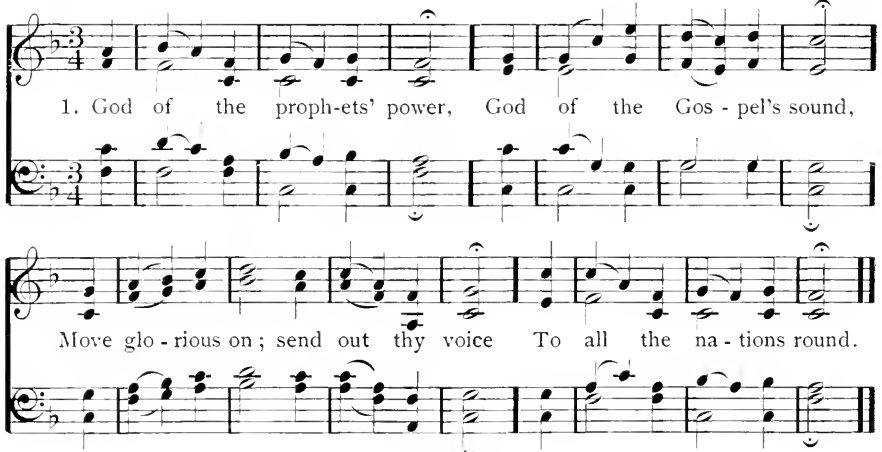
- 1 I love the sacred book of God,
No other can its place supply ;
It points me to the saints' abode,
And bids me from destruction fly.
- 2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord ;
From thy instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 Within thy sacred lids is found
A transcript of my Maker's will ;
Treasures of knowledge here abound,
The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.
- 4 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.

T. KELLY.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

368 SEIR. S. M.

L. MASON.



1. God of the proph-ets' power, God of the Gos - pel's sound,
Move glo - rious on; send out thy voice To all the na - tions round.

- 1 God of the prophets' power,
God of the Gospel's sound,
Move glorious on; send out thy voice
To all the nations round.
- 2 With hearts and lips unfeigned
We bless thee for thy Word;
We praise thee for the joyful news
Of our ascended Lord.
- 3 O may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and solemn joy
In all our hearts appear.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns
Prevent the fruits of peace.

369

- 1 Thy Word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.
- 2 Thy Word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.
- 3 Then let our hearts obey
The Gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

J. MONTGOMERY.

370

- 1 How perfect is thy Word!
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
May man securely trust.
- 2 I hear thy Word in love;
In faith thy Word obey;
O send thy Spirit from above,
And 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.

I. WATTS.

371

- 1 Jesus, the Word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
The Gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;
- 2 Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.
- 3 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

C. WESLEY.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

372 THE OLD FASHIONED BIBLE.

OLD SOUTHERN MELODY.

1. How pain-ful - ly pleasing the fond rec - ol - lec - tion Of youthful e - mo - tions and
 2. That Bi - ble, the vol - ume of God's in - spi - ra - tion, At morn and at evening could
 3. Ye scenes of tran - quil - i - ty, long have we parted ; My hopes almost gone, and my

CHORUS. The old - fash - ion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bi - ble, The fam - i - ly Bi - ble that
 FINE.

in - no - cent joy, When blest with pa - ren - tal ad - vice and af - fec - tion,
 yield us de - light ; The prayer of our sire was a sweet in - vo - ca - tion,
 parents no more, In sor - row and sad - ness I roam broken - heart - ed,
 lay on the stand.

Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high ; I still view the chair of my
 For mer - cy by day, and safe - ty thro' night ; Our hymns of de - vo - tion in
 And wander a - lone on a far distant shore ; Yet how can I doubt a dear

sire and my mother, These seats of their offspring arranged on each hand. And that blessed
 har - mony swelling, All warm from the heart of a fam - i - ly band, Half rais'd us from
 Saviour's protection, For - get - ful of gifts from his bountiful hand? O let me with

rit. *D.C.*

book which excels every oth - er, The fam - i - ly Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
 earth to that rapturous dwelling Described in the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
 pa - tience receive his correction, And think of the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

SINNER—LOST CONDITION.

373

HAVEN. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin, how deep it stains!

And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls Fast in his slav - ish chains.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
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 faithful Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

L. WATTS.

374

- 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.

L. WATTS.

375

- 1 The gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me; [choose
Their various schemes while others
Saviour, I come to thee.
- 2 Of merit now I cannot speak,
For merit I have none;
I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
I'm saved by grace alone.
- 3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won;
'Tis grace that holds me fast;
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save me to the last.
- 4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
What God hath done for me,
And celebrate redeeming grace
Throughout eternity.

376

- 1 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 2 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 3 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

SINNER—LOST CONDITION.

377 LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin, And born un-ho - ly and unclean ;

Sprung from the man whose guilt-y fall Cor-rupts his race, and taints us all.

1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And 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 ;
The 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 sprinkling 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 Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

I. WATTS.

378

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.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow ;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

A. STEELE.

379

1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry 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 wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

I. WATTS.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

380 ST. ANN. C. M.

W. CROFT.

1. Sin - ner, the voice of God re - gard ; 'Tis mer - cy speaks to - day ;

He calls you by his sa - cred Word From sin's de - struc - tive way.

1 Sinner, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sacred Word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Your way is dark, and leads to death ;
Why will you persevere ?
O flee from swift approaching wrath,
From darkness and despair.

3 Now he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

J. FAWCETT.

381

1 Repent! the voice celestial cries ;
No longer dare delay :
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinner, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace !

4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

382

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 Here Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

383

1 Come unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fear oppressed ;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind ;
And thus your weary, troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

3 For light and gentle is my yoke :
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

R. BLAIR.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

384 SALZBURGH. C. M.

M. HAYDN.

1 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face ;
These new desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
He hears thy humble sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wand'rer, now return ;
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to his feet, and gladly learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And dry the falling tear ;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

W. B. COLLYER.

385

1 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee :
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;
Thy Saviour calls for thee :
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;"
O now for refuge flee !

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay :
There are no pardons in the tomb ;
And brief is mercy's day !

HASTINGS.

386

1 Come to the ark, come to the ark,
To Jesus come away ;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2 Come to the ark : the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear ;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near.

3 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose ;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

387

1 What heavenly music do I hear ?
Salvation sounding free.
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear :
This is the Jubilee.

2 Jesus is on the mercy-seat :
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat :
This is the Jubilee.

3 Sinners, be wise ; return, and come :
Unto the Saviour flee ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home :
This is the Jubilee.

4 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

SINNER — INVITATION AND WARNING.

388

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

L. EDSON.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast: Let ev-'ry soul be

Je-sus' guest: Ye need not one be left be-hind, Ye need not one be

need not one be left behind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.
left be-hind, For God hath bid - - den all man-kind.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
||: Ye need not one be left behind, :||
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
||: Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! :||
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest, [blind, :||
||: Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
||: O let his love your hearts constrain, :||
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

C. WESLEY.

389

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares;
||: While in the various range of thought, :||
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
||: Shall troubled conscience give you pain, :||
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
||: Nor let us waste on trifling cares :||
That life which thy compassion spares.

P. DODDRIDGE.

390

1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
||: Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, :||
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
||: It bade thee make the better choice, :||
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
||: Ye who persist his love to grieve :||
May never hear his voice again.

HYDE.

SINNER — INVITATION AND WARNING.

391 MELMORE. L. M.

W. MARTIN.

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1. Stay, thou in - sult - ed Spir-it, stay, Though I have done thee such despte ;

Cast not a sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev - er - last - ing flight.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despte ;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness
griev'd.
- 3 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
O guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.
C. WESLEY.

392

- 1 Sinners exposed to death and woe,
Arise and to King Jesus go ;
Your guilt confess, his favor seek,
And wait to hear what God will speak.
- 2 Fear not the law ; 'tis grace that reigns ;
Jesus the sinner's cause maintains ;
He ransomed rebels with his blood,
And now he intercedes with God.
- 3 Thrice happy souls, who thus address
The God of love and boundless grace !
Jesus will such completely save,
And life eternal they shall have.

393

- 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 O far from home thy footsteps stray ;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light : thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.
- 3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky ;
The rains descend, the winds are high ;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.
- 4 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.
W. B. COLLYER.

394

- 1 Sinners, obey the gospel word ;
Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready.—come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son ;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the heart of stone to move :
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

395

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.

1. Now is th'ac - cept - ed time; Now is the day of grace;

Then, sinners, come, with-out de - lay. And seek the Sav - iour's face.

1 Now is the accepted time ;
Now is the day of grace ;
Then, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time ;
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late ;
Then why will you delay ?

3 Now is the accepted time ;
The Spirit bids you come :
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

J. DOBELL.

396

1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine ?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine ?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed ?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray ;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

A. B. HYDE.

397

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.

398

1 O sinner, mark thy fate !
Soon will the Judge appear,
And then thy cries will come too late—
Too late for God to hear.

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.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

399

SILVER STREET. S. M.

S. SMITH.

1. O Lord, thy work re - vive, In Zi - on's gloom - y hour;
 And let our dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing power!

- 1 O Lord, thy work revive,
 In Zion's gloomy hour;
 And let our dying graces live
 By thy restoring power!
- 2 O let thy chosen few
 Awake to earnest prayer;
 Their sacred vows again renew,
 And walk in filial fear!
- 3 Now lend thy gracious ear;
 Now listen to our cry:
 O come, and bring salvation near!
 Our souls on thee rely.

P. H. BROWN.

400

- 1 "All things are ready," come.
 Come to the supper spread; [young,
 Come, rich and poor, come, old and
 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," has come,
 To-morrow may not be;
 O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
 This hour to welcome thee.

A. MIDLANE.

401

- 1 Come, weary sinners, come,
 Groaning beneath your load;
 The Saviour calls his wanderers home:
 Haste to your pardoning God.
- 2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
 Answer the Saviour's call,
 "O come, and I will give you rest,
 And I will save you all."
- 3 Redeemer, full of love,
 We would thy word obey.
 And all thy faithful mercies prove:
 O take our guilt away.
- 4 We would on thee rely,
 On thee would cast our care;
 Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
 And find salvation there.

C. WESLEY.

402

- 1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
 The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
 To all his 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 Yea, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

403 INVITATION. Ss & 7s.

F. A. BLACKMER.

Gently.

1. Come to Je-sus! are you lone-ly? Sol-ace sweet he will af-ford;

rit.

Lean on Je-sus, Je-sus on-ly! Come and find a lov-ing Lord.

By permission.

- 1 Come to Jesus! are you lonely?
Solace sweet he will afford;
Lean on Jesus, Jesus only!
Come and find a loving Lord.
- 2 He is waiting—will you leave him,
Pleading at your heart in vain?
He is willing—O believe him;
He may never call again.
- 3 Now it is the time to test him,
Test him by his written word;
Come, for he will ne'er deny it:
Come to Christ, the risen Lord.
- 4 By still waters he will lead you,
In green pastures you shall rest;
And the pierced hands that freed you,
Bear you near his tender breast.

A. SHIPMAN.

404

- 1 Sinner, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim;
Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name.
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears.

J. ALLEN.

405

- 1 "Come!" 'tis Jesus' invitation,
Now to mourning souls addressed;
Why, O why such hesitation?
Mourners, he will give you rest.
- 2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as ye are with sin?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness;
Christ invites you,—enter in.
- 3 Stay not, pond'ring on your sorrow;
Turn from your own self away;
Dare not linger till to-morrow;
Come to Christ without delay.
- 4 Jesus, with thy word complying,
Firm our faith and hope shall be;
On thy faithfulness relying,
We will cast our souls on thee.

406

- 1 Tell me, wand'rer, wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantment loving,
When will thy delusion cease?
- 2 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I could kneel at pleasure's shrine;
Then my brightest hopes were bounded
By delights as false as thine.
- 4 Such is pleasure's transient story;
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory,
In the Saviour's love alone.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

407 COME TO JESUS. 8s & 7s. D.

E. O. BUTTERFIELD.

1. Come to Je - sus, are you wea - ry? Lay your head up - on his breast,

Seek the prom - ise he has giv - en, "Come and I will give you rest;"

There are man-sions o - ver yon-der, There's a home for ev - ery soul,

Come to Je - sus, are you wea - ry? Come, and he will make you whole.

1 Come to Jesus, are you weary?
Lay your head upon his breast,
Seek the promise he has given,
"Come and I will give you rest;"
There are mansions over yonder,
There's a home for every soul,
Come to Jesus, are you weary?
Come, and he will make you whole.

2 Come to Jesus, he invites you,
Do not longer stay away,
Soon may cease the invitation,
There is danger in delay;

He is pleading for your safety,
Wand'rer, harken to his voice,
Come to Jesus, hear him calling,
"Come and make my paths your choice."

3 Come to Jesus, think of loved ones,
On whose grave you've dropped a tear;
How you promised at the parting
That you'd meet them over there;
Then be faithful, never yielding
In the battle's fiercest strife,
Look to Jesus, seek salvation,
"Thou shalt have eternal life."

E. O. BUTTERFIELD.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

408 HARK, MY SOUL. 7s.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav-our, hear his word!

Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee.— Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 2 I delivered thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 4 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be,—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

W. COWPER.

409

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not harken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 2 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. WESLEY.

410

- 1 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
- 2 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?
- 3 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

411

- 1 Lo! I cumber still the ground,
Lo! an Advocate is found,
"Hasten not to cut him down,
Let the barren soul alone!"
- 2 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare:
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 3 There for me the Saviour stands:
Shows his wounds, and spreads his
God is love; I know, I feel; [hands!
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 4 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon, and accept me now.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

412

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 78.

I. PLEYEL.

1. Sin - ners, turn, why will you die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why ;

God, who did you be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live.

- 1 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why ;
God, who did you being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
'T is your Saviour asks you why ;
He who would your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 4 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

C. WESLEY.

413

- 1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared ;
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgment stand prepared ;
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 Who his advent may abide?
You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

J. NEWTON.

414

- 1 Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep!
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Leave thy folly ; cease from crime ;
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay ;
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 3 O then, rouse thee from thy sleep!
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Jesus calls from death and night ;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

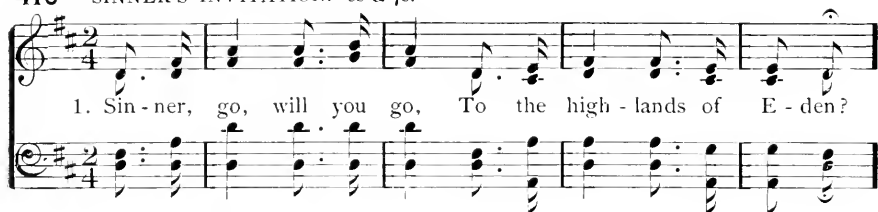
H. U. ONDERDONK.

415

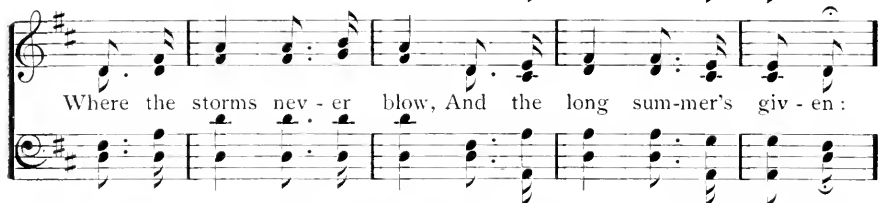
- 1 Sinners, seek the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late ;
Many ask to enter there
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And forever bar the skies :
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim :
"Lord, we have professed thy name ;
We with thee have eaten, heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity ;
Sad their everlasting lot ;
Christ will say, "I know you not."

SINNER — INVITATION AND WARNING.

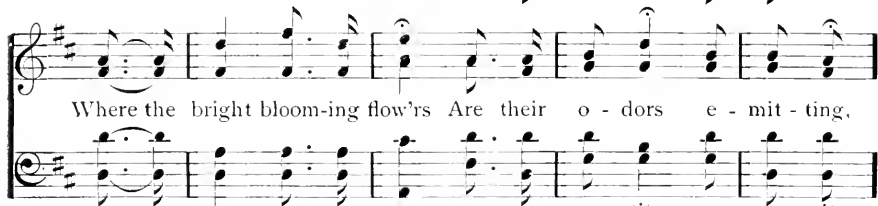
416 SINNER'S INVITATION. 6s & 7s.



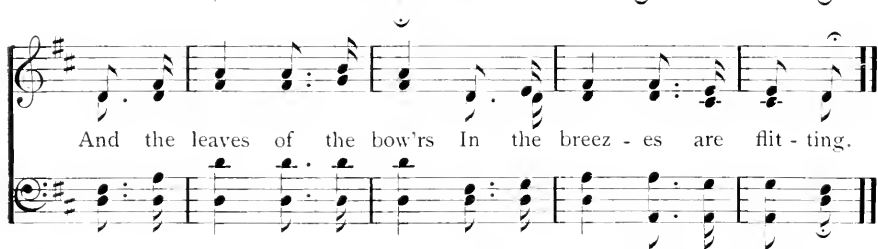
1. Sin-ner, go, will you go, To the high-lands of E-den?



Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv-en:



Where the bright bloom-ing flow'rs Are their o-dors e-mit-ting,



And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez-es are flit-ting.

1 Sinner, go, will you go,
To the highlands of Eden?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flow'rs
Are their odors emitting,
And the leaves of the bow'rs
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the rich golden fruit
In bright clusters are 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 is green,
And eternally growing.

3 Where the saints, robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beautiful and bright,
Shall inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay
Neither trouble nor sorrow
Shall be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

4 He's prepared thee a home;
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come;
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

C. B. DAVIDSON.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

417 THE SWEET CALL. 7s, 5s & 6s.

Arranged.

1. 'Tis the sweet call of mer - cy, That lin - gers for thee:

O sin - ner, re - ceive it; To Je - sus now flee!

He oft - en has called thee, But thou hast re - fused!

His of - fered sal - va - tion And love is a - bused!

1 'Tis the sweet call of mercy,
That 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 is abused!

2 If thou slightest this warning,
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning—
"The harvest is past,"
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon, no more."

3 'Tis the sweet call of mercy,
O steel not thy heart,
The Spirit is striving,
And soon may depart!
The Bride is now calling—
"Ye thirsty souls, come!"
O come with the ransomed,
In glory there's room!

4 'Tis the sweet call of mercy,
That lingers for thee!
Break away from thy bondage,
O sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner—
"The harvest is past,
The summer is ended"—
And perish at last!

E. C. PEARSON.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

418 WILL YOU GO? Ss & Gs.

FINE.

1. { We're trav'ling home to mansions bright; Will you go? will you go? }
 { 'Tis Je - sus who doth us in - vite; Will you go? will you go? }
 D. C. 'Tis there with Je - sus we shall be; Will you go? will you go?

That cit - y fair we soon shall see, And be from death and sor - row free—

1 We're trav'ling home to mansions bright ;
 Will you go? will you go?
 'Tis Jesus who doth us invite ;
 Will you go? will you go?
 That city fair we soon shall see,
 And be from death and sorrow free —
 'Tis there with Jesus we shall be ;
 Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going to walk the streets of gold ;
 Will you go? will you go?
 And all the glory there behold ;
 Will you go? will you go?
 The tree of life, the river clear,
 The pearly gates that open there,
 We soon shall see—forever fair ;
 Will you go? will you go?

3 The way of life is free for all ;
 Will you go? will you go?
 O listen to the Saviour's call ;
 Will you go? will you go?
 He now invites you all to come,
 And share with him that blissful home,
 Where nevermore your feet shall roam ;
 Will you go? will you go?

4 O could I hear some wand'rer say,
 "I will go, I will go,"
 "I now will leave destruction's way—
 I will go, I will go."

Yes, come, dear sinner, wand'rer, come,
 In those bright mansions there is room
 And you with Christ may have a home ;
 Wand'rer, come—wand'rer, come.

I. I. LESLIE.

419

1 There is a better land, they say,
 Will you go? will you go?
 A land of pure, unclouded day,
 Will you go? will you go?
 There dwells the King in cloudless light,
 There saints shall walk with him in white,
 There comes no sorrow, sin, nor night,
 Will you go? will you go?

2 There shines Jerusalem above,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The city of the God of Love,
 Will you go? will you go?
 And when that city shall descend,
 And God himself shall dwell with men,
 Say, will you share its glory then?
 Will you go? will you go?

3 There Christ shall reign, the King su-
 Will you go? will you go? [preme,
 While all the angels worship him ;
 Will you go? will you go?
 There saints who here the desert trod,
 Redeemed and cleansed in Jesus' blood,
 Shall walk the Paradise of God,
 Will you go? will you go?

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

420

FOUNTAIN. 11s.

1. A fountain in Je - sus, which runs al - ways free, For wash - ing and

cleansing such sin - ners as we! Our sins, though like crim - son, made

white as the wool, No lack in the fountain, it al - ways is full.

- 1 A fountain in Jesus, which runs always free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners as we!
Our sins, though like crimson, made white as the wool,
No lack in the fountain, it always is full.
- 2 All things now are ready, he invites us to come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,
A home in the kingdom, if we but believe.
- 3 The guests who were bidden, refused the call;
For they were not ready, nor willing at all
To be stripped of their honor, and part with their store,
For a feast that was given and made for the poor.
- 4 If they are not ready, and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;
The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

421 EXPOSTULATION. 118.

J. HOPKINS.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great

mer - cy is com - ing so nigh; Now Je - sus in - vites you, the

Spir - it says, Come, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.

- 1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.
- 5 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And starting for Eden, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

J. HOPKINS.

SINNER—INVITATION AND WARNING.

422 "ALMOST PERSUADED." 118 & 108.

I. BALTZELL.

Gently.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" to leave the ways of sin :

"Al - most per - suad - ed" to let the Sav - iour in :

"Al - most per - suad - ed" to give your wan-d'rings o'er ;

"Al - most per - suad - ed" to o - pen now the door.

- 1 "Almost persuaded" to leave the ways of sin ;
 "Almost persuaded" to let the Saviour in ;
 "Almost persuaded" to give your wand'rings o'er ;
 "Almost persuaded" to open now the door.
- 2 "Almost persuaded!" what is it keeps you back ?
 "Almost persuaded!" what is it yet you lack ?
 "Almost persuaded," the Saviour bids you come ;
 "Almost persuaded," yet still in sin you roam.
- 3 "Almost persuaded!" why not repent to-day ?
 "Almost persuaded!" O come without delay !
 "Almost persuaded" will never give thee rest ;
 "Almost persuaded" can never calm thy breast.
- 4 "Almost persuaded" will not avail at last ;
 "Almost persuaded" will bring a bitter past ;
 Fully persuaded will bring you joy and peace ;
 Fully persuaded will bring a sweet release.

I. BALTZELL.

SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

423 BALERMA. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Come, anx - ious sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - volve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve :

- 1 Come, anxious 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 sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
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 pard'ning grace.
- 4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will go,
And perish only there."

424

- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay ;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of rising day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and, O amazing love !
He flew to our relief.
- 3 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break.
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

L. WATTS.

425

- 1 Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word
With pity in thine eye.
- 3 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face,
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

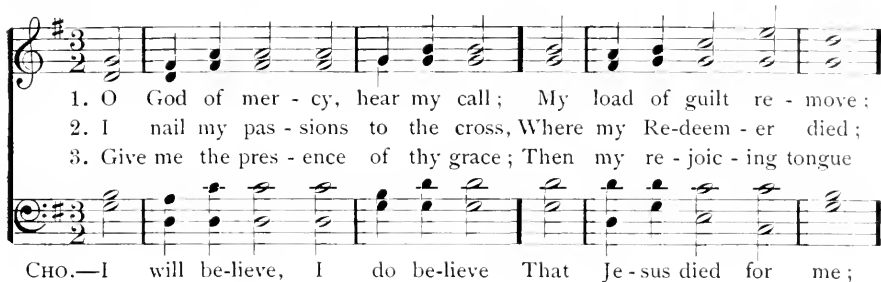
A. STEELE.

426

- 1 O sinner, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee ;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.
- 3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.
- 4 O righteous Judge ! if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

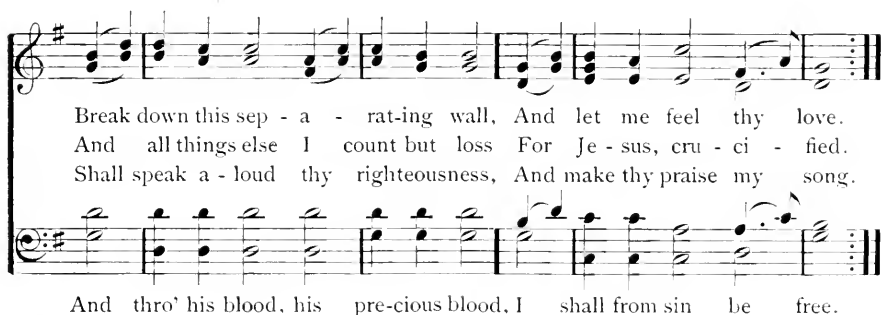
SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

427 I WILL BELIEVE.



1. O God of mer - cy, hear my call; My load of guilt re - move;
 2. I nail my pas - sions to the cross, Where my Re - deem - er died;
 3. Give me the pres - ence of thy grace; Then my re - joic - ing tongue

CHO.—I will be-lieve, I do be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;



Break down this sep - a - rat - ing wall, And let me feel thy love.
 And all things else I count but loss For Je - sus, cru - ci - fied.
 Shall speak a - loud thy righteousness, And make thy praise my song.

And thro' his blood, his pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

428

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest,
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast." CHO.

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad. CHO.

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." CHO.

4 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till trav'ling days are done. CHO.
 H. BONAR.

429

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. CHO.

2 Give us ourselves and thee to know
 In this our gracious day;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away. CHO.

3 Convince us first of unbelief,
 And freely then release;
 Fill every soul with sacred grief,
 And then with sacred peace. CHO.
 C. WESLEY.

430

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer:
 There humbly fall before his feet;
 For none can perish there. CHO.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I! CHO.

3 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name! CHO.
 J. NEWTON.

SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

431 SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je-sus, the sinner's Friend, to thee, Lost and un-done, for aid I flee,

Wea-ry of earth, my-self, and sin; O - pen thine arms, and take me in.

- 1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

C. WESLEY.

432

- 1 Hail, sov'reign love that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Vindictive justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried with frowning face:
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 4 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard—
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

J. BREWER.

433

- 1 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
Thou God of grace, wilt thou despise
A broken heart for sacrifice?
- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemned to die!

434

- 1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 4 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

I. WATTS.

SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

435 HAMBURG. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
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!

C. ELLIOTT.

436

- 1 Forgive us, Lord! to thee we cry;
Forgive us through 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.

T. HASTINGS.

437

- 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.

T. MOORE.

438

- 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.

I. WATTS.

SINNER—REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

439 KENTUCKY. S. M.

J. INGALLS.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

- 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.

B. BEDDOME.

440

- 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 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
- 3 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lips and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.
- 4 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

H. BONAR.

441

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back, to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And know its guilt was there.

I. WATTS.

442

- 1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

W. A. MÜHLENBERG.

SALVATION.

443 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. RANDALL.

1. Salvation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sov'reign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears. A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
||: A cordial for our fears. :||

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
||: Conspire to raise the sound! :||

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
||: And dwell upon our tongues. :||

4 And when we join the heavenly throng,
Upon that blissful shore:
Salvation then shall be the song,
||: The song forevermore. :||

I. WATTS.

444

1 In vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
||: Will starve a hungry mind. :||

2 But God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace:
He gives by promise, and by oath,
||: The riches of his grace. :||

3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted
And wash away our stains. [souls.
In that rich fountain which his Son
||: Poured from his dying veins. :||

4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
||: To swift obedience draw. :||

5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
||: And he, our God of grace. :||

I. WATTS.

445

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fullness of thy love,
||: O Lord, remember me. :||

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
||: And then remember me. :||

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
||: O Lord, remember me. :||

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
||: O Lord, remember me. :||

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, God!
||: I pray, remember me. :||

R. BURNHAM.

SALVATION.

446 AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

Arr. by G. E. LEE.

1. A - maz - ing 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!

'T was grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved ;

How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.

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!

'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.

2 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;

'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;

He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,

I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

This earth will soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;

But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

J. NEWTON.

EXPERIENCE — PRAYER.

447 WOODLAND. C. M.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
||: And spend the hours of setting day :||
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 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 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
||: Be calm as this impressive hour, :||
And lead to endless day.

MRS. BROWNE.

448

- 1 My God! 'tis to thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies ;
||: 'Tis here I find a safe retreat, :||
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart ;
||: And let thy kind, thy gracious word :||
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 3 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat ;
||: Still let me trust thy power and love, :||
And dwell beneath thy feet.

A. STEELE.

449

- 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 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
||: To him there's music in a groan, :||
And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
||: Since he for sinners intercedes, :||
Who once for sinners died.

B. BEDDOME.

450

- 1 A throne of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer ;
||: A gracious God will mercy show :||
To all that worship there.
- 2 A throne of grace! O at that throne
Our knees have often bent! [down :||
||: And God has showered his blessings
As often as we went.
- 3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints ;
That throne is open still ;
||: To God unbosom your complaints, :||
And then inquire his will.

EXPERIENCE — PRAYER.

451

VIRGINIA. L. M.

J. GRIGG.

Slow and connected.

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.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

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 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed!
Or how the hosts of sin defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, as on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL.

452

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray:
For 'tis by earnest prayer they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin 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.

J. HART.

453

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 God himself draws nigh
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 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.

T. RAFFLES.

454

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 will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

S. STENNETT.

EXPERIENCE — PRAYER.

455 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me
D.C. And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re -

from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's
 turn, sweet hour of prayer! And oft es - caped the tempt - er's

throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known; In sea - sons
 snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!

FINE.

of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;

D.C.

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 wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer! :||

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 Zion's sacred height
 I view my home in Eden bright,
 With songs that evermore shall rise,
 I'll seize the everlasting prize,
 And shout, amid the glories there,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :||

W. W. WALFORD.

EXPERIENCE — PRAYER.

456

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. Ss & 7s.

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 Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything 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.

H. BONAR.

EXPERIENCE — PRAYER.

457 HOLLEY. 78.

G. HEWS.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow ;

O do not our suit dis-dain ; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

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 gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

W. HAMMOND.

458

1 Saviour, at thy feet we bow ;
O vouchsafe to meet us now !
At thy people's earnest cry
Bring thy loving mercies nigh.

2 Thou hast said, where two or three
In thy worship shall agree,
That thou wilt be present there,
Answering their faithful prayer.

3 Lord, we plead thy promise here ;
Let thy presence now appear ;
On our souls thy Spirit pour ;
Light, and life, and peace restore ;

4 Raise our thoughts from things below ;
Faith's discerning eye bestow ;
Let our hearts, from sin made free,
Hold sweet intercourse with thee.

5 With a beam of living fire,
Purify each low desire ;
Be thou, Lord, our aim and end,
Our best hope, and dearest friend.

459

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray ;
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

J. NEWTON.

EXPERIENCE — PRAYER.

460

INVOCATION. 108, 48 & 88.

F. D. BARNES.

1. O thou e - ter - nal, thou Al-might - y God! . . . Thee

we a - dore; As now a - round thy mer - cy - seat, As

now a - round thy mer - cy - seat, In ho - ly fel - low -

ship we meet, Thy bless - ing we im - plore. . . .

1 O thou eternal, thou Almighty God!

Thee we adore;

||: As now around thy mercy-seat, :||

In holy fellowship we meet,

Thy blessing we implore.

2 Our hearts o'erflow with gratitude to thee,

With ceaseless praise,

||: For countless blessings we receive, :||

Which bid us hope, which bid us live,

And brighten all our days.

3 O thou, who art our Father and our God!

Thee we desire;

||: As now we come with waiting heart :||

Thy Spirit unto us impart;

Baptize with holy fire.

4 Our spirits thirst for thee, the living God!

Refresh us now;

||: As panting hind the water brook, :||

Thee we desire, unto thee look,

While at thy throne we bow.

A. M. GOODWIN.

EXPERIENCE—PRAYER.

461 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. What various hin-dran-ces we meet In com-ing to the mer-cy-seat ;

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be oft - en there ?

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>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 ?</p> <p>2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>4 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ears
With a sad tale of all your cares.</p> |
|--|---|

462 HEAR MY PRAYER. C. M.

E. O. BUTTERFIELD.

1. O God, I lift my voice to thee, In tones of deep de-spair :

From sin and suf - fer-ing set me free, O Fa-ther, hear my prayer.

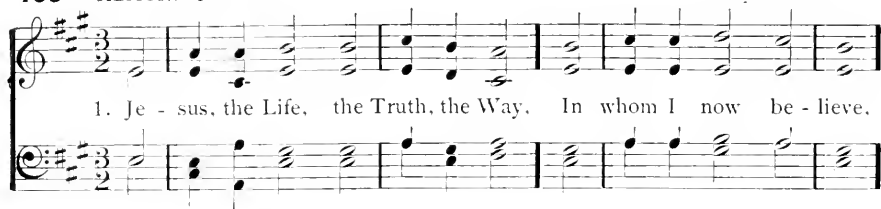
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O God, I lift my voice to thee,
In tones of deep despair ;
From sin and suffering set me free,
O Father, hear my prayer.</p> <p>2 Dear Saviour! help me to prevail,
In all my sorrows share ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
O Father, hear my prayer.</p> | <p>3 I've wandered long in paths of sin,
Far from thy fold of care ;
Guide me in paths of peace again,
O Father, hear my prayer.</p> <p>4 Pardon my sins, accept my plea,
In mercy, Lord, forbear ;
Fit me to dwell in peace with thee,
O Father, hear my prayer.</p> |
|--|---|

E. O. BUTTERFIELD.

EXPERIENCE—CONSECRATION.

463 AZMON. C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. Je - sus, the Life, the Truth, the Way, In whom I now be - lieve.



As taught by thee, in faith I pray, Ex - pect-ing to re - ceive.

1 Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe.
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the hosts above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

C. WESLEY.

464

1 Thou boundless source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
We would adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see:
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

4 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

T. RAFFLES.

465

1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

3 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

C. WESLEY.

466

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 more 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.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

EXPERIENCE—CONSECRATION.

467

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Used by per. of OLIVER DITSON CO.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

3 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.

W. COWPER.

468

1 O could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

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 never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

B. CLEAVELAND.

469

1 Let him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert ;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price :
The Christian lives to Christ alone ;
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive ;
Fulfill our hearts' desire ;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

470

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee, from my soul?
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face,
I fear thy cause to plead?

P. DODDRIDGE.

EXPERIENCE—CONSECRATION.

471 JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN. 8s & 7s. C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low thee ;

Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
D.S. Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, While I make thee all my own. FINE.

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known ;
D.S.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee :
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, and hoped, and known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 While I make thee all my own.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed with faith and winged by prayer ;
 An eternal day's before thee :
 God's own hand shall bring 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.

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 was 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 God, canst thou repine ?

472
 1 Well for him who all things losing,
 E'en himself doth count as naught,
 Still the one thing needful choosing
 That with all true bliss is fraught !
 Well for him who all forsaking,
 Walketh not in shadows vain,
 But the path of peace is taking
 Through this vale of tears and pain.

2 O that we our hearts might sever
 From earth's tempting vanities,
 Fixing them on him forever
 In whom all our fullness lies !
 Thou, abyss of love and goodness,
 Draw us by thy cross to thee,
 That our senses, soul, and spirit,
 Ever one with Christ may be.

EXPERIENCE—CONSECRATION.

473

EVEN ME. Ss, 7s & 3s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Used by per. of BIGLOW & MAIN Co.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }
 { Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me. }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Bless me, Sav-iour, e - ven me.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free;
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some drops now fall on me.
 Even me, Even me,
 Bless me, Saviour, even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor;

Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.
 Even me, Even me,
 Bless me, Saviour, even me.

3 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me.
 Even me, Even me,
 Bless me, Saviour, even me.

E. CODNER.

474

HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. King of kings, and wilt thou deign O'er this wayward heart to reign? Henceforth take it
 for thy throne, Rule here, Lord, and rule alone, Rule here, Lord, and rule a-lone.

1 King of kings, and wilt thou deign
 O'er this wayward heart to reign?
 Henceforth take it for thy throne,
 Rule here, Lord, and rule alone. :||

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
 Waiting for thine high commands,
 All my powers shall wait on thee
 Captive, yet divinely free. :||

3 At thy word my will shall bow,
 Judgment, reason, bending low;
 Hope, desire, and every thought,
 Into glad obedience brought. :||

4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
 Hourly some new gift to bring;
 Wisdom, humbly casting down
 At thy feet her golden crown. :||

W. A. MULLENBERG.

EXPERIENCE—CONSECRATION.

475 OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire :
As thou hast died 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.

4 When time's eventful years,
With sin and toil and tears,
Shall cease to be,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Descending from above,
My every ill remove,
And ransom me.

R. PALMER.

O how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. DECK.

477

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.

T. KELLY.

476

1 Thou blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!

EXPERIENCE—CONSECRATION.

478

DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Clos - er to thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for thine em -
 2. Clos - er to thee, my Sav-iour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee
 3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spir-it draw me, Till I am all with

brace ; Clos - er with - in thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing
 more ; Sigh - ing to feel thine arms a - round me, And all my wand' - rings
 thee ; Quick - en, re - fine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and

CHORUS.

place. Clos - - - er with the cords of love,
 o'er. Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love,
 free.

Draw me to thy - self a - bove ; Clos - - - er
 Draw me, draw me to thy - self a - bove ; Clos - er with the cords of love,

Draw me to thy - self a - bove.
 Draw me to thy - self a - bove, Draw me to thy - self a - bove.

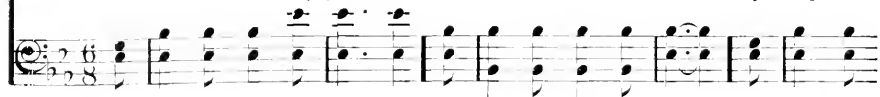
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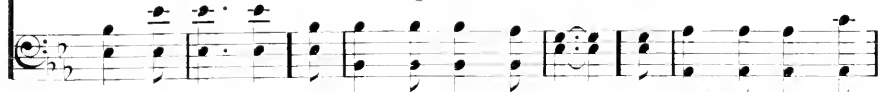
479 THE WHOLE BURNT OFFERING.



1. Je - sus! I hear thee knocking, And glad - ly yield to thee; The gates of
 2. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is
 3. Wherever he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd



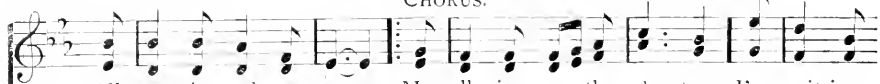
will un - lock - ing, Thy tem - ple hence to be. I give to thee my
 such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing changes here. The storm may roar with -
 is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack. His wis - dom ev - er



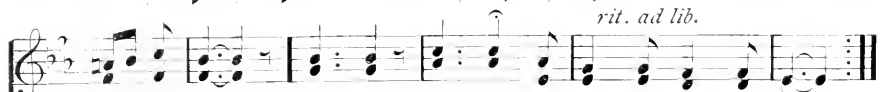
treas - ures, My bur - dens, hopes and fears; Renounce all self - ish pleasures,
 out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me,
 wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way he tak - eth,



CHORUS.



All trust in works or tears, My all is on the al - tar; I'm wait - ing
 And can I be dis - mayed?
 And I will walk with him.



for the fire, Wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.



EXPERIENCE — CONSECRATION.

480

MORE LIKE THEE.

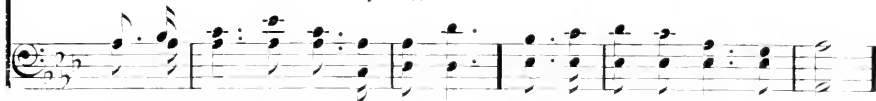
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



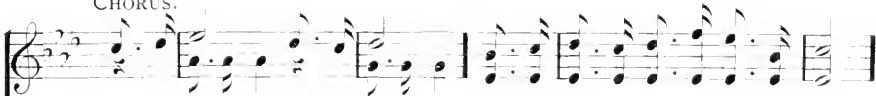
1. Je - sus, Saviour, great Ex - am - ple, Pat - tern of all pu - ri - ty,
2. Lest I wan - der from thy pathway, Or my feet move wea - ri - ly,
3. When the tempests fiercely low - er, And my shrinking soul would flee,
4. When amidst the clouds and darkness, And thy beauties few can see:



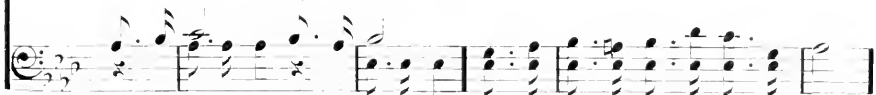
I would fol - low in thy footsteps, Dai - ly growing more like thee.
 Sav - iour, take my hand and lead me, Keep me steadfast; more like thee.
 Change each weakness in - to pow - er, Make me strong, and more like thee.
 Let me view thee in thy brightness, And be more, be more like thee.



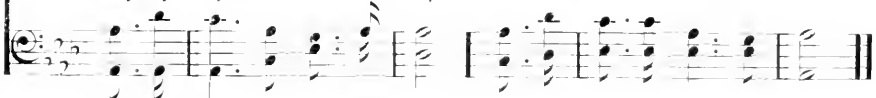
CHORUS.



More like thee, more like thee: Saviour, this my constant pray'r shall be—
 More like thee, more like thee:



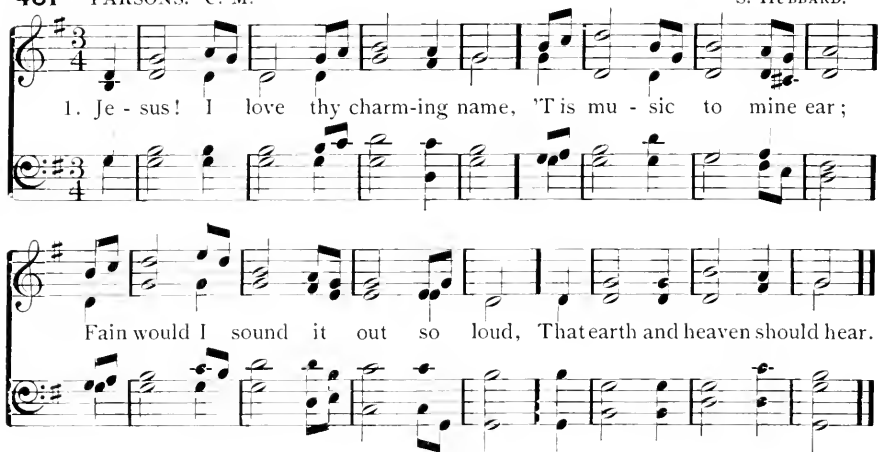
Day by day, where'er I stray, Make me more and more like thee.



EXPERIENCE — LOVE.

481 PARSONS. C. M.

S. HUBBARD.



1. Je - sus! I love thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven should hear.

- 1 Jesus! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

P. DODDRIDGE.

482

- 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 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But they can never love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

1. WATTS.

483

- 1 My God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!
- 2 Yet I may love thee, O my Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 3 No earthly father loves like thee;
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

484

- 1 Pour forth the oil,—pour boldly forth;
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.
- 2 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.
- 3 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 4 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.

TRENCH

EXPERIENCE — LOVE.

485

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Of all the joys we mortals know, Je - sus, thy love ex - ceeds the rest ;

Love, the best blessing here be - low, The highest rapture of the blest.

- 1 Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.
- 2 Securely held in thine embrace,
No fickle thought attempts to rove ;
Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 Oft of thine absence we complain,
And sadly weep, and humbly pray ;
Yet there is pleasure in the pain,
The tears are sweet that mourn thy stay.

486

- 1 Faith, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity :
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart,—
- 2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.
- 3 The morning star is lost in light ;
Faith vanishes at perfect sight ;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.
- 4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

J. MONTGOMERY.

487

- 1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,—
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,—
- 3 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

I. WATTS.

488

- 1 O God, thou art my God alone ;
Early to thee my soul shall cry ;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 3 Better than life itself, thy love ;
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee ?
- 4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

J. MONTGOMERY.

EXPERIENCE — LOVE.

489 MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the
 prayer I make, On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee!

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- 1 More love to thee, O Christ,
 More love to thee!
 Hear thou the prayer I make,
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea,
 :: More love, O Christ, to thee, ::
 More love to thee!
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,
 :: More love, O Christ, to thee, ::
 More love to thee!
- 3 Then in my latest day,
 I will thee praise;
 This be the constant cry
 My heart shall raise;
 This still its prayer shall be,
 :: More love, O Christ, to thee, ::
 More love to thee!
- 4 Then, when thou com'st again,
 Thy saints to greet,
 May I with all the blest
 Thee gladly meet:
 And when thy face I see,
 :: More love I'll have to thee, ::
 More love to thee.

490

- 1 Saviour, thy dying love
 Thou gavest me:
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from thee:
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfill its vow,
 Some offering bring thee now,
 Something for thee.
- 2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to thee:
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart —
 Likeness to thee,
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for thee.

S. D. PHELPS.

EXPERIENCE — LOVE.

491 MY SAVIOUR, I LOVE THEE. 118.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Sav- iour, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the

fol- ly of sin I re- sign; My gra- cious Re- deem-er, for-

ev- er art thou, If ev- er I loved thee, my Sav- iour, 'tis now.

- 1 My Saviour, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the folly of sin I resign:
My gracious Redeemer, forever art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Saviour, 'tis now.
- 2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Saviour, 'tis now.
- 3 I'll love thee in life, I will love thee till death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath,
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
"If ever I loved thee, my Saviour, 'tis now."
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee, entranced with the sight;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
"If ever I loved thee, my Saviour, 'tis now."

EXPERIENCE — FAITH.

492 NORTHFIELD. C. M.

J. INGALLS.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe ;
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of
That will not trem - ble That
That will not trem - ble on the brink, That will not trem - ble
a - ny earth - ly woe.
on the brink Of a - - ny earth - ly woe.
will not trem - ble on the brink
on the brink

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe ;
||: That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe :— ||

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod ;
||: But in the hour of grief and pain,
Will 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 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. : ||

W. H. BATHURST.

493

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 now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
||: A guide, a glory, a defense ;
What, then, have we to fear? : ||

3 As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
||: So surely you that trust his name
Shall triumph in him too. : ||

494

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. : ||

EXPERIENCE—FAITH.

495 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.

1. Faith is the bright-est ev-i-dence Of things be-yond our sight;

It pier-ces through the veil of sense, And dwells in heaven-ly light.

- 1 Faith is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade
And be again restored.
- 4 Abram obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
And waits his crown from heaven.

I. WATTS.

496

- 1 Thy promises surpass my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
In unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 2 Faith lends her realizing light,
And clouds and shadows fly;
Th' invisible appears in sight,
Distinct to mortal eye.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, "It shall be done."

497

- 1 Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?—
Be that far from thee, Lord!
- 2 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Help thou mine unbelief."
- 3 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 4 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
To touch thee, if we may;
O send us not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away!

498

- 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 Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
Help thou mine unbelief.

J. R. WRE福德.

EXPERIENCE—FAITH.

499 LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Ah! why should doubts and fears a - rise, And sor - row fill my weeping eyes?

Too slow, a - las! the mind receives The comforts that the gos - pel gives.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>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.</p> <p>2 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To rest on what th' Almighty saith!
To heed the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven my own.</p> <p>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.</p> | <p>2 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay.
If found one moment from their Guide.</p> <p>3 Satan his thousand arts essays;
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.</p> <p>4 In safety lead thy little flock,
From self, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.</p> |
|--|--|

500

- 1 In vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks God's will before his own.
- 3 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline:
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

501

- 1 Author of faith, we seek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

502

- 1 As body when the life has fled,
As barren trees decayed and dead,
Is faith—a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 In true and heaven-born faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays—
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

D. T. K. DRUMMOND.

EXPERIENCE—FAITH.

503

ORIEL. L. M.

Slow and gentle.

W. B. BRADBURY.

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1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk this desert dark as night ;
Till we shall gain our endless home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

rit. ad lib.

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk this desert dark as night ;
Till we shall gain our endless home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into things unseen she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

I. WATTS.

504

- 1 Faith is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given ;
Securely fixed on Christ alone,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.
- 2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and feed ;
Strong in his grace, it joys to share
His cross, in hope his crown to wear.
- 3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease ;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.
- 4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

BOHEMIAN BROTHERS.

505

- 1 Author of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same :
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable ;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.
- 3 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given ;
Unto himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 Faith lends its realizing light ;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

C. WESLEY.

506

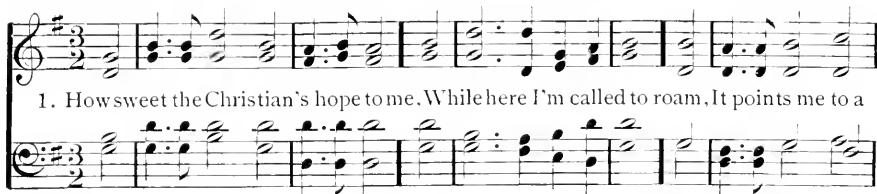
- 1 Into thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace ;
O King of glory hear my call ;
O raise me, heal me by thy grace !
- 2 Now righteous through thy grace I am ;
No condemnation now I dread ;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.
- 3 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy flight from me away ;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray.

W. C. DESSLER.

EXPERIENCE—HOPE.

507 WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



1 How sweet the Christian's hope to me,
While here I'm called to roam;
||: It points me to a better land: ||
That I may call my home.

2 This hope reminds me of the time
When Jesus will appear;
||: It gives me joy, it gives me peace. :||
It drives away my fear.

3 When darkness hovers o'er my path,
And I no light can see,
||: This hope sustains my drooping heart: ||
And bids me joyful be.

4 When friends that once I loved so well,
Leave me alone to sigh,
||: This hope bids me rejoice and sing. :||
For my redemption's nigh.

5 This hope — it purifies my heart,
And turns my night to day;
||: It plants my feet upon the Rock. :||
And keeps me in the way.

6 The day is near — O joyful thought,
When I shall gain the prize;
||: This hope will then be turned to sight: ||
Before my wondering eyes.

G. L. TEEPLE.

508

1 Hope of our hearts! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
||: Shine forth and chase the dreary night. :||
With all our fears, away.

2 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
||: Our eye is on the royal crown: ||
Prepared for us and thee.

3 And O the hope! the higher hope,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
||: Of union with our living Head,— :||
Of fellowship with thee.

E. DENNY.

509

1 Thine oath and promise, mighty God,
Recorded in thy word,
||: Become our hope's foundation broad. :||
And surety afford.

2 Like Abraham, the friend of God,
Thy faithfulness we prove;
||: We tread in paths the fathers trod. :||
Blest with thy light and love.

3 Largely our consolation flows,
While we expect the day [woes. :||
||: That ends our griefs, and pains, and
And drives our fears away.

4 Let floods of mighty vengeance roll,
And compass earth around;
||: Let thunder sound from pole to pole :||
And earthquakes vast astound:

5 Let nature all convulse and shake,
And angry nations rage;
||: Thy name our hiding-place we make. :||
To save thou dost engage.

E. BURNHAM.

EXPERIENCE—HOPE.

510

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. O what a bless-ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,

We more than taste the heavenly powers, And an - te - date that day ;

1 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day ;

2 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he all of heaven bestow !
Then like our Lord we'll rise ;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

4 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

4 Transporting hope!—still on my soul
With radiant glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal and divine.

O. HEGINBOTHAM.

512

1 O hope! O true and fadeless light!
And shall it ever be,
That after all our toils and tears
Thy Sabbath we shall see?

2 'Mid thousand fears and dangers now
We sow our seed with prayer,
But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

3 O God of justice, God of power,
Our faith and hope increase,
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace.

513

1 Source of eternal joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires ;
O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love ;
O speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

A. STEELE.

511

1 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends,
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

2 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

3 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

EXPERIENCE—HOPE.

514 EXHORTATION. C. M.

1. How cheer - ing is the Christian's hope, While toil - ing here be -

It buoys us up while passing thro' This wil-der-ness of

low!

It buoys us up while pass - - ing
It buoys us up while passing thro' This

It buoys us up while passing thro' This wil-der-ness of woe; . . .
woe. It buoys us up while passing thro'

through This wil - der-ness of woe, This wil-der - ness of woe.
wilderness of woe, . . . This wil-der - ness of woe.

It buoys us up while passing thro'

1 How cheering is the Christian's hope,
While toiling here below!

||: It buoys us up while passing through
This wilderness of woe. :||

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 O how unlike the present world
Will be the one to come !

||: Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,
Attend where'er we roam. :||

4 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. :||

5 Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly!
Dear Saviour, quickly come !

||: We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home. :||

DOOLITTLE.

515

1 The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again ;

||: Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain. :||

2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed,

||: Nor leaves fulfillment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed. :||

3 O no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,

||: When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond. :||

EXPERIENCE—HOPE.

516

ARIEL. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

1. O glo-rious hope of per-fect love! It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle's wings; It gives my ravished soul a taste, And makes me for some
moments feast With Je-sus, priests and kings, With Je-sus, priests and kings.

- 1 O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
||: With Jesus, priests and kings. :||
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
||: In endless plenty grow. :||
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness
And keeps his own in perfect peace
||: And everlasting rest. :||
- 4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my toilsome years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears
||: A howling wilderness! :||

C. WESLEY.

517

- 1 Thou Prince of glory, slain for me,
In deep distress I fly to thee
Who didst my soul redeem.
O from thy Father's throne on high,
Hear thou my penitential cry,
||: And wash and make me clean. :||
- 2 A laboring, heavy-laden soul,
On thee my every care I roll,
Though burdened and distressed.
Thy meek and lowly grace I see,
And take thy yoke and learn of thee,
||: For thou wilt give me rest. :||
- 3 Close to thy pierced and bleeding side,
In hope and faith I safe abide,
By grace divine made whole.
In thee, my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Amid earth's turmoil, sin and strife,
||: I rest my weary soul. :||
- 4 Sheltered within the riven rock,
I dread no storm nor tempest's shock,
But trust thy matchless grace,
And wait in hope the joyful hour,
When I shall see thee come in power,
||: And gaze upon thy face. :||

EXPERIENCE — SUBMISSION.

518 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Af-flict-ed saint, to Christ draw near ; Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faith-ful word declares to thee, That as thy day thy strength shall be.

- 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 Though thou be weak, and foes be strong,
The conflict fierce, the contest long,
Thou shalt o'ercome, the foe shall flee,
For as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 4 Though persecution, flood and flame
Arise, and thou shouldst suffer shame,
In every trial thou shalt see
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

519

- 1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.
- 2 I boast of mine 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.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his kind hand my soul sustains.

I. WATTS.

520

- 1 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 !
- 2 To that bright, blest, immortal morn,
By holy prophets long foretold,
My eager, longing eyes I turn,
And soon its glories shall behold.
- 3 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.

C. FITCH.

521

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy holy will in me be done !
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy holy will in me be done !
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends who are no longer nigh ?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy holy will in me be done !
- 4 Then when earth's trials shall be o'er,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore :
Thy holy will in me be done !

C. ELLIOTT.

EXPERIENCE — SUBMISSION.

522

SHAWMUT. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Sub - mis - sive - ly, my God, I all to thee re - sign,

And bow be - fore thy chastening rod; Nor will I, Lord, re - pine.

- 1 Submissively, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
Nor will I, Lord, repine.
- 2 Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to thee above?
- 3 How short my sufferings here;
How needful every cross:
Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Then give, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

523

- 1 If on a quiet sea
T'ward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And, when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

524

- 1 Remember me, my God,
Who all my needs can see;
In every ill and every woe,
I pray remember me.
- 2 Remember me, my God,
By sin and woe oppressed;
O hold me up beneath my load,
And give me peace and rest.
- 3 If sickness sore o'ertake,
And pain my portion be,
Then, Saviour, for thy mercy's sake
I pray remember me.

T. HASTINGS.

525


- 1 How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word!
- 2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!
- 3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.
- 4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

T. HASTINGS.

EXPERIENCE — SUBMISSION.

526 SUBMISSION. 8s & 3s. F. O. WELLCOME.

m Andante *dim. and rit.* *p* *m*



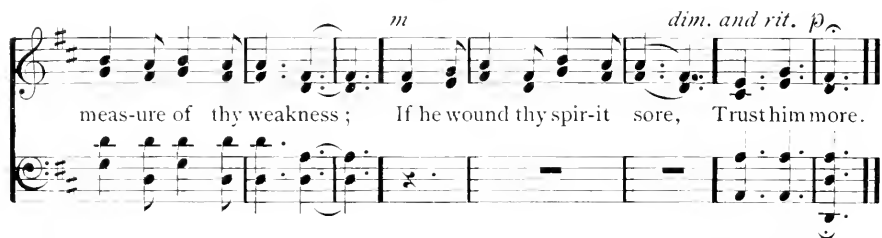
1. Since a Father's arm sustains thee, Peaceful be; When a chastening hand re-

rit. and dim. *p* *mf*



strains thee, It is he. Know his love in full completeness, Feel the

m *dim. and rit.* *p*



meas-ure of thy weakness; If he wound thy spir-it sore, Trust him more.

1 Since a Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.
Know his love in full completeness,
Feel the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

2 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy spirit spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

3 Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.

Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath he comfort spoken,
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

4 Therefore whatsoever betideth,
Night or day,
Know his love for thee provideth
Good away.
Crown of sorrows gladly taking,
For his sake all else forsaking,
Sweetly bending to his will,
Patient—still.

5 To his own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
And to each heart that believeth,
Joy at length.
For the lambs the Shepherd careth,
In his bosom them he beareth:
While thus folded to his breast,
They may rest.

Used by per. of F. O. WELLCOME.

EXPERIENCE—HOLINESS.

527 BRIDGMAN. C. M.

BEETHOVEN, Arr. by G. KINGSLEY.

1. Come, O my God, the prom - ise seal, This mountain, sin, re - move ;

Now in my wait - ing soul re - veal The vir - tue of thy love.

1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove ;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in :
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

3 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

C. WESLEY.

528

1 I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire ;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

C. WESLEY.

529

1 Walk in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light ! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright :
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

B. BARTON.

530

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me :

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great 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 full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

C. WESLEY.

EXPERIENCE — HOLINESS.

531

LEBANON. L. M.

C. G. ALLEN.



1. He wills that I should ho - ly be: That ho - li - ness I long to feel;



That full, di - vine con - form - i - ty To all my Saviour's righteous will.

- 1 He wills that I should holy be :
That holiness I long to feel ;
That full, divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.
- 3 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move :
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

C. WESLEY.

532

- 1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

G. TERSTEEGEN.

533

- 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 Saviour God,
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, mercy, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope —
The bright appearance of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

I. WATTS.

534

- 1 Blest are the merciful, who prove
By acts, their sympathy and love ;
From Christ, the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 3 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake !
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

EXPERIENCE — DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

535 CONTRAST. Ss. D.

L. EDSON.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je - sus no long-er I see ;

Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me ;
D.S. But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
D.S.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ; [flowers,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
Have lost all their sweetness to me ;
The mid-summer 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 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind ;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove.
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why is the winter so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Come, Saviour, to me from on high ;
Let winter and clouds be no more.

536

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.

EXPERIENCE—DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

537

BEECHER. 8s & 7s. D.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down :

Make with us thy glo - rious dwelling ; All thy faith - ful peo - ple crown.

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion ; Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art ;

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion : Come, and nev - er - more de - part.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
 Make with us thy glorious dwelling ;
 All thy faithful people crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation :
 Come, and nevermore depart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy peaceful Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all thy grace inherit ;
 Bring us to the promised rest.
 Take away the love of sinning ;
 Take our doubts and fears away ;
 End the work of thy beginning ;
 Bring us to th'eternal day.

C. WESLEY.

538

1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken :
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
 And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

W. COWPER.

EXPERIENCE—DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

539

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

G. C. Hugg.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given, To guide thy steps a - right ;
 2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth, That shines from God's own word ;
 3. Walk in the light! tho' shadows dark Like spec - tres cross thy way ;

His Ho - ly Spir - it, sent from heaven, Can cheer the dark - est night.
 A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith - ful of the Lord.
 Darkness will flee be - fore the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Walk . . . in the light, Walk in the light,
 Walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light,

in the light, Walk . . . in the
 in the beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

light, . . . Walk in the light, the light of God.
 beau - ti - ful light of God,

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EXPERIENCE—DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

540 BROCKLESBURY. Ss & 7s.

Arr. fr. CLARIBEL.

1. Now I know the great Re-deem-er, Know he lives and spreads his fame ;

Lives—and all the heavens a-dore him ; Lives—and earth re-sounds his name.

1 Now I know the great Redeemer,
Know he lives and spreads his fame ;
Lives—and all the heavens adore him ;
Lives—and earth resounds his name.

2 My Redeemer lives within me,
Lives—and heavenly life conveys ;
Lives—and glory now surrounds me :
Lives—and I his name shall praise

3 Pardon, peace, and full salvation
From my living Saviour flow ;
Light, and life, and consolation,—
All the good I e'er can know.

4 Soon shall I behold my Saviour ;
He who lives and reigns above,
Lives—and I shall live for ever,
Live and sing redeeming love !

541 SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. 7s.

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 before me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal ;

1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal ;
Chart and compass came from thee :
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boisterous waves obey thy will,

When thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'T wixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee !"

EXPERIENCE—DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

542 SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME. 7s.

F. A. BLACKMER.

Used by per. of F. A. BLACKMER.

1. In the dark and gloom-y day, When earth's rich-es fly a - way,
And the last hope will not stay, Then, Sav - iour, com - fort me.

- 1 In the dark and gloomy day,
When earth's riches fly away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Then, Saviour, comfort me.
- 2 When the dear, loved ones are gone,
That my poor heart leaned upon,
Desolate, bereft, alone,
O Saviour, comfort me.

- 3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
And for me wast crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide—
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 4 So it shall be good for me,
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

F. A. BLACKMER.

543 SEYMOUR. 7s.

Arr. by H. W. GREATOREX.

1. O how safe, how hap - py he, Lord of Hosts, who dwells with thee!
Shel-tered 'neath al-might - y wings, Guard-ed by the King of kings!

- 1 O how safe, how happy he,
Lord of Hosts, who dwells with thee!
Sheltered 'neath almighty wings,
Guarded by the King of kings!
- 2 How to him should evil come
Who has found in thee a home?
In the refuge of thy breast,
Give me, Lord, eternal rest!

- 3 Hark! the voice of love divine:
"Fear not, trembler.— thou art mine!
Fear not! I am at thy side,
Strong to suffer, sure to guide.
- 4 "Call on me in want and woe:
I will keep thee here below;
And, thy day of conflict past,
Bear thee to myself at last."

H. F. LYTE.

EXPERIENCE—DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

544 NEARER TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en though it
 be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 Near-er, my God, to thee. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

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1 Nearer, 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 to thee.

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 to thee.

3 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 to thee.

4 And when the trumpet sounds,
 May I still wear
 The righteousness of Christ,
 My garment fair :
 Caught up with him to be
 : Nearer, my God, to thee. :||
 Nearer to thee.

545

1 Haste, my dull soul, arise,
 Shake off thy care ;
 Press for the promised prize,
 Mighty in prayer.
 Christ, he has gone before,
 Count all thy sufferings o'er :
 He all thy burdens bore—
 Jesus is there.

2 Souls for the marriage feast,
 Robe and prepare :—
 Holy must be each guest ;
 Jesus is there !
 Saints, wear your victory palms,
 Chant your celestial psalms :
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
 O let me wear.

3 That bliss is perfect, pure —
 Jesus is there !
 That bliss is ever sure —
 Art thou its heir ?
 What makes its joys complete ?
 What makes its hymns so sweet ?
 There we the saints will greet —
 Jesus is there.

EXPERIENCE—DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

546 JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery

mor - tal tie, . . . Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness.

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!

1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine!
 Break every mortal 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 light,
 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!
 Welcome eternity,
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine!

C. J. BONAR.

547

1 Let us awake our joys;
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Strike up with cheerful voice,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Angels, begin the song;
 Mortals, the strain prolong
 In accents sweet and strong,
 Jesus, my Lord!

2 All hail the glorious day!
 Jesus, my Lord!
 For thy return we pray,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 While they who pierced thee wail;
 Thy promise shall not fail;
 Saints, see your King prevail;
 Jesus, my Lord!

W. KINGSBURY.

EXPERIENCE—DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

548 ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

D. F. HODGES.



1. When no kind earth-ly friend is near, With gen-tle words my heart to cheer,
2. Tho' no loved forms my path at-tend, With ten-der looks o'er me to bend,
3. When sore-ly racked with pain and grief, Here I can find a sure re - lief;
4. 'Tis on his strength that I re - ly, And doubts and fears at once de - fy,
5. What-e'er may now to me be-tide, I have a place wherein to hide,



Still I am with my Sav-iour dear, "A - lone, yet not a - lone."
 Yet I am with my un-seen Friend, "A - lone, yet not a - lone."
 And I re-joice in the be-lief! "A - lone, yet not a - lone."
 So hap-py, so con-tent am I; "A - lone, yet not a - lone."
 By faith, 'tis e'en at his blest side; "A - lone, yet not a - lone."



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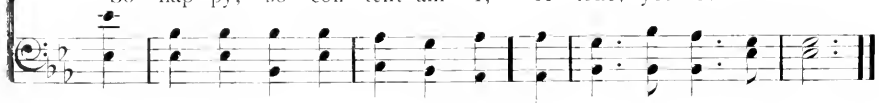
REFRAIN.



A - lone, yet not a - lone; A - lone, yet not a - lone.



So hap-py, so con-tent am I, A - lone, yet not a - lone.



EXPERIENCE — JOY.

549

BENTLEY. 7s & 6s. D.

J. HULLAH.

1. Sometimes a light sur-pris-es The Christian while he sings ; It is the Lord who ris-es With healing in his wings : When comforts are declining, He grants the soul a - gain A sea-son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.

- 1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 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 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.

W. COWPER.

550

- 1 O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!
The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due :
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 2 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To him alone will turn :
What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the glory
Of uncreated light?
- 3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That time can never cure :
What are they, but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?

J. M. NEALE.

EXPERIENCE — JOY.

551 I LOVE THEE. 118.

J. INGALLS.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my
Sav - iour: I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and
that thou dost know; And how much I love thee, I ev - er would show.

- 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;
And how much I love thee, I ever would 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, my 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 shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

552

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more!

EXPERIENCE — JOY.

553

I HAVE FOUND HIM.

W. A. McNEAL

1. I have found him! O how precious Je - sus now ap - pears to me; He has
 2. Now no more I pine with sorrow, Heavy bur - dened with my sin; For I
 3. Would you find him, seek his mercy, Sinner, won't you come just now? He will

heard my prayer and blessed me, And from sin has set me free; O how hap - py
 am an heir of glo - ry, And his praise I'll now be - gin; Blessed be the
 lis - ten to your pleadings, At the throne of grace now bow. O what joy his

it has made me, To sur - ren - der all to thee: Blessed Saviour, thine the glory
 name of Je - sus; Glo - ry to the Lamb above; I am saved, all thro' his mercy
 grace will give you, You will sing with joy the song — Hallelujah! I have found him,

CHORUS.

Shall my song for - ev - er be. Yes, I've found him, and his glory Has completely
 And the full - ness of his love,
 Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

filled my soul! Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry, For the half was nev - er told!

Used by per. of W. A. McNEAL.

EXPERIENCE—PEACE.

554 ARCADE. C. M.

A. DENISON.

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.

1 We bless thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

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 :—

4 That peace which, though the billows
And angry tempests roar, [surge,
Rings forth no melancholy dirge,
But joyeth evermore.

555

1 Our Saviour, Lord, help us this hour
To feel thy pardoning love,
And by thy Spirit's holy power,
Draw every heart above.

2 Show mercy to our guilty race,
As on life's waves we toss,
And aid us by thy loving grace,
To bear each heavy cross.

3 Help us to live as thou canst bless,
Bid sin and doubts to cease,
And fill each heart with righteousness,
With charity and peace.

C. B. W.

556

1 Give me a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, hush my heart
With gentleness divine ;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart ;
O make the blessing mine.

3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair ;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace
Which flows from pardoned sin ;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

557

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast :
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
O Saviour of mankind !

3 O Peace of every contrite heart !
O Joy of all the meek !
To those who ask, how kind thou art !
How good, to those who seek !

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

EXPERIENCE — PEACE.

558 LOVE DIVINE. Ss & 7s. D.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Peace be to this sa - cred dwelling, Peace to ev - ery soul there-in ;

Peace, of heavenly joy fore-tell - ing, Peace, the fruit of conquered sin ;

Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giv - er ; Peace to world - ly minds unknown ;

Peace di - vine, that flows for - ev - er From its source, the Lord, a - lone.

1 Peace be to this sacred dwelling,
 Peace to every soul therein ;
 Peace, of heavenly joy foretelling,
 Peace, the fruit of conquered sin ;
 Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver ;
 Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that flows forever
 From its source, the Lord, alone.

2 Prince of Peace, forever near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy bright appearing cheer us ;
 Let thy blessed kingdom come.
 Come with sweeter consolation,
 Come and give our souls to prove
 All the joys of thy salvation,
 All the joys that spring from love.

559

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,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from 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,
 Peace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

J. TAYLOR.

EXPERIENCE—TRUST.

560 FILLMORE. L. M. D.

J. INGALLS.
FINE.

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 will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
I shall with joy outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

C. WESLEY.

The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above;
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumphed in his pard'ning grace.

2 Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
'T was not a fancy nor a dream;
'T was grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'llous in my eyes;
Long had I mourned like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought;
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calmed my fears.

562

1 My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.
My soul by trust in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

2 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—"T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?
A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

G. W. HINSDALE.

561

1 Away, my doubt, begone, my fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear,
The wonders that my Saviour wrought;
O how delightful is the thought!

EXPERIENCE—TRUST.

563

PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA.

1. Lord, in thy great, thy glo-rious name, I place my hope, my
on - ly trust; Save me from sor - row, guilt, and shame, Thou ev - er
gracious, ev - er just, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just.

1 Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust;
Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
||: Thou ever gracious, ever just. :||

2 Thou art my Rock—thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat;
O make thy power and mercy known;
||: To safety guide my wand'ring feet. :||

3 Blest be the Lord—forever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fears remove;
The sacred walls which guard my rest,
||: Are his Almighty power and love. :||

4 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart!
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
||: And he shall heavenly strength im-
part. :||

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give way to fear?
How canst thou waver, if he provide,
||: Or lose thy way with such a guide? :||

3 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. :||
J. NEWTON.

565

1 Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee:
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
||: And trust which none can take away. :||

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near:
Am I with dread of justice tried,
||: 'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died. :||

564

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. :||

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes,
||: Christ rose, and I shall surely rise. :||

J. EDMESTON.

EXPERIENCE—TRUST.

566 TRUST AND OBEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo-ry he
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth

sheds on our way! While we do his good will He a-bides with us
 drives it a - way: Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay: Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's
 tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

567

1 In the strength of my King,
 To the storehouse I bring
 Every tithe that would keep me away
 From my Saviour and Friend,
 And the joy he doth send
 Unto all who will trust him to-day.

CHORUS.

Trust him to-day,
 His command now obey;
 In his love be made perfect,
 Fully trust him to-day.

2 As before him I kneel,
 In my heart I can feel
 Every doubt has been driven away;
 By his power divine,
 In this poor heart of mine
 He has perfected my love to-day. CHO.

3 O the wonderful love!
 From the windows above
 He is pouring like showers of rain;
 While we do all his will,
 How our hearts he does fill!
 With love we can hardly contain. CHO.

A. L. SKILTON.

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EXPERIENCE—TRUST.

568

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. In ev - ery try - ing hour My soul to Je - sus flies ;

I trust in his Al-might - y power When swell - ing bil - lows rise.

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.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul ;
Bring thy salvation near ;
When will thy hand release my feet
From every deadly snare ?

3 O keep me safe from death,
Nor put my hope to shame ;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

4 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again ;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

I. WATTS.

569

1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod ;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely ;
O thou who didst 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 !

570

1 Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead his promised grace,
And trust his holy word.

571

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 trust thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

I. WATTS.

EXPERIENCE—TRUST.

572 OZREM. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Thou ref-uge of my soul, On thee, when sor-rows rise,

On thee, when waves of trou-ble roll, My faint-ing hope re-lies.

Used by per. of OLIVER DITSON CO.

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,
Thou'gh prostrate in the dust.

A. STEELE.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

C. WESLEY.

573

- 1 Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.
- 2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.
- 3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

574

- 1 Where wilt thou put thy trust?
In a frail form of clay,
That to its element of dust
Must soon resolve away?
- 2 Where wilt thou cast thy care?
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath its own sore ills to bear,
And shrinks from sorrow's dart?
- 3 No.—place thy trust above
This shadowy realm of night,
In him, whose boundless power and love
Thy confidence invite.

575

- 1 Thou very 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
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

EXPERIENCE — TRUST.

576 IN GOD WE TRUST.

A. T. GORHAM.

1. In God we trust, though dark the hour, And light be hid from view ;
 2. Deep call - eth un - to deep, O Lord, The waves al-most o'er-whelm ;
 3. Faith stronger grows in mid-night hour, And waits the dawn of day ;

Though threat'ning clouds still o'er us lower, And screen our heaven's clear blue,
 Sweet com - fort doth this thought af - ford, That thou dost guide the helm,
 Dark un - be - lief shall lose its power, The shad - ows flee a - way ;

Each cloud is sil - ver-lined and bright, And beau - ty yet shall greet our sight.
 And an - gry waves shall cease to be, For Je - sus walks the rag - ing sea.
 His voice so sweet bids — "Peace, be still," And mountain waves o - bey his will.

f REFRAIN.

We fear no more, but glad - ly sing, In God we trust, In God we trust ;

We soar on Faith's triumphant wing— In God we trust, In God we trust.

EXPERIENCE — TRUST.

577 LOOK TO JESUS. 7s. D.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Full of an - guish, full of grief;

He will com - fort, he a - lone, Has the balm for thy re - lief.

Look to him in thy de - spair, Rest and ref - uge he will give.

rit.

All thy bur - dens he will bear, Look to Je - sus, look and live.

- 1 Look to Jesus, weary one,
 Full of anguish, full of grief;
 He will comfort, he alone,
 Has the balm for thy relief.
 Look to him in thy despair,
 Rest and refuge he will give,
 All thy burdens he will bear,
 Look to Jesus, look and live.
- 2 See! the loving Saviour stands,
 Pleading for thy fond embrace;
 Trust thyself to Jesus' hands,
 In his bosom hide thy face:

- All thy sickness he can cure,
 All thy sins he will forgive,
 He will make his promise sure,
 Look to Jesus, look and live.
- 3 Look to Jesus: not in vain
 Do the weary seek for rest:
 Weep away thy tears and pain,
 Like a child upon his breast.
 Breathe thy sorrow in his ear,
 Strength for every day receive;
 Light in darkness will appear,
 If thou wilt but look and live.

J. POLLARD.

Used by per. of F. H. REVELL CO.

EXPERIENCE — TRUST.

578 TRUSTING.

F. S. STANTON.



1. Ten - der - ly call - eth the Sav - iour, Calling, your heart to in - cline ;
2. Pathways with clouds may be cov - ered, Purpose and work be un - seen ;
3. Warm in the heart burns thy Spir - it, Hap - pi - ness heavenly, di - vine ;
4. Je - sus his yoke doth make eas - y, Charming us sweet - ly to toil ;
5. Time for our la - bor is shortening ; Harvest - day soon we'll be - hold ;



Lov - ing - ly, plead - ing - ly call - ing Come, lost one, now be mine.
 Steps will be brightly il - lu - mined, Firm on his love if we lean.
 Toil grows so light in thy bless - ing, Ser - vice so precious is thine.
 Giv - ing us strength in our la - bor, Sow - ing in ev - er - y soil.
 Moments of wea - ri - ness end - ing, Treasures and sheaves to un - fold.



CHORUS.



Now I am trust - ing in Je - sus, Safe - ly in him to a - bide ;



Knowing his grace is suf - fi - cient, Trusting, what - ev - er be - tide.



WATCHFULNESS.

579 ATHOL. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Lord, help us to in - sure A lot a - mong the blest.

And watch a mo - ment to se - cure An ev - er - last - ing rest.

- 1 Lord, help us to insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.
- 2 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the angel's voice
Be sounding in our ears.
- 3 The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"
- 4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

580

- 1 Gracious Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."
- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour:
And make me fully understand
The thunder of 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.

C. WESLEY.

581

- 1 Let us keep steadfast guard
With lighted hearts all night, [pared,
That when Christ comes, we stand pre-
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.

582

- 1 O God, my strength, my hope.
On thee I cast my care:
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.
- 2 O for a godly fear,
A quick and watchful eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!
- 3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

WATCHFULNESS.

583

WATCH, FOR THE TIME IS SHORT. S. M. D.

A. HULL.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch, while 'tis called to - day;

Watch, lest temp-ta - tions o - ver-come; Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

Watch, for the flesh is weak, Watch, for the foe is strong.

Watch, lest the Bridegroom knock in vain, Watch, tho' he tar - ry long.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Watch, for the time is short;
 Watch, while 'tis called to-day;
 Watch, lest temptations overcome;
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray.
 Watch, for the flesh is weak,
 Watch, for the foe is strong.
 Watch, lest the Bridegroom knock in vain,
 Watch, though he tarry long.</p> <p>2 Chase slumber from thine eyes,
 Chase doubting from thy breast;
 Claim now as thine the promised prize,
 And saints' eternal rest.</p> | <p>Watch, Christian, watch and pray.
 Thy Saviour watched for thee;
 Till from his brow the blood-sweat poured
 In drops of agony!</p> <p>3 Take Jesus for thy trust;
 Watch, watch forevermore;
 Watch, for in death thou soon must sleep,
 With all who've gone before.
 Now, when thy sun is up.—
 Now, while 'tis called to-day:
 O now in thine accepted time,
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray.</p> |
|---|--|

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WARFARE.

584 MILLARD. C. M.

E. O. BUTTERFIELD.

Bold.

1. Ho! Christian, to the res - cue come ; Speed, speed the gospel sound ;

Our ar-duous toil will not be o'er Till we re-ceive the crown.

From "THE SONG BANNER," by J. W. P.

1 Ho! Christian, to the rescue come ;
Speed, speed the gospel sound ;
Our arduous toil will not be o'er
Till we receive the crown.

2 We're marching through a world of strife,
With hearts oft filled with grief ;
And pray that some strong helping hand
Will come to our relief.

3 We battle with the hosts of sin,
Our Leader bids us on ;
We storm the fortress of the foe,—
The victory will be won.

4 And when we reach the heavenly land,
A joyous strain we'll raise ;
Redeeming love, our glorious theme,
Shall mingle in his praise.

585

1 Christ's trumpet sounds, let saints be
The battle is begun ; [armed ;
The hosts of Satan are alarmed ;
The day will soon be won.

2 The glorious Captain, Jesus, sends
The heralds of his might,
To search and try who are his friends,
And who will list to fight.

3 The gospel calls for volunteers,
That come with heart and hand ;
Come, brethren, banish all your fears,
And with your Saviour stand.

4 Our King is sure the day to gain ;
His friends with him shall share ;
Who suffers now with him shall reign ;
But let his foes beware.

5 Dear Lord, accept my worthless name ;
A soldier I would be ;
Thy gracious promises I claim,
And give myself to thee.

586

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. DODDRIDGE.

WARFARE.

587

BREWER, L. M.

ENGLISH.

Bold and Joyous.

1. The Christian warrior, see him stand, In the whole ar - mor of his God ;
The Spir-it's sword is in his hand ; His feet are with the gos - pel shod.

- 1 The Christian warrior, see him stand,
In the whole armor of his God ;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand ;
His feet are with the gospel shod.
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him
spread.
- 3 With this, Omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee ;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and foes he tramples down :
Fights the good fight, and wins at length
Thro' grace the bright immortal crown.

J. MONTGOMERY.

588

- 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, 'tis 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.

I. WATTS.

589

- 1 Jesus, my King, proclaims the war ;
"Awake! the powers of hell are near ;
To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry ;
"T is yours to conquer or to die !"
- 2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around ;
I haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield ;
The word of God the sword I wield ;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

590

- 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 Thou treadest on enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part—
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 3 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?
- 4 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.

A. L. BARBAULD.

WARFARE.

591 LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise ;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the prize.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the prize.

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 vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

G. HEATH.

592

1 While Jesus is our friend,
And his rich grace supplies,
We'll march like valiant soldiers on ;
We're sure to win the prize.

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 'tis 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.

C. WESLEY.

593

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.

594

1 Hark, how the watchmen cry !
Attend the trumpet's sound ;
Stand to your arms, the foe is high ;
The powers of hell surround.

2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare ;
The day of battle is at hand :
Go forth to glorious war.

3 Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

C. WESLEY.

WARFARE.

595

SPRINGFIELD. S. M.

J. C. STODDARD.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on ;

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Thro' his E - ter - nal Son ;

Strong in the Lord of Hosts, . . And in his might - y power :

Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer - or.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on ;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Thro' his Eternal Son ;
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power ;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endowed ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God ;

- That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
- 3 From strength to strength go on ;
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day ;
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, "Come!"
 Till Christ, descending from on high,
 Shall take the conquerors home.

C. WESLEY.

TESTIFYING.

596 OCTAVIUS. L. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.



1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav-iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis-ci-ple be;
De-ny thy-self, the world for-sake, And humbly fol-low af-ter me."

- 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,
Inspire thy words and nerve thine arm.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

C. W. EVEREST.

597

- 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 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

598

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.
- 2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause;
The way he's gone is lined with blood
O may I tread the steps he trod!
- 3 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.
- 4 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run;
That this at last my boast may be:
My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

599

- 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 for my Lord?
- 2 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Softener his truth, or smoother my tongue?
Shall I to gain earth's trifles, flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?
- 3 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!

TESTIFYING.

600 ANVERN. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Jesus, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels
praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
: Whose glories shine through endless
days? :||

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of life depend?
No: when I blush be this my shame,
: That I no more revere his name. :||

3 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. :||

4 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! :||

J. GRIGG.

601

1 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
: Of 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 gaping 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. :||

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
: 'T is fixed; I can do all through thee. :||

602

1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
: Thy erring children lost and lone. :||

2 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
: To wrestlers with the troubled sea. :||

3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
: The hidden depths of many a heart. :||

4 O give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
: To weary ones in needful hour. :||

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,
: Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share. :||

F. R. HAVERGAL.

TESTIFYING.

603 STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers 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 ar - my shall he lead,

Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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.

G. DUFFIELD.

FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS.

604 BOARDMAN. C. M.



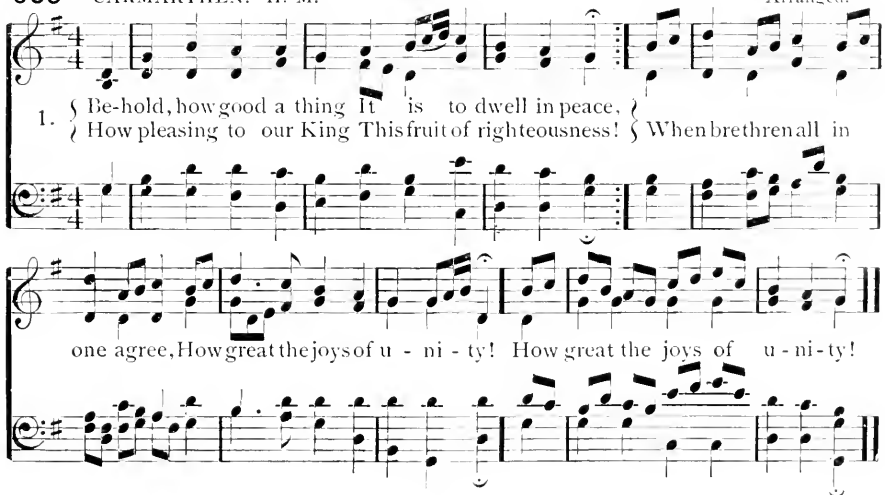
1. O it is joy for those to meet Whom one com-mun-ion blends,
Coun-cil to hold in converse sweet, And talk as Christian friends.

- 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 'mid 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!"

605 CARMARTHEN. H. M.

Arranged.



1. { Be-hold, how good a thing It is to dwell in peace. }
{ How pleasing to our King This fruit of righteousness! } When brethren all in
one agree, How great the joys of u - ni - ty! How great the joys of u - ni - ty!

- 1 Behold, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace,
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness!
When brethren all in one agree,
||: How great the joys of unity! :||

- 2 When all are sweetly joined,
True followers of the Lamb,
The same in thought and mind.
In thought and speech the same,
And all in love together dwell,
||: The comfort is unspeakable. :||

FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS.

606 CADDO. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Howsweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
In one an - oth - er's peace de-light, And so ful - fill his word.

Used by per. of Broun & Main Co.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word.

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride;
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glow.

J. SWAIN.

607

1 Blest is the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And still his praise we show.

3 O may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside:
Nothing desire—nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

C. WESLEY.

608

1 As morning dews, on Zion's mount,
That spread their silver rays,
And deck with gems the verdant pomp
That Hermon's top displays.

2 So is the love that mutual glows
Within each brother's breast,
And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
All blessing and all blessed.

3 To such the Lord of life and love
His blessing shall extend;
On earth a life of joy and peace,
A life that ne'er shall end.

609

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
Descend to every soul; [Spring,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews 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.

I. WATTS.

FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS.

610 BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Try us, O God, and search the ground Of ev - ery sin - ful heart ;



What-e'er of sin in us is found, O bid it all de - part.



1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of truth and happiness.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up ;
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

C. WESLEY.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love ;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

T. COTTERILL.

612

1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And trusting in thy word,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke ;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into thy name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave ;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive !

C. WESLEY.

611

1 Our God is love ; and all his saints
His image bear below :
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee ;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS.

613 UNION HYMN. 88

Arranged.

1. From whence doth this un - ion a - rise, That ha - tred is con - quered by love?

That fas - tens our souls in such ties As na - ture and time can't re - move?

1 From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
That fastens our souls in such ties
As nature and time can't remove?

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 The saints are so dear unto me—
Our hearts all united in love;
When Jesus shall come we shall see
Those bright shining mansions above.

4 Then with him forever we'll reign,
And all his great glory behold;
We'll never be parted again,
But live through the ages untold.

T. BALDWIN.

A. BOST.

614 GRATITUDE. L. M.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In un - ion sweet, ac - cord - ing minds!

How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous care, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet 'mid scenes to come,
A heaven of joy, no more to roam.

FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS.

615 DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAEGELI.

1. "Blest are the meek," he said, Whose doctrine is divine;

The humble minds earth shall possess, And brightly there shall shine.

1 "Blest are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble minds earth shall possess,
And brightly there shall shine.

2 While on this earth they stay,
Sweet peace with them shall dwell;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy,
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And, yielding all their wills to him,
His sov'reign laws obey.

4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

5 O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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.

J. FAWCETT.

616

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.

617

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
Be like their Lord above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

B. BEDDOME.

LIBERALITY.

618

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. She loved her Sav-iour, and to him Her cost-liest pres-ent brought ;

To crown his head, or grace his name, No gift too rare she thought.

1 She loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought ;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised ;
Give to the hungry from your board,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest ;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed ;

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme ;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

619

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill ;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make ;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

W. CROSWELL.

620

1 Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim ;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery ;
Go, share thy lot with him.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

621

1 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

2 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

3 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies ;
And 'mid th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LIBERALITY.

622 BISHOP. L. M.

1. When Je-sus dwelt in mor - tal clay, What were his works from day to day,

But mir - a - cles of power and grace, That spreads salvation through our race?

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
Creation's blot, creation's blank. [thank,

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.

T. GIBBONS.

623

1 God guard the poor! we may not see
The deepest sorrows of the soul;
These are laid open, Lord, to thee,
And subject to thy wise control.

2 Make us thy messengers to shed,
Within the home of want and woe,
The blessings of thy bounty, spread
So freely on thy world below.

3 Let us go forth, with joyful hand,
To strengthen, comfort, and relieve;
Then in thy presence may we stand,
And hope thy blessing to receive.

MISS WOODMAN.

624

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 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
O may we always thus be poor!

3 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.

625

1 Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and
Freely we have received from thee; [live;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

T. COTTERILL.

WORK.

626

A CHARGE TO KEEP. S. M.

J. INGALLS.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
And He who came my soul to save, And who for me did die!

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
And He who came my soul to save,
And who for me did die!
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

C. WESLEY.

627

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy,—to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps,
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

I. WATTS.

628

- 1 O praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.
- 2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.
- 3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!
- 4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."
- 5 God of the widow, hear,
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success.

SIR H. W. BAKER.

WORK.

629 WINCHESTER. L. M.

1. Go, la - bor on ; spend, and be spent, — Thy joy to do the Father's will ;

It is the way the Mas - ter went ; Should not the ser - vant tread it still ?

1 Go, labor on ; spend, and be spent, — Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

4 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn ;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.
T. GIBBONS.

2 Go, labor on ; 't is not for naught ;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain ; —
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises ; — what are men ?

3 Go, labor on ; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice, [come !]
The midnight peal : — Behold ! I
H. BONAR.

630

1 O what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of Heaven !
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their hearts renewed, and sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine, —
The grace that blazes like the sun ;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the great salvation fly ;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe ;
To pain and sickness help apply.

631

1 Go, labor on while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, — cast sloth away !
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Toil on, — faint not ; keep watch and pray !
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway ;
Compel the wanderers to come in.

3 Go, labor on ; your hands are weak ;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek [down ;
Is near, — a kingdom and a crown.
H. BONAR

632

1 The God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each, with awful sound,
No longer stand ye idle here.

2 O if the griefs ye would assuage,
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Master's business here !

3 And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day ;
And stand ye yet so idle here ?
R. HEBER.

WORK.

633 SHAWMUT. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand;

To doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broad-cast it o'er the land.

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 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown :

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

634 HELENA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Scorn not the slight-est word or deed, Nor deem it void of power;

There's fruit in each wind-waft-ed seed, That waits its na - tal hour.

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 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 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.

WORK.

635 WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. 7s, 6s & 5s.

L. MASON.

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1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours ;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers ;

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun ;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
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 dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming —
Soon must thy work be done,
Or 't will be left unfinished,
All thou hast begun.
Work ere thy strength shall fail thee,
And thou canst work no more ;
Work, for life's day is ending,
And will soon be o'er.

A. L. WALKER.

WORK.

636 LIFE'S HARVEST. 7s & 6s.

1. Ho, reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
 Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?
D.S. The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
 Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?

FINE.
D.S.

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- 1 Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade,
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade?
 Why stand ye idle, waiting
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?
- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain:
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again.
 Thy 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 then a golden chaplet
 Shall be thy just reward.

M. FARNINGHAM.

637

- 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.

CHURCH — INSTITUTION.

638

DUNDEE. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER.

1. Grant me with-in thy courts a place, A-mong thy saints a seat,

For-ev-er to be-hold thy face, And wor-ship at thy feet.

- 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!

J. MONTGOMERY.

639

- 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!"—'t is well, 't is well;
Such be her lot and name:
Through ages past it has been so,
And now 't is still the same.
- 3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Her feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A "little flock" no more.

640

- 1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Enter these walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
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, [storm
While, round these hallowed walls the
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. BRYANT.

641

- 1 Behold the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 3 What though the gates of hell withstood;
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

I. WATTS.

CHURCH—INSTITUTION.

642 AYRTOUN. L. M.

1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead !
 Though humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with a Sav - iour's strength.

- 1 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
 From dust, and darkness, and the dead !
 Though humbled long, awake at length,
 And gird thee with a Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beautiful garments on,
 And let thy excellence be known ;
 Decked in the robes of righteousness,
 Thy glories shall the world confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
 And fill thy hallowed courts with dread ;
 No more shall Satan's mighty host
 Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy pray'r,
 His hands thy ruins shall repair ;
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
 To guard thee in eternal peace.

P. DODDRIDGE.

643

- 1 Happy the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace ;
 Thy holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength ; and at thy gates
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits ;
 Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
 Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace ;
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

I. WATTS.

644

- 1 The perfect world, by Adam trod,
 Was the first temple,—built by God ;
 His fiat laid the corner-stone,
 And heaved its pillars, one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high—
 The broad, illimitable 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, this building stands.—
 An humbler temple, "made with hands."

N. P. WILLIS.

645

- 1 Where shall we go to seek and find
 A habitation for our God,
 A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
 Among the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
 And Zion is his dwelling still ;
 His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
 And fill their souls with living bread ;
 Sinners, that wait before his door,
 With sweet provision shall be fed.

I. WATTS.

CHURCH—INSTITUTION.

646

MORNINGTON. S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON.

1. I love thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.

- 1 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 2 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.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
When Jesus comes from heaven.

T. DWIGHT.

647

- 1 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.
- 2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at thy mercy-seat.
- 3 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

J. MONTGOMERY.

648

- 1 Where is the Hebrews' God,
Who kept them night and day?
Where is the heavenly fire and cloud,
Which showed thy church their way?
- 2 No symbol visible
We of thy presence find;
Yet all who would obey thy will
Shall know their Father's mind.
- 3 Yes, Lord, thou still dost lead
The church reared by thy grace,
The chosen, the believing seed,
Through this vast wilderness.
- 4 Our chart, thy written word;
The Holy Ghost, our guide;
And Christ, our glorious risen Lord,
Doth in our hearts reside.

649

- 1 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise:
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will;
- 3 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

I. WATTS.

CHURCH—DEDICATION.

650 DEDICATION HYMN. L. M.

F. D. BARNES. Arranged.

1. Here, in thy name, e - ter - nal God, We build this earth-ly house for thee;

O choose it for thy fixed a-bode, And guard it long from er - ror free.

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 gracious gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

651

1 And will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train:
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

652

1 Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all.

2 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are
taught.

3 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Until the pearly gates unfold.

653

1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!
With us, to dedicate this church;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
Now wilt thou, God, our glad hearts
search.

2 Those joys, which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound in mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our heart;
O may we all together meet
Around God's throne, no more to part.

P. DODDRIDGE.

T. KELLY.

CHURCH--DEDICATION.

654

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS.

1. O bow thine ear, e - ter - nal One! On thee our heart a - dor - ing calls ;
To thee the fol - lowers of thy Son Have raised, and now de - vote, these walls.

- 1 O bow thine ear, eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son [walls.
Have raised, and now devote, these
- 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 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotions flame
Be kindled here and purely burn.

J. PIERPONT.

655

- 1 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy hiding-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.
- 2 To thee they all belong; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And, when we bring them to thy throne,
We but present thee with thine own.
- 3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

J. M. NEALE.

656

- 1 Lo! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built this church thereon
In spite of envy, and the Jews.
- 2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners! rejoice, and, saints! be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be blessed:
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race:
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise

L. WATTS.

657

- 1 Zion, awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let th' admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.
- 2 Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.
- 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;--
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

W. SHRUBSOLE, JR.

CHURCH — MINISTRY.

658 HUMMEL. C. M.

H. C. ZEUNER

1. Workman 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.

- 1 Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And on the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 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 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. FABER.

659

- 1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th'alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.
- 3 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

P. DODDRIDGE.

660

- 1 Jesus, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run ;
O let thy watchmen grace receive,
And put salvation on.
- 2 Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun ;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine
Their glorious circuit run.
- 3 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might,
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.
- 4 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display ;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

661

- 1 Far o'er the land the precious grain
Waves 'neath the sunny sky,
And ripening harvests offer sheaves
For immortality.
- 2 Strength to the reapers, mighty God,
Strength to the reapers send,
To bear the burden of the day,
And labor till the end.
- 3 Then songs of triumph shall arise,
Then shall thy kingdom come,
And echoing anthems greet at last
The heavenly harvest-home.

S. F. SMITH.

CHURCH — MINISTRY.

662 DESIRE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. 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.

1 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.

2 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.

3 Go, labor on : your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek [down ;
Is near, — a kingdom and a crown !

H. BONAR.

663

1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted head ;
Come as a servant : so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd ; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love,
Live to behold our large increase,
And welcome Jesus from above.

J. MONTGOMERY.

664

1 Pour out thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord ! thine assembled watchmen bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe us with thy righteousness.

2 Within thy temple, when we stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
May we like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love.

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.

J. MONTGOMERY.

665

1 O thou, who art above all height,
Our God, our Father, and our Friend,
Beneath thy throne of love and light
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his guide, O God of truth !

3 O may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distill ;
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

CHURCH—BAPTISM.

666

MEAR, C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. Bur-ied with Christ! yes, thus we lie Immersed be-neath the wave ;

So he, the Sav-our from on high, Found on this earth his grave.

- 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.
- 3 The glorious resurrection morn!
When Jesus from the skies
Descending, whence he now has gone,
Shall bid the sleeping rise.
- 4 Eternal life we then receive
From him our blessed Lord ;
Help us, O Father, to believe,
And trust thy holy word.

667

- 1 Saviour, we seek the watery tomb,
Illumed by love divine ;
Far from the deep, tremendous gloom
Of that which once was thine.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word :
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in :
O may we rise to life anew,
And only die to sin!

668

- 1 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies ;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal t'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 again.

B. BEDDOME.

669

- 1 How calmly wakes the hallowed morn!
How tranquil earth's repose!—
Meet emblem of the Sabbath morn,
When, early, Jesus rose.
- 2 How fair, along the rippling wave,
The radiant light is cast!—
A symbol of the mystic grave
Through which the Saviour passed.
- 3 Around this scene of sacred love
The peace of heaven is shed :
So came the Spirit, like a dove,
To rest on Jesus' head.
- 4 Lord, meet us in this path of thine ;
We come thy rite to seal ;
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And all thy grace reveal.

S. F. SMITH.

CHURCH — BAPTISM.

670 NARES. S. M.

JAMES NARES.

1. Down to the sa - cred wave The Lord of life was led ;

And he who came our souls to save In Jor - dan bowed his head.

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 thy appointed way ;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

S. F. SMITH.

671

1 Beneath the symbol wave
The Saviour's form was bowed ;
Again from out the symbol grave
Rose our anointed Lord.

2 Descend O Spirit now
On us from God above,
To warm our breast and wreath our brow,
With Heaven's baptismal love.

3 With wings of holy flame
On him, from heaven above,
It lit, and thus God's Spirit came,—
That heavenly-hearted Dove.

4 O Christ, our souls are thine,
Laved in thy sweetest love :
Descend on us, O Dove divine,
Descend, O heavenly Dove.

672

1 Come and behold the place
Where once your Saviour lay ;
Confess that he is Lord of all,
And humble homage pay.

2 Laid in the watery grave,
He quickly rose again ;
Buried with him, we too shall rise,
And endless life obtain.

3 Now may the Spirit crown
With tokens of his grace,
The solemn service of this day,
And bid us go in peace.

673

1 Thou God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear ;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive us here to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 To-day in love descend ;
O come, this precious hour ;
In mercy now our spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

4 Low bending at thy feet,
We thus ourselves resign :
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

CHURCH—BAPTISM.

674

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

J. L. ELGINBURG.

- 1 I will follow thee, my Saviour,
Wheresoe'er my lot may be;
Where thou goest I will follow,
Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee. CHO.
- 2 Though the road be rough and thorny,
Trackless as the foaming sea;
Thou hast trod this way before me,
And I gladly follow thee. CHO.
- 3 Though 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
Cheerless though my path may be;
If thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow thee. CHO.
- 4 Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be,
I remember thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee. CHO.
- 5 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be;
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee. CHO.
- 6 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou ledest me,
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,
And I still will follow thee. CHO.

J. L. ELGINBURG.

675

- 1 Humble souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod. CHO.
- 2 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo, your Captain leads the way. CHO.
- 3 View the rite with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise. CHO.

J. FAWCETT.

676

- 1 Lord, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee,
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free. CHO.
- 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. CHO.
- 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. CHO.

R. T. DANIEL.

CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

677 LORD'S SUPPER. C. M.
Not too fast.

J. P. COLE.

1. In mem'ry of the Saviour's love, We keep the sa - cred feast,

Where ev - ery hum - ble, con-trite heart Is made a wel - come guest.

1 In mem'ry of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed;
The cup, in token of his blood,
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his grace,
And thus anticipate the day
When we shall see his face.

2 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled, below,
With all the life of God.

4 Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus crucified,
We will not from our Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

678

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will we do, our dying Lord,
We will remember thee!

2 Thy body, broken for our sake,
Our bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup we take,
And thus remember thee!

3 Gethsemane can we forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

J. MONTGOMERY.

679

1 Come, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

680

1 Obedient to thy sacred word,
"This do, remembering me,"
Once more, dear Master, at thy board
We meet for love of thee.

2 With us, as with the twelve of old,
Sit down, O Friend divine,
To bless and break the paschal bread,
And pour with thanks the wine.

3 Behind this rite which Love supplies,
Our grateful souls discern
The body of the sacrifice
And pledge of thy return.

4 By faith partaking of the flesh
And the atoning blood,
O let us feel the life afresh
Of our redeeming Lord.

L. M. CHAFFEE.

CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

681 HAMBURG. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. A-round the ta - ble of our Lord, We come to eat with sweet ac - cord ;

And thus o-bey his lov - ing word, Un - til he come, un - til he come.

- 1 Around the table of our Lord,
We come to eat with sweet accord ;
And thus obey his loving word,
Until he come, until he come.
- 2 "Do this," he said : "Remember me :
My grief and pain are all for thee ;
And this example thine shall be,
Until I come, until I come."
- 3 In the lone garden, there he prayed ;
Upon the cross he bowed his head :
Let us remember what he said,
Until he come, until he come.
- 4 And when no more we gather here,
Nor to this table may draw near,
May we sit down with him so dear,
When he shall come, when he shall come!

682

- 1 'T was on that dark and doleful night,
The powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began, [brake :
He took the bread, and blessed, and
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "In memory of your dying Lord,
Do this," he said, "till time shall end ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Friend."

- 4 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.

I. WATTS.

683

- 1 My God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood ;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 O let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

P. DODDRIDGE.

684

- 1 Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare for us a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

I. WATTS.

CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

685 BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. With Je - sus in our midst, We gath - er round the board ;

Though ma - ny, we are one in Christ, One bod - y in the Lord.

- 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 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign ;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish every pain.

686

- 1 Jesus invites his saints,
To meet around his board,
And sup in memory of the death
And sufferings of their Lord.
- 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 Soon shall the night be gone,
Our Lord will come again ;
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb
Will usher in his reign.

I. WATTS.

687

- 1 Glory to God on high,
Our peace is made with Heaven ;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised, for sin ;
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.
- 3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad ;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.
- 4 The Father gives the Son ;
The Son, his flesh and blood ;
The Spirit seals : and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

J. HART

688

- 1 Blest feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee,
- 2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved by thee.
- 3 O if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

E. DENNY

CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

689

HORTON. 7s.

X. S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. Com - ing Sav-iour, now in faith, We re - mem-ber still thy death ;
 Thou wast bro-ken—thou hast died ; For us thou wast cru - ci - fied.

- 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 !
- 4 Quickly, thou thyself wilt come ;
 Thou wilt raise us to thy throne,
 And thy glories here display
 Through a never-ending day.

E. C. PEARSON.

690

- 1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
 To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of him who died ;
 Lord of life, O let us be
 Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

J. CONDOR.

691

- 1 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
 Magnify thy dying word ;
 In thine ordinance appear ;
 Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.
- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoined
 Let us now our Saviour find ;
 Drink thy blood, for sinners shed,
 Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare :
 Thou thy pard'ning grace declare ;
 Thou, that hast for sinners died,
 Show thyself the Crucified !

C. WESLEY.

692

- 1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who hath washed us in the tide
 Flowing from his pierced side ;
- 2 Praise we him, whose love divine
 Gives his sacred blood for wine,
 Gives his body for the feast,
 Christ the victim, Christ the Priest.
- 3 Where the paschal blood is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
 Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.
- 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
 Paschal victim, paschal Bread ;
 With sincerity and love
 Eat we manna from above.

R. CAMPBELL.

CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER.

693 TILL HE COME. 7s.

L. MASON.
FINE.

1. "Till he come!"—O let the words Lin-ger on the trem-bling chords ;
D.C. Let us think, how rest and home Lie be-yond that "Till he come!"

Let the "lit-tle while" be - tween In their gold-en light be seen ;

- 1 "Till he come!"—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords ;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think, how rest and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come!"
- 2 When the weary ones we love
To the silent grave remove,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till he come!"
- 3 Clouds and darkness 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,
Pain us only "Till he come!"
- 4 See the feast of love is spread ;
Drink the wine, and eat the bread,
Sweet memorials, till the Lord,
Call us round his heavenly board ;
Scattered now, and far from home,
Severed only "Till he come!"

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

694

- 1 Many centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,

- Ever by his church retained :
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.
- 2 Through the church's long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard —
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.
- 3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim ;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body to unite ;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Till he comes to raise the dead.

J. CONDOR.

695

- 1 Meeting in the Saviour's name,
Breaking bread by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim,
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Joined by heaven's exulting crowds.
- 2 Sing we then of him who died ;
Sing of him who rose again ;
By him we are justified,
And with him we hope to reign,
Soon we hope to see our Lord,
And to share his bright reward.

CHURCH — MISSIONS.

696 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.

- 1 Go forth, ye heralds, in his name ;
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;
The glorious jubilee proclaim
Where'er the human race is found,
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the wounded heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, as you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from him ye do receive,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus they your doctrines will believe,
And by the gospel they may live.

J. LOGAN.

697

- 1 Behold the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise ;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

MRS. VOKE.

698

- 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!

699

- 1 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake ;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah — God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt ;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood, that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

CHURCH — MISSIONS.

700 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny

fountains Roll down their golden sand ; From many an ancient river, From

many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. HEBER.

701

1 How beautiful, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things ;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace !

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman !
And shout from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus.—
"The victory is ours !"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness,
O waste Jerusalem !
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim ;
The Lord in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod :
Behold, O earth ! the glorious
Salvation of our God !

B. GOUGH.

CHURCH—MISSIONS.

702 THE GOSPEL CALL.

T. F. ALLEN.

1. There's a call for faith - ful la - borers in the vine - yard of the Lord,
 2. Hark! a cry comes o'er the o - cean, from the isl - ands of the sea,
 3. But the call for help sounds near - er, in the cit - y's noi - sy street—
 4. Lo! the field is white for har - vest, but the reap - ers they are few,

Where the ruth - less hand of Sa - tan has been scattering tares a - broad ;
 From the hea - then and the sav - age in their dark i - dol - a - try ;—
 From the friendless and the home - less, who with wea - ry, ach - ing feet
 And the hand that wields the sic - kle must be bold and strong and true ;

'Tis a call that must be answered—are you read - y to be - gin ?
 "Come and help us in our blindness—clear the mists of sin a - way.
 Tread the ways of death un - heed - ed, save by His all - see - ing eye,
 For the fields in which we la - bor spread far o - ver sea and land,—

Will you spread the glo - rious gos - pel o'er a world that's lost in sin ?
 Let the lands that lie in dark - ness see the gos - pel's glo - rious ray !"
 That can count the stars of heav - en, and yet marks the spar - row die !
 "Preach my gos - pel to all nations," was the Sav - iour's great command !

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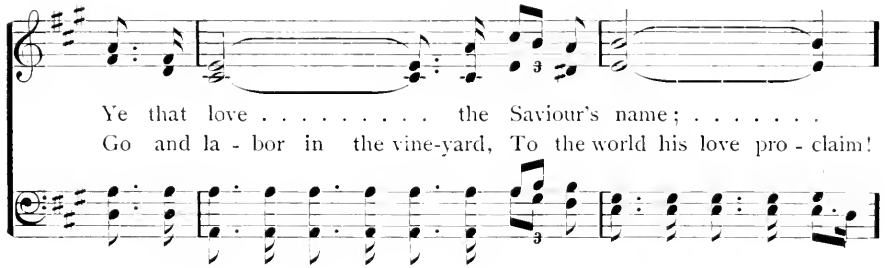
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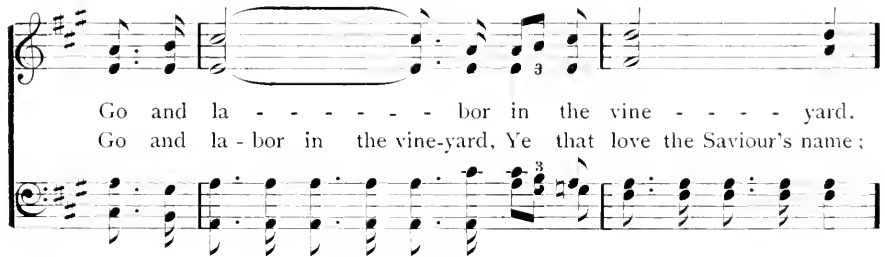
CHORUS.



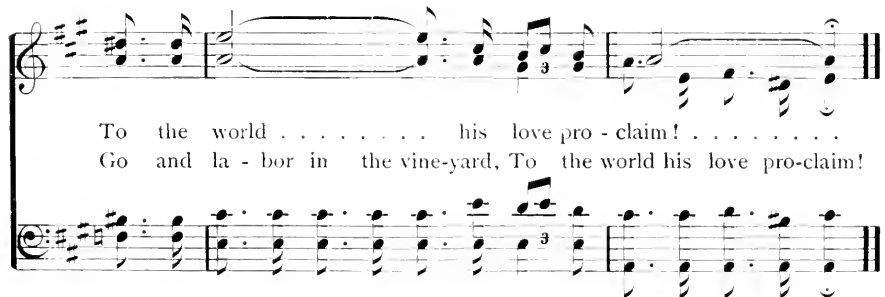
Go and la - - - - - bor in the vine - - - - - yard,
Go and la - bor in the vine-yard, Ye that love the Saviour's name;



Ye that love the Saviour's name;
Go and la - bor in the vine-yard, To the world his love pro - claim!



Go and la - - - - - bor in the vine - - - - - yard,
Go and la - bor in the vine-yard, Ye that love the Saviour's name;



To the world his love pro - claim!
Go and la - bor in the vine-yard, To the world his love pro-claim!

CHURCH — MISSIONS.

703

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

I. 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.

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

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.

T. HASTINGS.

704

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis 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.

705

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.

B. FRANCIS.

706

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.

H. AUER.

SIGNS.

707 EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. When signs and won - ders there shall be In sun, and moon, and stars ;

When storms shall vex the roar - ing sea, And hearts shall fail with fears ;

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 When signs and wonders there shall be
In sun, and moon, and stars ;
When storms shall vex the roaring sea,
And hearts shall fail with fears ;</p> <p>2 When guilty nations shrink with fright,
And dread their hastening doom ;
Then, robed in majesty and might,
The Son of man shall come.</p> <p>3 Woe to the world, whose wailing throngs
Shall quake with sudden fear ;
Joy to the saints, whose thankful songs
Shall hail redemption near :</p> <p>4 For them with mighty trumpet's sound,
Angelic legions blest,
Shall fly to earth's remotest bound,
To bear them to their rest.</p> <p>5 O watch, ye saints, with burning lamps,
Until your Lord appear ;
The fig tree buds : the forests leave :
The summer draweth near.</p> | <p>3 With cheerful hope and earnest prayer
Still trusting in thy word,
We long to see the eastern skies
Reveal thy advent, Lord.</p> <p>4 Then would our waiting souls rejoice,
Could we thy face behold ;
In ages of triumphant bliss
Our joys could ne'er be told.</p> <p>5 O blissful day of promise blest,
We long to share thy peace !
When pain and every ill shall end,
And pleasures never cease :</p> <p>6 When rapt'rous joy, like holy fire,
Shall swell our song of praise,
And every wond'ring, grateful heart
Extol thy work of grace.</p> |
|--|--|

708

- 1 O glorious day of heavenly rest !
We hail each sign of thee ;
With eager hearts and longing eyes
We wait thy dawn to see.
- 2 Those gilded rays of glory bright,
Resplendent as the sun,
Must soon to every eye make known
The holy coming One.

709

- 1 Most gracious to fulfill thy word,
Almighty to defend,—
To reap thy ripened harvest, Lord,
Thy chosen servants send.
- 2 O Zion, spread more wide thy tent ;
Stretch forth thy straining cords ;
The promise dawns ; the signs are sent ;
Earth, thou shalt be the Lord's.
- 3 Haste, haste, ye years of toil and woe ;
Heaven, earth, break forth and sing,
"The kingdoms of the earth be now
Thy conquest, peerless King."

S. F. SMITH.

SIGNS.

710 NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Light of the lone - ly pil-grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,

A - rise, and with thy morning beams Chase all our griefs a - way!

1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

E. DENNY.

4 Come quickly, blessed Lord, appear;
Bid the swift chariot fly;
The signs foretell thy coming near,
In sea, and earth, and sky.

M. BYLES.

712

1 Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be
Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid.

2 For, not in weakness clad, thou com'st,
Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all thy Father's might,
His judgment to declare.

3 The terrors of that awful day,
O who can understand?
Or who abide, when thou in wrath
Shalt lift thy holy hand?

4 The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

5 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,—

6 Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter with thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

G. W. DOANE.

711

1 When wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise:

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

3 Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place
And rush the final storm!

SIGNS.

713 LIFT YOUR HEADS. Ss, 7s & 4s.

F. S. STANTON.

1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners in his pa-tience here ;
 Christ, to all be-liev-ers pre-cious, Lord of lords, shall soon ap - pear.
 Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens, Of his heavenly king-dom near.

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 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
 Nature's swift approaching doom !
 War, and pestilence and famine,
 Signify the wrath to come ;
 ||: Cleaves the centre, :||
 Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
 Of the last tremendous days,
 See the flaming revelation !
 See the universal blaze !
 ||: Earth and heaven :||
 Melt before the Judge's face.

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
 Darken'd into blackest night,
 When with angel-hosts surrounded,
 In his Father's glory bright,
 ||: Beams the Saviour, :||
 Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling !
 Hark! on earth the doleful cry !
 Men on rocks and mountains calling,
 While the awful Judge draws nigh ;
 ||: Hide us, hide us :||
 Rocks and mountains, from his eye !
 C. WESLEY.

714

1 Christians, see! the orient morning
 Breaks along the eastern sky ;
 Lo, th'expected day is dawning —
 Glorious Dayspring from on high ;
 ||: Hallelujah! :||
 Hail the signs which speak thee nigh!

2 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,
 Gilding now the radiant hill,
 Rise, and let thy brighter gleaming,
 All the world thy glory fill ;
 ||: Hallelujah! :||
 Hail the signs which speak thee nigh!

3 Lord of every tribe and nation,
 Spread thy truth from pole to pole ;
 Spread the light of thy salvation
 Let it reach the ruined soul.
 ||: Hallelujah! :||
 Hail the signs which speak thee nigh!

SIGNS.

715 JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

G. E. LEE.

1. Lift up the trumpet, O 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 thy mighty wave, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 4. Heavens of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng, Jesus is com - ing a - gain!
 5. Na - tions are angry, — 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!
 Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
 Knowledge increases ; 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!

716 HARMONY CHANT. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Be - hold th' ex - pect - ed time draw near, The shades disperse, the
 dawn ap - pear! Be - hold the wil - der - ness as - sume The beauteous

Used by per. of Biglow & Main's Co.

SIGNS.

HARMONY CHANT.—Concluded.

tints of E - den's bloom, The beauteous tints of E - den's bloom!

1 Behold th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear!
Behold the wilderness assume
||: The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom! :||

2 The signs with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The ripening fields, already white.
||: Present a harvest to the sight. :||

3 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
||: To aid the triumphs of our King. :||

4 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
||: Where Satan long hath held his throne. :||

717 MORNING STAR. 7s. D.

L. MASON.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveler, o'er yon

mountain height, See that glory-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of

joy or hope foretell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 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 wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

SIGNS.

718 MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

1. How hap - py are the lit - tle flock, Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,

In all com - mo - tions rest! When wars and tu - mult's waves run high,

Un - moved a - bove the storm they lie, And lodge in Je - sus' breast.

1 How happy are the little flock.
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee
Before the floods descend; [down
And, while the bursting cloud comes
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess;
The war proclaims thee Prince of Peace,
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings
And nature's final hour.

5 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!"

C. WESLEY.

719

1 What sound is this salutes my ear?
'Tis Michael's trump methinks I hear,
Th' expected day has come.
Behold, the heavens, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee:
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold, the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear,
The saints arising from the tombs
To meet the Bridegroom: lo! he comes,
And hails the festive year.

3 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.

SIGNS.

720

ELLESDIE. Ss & 7s. D.

C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Righteous God! whose vengeful vi - als All our fears and thoughts ex-ceed,

Big with woes and fi - ery tri-als, Hang-ing, bursting o'er our head ;
D. S. Arm our cautioned souls with patience, Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

While thou vis - it - est the na-tions Thy se - lect - ed peo - ple spare ;
D. S.

1 Righteous God! whose vengeful vials
 All our fears and thoughts exceed,
 Big with woes and fiery trials,
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head ;
 While thou visitest the nations
 Thy selected people spare ;
 Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
 With all flesh is now begun,
 In thy wrath remember mercy ;
 Mercy first and last be shown.
 Plead thy cause with sword and fire ;
 Shake us till the curse remove :
 Till thou com'st, the saints' desire,
 Crowning them with perfect love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
 More confirms the faithful word ;
 Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,
 Must be suddenly restored.

From this national confusion,
 From this ruined earth and skies,
 See the times of restitution,
 See the new creation rise!

C. WESLEY.

721

1 O thou Sun of glorious splendor,
 Shine with healing in thy wing ;
 Chase away these shades of darkness ;
 Holy light and comfort bring.
 Lo! the signs of restitution
 Round the world with joy proclaim ;
 Death shall soon be spoiled and van-
 quished
 Through the great Immanuel's name.

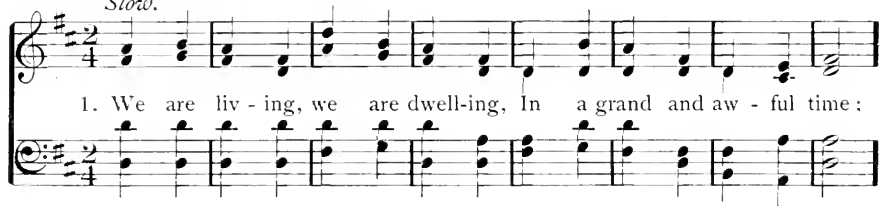
2 Take thy power, Almighty Saviour ;
 Rule on David's royal throne ;
 Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
 And thy ransomed people own.
 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
 Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
 Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
 As at first, the Lord's delight.

SIGNS.

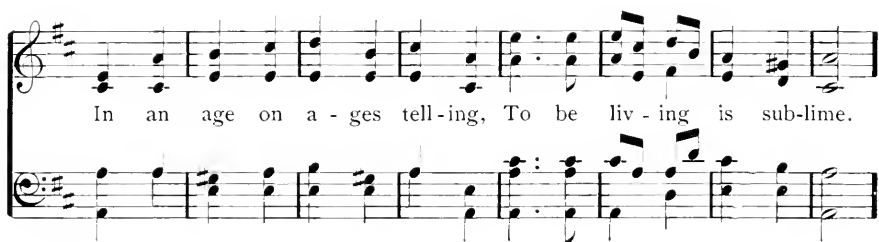
722 THE ALARM. Ss & 7s.

Arranged.

Slow.



1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell-ing, In a grand and aw - ful time :

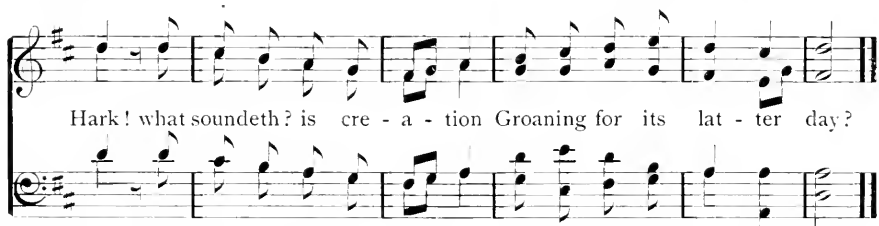


In an age on a - ges tell-ing, To be liv - ing is sub-lime.

Lively.



Hark! the wak-ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma-gog to the fray ;



Hark! what soundeth? is cre - a - tion Groaning for its lat - ter day?

- 1 We are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time ;
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.
 Hark! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray ;
 Hark! what soundeth? is creation
 Groaning for its latter day?
- 2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally
 With your music and your wine?
 Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
 God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
 Up! O up, thou drowsy soldier;
 Worlds are charging to the shock!

- 3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On—right onward for the right.
 On! let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad!
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages—tell for God!

A. C. COXE.

SIGNS.

723 WATCHMAN, TELL ME. Ss & 7s. D.

W. B. BRADBURY. FINE.

1. Watchman, tell me does the morn-ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn ;
 Have the signs that mark His com-ing, Yet up - on my path-way shone ?
D.C. Spurn the un - be - lief that bound thee, Morning dawns, a - rise, a - rise!

Pil-grim, yes, a - rise, look round thee, Light is break - ing in the skies ;
D.C.

1 Watchman, tell me does the morning
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn ;
 Have the signs that mark His coming,
 Yet upon my pathway shone ?
 Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee,
 Light is breaking in the skies ;
 Spurn the unbelief that bound thee,
 Morning dawns, arise, arise !

2 See the glorious light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbath year,
 Hark! the voices loud proclaiming
 The Messiah's kingdom near ;
 Watchman! yes ; I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise ;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
 Seated on the jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone ;
 There, on verdant hills and mountains,
 Where the golden sunbeams play,
 Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
 Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way ;
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day,

When the last loud trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth and sea
 All the saints of God now sleeping,—
 Clad in immortality.

S. S. BREWER.

724

1 Watchman, has the tribulation
 Of the cruel Man of Sin
 Ceased his bloody persecution?
 Will it not return again?
 Pilgrim, no, his times have ended ;
 Never shall the monster reign ;
Tekel on his brow is written—
 Soon he will consume in flame.

2 Watchman, were there signs attending
 At the ending of the time?
 With the closing moments pending,
 Did the sun refuse to shine?
 Pilgrim, yes ; the sun was shrouded
 In a veil of gloom that day ;
 Nature was in darkness clouded
 On that nineteenth day of May.

3 Watchman, see! the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers!
 While just yonder, O how cheering!
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
 Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air!
 See the millions! hear them singing!
 Soon the pilgrims will be there!

S. S. BREWER.

SIGNS.

725 HENDON. 7s.

A. H. C. MALAN.

1. In the sun, and moon, and stars, Signs and won - ders

there shall be; Earth shall quake with in - ward wars, Na - tions

with per - plex - i - ty, Na - tions with per - plex - i - ty.

1 In the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity. :||

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests rise,
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies. :||

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear. :||

4 But, though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race;
Your redemption draweth nigh. :||

R. HEBER.

3 When the powers that star-like reign
Sink dishonored to the plain,
We uplift th'expectant eye,—
Our redemption draweth nigh. :||

4 When the fig-tree shoots appear,
Men behold their summer near;
When the hearts of rebels fail,
We the coming Conqueror hail. :||

C. ELIZABETH.

727

1 Lord of might and majesty,
All creation groans for thee;
And thy church, who share thy pain,
Long with thee in joy to reign. :||

2 Saviour, come in royal might—
Come to reign in endless light;
Come, thou Man of Calvary.
Haste to set creation free. :||

3 King of kings, for us appear,
Signs proclaim thy kingdom near;
Cast the seat of Satan down,
Take and wear the heavenly crown. :||

4 King of glory, speed the day
When this world shall pass away;
Bring the everlasting home,
Haste, and let thy kingdom come. :||

C. ELIZABETH.

726

1 Now from scattered lands afar,
Spreads the voice of rumored war,
Nations in tumultuous pride
Heave like ocean's roaring tide. :||

2 When the solar splendors fail,
When the crescent waxeth pale;
World! do thou the signal dread,
We exalt the drooping head. :||

SIGNS.

728 THE WATCHERS. 7s & 6s.

Arranged.

1. { As time's last sands seemed wast - ing, The world at large was stirred ; }
 { Man saw his doom was has - t'ning, The warn - ing all had heard : }

But now the world is sleep - ing In slum - ber most pro - found ;

But few the watch are keep - ing, Though fast to judg - ment bound !

1 As time's last sands seemed wasting,
 The world at large was stirred ;
 Man saw his doom was hast'ning,
 The warning all had heard :
 But now the world is sleeping
 In slumber most profound ;
 But few the watch are keeping,
 Though fast to judgment bound !

2 The few who still are heeding
 That awful judgment call,
 And, while they wait, are pleading
 Like Lot at Sodom's fall :
 They seem, like Lot, but mocking,
 To all the worldly throng ;
 Reproach and curses shocking
 They now have suffered long.

3 They hear the scoffer railing,
 In triumph and in pride ;
 With blasphemies unailing,
 God's promise is denied ;

But mercy's long endurance
 With the vain infidel
 Gives them a strong assurance,
 By which the day they tell.

4 The thrones of earth are reeling,
 In sad perplexity ;
 Their retribution sealing
 By pride and cruelty.
 As ruler, warrior, banker,
 Attest their hast'ning doom,
 More steadfast is our anchor :
 God's kingdom soon will come.

5 But see that remnant humble,
 Who hold the faithful word,
 So fearful they should stumble,—
 While hope is long deferred.
 The sons of earth are leaving
 Their honor, mirth, and gold ;
 And these shall end their grieving,
 For endless joys untold.

SIGNS.

729 WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer months we've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
D. S. And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In fair Im - man - uel's land.

Dark, dark has been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand ;

- 1 The sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer months we've sighed for,
 The fair, sweet morn awakes.
 Dark, dark has been the midnight,
 But day-spring is at hand ;
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In fair Immanuel's land.
- 2 The signs in heaven thicken,
 The nations are distressed,
 Men's hearts for fear are failing —
 The ocean cannot rest ;

- But 'mid the foaming billows,
 And wrecks upon the strand,
 We hail the glory dawning
 In fair Immanuel's land.
- 3 Old Babylon has fallen,
 With Medo-Persia's throne ;
 The Grecian horn is broken,
 And Rome is almost gone.
 But Christ the King is coming,
 With bright angelic band,
 To take the throne of David
 In fair Immanuel's land.

A. R. COUSIN.

Arranged.

730 WE ARE VOYAGERS.

1. We are voy'gers on an o - cean, and our des - ti - ny we know, For our
 2. Tho' the winds are strongly blowing, and tho' high the bil - lows roll, It will
 3. We have passed the coast of Bab - y - lon, and Me - do - Per - sian piers, We have
 4. O how glo - ri - ous the moment when our keel shall strike the strand, And our

SIGNS.

WE ARE VOYAGERS.—Concluded.

chart has been pointing out the way, And our Captain he is cheering us as
only make us sigh for land the more : And our rest will be the sweet-er when we
left the realm of Grecia far behind ; We've been sailing down the Roman coast for
watching eyes once greet the hills of home ! There our stay will be eternal with the

through the night we go, Saying, "Courage, sailors, soon you'll see the day."
reach that heavenly goal, There to shout our voy-age o - ver on the shore.
nine-teen hundred years, And our chart declares the port we soon shall find.
ho - ly, hap - py band, And the blissful bow'rs of E - den we may roam.

CHORUS.

Then we'll watch and we'll pray, as our ves - sel bears a - way, And we'll

never be disheartened any more, For the port is get-ting nearer, and I

hear the Mas - ter say, "We shall soon reach the har-bor and the shore."

SIGNS.

731 ELLACOMBE. 7s & 6s.

ST. GALL'S COLL.

1. The clouds at length are break - ing ; The dawn will soon ap - pear,

And "signs" there's no mis - tak - ing, Pro - claim Mes - si - ah near.

1 The clouds at length are breaking ;
The dawn will soon appear,
And "signs" there's no mistaking,
Proclaim Messiah near.

2 Awake, awake from sleeping,
Attend the "midnight cry ;"
Ye saints, refrain from weeping,
Your Great Deliverer's nigh.

3 Ye mortals, take the warning,
Ten thousand calls invite ;
Should you neglect the morning,
Then comes the awful night.

4 Now mercy's hand extended,
The vilest wretch would save ;
But O if this be ended,
You're lost beyond the grave.

732 HOWARD. C. M.

E. CUTHBERT.

1. What of the night? O watchman, mark, Look from thy high watch-tower ;

The storm hangs low, the sky is dark : Foes come at mid - night hour.

1 What of the night? O watchman, mark,
Look from thy high watch-tower ;
The storm hangs low, the sky is dark ;
Foes comes at midnight hour.

2 Watchman, what of the night? behold
Earth's kingdoms totter round ;
And awful signs have late foretold
The clang of war must sound.

3 The watchman saith, The day is nigh !
Inquire with earnest heed ;
Plain is the word of prophecy,
And all who run may read.

4 Then, pilgrim, cease thy sighs and tears,
On time no longer lean ;
For soon the kingdom blest appears,
And soon its fruits we'll glean.

SIGNS.

733 THE THRILLING CRY. 8s & 6s.

1. A thrill-ing cry — we hear the sound ; The faith-ful watchmen lift their voice ;

From land to land the world a - round — It bids the saints re-joyce :

“Ye virgins, rise, break forth and sing The glorious com-ing of your King.”

The thrill-ing cry — we hear it sound, “Go forth to meet your Lord.”

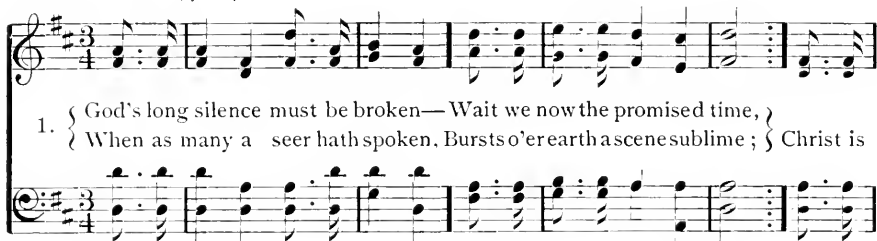
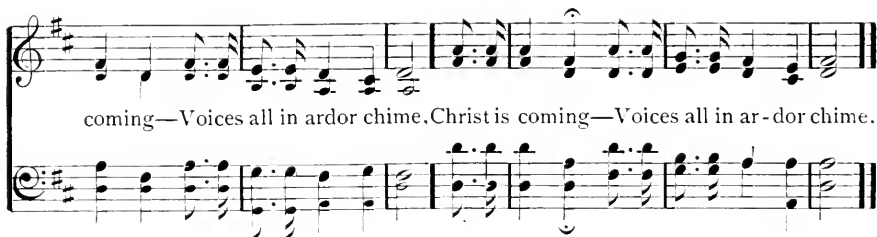
1 A thrilling cry — we hear the sound ;
The faithful watchmen lift their voice ;
From land to land the world around —
It bids the saints rejoice :
“Ye virgins, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious coming of your King.”
The thrilling cry — we hear it sound,
“Go forth to meet your Lord.”

2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain sound,
For dark and dang'rous 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,
“Go forth to meet your Lord.”

3 In darkest hours God's word gives light,
Its rays dispel the thick'ning 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,
“Go forth to meet your Lord.”

4 Behold ! He comes, the mighty One !
Ye virgins, haste ! him now you'll
meet ;
The watching and the waiting done,
He comes his bride to greet.
The trumpet sounds along the skies,
The earth it shakes, the dead arise :
The thrilling cry the world around,
“The Lord, the Lord has come !”

L. I. LESLIE.

1 God's long silence must be broken —
Wait we now the promised time,
When as many a seer hath spoken,
Bursts o'er earth a scene sublime ;
||: Christ is coming—
Voices all in ardor chime. :||

2 Sun, and moon, and stars proclaim it,
While in fear the nations stand ;
Faithful servants dare to name it,
God's own kingdom nigh at hand —
||: Yet the scoffer
Many a pulpit can command. :||

3 Hear the shout that breaks asunder
Sky and grave with awful noise ;
Angels rush while myriads wonder,
And the righteous all rejoice ;
||: Dead and living—
Now unite with heart and voice. :||

4 Earth, thy heavy weeds of mourning
Shall depart for bridal dress —
Awful is thy day of burning,
Death for all thy wickedness ;
||: But the holy
Rest above thy sore distress. :||

J. A. LIBBY.

735

1 Saviour, haste! our souls are waiting
For the long expected day,
When, new heav'n and earth creating,
Thou shalt banish grief away ;
||: All the sorrow,
Caused by sin and Satan's sway. :||

2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home :
'Tis this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
||: Makes thy people
Strangers here, till thou dost come. :||

3 Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain ;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
||: And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again? :||

4 Reign, O reign Almighty Saviour :
Heaven and earth in one unite ;
Make it known, that in thy favor
There alone is life and light,
||: When we see thee,
We shall have unmixed delight. :||

SIGNS.

736

A HOME FOR THE WEARY.

G. E. LEE.

1. There's a home for all the blest, When my Saviour comes ; Where the wea-ry
 2. Signs are seen on ev - ery hand, Je - sus soon will come ; Signs in heav'n, on
 3. All that sleep be - neath the sod, When my Saviour comes, Will a - wake to
 4. Then with all the ransomed throng, When my Saviour comes, We will sing re -

ones shall rest, When my Saviour comes. In that land of glory bright, Saints shall
 sea and land, Je - sus soon will come. Nations angry now appear, Men's hearts
 meet their God, When my Saviour comes. All our friends we then shall meet, All the
 demption's song, When my Saviour comes. Glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, Glo - ry

Used by permission.

walk with him in white, Faith shall then be turned to sight, When my Saviour comes.
 fail - ing them for fear, For the things they see and hear, Je - sus soon will come.
 faithful ones we'll greet, At the low - ly Je - sus' feet, When my Saviour comes.
 to the Lamb once slain ! He has come on earth to reign, Glo - ry to the Lamb !

CHORUS.

Jesus, come ; come and reign ; O my Saviour, quickly come, Come on earth to reign.

PILGRIMAGE.

737

NARROW WAY. C. M.

J. P. COLE.

1. What poor de - spis - ed com - pa - ny Of trav - el - ers are these,

Who walk in yon - der nar - row way, A - long the rug - ged maze?

1 What poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

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 some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possessed,
With hidden manna fed.

5 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.

6 I'd rather be the least of them,
That are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

2 Tho' Satan's army rages hard,
And all his hosts combine,
Yet scripture doth engage the sword
And strength of love divine.

3 My soul looks up and sees Him smile
While he the blessing sends,
And I am thinking all the while—
"When will this journey end?"

4 I contemplate it can't be long
Till he will come again,
Then I shall join that heavenly throng
And in his kingdom reign.

S. HARRISON.

739

1 My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things;
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!

3 Soon will the pilgrimage be o'er
Of sublunary care;
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

4 Courage, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance soon will come;
There is a straight and narrow way
To bring believers home.

738

1 I'm on my way to Canaan,
I bid this world farewell;
Come on, my fellow travelers,
In spite of earth and hell;

PILGRIMAGE.

740

MORNINGTON. S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON.

1. Far down the a - ges now, Her jour - ney well - nigh done,

The pilgrim church pursues her way, In haste to reach the crown.

1 Far down the ages now,
Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
In haste to reach the crown.

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view ;
How well it seems to suit her still ;
Old, and yet ever new.

3 'Tis the same story still,
Of sin and weariness ;
Of grace and love still flowing down,
To pardon and to bless.

4 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

5 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill ;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still.

6 'Tis the old sorrow still,
The briar and the thorn ;
And 'tis the same old solace yet,—
The hope of coming morn.

741

1 Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will swift hours stay ;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

3 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep the end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

742

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy pilgrims truly wise,
That we may live to-day!

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;
O be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed!

PILGRIMAGE.

743

ARE YOU GROWING WEARY? Ss & 7s.

Arranged.

1. Watchman, are you growing wea - ry, Watching night and watching day?

Do the hours seem long and dreary Till the shadows flee a-way?

Grasp the standard, hold it firm - er, Meet the foe 'midst shot and shell,

Heaven-ly rest will be the sweet-er If you do your du - ty well.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Watchman, are you growing weary,
Watching night and watching day?
Do the hours seem long and dreary
Till the shadows flee away?
Grasp the standard, hold it firmer,
Meet the foe 'midst shot and shell,
Heavenly rest will be the sweeter
If you do your duty well.</p> | <p>3 Brothers, sisters, toiling, sighing,
Seeking for the higher rest,
O the joy, when weary lying,
Lying on the Saviour's breast.
Where the parted have a meeting,
Nevermore to parted be,
There the angels shout their greeting,
All across the jasper sea.</p> |
| <p>2 Christian, are thy crosses growing
Heavier, and the journey long?
Art thou saddened by the knowing
Right is conquered by the wrong?
Strive a little longer, bearing
All, though drooping spirits mourn,
Crowns will be more worth the wearing
If the cross is nobly borne.</p> | <p>4 Here is but the time of testing,
Time of battle, tears and pain;
There the joy of sweetly resting,
Nevermore to toil again.
Let us, then, bear all the sorrow
God shall deem it wise and best;
Soon will dawn the glorious morrow,
With its sweet eternal rest.</p> |

PILGRIMAGE.

744 PILGRIM. 7s.

J. C. STODDARD.

Andante.

1. Pilgrim, bur-den-ed with thy sin, Come the way to Zi-on's gate :

There, till mer-cy let thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.

Knock, he knows the sin-ner's cry ; Weep, he loves the mourner's tears ;

Watch, for sav-ing grace is nigh ; Wait, till heavenly light ap-pears.

- 1 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate :
 There, till mercy lets thee in,
 Knock, and weep, and watch and wait.
 Knock, he knows the sinner's cry ;
 Weep, he loves the mourner's tears ;
 Watch, for saving grace is nigh ;
 Wait, till heavenly light appears.
- 2 Hark, it is the Bridegroom's voice :
 "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest !"
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest :

Safe, from all the lures of vice ;
 Sealed, by signs the chosen know ;
 Bought by love, and life the price ;
 Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

- 3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
 In a world like this remain ?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain ;
 Fear, the hope of Life shall fly ;
 Shame, from glory's view retire ;
 Doubt, in certain rapture die ;
 Pain, in endless bliss expire.

G. CRABBE.

PILGRIMAGE.

745

LONELY TRAVELER. 7s & 4s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1 I'm a lonely traveler here,
Sad and oppressed ;
But my journey's end is near,
Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is the way,
Weary I've come ;
Ask me not with you to stay ;
Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary traveler here,
I must go on ;
For my journey's end is near ;
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away ;
Pleasures that forever live ;
I cannot stay.

3 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.

4 I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair ;
Farewell, all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
All I resign ;
Welcome sorrow, loss and pain,
If Christ be mine.

5 I'm a traveler—call me not—
Onward'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.

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PILGRIMAGE.

746

DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

Arr. by I. I. LESLIE.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav-ler, In dust-y gar-ments clad,
His step was slow and heav-y, His strength was al-most gone;

A strug-gling up a mountain, He looked both worn and sad.
Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come."

CHORUS. FINE.
Then palms of vic-to-ry, Crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry, I shall bear.

1 I saw a wayworn trav'ler,
In dusty garments clad,
A struggling up a mountain;
He looked both worn and sad.
His step was slow and heavy,
His strength was almost gone;
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come." CHO.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow;
He fainter grew and weary,
His step more weak and slow.
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was going home,
And singing as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come." CHO.

3 I saw him in the evening,
When the sun was bending low,
He'd reach the mountain's summit,
The vales were all below,
His weary march was closing,
Life's journey well nigh run,
And he whispered as 'twas ending,
"Deliverance will come." CHO.

4 His eyes were dim and heavy,
His strength entirely gone,
Therefore to him was given
A couch to lie upon;
They closed the blinds around him,
And locked him up alone,
That nothing might disturb him
Till his best Friend should come. CHO.

5 Hope made for him a pillow,
And faith, a garment rare,
To wrap him in his slumbers
Till Jesus should appear;
Then when the light of morning
Breaks in his little room,
He'll rise and cry, "Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!" CHO.

6 I heard the song of triumph
He sang upon that shore,
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed me,
To suffer never more;"
And casting his eyes backward
On the race that he had run,
He raised the loud hosanna,
"Deliverance has come!" CHO.

J. B. MATTHIAS.

PILGRIMAGE.

747 HOMEWARD BOUND. 10s & 7s.

C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. } Out on an o - cean all bound - less we ride, We're homeward bound,
 } Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound,
 home - ward bound : }
 home - ward bound ; } Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode,
 Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode, Prom - ise of
 which on us each he be - stowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

- 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 Ed'n 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.

W. F. WARREN.

PILGRIMAGE.

748 PILGRIM'S SONG.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. We are on our way to Zi-on's ho - ly hill, We will work in faith, and
 2. 'Tis a glorious tho't while marching on the road, That our rest is sure as
 3. As we jour-ney on, still brighter grows the way, For a - bove the hill we

D. C. We are on our jour-ney seek-ing for the light, For the bless-ed land be -

la - bor with a will; For we know the Lord, our Saviour's with us still,
 promised in his word; "For a rest re-mains to all who serve the Lord,"
 see the com-ing day, And we know its light will nev-er pass a - way,

yond our earthly sight: Come and go with us to re-gions fair and bright,

FINE. CHORUS.

So we'll sing our hap - py song. To the Lord, to the
 To the Lord,
 Come and join our pil - grim throng.

Lord, Let us sing, let us sing Hymns of
 to the Lord, Let us sing, let us sing

praise, . . . hymns of praise, As we jour-ney to our home.
 Hymns of praise, hymns of praise,

D. C.

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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 ;

“Peace to the earth, good-will to man, From heaven’s all gra - cious King :”

The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold ;
“Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven’s all gracious King :”
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

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 O ye, beneath life’s crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look up ; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

ANGELS.

750

STEPHENS. C. M.

W. JONES.

1. Through all the chang-ing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy.
The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 3 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

TATE & BRADY.

751

- 1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;
O be that refuge mine!
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm ;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 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!

H. F. LYTEL.

752

- 1 The host of God! they come to us,
On heavenly mission bound :
They are of those, who watch by day,
And keep their nightly round.
- 2 They come from realms celestial, sent
On God's high message here ;
They guide the nightly firmament ;
They lead the rolling sphere.
- 3 The host of God! they come to earth
In robes of light arrayed ;
They march in bright, angelic ranks,
With glittering crowns displayed ;
- 4 They are not clad in mortal garb
Like children of the earth,
Their stately step, their joyous tone,
Betray their glorious birth.

753

- 1 All praise to him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night :
Whose throne is in the vast abyss
Of uncreated light.
- 2 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest :
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.
- 3 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep :
Thy faith and truth shall shield their
For thou dost never sleep. [heads,

C. WESLEY.

ANGELS.

754 FULTON. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Wel-come, an - gels, pure and bright, Chil - dren of the liv - ing light,
Wel - come to our home on earth, Children of the glorious birth.

1 Welcome, angels, pure and bright,
Children of the living light.
Welcome to our home on earth,
Children of the glorious birth.

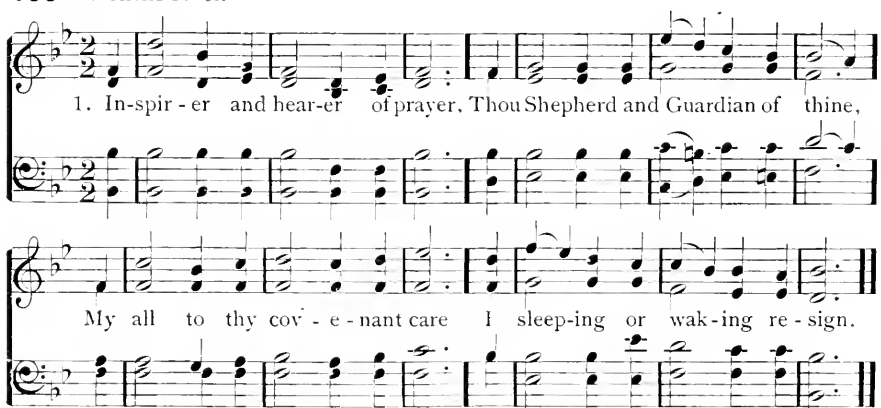
2 Welcome, messengers of God,
Teaching not of anger's rod;
Love for all earth's weary throngs,
Is the burthen of your songs.

3 Come ye from the realms of light,
Where the day knows not the night,
Where the gems of love alone
Are around your spirits thrown.

4 O we joy to feel you near,
Guardians ever true and dear;
Chains of love around us twine,
Gems of beauty all divine.

E. C. HENCK.

755 MANEPY. 8s.



1. In-spir - er and hear-er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy cov - e - nant care I sleep - ing or wak - ing re - sign.

1 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping or waking resign.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

3 Bright seraphs, dispatched from the
throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

4 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

ANGELS.

756 HEROLD. Ss & 7s.

Arranged.

1. In the sky that is a - bove us, Borne up - on the wings of light,

Count-less be - ings live who love us, And with bless-ings glad our sight.

- 1 In the sky that is above us,
Borne upon the wings of light,
Countless beings live who love us,
And with blessings glad our sight.
- 2 In the night of darkest sorrow
When our hearts are prone to mourn,
They speak to us of the morrow,—
Of the day that is to dawn.
- 3 Whatso'er events before us,
Press we on all undismayed ;
God and seraphs bright are o'er us,
With us in the light and shade.
- 4 Clasp God's hand in hours of sorrow,
Trust his love in day and night ;
Faith shall see the coming morrow,
Hope shall make the future bright.

757

- 1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone ;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee ; press thou on.
- 2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother ;
Jesus trod it ; press thou on.
- 3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee ; O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

S. JOHNSON.

758

- 1 Angels come when shades of evening,
Gather softly o'er the earth ;
When tired nature sweetly sleeping,
Waits to wake at morning's birth.
- 2 Come they, when the veil of sorrow
Thickly mantles every heart,
When the weary, anguished spirit,
Sinks beneath affliction's dart ;—
- 3 Bright-winged messengers of mercy
To each lonely stricken one,
Bearing up their silent pleadings
To a gracious Father's throne.

759

- 1 Here all worldly cares forgetting,
Every stormy passion stilled,
Angels bless us with their presence,
And our souls with peace are filled.
- 2 Vainly break life's bitter surges
'Gainst the walls that gird us in ;
Only in the faintest murmurs,
Comes to us their angry din.
- 3 Guardian spirits bending o'er us,
Light and joy around us shed,
And each feels, in benediction,
Loving hands upon his head ;
- 4 Then while heart to heart replieth,
Through the pulse's rhythmic beat,
Soul with soul, not less accordant,
Blendeth in communion sweet.

1. An - gels of light and glo - ry, Ye ser - vants from a - bove,

Help me to tell the sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

Give me some word of com - fort, Some whis - per from yon light

Which streams in rays of glad - ness From God's own Son, so bright.

1 Angels of light and glory,
Ye servants from above,
Help me to tell the story
Of Jesus and his love.
Give me some word of comfort,
Some whisper from yon light
Which streams in rays of gladness
From God's own Son, so bright.

2 Angels of light and glory,
Ye servants from above,
Ye messengers of mercy,
Of God's unchanging love,
Give me some word of power
To reach the sinner's ear,
To turn the wandering footsteps
And bring the rescue near.

3 Angels of light and glory,
Ye heralds of God's power,
Bring sense of sweet protection
Thro' danger's darkest hour;
Bring near the stores of heaven
And saving knowledge spread,
Make bright our path each moment
From Christ our Life and Head.

4 Angels of light and glory,
Who gather in the wheat,
Convict the lost and wayward
And bring them to his feet.
Help us and e'er preserve us,
That we at last may meet
With Christ and saints undying,
On Zion's golden street.

ANGELS.

761

WHEN THE ANGELS COME.

E. M. CLARK.

From "THE CROWNING TRIUMPH," by per. of F. A. NORTH & Co., Words by I. L. LESLIE.

1. When the an - gels come to take All the cho - sen ones a - way ;
 2. When the shin - ing an - gels come, With the trum - pet's mighty sound ;
 3. O what glo - ry there will be When the heaven - ly hosts ap - pear !

When the sleeping saints of God a - wake, At the dawning of that day ;
 Call - ing from the opened grave and tomb, All the saints the world a - round,
 When the countless an - gel forms we see, And their ser - aph voi - ces hear !

When the saved shall gathered be, Will, O will some an - gel come for me ?
 As they rise from land and sea, Will, O will some an - gel come for me ?
 When those scenes at length I see, May, O may an an - gel come for me ?

CHORUS.

O then to be known by the an - gel band ! O to have them take us by the hand !

O what joy, what joy ! O what joy that day, When they carry, carry us a - way !

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.

762 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Death is man's earthly her - i - tage, No hu-man power a - verts our doom,

And darkness deep - er than the night, Enshrouds the si - lence of the tomb.

1 Death is man's earthly heritage,
No human power averts our doom,
And darkness deeper than the night,
Enshrouds the silence of the tomb.

2 And man had slept an endless sleep,
Unbroken been that dreamless night,
But love and mercy clasping hands,
Brought through the gospel life and light.

3 O radiance that can pierce the grave,
Its terrors at thy presence flee,
Giver of life, whose death hath won
That gift unspeakable for me.

4 To thee we look, for thou alone
Canst break death's chain and loose
its powers,
Thy rod and staff will comfort us,
The resurrection hope is ours.

E. E. MILES.

763

1 Mortal this life, in death it ends,
Eternal life on Christ depends,
Through him alone life's crown we see,
In him dwells immortality.

2 No jewel rare, no glittering gem,
Adorning earthly diadem,
Can lure us from that gift divine. [shine.
The "crown of life," their chains out-

3 Blessed the man who shall endure,
Though trials come God's word is sure,
The "crown of life" he shall receive,
When Christ returns that crown to give.

4 O "crown of life" we long to wear,
O bliss eternal we may share,
O joys untold all can possess,
Through faith in Jesus' righteousness.

E. E. MILES.

764

1 O wond'rous gift! O matchless love!
Bestowed in mercy from above:
The priceless gift that all may claim,
Through faith in one prevailing Name.

2 Through Adam's disobedience, all
'Neath the death penalty do fall;
Sinners with him, with him man dies,
No endless life this life implies.

3 In the all-wise, eternal plan,
A hope is offered dying man,
And one is promised who can save,
And rescue from the cruel grave.

4 God's only Son assumed man's guilt,
To ransom him, his blood was spilt.
The debt he paid upon the tree,
And life eternal gained for thee.

E. E. MILES.

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.

765

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord," A-men, so let it be; Life for the dead is

in that word: 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here 'neath the cross I'm bent,

And ab-sent from him roam; Yet nightly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march

near - er home, Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march nearer home.

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2 My Father's house on high,
Home of the blest, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love:
The bright inheritance of saints,
The city from above;
From above, from above,
The city from above.

3 So when that day shall come,
The veil be rent in twain,
Through grace I shall escape the tomb,
And life eternal gain;
Then knowing, "as I'm known,"
How shall I love that word,
And often sing before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord,"
With the Lord, with the Lord,
"Forever with the Lord."

J. MONTGOMERY.

766

1 Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.
When he who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like his own.
Like his own, like his own,
In glory like his own.

2 He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails;
His fullness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.
Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store;
So death is swallowed up of life;
We live for evermore,
Evermore, evermore,
We live for evermore.

II. BONAR.

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.

767 BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

1 Child of time amid earth's strife,
 Hast thou ever thought of this—
 Thine is but a transient life,
 With no hope of future bliss;
 Yet, thou need not thus despair—
 Jesus bends to reach thine ear,
 Words of gladness to declare—
 If, thou wilt but wait to hear:

2 "I have come, the living bread,"
 Heaven-sent, myself to give!
 Glorious words to mortals said—
 Hungering, all may eat and live;
 And, the thirsting may from me
 Inward springs of joy supply,
 Sweet assurances to be
 Of the life, which ne'er can die.

3 Hear, O hear! he calls again—
 Earnest, endless life to give—
 Calls unto the sons of men,
 Come to me, believe, and live!
 Listening still, we know his voice,
 Filled with words of cheer, and hope,
 Making all the saints rejoice,
 That his call shall raise them up.

4 So, our days of little worth—
 If we Jesus have as ours,
 End not in the silent earth—
 Held by death's relentless powers;
 He hath seized the grave's cold key,
 Which hath made his promise sure,
 That his own with him shall be
 While the ages long endure.

J. A. LIBBY.

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

768 EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. How swift, a - las, the mo - ments fly! How rush the years a - long!



Scarce here, yet gone al - read - y by; The bur - den of a song.

1 How swift, alas, the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by;
The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age with furrowed brow;
Time was, time shall be, but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

3 Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4 Then, Christian, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

769

1 Our days, alas, our mortal days
Are short and wretched too!
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but, at best, a narrow bound,
That Heaven allows to men; [round
And pains and sins run through the
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

770

1 Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.

R. HEBER.

771

1 How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

I. WATTS.

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

772 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

W. TANSUR.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come ;
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

I. WATTS.

773

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

I. WATTS.

774

- 1 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast :
How short the fleeting time !
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures,—earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

I. WATTS

775

- 1 Through sorrow's night and danger's
Amid the deepening gloom, [path,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our lifeless form in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.
- 4 These ashes, then, this little dust
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

H. K. WHITE.

FUNERALS.

776 MANOAH. C. M.

1. How long shall death the ty - rant reign, And tri-umph o'er the just,

While the rich blood of mar - tyrs slain Lies min - gled with the dust?

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?</p> <p>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.</p> | <p>3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.</p> <p>4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey!
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th'expected day.</p> |
|---|---|

I. WATTS.

A. WILLIAMS.

777 DOVER. S. M.

1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious brow,

Rest for the wea - ry, way-sore feet, Rest from all la - bor now.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.</p> <p>2 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.</p> | <p>3 Ye dwellers in the dust.
Awake, come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.</p> <p>4 Then evermore to bloom.
On the eternal shore,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
Where death shall come no more.</p> |
|--|--|

H. BONAR.

FUNERALS.

778 WINDHAM. L. M.

Arranged.

1. Un-veil thy bo - som, faithful tomb ; Take this new treasure to thy trust,

And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slumber in the si - lent dust.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent 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 only Son [bed :
Passed thro' the grave and blest its
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the
shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word !
Restore thy trust ! a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

I. WATTS.

4 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Shall have a never-ending bloom,
Safe from disease and from decline.

S. WESLEY.

780

1 As 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 ?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh :
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith stills ev'ry mourner's sigh.

779

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
All careless of the noontide heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 So blooms the human face divine
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the blushing rose.

3 But worn by slowly rolling years
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

781

1 Asleep in Jesus ! Would ye break
The calm which heav'n pronounces blest ?
And to a world of tears awake
Those who in death's soft slumber rest ?

2 Why should we wish that those we love
Should share the tears and woes we feel ?
Why should our hearts with sorrow move
Their tearless eyelids to unseal ?

3 Weep for yourselves, whose weary feet
Must still earth's thorny pathway tread ;
Weep not for those whose rest is sweet,
Among the safe, the blessed dead.

FUNERALS.

782 HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Through ev-ery age, e - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode :

High was thy throne ere heaven was made, Or earth, thy hum - ble footstool, laid.

1 Through every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode :
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away : our life's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

3 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, yea, dwell with thee.

L. WATTS.

783

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward :
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

3 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

L. WATTS.

784

1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 "He lived,—he died ;" behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's 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 the boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

J. TAYLOR.

785

1 How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks his weary soul to rest ;
How mildly beams the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th'expiring breast,

2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 But soon shall shine that marble brow,
When slumb'ring saints arise and sing,
"O grave, where is thy vict'ry now,
And where, O death, is now thy sting ?"

A. L. BARBAULD.

FUNERALS.

786

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep ;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the dread of foes.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no foe shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place :
On India's plains or Lapland's snows
Believers find the same repose.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

M. MACKAY.

787

1 What sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

I. WATTS.

788

1 It is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Impairs our strength amid the race ;
Disease and death at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows shall assuage
"Our Father and our Saviour lives ;
Thou art the same through every age."

3 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign :
This fading world shall they survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

I. WATTS.

789

1 The saints, who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

2 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and sleeping clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

3 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

4 Our sleeping ones till then we trust
To him who numbers every dust ;
Our Saviour faithfully will keep
His own — their death is but a sleep.

FUNERALS.

790

GONE! 108 & 78.

G. E. LEE.

Affettuoso.

1. Gone!—and the world to go on as be - fore? Gone, with a

smile, from the old homestead door, Dear, faith-ful heart, to come

back nev - er - more? O sad nev - er - more!

- 1 Gone!—and the world to go on as before?
Gone, with a smile, from the old homestead door,
Dear, faithful heart, to come back nevermore?
O sad nevermore!
- 2 Gone! and the seasons still to come and go,
Wreathing her grave in blossom and snow?
Snow on the bosom that sheltered us so,—
Cruel and pitiless snow!
- 3 Home is not home, for mother is not there!
Dark is her room,—empty is her chair;
Now will she rest from her labor and care,
Till that morning so fair.
- 4 Sleep, mother, sleep, with your hands on your breast!
Poor, weary hands! they needed their rest:
Well have we loved you, but God loved you best!
'Tis thy God giveth rest.

A. HASKELL.

FUNERALS.

791 STOCKWELL. Ss & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

Slowly, gently.

1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door ;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I now see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten !
Though the world be oft forgot ;
O the shrouded and the lonely !—
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Sleeping in their grave so silent,
Whither mortal footsteps tend,
They are freed from earthly trouble :
We, still hoping for its end.

4 Soon the trumpet, loud resounding,
Shall awake the sleeping dead ;
O what joy to greet our loved ones,
Rising from earth's dusty bed.

C. C. COX.

4 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 !

5 But a glorious day is nearing,
Earth's long-wished-for jubilee,
When creation's King appearing,
Shall proclaim his people free ;

6 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 !"

U. SMITH.

792

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 ;

2 For the turf is now her pillow,
And she sleeps among the dead ;
While the cypress and the willow
Wave above her lowly bed.

3 With what grief and anguish riven
Should we see the loved depart,
If there were no promise given [heart !
Which would soothe the wounded

793

1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those so dear ;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish
Nevermore can reach them here.

2 They will ne'er with sad steps wander,
Lonely through night's deep'ning
Yet, their promised rest is yonder [shade,
In the life that ne'er shall fade.

3 Soon sweet joy at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness, there, no more can come ;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er saints a moment's gloom.

W. B. COLLYER.

FUNERALS.

794 MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze.

Pleasant as the air of even-ing, When it floats a-mong the trees.

- 1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Here no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When mortality has fled,
Then with all the blest to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. SMITH.

795

- 1 Brother, thou wast true and faithful,
Kind and patient all the day,
Cheerful as the skies of evening,
When the mists have passed away.
- 2 Peaceful be thy dreamless slumber,
Where we lay thee down to rest;
Thou wilt be among our number,
When we meet with all the blest.
- 3 Dearest brother, we shall miss thee —
Now no more thy voice we hear;
But though gone we still shall bless thee,
For to us thou wast most dear.
- 4 Yes, we know that we shall meet thee,
And again stand by thy side;
Shall in heavenly mansions greet thee,
Where no tomb can us divide.

I. I. LESLIE.

796

- 1 Pastor, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.
- 2 Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us
Of the Lamb who died to save,
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
To the deep baptismal wave;
- 3 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.
- 4 May the conq'ring faith that cheered thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

797

- 1 Brother, rest from sin and sorrow;
Pain and death are feared no more;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow,
For thine earthly race is o'er.
- 2 Brother, wake; the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.
- 3 Brother, wake; for he who loved thee —
He who died that thou mightst live, —
He who graciously approved thee, —
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

BAP. MEMORIAL.

FUNERALS.

798

WILMOT. Ss & 7s.

From C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won,

We would, at this sol-lemn meet-ing, Calm - ly say, "Thy will be done."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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."</p> <p>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.</p> | <p>4 All is fading, all is fleeing ;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.</p> <p>5 Yet unchanged while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust ;
"Lean on me alone," he saith ;
Hope and love, and firmly trust!</p> <p>6 O abide, abide with Jesus,
Who himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives!</p> |
|--|---|

SPITTA.

799

T. HASTINGS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 All is dying ; hearts are breaking
Which to ours were closely bound ;
And the lips have ceased from speaking
Which once uttered such sweet sound ;</p> <p>2 And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay ;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.</p> <p>3 Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave ;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave.</p> | <p>800</p> <p>1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath :</p> <p>2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.</p> <p>3 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart :</p> <p>4 Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race ;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, free all from death's embrace.</p> |
|--|---|

C. WESLEY.

FUNERALS.

801 SWEETLY SLEEPING. Ss & 7s.

G. E. LEE.

Used by permission.

1. Sis - ter, thou art sweet-ly sleeping, Free from pain, and toil, and care ;
 2. Thou wilt sleep, but not for-ev - er ; Je - sus died, and rose a - gain ;
 3. Sis - ter, then we hope to meet thee, Then we'll take thee by the hand ;

Dear - est sis - ter, how we miss thee! Miss thee in the house of prayer.
 Soon he'll come in clouds of glo - ry—Thou wilt rise with him to reign.
 Then we'll twine our arms around thee, In that bright and hap - py land.

802 GO BURY THY SORROW. 6s & 5s.

P. P. BLISS

Used by permission.

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 sun - shine
 Now droop 'mid the darkness—Go comfort them, go! Go bu - ry thy sor - rows,

rit.
 When curtained by night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
 He sheds on the way ; He'll lighten thy burden, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
 Let oth - ers be blest ; Go give them the sunshine ; Tell Je - sus the rest.

FUNERALS.

803 HENLEY. 118 & 108.

L. MASON.

Used by per. of OLIVER DITSON Co., owners of Copyright.

- 1 Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."
- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling;
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Will bloom the flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
"Come unto Me," all ye who droop in sadness,
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"

C. H. ESLING.

804

- 1 Yes, it is well; though shades around us gather;
Though friends depart, and earthly hopes decay,—
Still will we trust our gracious heavenly Father;
Still he who loves us is with us always.
- 2 Why should we still in doubt and sorrow languish,
Mourning for those who from our sight have fled?
Heaven pours its balm on hearts that bleed in anguish;
Hope blooms immortal o'er the silent dead!
- 3 O may we meet, beyond earth's scenes of sadness,
Meet with the loved, the cherished and the lost;
There in the realms of sunlight and of gladness,
Dwell with the blest, no more by tempest tossed.

FUNERALS.

805 LET HER REST.

C. CLEVELAND.

Tenderly.

1. We have laid her to rest 'mong the jew - els of His, Folded close in death's
 2. O soft be her slumber—the young and the fair, Whose life-sands so
 3. Fare you well for a while, fad-ed star of our home; Sweetly rest from all

i - cy em-brace; We have pressed the last kiss, we have dropped the last tear
 gent - ly have run; Though the night-dews now cling to her bright, flowing hair,
 sor - row and pain, Till the Prince of the an - gels in tri-umph shall come,
D. S. For we know there is One who her ash - es will keep,

p FINE. REFRAIN.
 On the dead and the beau - ti - ful face." Let her rest—let her
 There's a morn for our beau - ti - ful one.
 And re - store your lost glo - ry a - gain.
 And re - deem her fair form from the grave."

sleep where the lone wil-lows weep, And the blos-soms of sweet sum-mer wave,
D. S.

FUNERALS.

806 LUX BENIGNA. 105, 48 & 105.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on ;

cres.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The dis - tant scene ; one step e - nough for me. A - men.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough 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
Lead thou me on. [now

I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it
Will lead me on [still
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.

J. H. NEWMAN.

FUNERALS.

807

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

E. S. RICE.

Moderato.

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?

CHORUS.

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?

FUNERALS.

808 COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

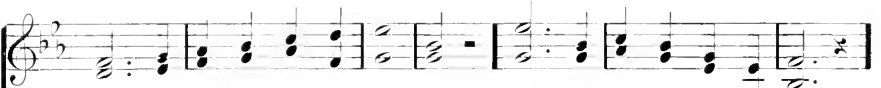
S. C. HANCOCK.



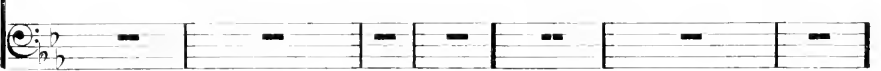
1. Though we sleep, 'tis not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!
 2. When we see a pre-cious blos-som, That we tend-ed with such care,
 3. Though we sleep, 'tis not for - ev - er In the lone and si-lent grave;



We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec-tion morn!
 Rude - ly tak - en from our bo - som, How our hearts al-most de - spair!
 Bless - ed be the Lord that tak-eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.



From the deepest caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
 Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger Till the set - ting sun is low,
 In that bright, e - ter - nal cit - y, Death can nev - er, nev - er come;



From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain!
 Feel - ing all our hopes have perished, With the flower we cherished so.
 In his own good time he'll call us From our rest to home, sweet home.



FUNERALS.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Though we sleep, 'tis not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn ;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rection morn.

809 SHARON. C. M.

T. WALLHEAD.

1. When downward to the darksome tomb I thoughtful turn my eyes,

Frail na - ture trem - bles at the gloom, And anx - ious fears a - rise.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 When downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.</p> | <p>3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.</p> |
| <p>2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's em-
Once Jesus captive slept; [brace
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.</p> | <p>4 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died, from death to save.</p> |

R. PALMER.

RESURRECTION.

810 SPOHR. C. M.

L. SPOHR.



1. There is an hour when I must part With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then As noth-ing-ness ap-pear.

- 1 There is an hour when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.
- 2 There is an hour when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death;
And yield to him who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.
- 3 There is an hour when I must stand
In resurrection state;
And all my sins before me come,
However small or great.
- 4 O Saviour, then, in all my need
Be near, be near to me:
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
Find peace and life in thee.

811

- 1 Great God, I own my sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 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.

I. WATTS.

812

- 1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

A. STEELE.

813

- 1 O for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave;
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save!
- 2 Behold my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.
- 3 Lord, if in death I offered be,
Watch thou my sleeping dust;
My spirit I'll commit to thee:
Accept the sacred trust—
- 4 Till thou shalt in thy glory come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

RESURRECTION.

814 BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

1. When the last trum - pet's aw - ful voice This rend - ing
 earth shall shake; When o - pening graves shall yield their charge,
 Then dust to life shall wake, Then dust to life shall wake.

1 When the last trumpet's awful voice
 This rending earth shall shake;
 When opening graves shall yield their
 charge, :|| Then dust to life shall wake. :||

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? :||

W. CAMERON.

815

1 All nature dies, and lives again:
 The flowers, that paint the field;
 The trees, that crown the mountain's
 brow
 :|| And boughs and blossoms yield. :||

2 Yet soon reviving flowers and trees
 Anew shall deck the plain;
 The woods shall bear the voice of spring
 :|| And flourish green again. :||

3 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
 Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
 Until the final morning wakes
 :|| The slumbers of the tomb. :||

816

1 Why should we tremble to convey
 The Christian to the tomb?
 There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
 :|| And left a long perfume. :||

2 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way:
 Up to the Lord we all shall fly
 :|| At the great rising day. :||

3 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise:
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 :|| Ye saints, ascend the skies. :||

L. WATTS.

RESURRECTION.

817 JERUSALEM. C. M.

C. F. ROPER.

1. Death's not the "gate of par - a - dise," Nor "o - pening key" to heaven ;

Nor a bright "an - gel from the skies," Or boon in mer - cy given.

1 Death's not the "gate of paradise,"
Nor "opening key" to heaven ;
Nor a bright "angel from the skies,"
Or boon in mercy given.

2 No! 'tis a dark and cruel foe,
Which has invaded earth ;
And to distress, and fear, and woe
Intense hath given birth.

3 But death, and he who hath its power,
Shall be at last destroyed,
And saints no more, O joyful hour!
Will be by them annoyed.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Then let us fly — to Jesus fly!
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

A. STEELE.

818

- 1 Awake and sing! awake and sing,
Ye dwellers in the dust!
Now on you dawns th' eternal Spring,
Awake and sing, ye just!
- 2 In weakness sown, 'mid sighs and tears ;
In glory now they rise,
To meet their Lord when he appears,
Descending from the skies.
- 3 Death's chilling winter now is past,
All hail, life's joyous Spring!
The dew of God descends at last ;
Awake, awake and sing!

H. L. HASTINGS.

819

- 1 When blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

820

- 1 The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 2 Shall man depart this earthly scene,
Ah, never to return!
No second spring of life revive
The ashes of the urn?
- 3 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the insect's wing?
And, O shall man awake no more,
The Saviour's name to sing?
- 4 Cease, all ye vain desponding fears!
When Christ from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praises rang.
- 5 The trumpet shall sound ; the gates of death
Shall make his children way ;
From the cold tomb the slumbers spring,
And shine in endless day.

RESURRECTION.

821

THE MORNING BREAKS. L. M.

F. D. BARNES.

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1. The morning breaks, the saints come forth, Earth shall no more conceal her slain ;
 Though now entombed in sea and earth, They shall come forth with Christ to reign.

- 1 The morning breaks, the saints come forth,
 Earth shall no more conceal her slain ;
 Though now entombed in sea and earth,
 They shall come forth with Christ to
 reign.
- 2 The morning breaks, the conqueror comes,
 No more shall death the tyrant reign ;
 He comes to bring his fallen ones
 Unto their own blood-bought domain.
- 3 The morning breaks, the day comes on,
 When pain and death no more shall be ;
 When Christ shall bring his people home,
 To spend the long eternity.

F. D. BARNES.

822

- 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.
- 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.

823

- 1 Sweet is the thought, the promise sweet,
 That friends, long-severed friends, shall
 meet,
 That kindred souls, on earth disjoined,
 Shall meet, from earthly dross refined.
- 2 But for this hope, this blessed stay,
 When earthly comforts all decay,
 O who could view th'expiring eye,
 Nor wish, with those they love, to die?
- 3 But we have brighter hopes : we know
 Short is this pilgrimage of woe ;
 We know that our Redeemer lives ;
 We trust the promises he gives.

824

- 1 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry,
 Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
 Thy years are one eternal day,
 And must thy children die so soon?
- 2 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
 This thought our sorrow shall assuage :
 Our Father and our Saviour lives,
 Christ is the same through every age.
- 3 'T was he this earth's foundation laid :
 Heaven is the building of his hand ;
 This earth grows old, these heavens shall
 fade,
 And all be changed at his command.
- 4 Before thy face thy saints shall live,
 And on thy throne thy children reign ;
 The fading world they shall survive,
 And from their graves be raised again.

RESURRECTION.

825 RESURRECTION. L. M.

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.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies numbered in his hand.
- 2 In this reanimated clay
I surely shall behold him near ;
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.
- 3 I know what then shall raise me up ;
The quickening Spirit dwells in me !
This is my confidence and hope,
That I him face to face shall see.
- 4 Mine own, and not another's eyes,
The King shall in his beauty view ;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The stary crown to victors due.

826

- 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.

A. STEELE.

827

- 1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days ;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 O spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee ;
And when the course of time is o'er,
Then raise me up to dwell with thee.

828

- 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 [dire.
While earth is whelmed in troubles
- 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.

RESURRECTION.

829

I SHALL BE SATISFIED. P. M.

Arranged.

1. If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake, And shine a pure image of thee,

Then I shall be sat-is-fied when I shall break The fetters of flesh, and be free.

I know this stained tablet must first be made white, To let thy bright features be drawn ;

I know I must pass through the darkness of night, To witness the coming of dawn.

- 2 O I shall be satisfied when I can cast
 The shadows of nature all by ;
 When this dreary scene from my vision has passed,
 And there is an unclouded sky.
 I feel that bright morning is now drawing near,
 When earth's fairest objects will fade ;
 'Tis then in thy likeness, O let me appear,
 In glory and beauty arrayed.
- 3 To see thee in glory, dear Lord, as thou art,
 When freed from this wearisome clay,
 My spirit is longing—and ever my heart,
 It sighs for the dawn of that day.
 Then when on thine image in me thou hast smiled,
 Within those blest mansions, and when
 The arms of my Father encircle his child,
 O I shall be satisfied then.

RESURRECTION.

830 SWEETLY SING. 8s & 7s.
ff *Maestoso.*

F. O. WELLCOME.

1. Sweet - ly sing, ye winds, the brightness That re - main-eth for the dead,

Who, in robes of stain - less whiteness, Soon shall leave the dust - y bed.

Dark-ness reigns where they are ly - ing, But they on - ly wait the day

When shall cease the mourner's sigh-ing, As the death-gloom flees a - way.

1 Sweetly sing, ye winds, the brightness
 That remaineth for the dead,
 Who, in robes of stainless whiteness,
 Soon shall leave the dusty bed.
 Darkness reigns where they are lying,
 But they only wait the day
 When shall cease the mourner's sighing,
 As the death-gloom flees away.

2 Summer winds be softly singing
 All around their blessed graves;
 Flowers sweet, be fragrance flinging,
 As the verdure o'er them waves.
 Nevermore shall they know sorrow,
 Nevermore shall sadly weep,
 For there comes a glad to-morrow,
 When they rise from sacred sleep.

3 They shall leave the dust, all beaming,
 Like the plumage of the dove,
 Gay with gold and silver gleaming,
 As it sings its song of love.
 Christ shall raise them in his glory,
 They shall in his image shine,
 And the blaze of song and story
 Shall be dimmed by light divine.

4 Sweetly sing, ye birds, their brightness,
 When, through all the summer day,
 Ye may leap with wings of lightness,
 When the frosts have passed away.
 Even now the silver lining
 Is around the gloom we dread,
 Glowing with an endless shining,
 Which shall robe the blessed dead.

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G. R. KRAMER.

RESURRECTION.

831

SATISFIED.

F. O. WELLCOME.

Maestoso.

1. If we en - ter in - to glo - ry At the res - ur - rec - tion light,
 2. When we see the saints all beam - ing In their crowns and robes of white,
 3. If we see the har - vest glow - ing In the grand e - ter - nal rays,
 4. Let us wait for Christ from heaven, As the church in days of old;

CHORUS. Let us wait for Christ from heaven, Let us wait for Christ from heaven,

And in tri - umph sing the sto - ry Of the love that ban - ished night,
 And our loved ones in the gleaming, With their forms so pure and bright,
 And then glad - ly reap from sow - ing In these tears through sorrow's days,
 Then to us will crowns be giv - en, We will walk the streets of gold.

Let us wait for Christ from heav - en, Till the res - ur - rec - tion morn.

FINE.

cres - - - - *cen* - - - - *do. fff*

Shall we mur - mur at the sleep - ing Till that great re - splen - dent day?
 When we meet be - yond the sigh - ing, In the home be - yond the gloom,
 Shall' we then be heard re - pin - ing Though the seed in earth re - main?
 It will be no cause of sad - ness That we part - ed when we died,

D.C. for Chorus.

Will it be a cause for weep - ing When our tears are wiped a - way?
 Shall we grieve be - cause of ly - ing In the dark and si - lent tomb?
 In that morning's splen - did shin - ing, It will wave in gold - en grain.
 We shall be in per - fect gladness, With the Psalmist sat - is - fied.

JUDGMENT.

832 CHINA. C. M.

Arr. from T. SWAN.

1. And must I be to judg - ment brought, And an - swer, in that day,
For ev - ery vain and i - dle thought, And ev - ery word I say?

- 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 behavior here!
- 4 Thou mighty Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow ;
So shall I to my ways take heed
In all I speak or do.

C. WESLEY.

833

- 1 That awful day will surely come,
Th'appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 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 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

- 4 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?

I. WATTS.

834

- 1 God, to correct a guilty world,
In wrath is slow to rise,
But comes at length in thunder clothed,
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 Yet, though enveloped in the cloud,
And from our view concealed,
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty revealed.
- 3 Then will he curb the lawless power,
The deadly wrath, of man,
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

835

- 1 The day approaches, O my soul,—
The great, decisive day,—
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall take thee soon away.
- 2 That solemn day will surely dawn,
When, lo! the Judge appears :
Ye heavens, retire before his face ;
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 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.

P. DODDRIDGE.

JUDGMENT.

836

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To call thy ransomed peo-ple home,

Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I,

Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
To call thy ransomed people home, [come
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But 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 pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,

Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

S. SHIRLEY.

837

1 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

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 meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t'insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

C. WESLEY.

JUDGMENT.

838 MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN.

1. He reigns, the Lord, the Sav-iour reigns, Praise Him in e-van-gel-ic strains;

Let the whole earth in songs re-joice, And dis-tant is-lands join their voice.

1 He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the
Before him burns devouring fire, [tombs;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

3 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

L. WATTS.

839

1 That fearful day, that day of dread,
When thou shalt judge the quick and
O God! I shudder to foresee [dead;
The awful things which then shall be!

2 When thou shalt come, thine angels round,
With legions, and with trumpet sound;
O Saviour! grant me, in the air,
With all thy saints, to meet thee there!

3 Weep, O my soul! ere that great day,
When God shall shine in plain array;
O weep thy sin, that thou may'st be
In that severest judgment free!

4 O Christ! forgive, remit, protect,
And set thy servant with th' elect;
That I may hear the voice, that calls
The righteous to thy heavenly halls!

LAT., THEODORE.

840

1 Dark broods the heavens over thee,
Black clouds of gloom are gathering
In awful power thy God has come. [fast,
Thy days of sin and mirth are past.

2 Dark broods the heavens over thee,
Red flames of death are bursting round;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders
roar, [ground!
How shakes the heaving, broken

3 Dark broods the heavens over thee,
Behold, the Judge of all appears;
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the buried dust of years.

4 Dark broods the heavens over thee,
Sinner, behold thy dreadful doom!
Destruction opens wide for thee
Thy blindly chosen, final home.

841

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 trump 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.

JUDGMENT.

842 ALL SAINTS. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. The Lord will come ; the earth shall quake, The hills their fix - ed seat for-sake ;

And, withering, from the vault of night, The stars withdraw their feeble light.

1 The Lord will come ; the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 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.

3 The Lord will come — a glorious form —
Come as the lightning and the storm ;
On radiant clouds, swift as the wind,
He'll come the Judge of all mankind.

4 While sinners in despair shall call
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

R. HEBER.

843

1 Hark! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease!
Sinner, that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the true, the living way.

2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in judgment shall appear ;
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn?

3 The trumpet's voice that then did sound,
How soon shall through the earth resound ;
The Lord will come in vast array ;
How will you, sinner, meet that day?

4 His voice at Sinai shook the earth,
But at the new creation's birth,
How vast an earthquake shall dismay
The guilty, found in error's way?

T. COTTERILL.

844

1 The great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead ;
The earth no more her slain conceal ;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness ;
Stand, as the Rock of ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed,
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down ;
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

C. WESLEY.

JUDGMENT.

845 ARMAGEDDON. L. P. M.

Arr. by A. Ross.

- 1 Hosanna! hark, the melody
Strikes sweetly on my ravished ear!
The constellations make reply,
In echoes from each distant sphere,
Till all the wide expansion rings
With "Live forever, King of kings!"
- 2 Ripe is the vintage of the earth;
Its clustering grapes are round and full;
And vengeance, vengeance burst to birth,
Sudden and irresistible:
Messiah comes to tread again
The wine-press of the battle-plain.
- 3 The cry is up, the strife begun,
The struggle of the mighty ones,
And Armageddon's day comes on,
The carnival of Slaughter's sons;
War lifts his helmet to his brow —
O God! protect thy people now.

846

- 1 Wake, Zion, wake! put on thy strength;
Don thy rich garb, Jerusalem;
Rise, shine, thy light is come at length,
And thou the wicked shalt condemn:
But, hark! the war-cry nearer sounds;
From land to land destruction bounds.
- 2 Assemble quickly, fowls of air;
Come to the supper of the Lord;
The great ones of the earth prepare

- To reap the harvest of the sword;
And captains' flesh shall be your food,
And ye shall drink of heroes' blood.
- 3 The cry is up, the strife begun;
Destruction spreads from field to field;
And soon shall Slaughter's work be done;
Soon shall Abaddon's legions yield:
Unnumbered thousands shall be slain,
And cover all Megiddo's plain.

847

- 1 Ye angels, put the sickle in,
The world is now mature in sin;
The press is full, the fats o'erflow;
The Lord's decisive day is near,
And countless multitudes appear
Before his judgment-seat below.
- 2 The sun shall set in solemn night,
The moon and stars withdraw their light,
The shattered earth's foundations
groan:
The ruined heavens his wrath shall feel,
And nature's last convulsions tell
That Israel's Strength remains alone.
- 3 Crown thy impatient people's hope,
And fill our faith and knowledge up,
The kingdom to thy saints restore;
And when thy church is filled with thee,
Pure holiness thy church shall be,
And sin shall never enter more.

C. WESLEY.

JUDGMENT.

848 WATCHMAN. S. M.

J. LEACH.



1. The har-vest-time is near, The year de-lays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear, Shall reap with many a song.

- 1 The harvest-time 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.
- 3 But fearful vengeance falls
On that rebellious race
Who will not hear when Jesus calls,
And dare to slight his grace.

G. BURGESS.

849

- 1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But ere the 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;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

P. DODDRIDGE.

850

- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
- 2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;
- 3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
- 4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

C. WESLEY.

851

- 1 Behold, with awful pomp,
The Judge prepares to come;
Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the general doom.
- 2 Horrors all hearts appall;
They quake, they shriek, they cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly.
- 3 'Tis time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near;
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.

J. HART.

1. Day of wrath, that day of mourning! See fulfilled the proph-ets' warning,

Heaven and earth in ash - es burn - ing! Heaven and earth in ash - es burning!

- 1 Day of wrath, that day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
||: Heaven and earth in ashes burning! :||
- 2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
||: On whose sentence all dependeth! :||
- 3 Lo! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
||: All before the throne compelling. :||
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
||: To its Judge an answer making. :||
- 5 Lo! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
||: Thence shall justice be awarded. :||
- 6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
||: Nothing unavenged remaineth. :||
- 7 When shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
||: When the just are mercy needing? :||
- 8 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
||: Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning. :||
- 9 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
||: Ere that day of retribution. :||

853

- 1 See at last the signs portending
Earth's full ripeness for its ending,
||: Christ the Lord himself descending. :||
- 2 Sun and moon in doom appalling,
Starry spheres from heaven falling,
||: Boding fear the world enthralling. :||
- 3 In the clouds with awful splendor,
Dooms to seal, rewards to render,
||: Comes the saints' beloved Defender. :||
- 4 Scene all other scenes transcending,
Power and glory interblending,
||: Far beyond our comprehending. :||
- 5 Lo, the shout o'er earth resounding!
The archangel's voice astounding,
||: Unbelieving souls confounding! :||
- 6 Day of terror, work of wonder!
Trump of God, like mighty thunder,
||: Rends all sepulchres asunder! :||
- 7 Come, ye blessed! Christ the giver
Calls to kingdoms fading never—
||: Heaven's all-glorious life forever!
- 8 While thy triumph, Lord, is nearing,
May I, faithful, nothing fearing,
||: Love and look for thy appearing. :||
- 9 O this precious great salvation!
Grander in the consummation
||: Of the new and last creation! :||

JUDGMENT.

854 THE CHARIOT. 125.

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.

- 1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.
- 2 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.
- 3 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,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 In mercy, in mercy, look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When the wicked away from thy glory are driven,
May we find in thy presence a home and a heaven.

H. H. MILMAN.

JUDGMENT.

855 HE WILL GATHER THE WHEAT.

J. R. SWENEY.



1. When Je - sus shall gather the na - tions Be - fore him at last to ap - pear,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, "Faithful servant, well done ;"
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal ;
4. Then let us be watching and waiting, — Our lamps burning steady and bright, —
5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on Je - sus, In pa - tience we wait for the time,



Then, O how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?
 Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished a-way from his throne?
 He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his feet they shall kneel.
 When the Bridegroom shall come to the marriage, We'll enter with him with delight.
 When, the days of our pil - grim - age end - ed, We'll bask in his presence di - vine.



CHORUS.



He will gath - er the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will be scat - ter a - way ;



Then, O how shall we stand in the judgment Of the great res - ur - rec - tion day ?



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TRANSLATION.

856

EMMONS. C. M.

F. BURGMULLER.

1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, I love to hear of thee ; No mu-sic's like thy
 charm-ing name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.

- 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 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
 While in this world I stay ;
 I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
 ||: When all things else decay. :||
- 3 When I appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the favored throng,
 Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
 ||: And Christ shall be my song. :||

J. CENNICK.

858

- 1 Soon all shall hail our Jesus' name,
 Angels shall prostrate fall ;
 For him the brightest glory claim,
 ||: And hail him Lord of all. :||
- 2 Ascending saints shall sound the lyre,
 And, as as they sound it, fall
 Before his face, who formed their choir,
 ||: And hail him Lord of all. :||
- 3 The remnant saved from Israel's race,
 Redeemed from Israel's fall,
 Shall praise him for his wondrous grace,
 ||: And hail him Lord of all. :||

857

- 1 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. :||
- 2 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. :||
- 3 Together to their Father's house
 With joyful hearts they go ;
 And dwell forever with the Lord,
 |: Beyond the reach of woe. :||
- 4 A few short years of evil past,
 We reach the happy shore,
 .Where death-divided friends at last
 ||: Shall meet, to part no more. :||

M. BRUCE.

859

- 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 A few more days, or months, at most,
 My troubles will be o'er ;
 I hope to join the heavenly host
 ||: On Canaan's happy shore. :||
- 3 O come, my Saviour, come away,
 And bear me to the sky !
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
 ||: Make haste and bring it nigh. :||
- 4 I long to see thy glorious face,
 And in thine image shine ;
 To triumph in victorious grace,
 ||: And be forever thine. :||

TRANSLATION.

860

HERBERT. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Lo! I behold the scattering shades, The dawn of heaven appears ; The sweet im-

mor-tal morning spreads Its blushes round the spheres, Its blushes round the spheres.

1 Lo! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
||: Its blushes round the spheres. :||

2 I hear the voice, — “Ye dead, arise !”
And, lo! the graves obey ;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
||: Salute th’expected day. :||

3 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
||: And loud adore him there. :||

4 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us upward to the skies,
||: On love’s triumphant wing. :||

861

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Soon will the sleeping mar-tyrs rise To meet the Sav-iour in the skies!

No more they’ll cry, “How long, O Lord?” But be avenged and have re - ward.

1 Soon will the sleeping martyrs rise
To meet the Saviour in the skies!
No more they’ll cry, “How long, O Lord?”
But be avenged and have reward.

2 Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
Who lie entombed in sea and earth,
And, robed in immortality,
Their Jesus “face to face” will see.

3 The living saints, they too will be
Remembered in the jubilee ;
“Caught up together in the air,”
The Saviour’s triumph they will share.

4 Soon, soon the trump of God will sound,
And earth shall quake to farthest bound ;
As swears the angel, time shall be
Consigned to past eternity !

TRANSLATION.

862

CHRIST RETURNETH.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight through
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-
 3. While hosts cry "Ho-san-na," from heaven de-scend-ing, Our glo-ri-fied
 4. O joy! O de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

darkness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
 Lord and his an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on his brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up through the clouds with our

ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world his own.
 blaze of his glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive his own.
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will come to re-ceive his own.
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive 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! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

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RESTITUTION.

863 COME, LORD JESUS. 6s, 8s & 9s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. The church has wait-ed long Her ab-sent Lord to see; And still in lone-li-ness she waits, A friend-less stranger she. Age af - ter age has gone, Sun af - ter sun has set; And still in weeds of wid - ow-hood She weeps, a mourn-er yet. Mourn-er yet, mourn-er yet: Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

1 The church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set;
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Mourner yet, mourner yet:
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

2 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;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Glorious morn, glorious morn:
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

3 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.
Should not the loving bride
The absent bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
Lord return, Lord return:
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

4 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
World again, world again:
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

RESTITUTION.

864 BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1. } We're go - ing home, we've had vis - ions bright, Of that ho - ly land, that
 } Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of e - ter - ni - ty

world of light, } } Where the wea - ry saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a
 dawns at last, } } Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned, And waves of

f REFRAIN.
 happy and peaceful home ; }
 bliss are flowing around. } O that beautiful world! O that beautiful world!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 We're going home, we've had visions bright,
 Of that holy land, that world of light,
 Where the long, dark night of time is past,
 And the morn of eternity dawns at last,
 Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
 But dwell in a happy and peaceful home ;
 Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
 And waves of bliss are flowing around.</p> | <p>3 Where the tears and sighs which here were given, [heaven ;
 Are exchanged for the gladsome song of
 Where the beauteous forms which sing
 and shine,
 Are guarded well by a hand divine ;
 Where the banner of love and friend-
 ship's wand
 Are waving above that princely band,
 And the glory of God, like a boundless
 Will cheer that immortal company. [sea,</p> |
| <p>2 We're going home, we soon shall be
 Where the sky is clear and all are free,
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the
 plain, [strain ;
 And the seraphs' anthems blend with its
 Where the sun rolls down its brilliant
 flood, [good,
 And beams on a world that is fair and
 Where stars, once dimmed at nature's
 doom, [bloom,
 Will ever shine o'er the new earth's</p> | <p>4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness, [bliss,
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angel's
 cheer,
 'Mid the saints that round the throne
 appear ;
 Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air : [afar,
 Through endless years we then shall prove
 The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.</p> |

D. T. TAYLOR.

RESTITUTION.

865 LENOX. H. M.

L. EDSON.

1. O the amazing change! A world created new! My thoughts with transport range,

The love - ly scene to view : Thee, Lord, di - vine, in all I trace ;

The work is thine—thine be the praise, The work is thine—thine be the praise.

1 O the amazing change!
 A world created new!
 My thoughts with transport range,
 The lovely scene to view ;
 Thee, Lord, divine, in all I trace ;
 ¶ : The work is thine—thine be the praise. : ¶

2 Where pointed brambles grew,
 Entwined with horrid thorn,
 Gay flowers, forever new,
 The painted fields adorn ;
 The lily there, and blushing rose,
 ¶ : The union fair, their sweets disclose. : ¶

3 The tyrants of the plain
 Their savage chase give o'er ;
 No more they rend the slain,
 They thirst for blood no more ;
 But infants' hands fierce tigers lead,
 ¶ : And lions with the oxen feed. : ¶

4 O when, Almighty Lord,
 Shall these glad scenes arise
 To verify thy word

And bless our wondering eyes?
 That earth, with all her tongues may raise
 ¶ : United songs of ardent praise. : ¶

866

1 Saviour, my spirit 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." : ¶

2 From sin, and death, and hell,
 We'll evermore be free,
 With Christ henceforth to dwell,
 And all his glory see.
 Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,
 ¶ : He comes according to his word. : ¶

3 The Saviour, promised long,
 Appears on earth to reign ;
 Wake restitution's song,
 Loud peal its lofty strain,
 "Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,
 ¶ : He comes according to his word." : ¶

RESTITUTION.

867

ONLY WAITING. Ss & 7s.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the dawning, Till the drear - y night has flown ;

On - ly wait - ing till the twi-light In - to the full day has grown ;

Till the shad-ows are all scattered, And the earth is bright a - gain ;

And he com - eth who for - ev - er O - ver all the world shall reign.

1 Only waiting till the dawning,
Till the dreary night has flown ;
Only waiting till the twilight
Into the full day has grown ;
Till the shadows are all scattered,
And the earth is bright again ;
And he cometh who forever
Over all the world shall reign.

2 Only waiting till the dawning
Of the grand, eternal day ;
Waiting for the beams of glory
That shall drive the night away.
Waiting for the angels' voices,
To be heard along the skies ;
Waiting for the trumpet's sounding,
That shall bid the dead arise.

3 Only waiting till the heavens
Are aglow with radiant light,
And the clouds shall bear him hither
With attending angels bright ;
Waiting till we see the shining
And the glory of his throne ;
Till he smiles upon his people,
And shall come to take his own.

4 Only waiting till the reapers
Shall appear to gather home
All his loved ones, who are longing
For their Saviour-King to come.
Quickly, reapers, O come quickly !
Is the cry of many a heart ;
Come and gather all the waiting ;
They are longing to depart.

Arr. by I. I. LESLIE.

RESTITUTION.

868 THAT GLORIOUS DAY. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON.

1. That glorious day is com-ing, The hour is hastening on ; Its radiant light is

near-ing, Far brighter than the sun ; In yonder clouds of heav-en The Saviour

will ap - pear, And gath-er all his chos - en, To meet him in the air.

1 That glorious day is coming,
The hour is hastening on ;
Its radiant light is nearing,
Far brighter than the sun ;
In yonder clouds of heaven
The Saviour will appear,
And gather all his chosen,
To meet him in the air.

2 Then fire, from heaven descending,
Shall sweep this wide earth o'er ;
And nations, loud lamenting,
Shall sink to rise no more —
Though tears with prayers are blended,
In vain, in vain they cry :
The day of grace is ended,
The sinner now must die.

3 The saints, then all victorious,
Will go to meet their Lord ;
An earth both bright and glorious,
Will then be their reward ;
And God himself there reigning,
Will wipe all tears away ;
Nor clouds, nor night remaining,
But one eternal day.

4 O Christian, keep from sleeping,
And let your love abound ;
Be watchful, prayerful, faithful,
The trumpet soon will sound !
O sinner, hear the warning !
To Jesus quickly fly !
Then you, in that blest morning,
May meet him in the sky.

869

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along ?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign ?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply :
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

RESTITUTION.

870

ALL THINGS NEW. Ss & 6s. D.

F. S. STANTON.

Slow.

1. There's shadow on earth's fair-est light, Of hu - man guilt and hu - man tears ;

She gropes her way through realms of night, That once sung with the spheres,

But now the sport of blinded chance, The heavenly rec - ord standeth true ;

She waits a full de - liv - er-ance When God makes all things new.

1 There's shadow on earth's fairest light,
Of human guilt and human tears ;
She gropes her way through realms of
That once sung with the spheres, [night,
But now the sport of blinded chance,
The heavenly record standeth true ;
She waits a full deliverance
When God makes all things new.

2 The world is old with centuries,
But not for these she bows her head ;
Close to her heart the sorrow lies —
She holds so many dead !
Sad discords mingle in her song,
Tears fall upon her with the dew,
The whole creation groans — How long
Ere all shall be made new ?

3 No place shall be in that new earth
For all that blights this universe ;
No evil taint the second birth —
"There shall be no more curse."

Ye broken-hearted, cease your moan ;
The day of promise dawns for you,
For he who sits upon the throne
Says, "I make all things new."

4 We mourn the dead, but they shall wake!
The lost, but they shall be restored!
O well our human hearts might break
Without that sacred word!
Dim eyes, look up, and hearts rejoice,
Seeing God's bow of promise through,
At sound of that prophetic voice —
"I will make all things new."

5 How long? The ages falter, dumb,
As on the threshold of new birth :
The nations pray, "Thy kingdom come,"
"The new heavens and new earth."
Earth turning, turning, nears that day,
When all the angel-choirs anew
Shall sing, "Old things are passed away ;"
God hath made "All things new."

RESTITUTION.

871

THE BETTER LAND. 108, 88, 98 & 118.

1. We have heard of a bright, a better land ; We have heard, and our hearts are glad,

For we were a lonely pil-grim band, And wea-ry, and worn, and sad.

They tell us we pilgrims shall ever dwell there, No long-er be home-less ones ;

They say that the land is bright and fair, And clear, living wa-ter there runs.

1 We have heard of a bright, a better land ;
 We have heard, and our hearts are glad,
 For we were a lonely pilgrim band,
 And weary, and worn, and sad.
 They tell us we pilgrims shall ever dwell
 there,
 No longer be homeless ones ;
 They say that the land is bright and fair,
 And clear, living water there runs.

2 They say green fields are waving there,
 That never a blight will know ;
 That hills and vales are blooming fair,
 And flowers, unfading, grow.

And lovely birds in bowers green,
 Their melodies ever repeat ;
 While voices mingle in every scene
 With harpings of seraphim sweet !

3 We have heard of the robe, the palm,
 the crown,
 And the countless throng in white ;
 The city of gems of a high renown,
 Illumined with heavenly light.
 The King in his beauty there will be,
 His presence the joy of the land ;
 A little while, and his face we'll see,
 And be with that beautiful band.

RESTITUTION.

872 EDEN HOME.

Arr. by A. BAILEY.



1. There's a land that is beaming with gladness, There's a home we are longing to see ;
2. O the loved and the dear ones shall meet us, We shall walk there with them by our side ;
3. In our dreams even now it is shin-ing, Yonderland, that is fair-er than day ;
4. Not a mem-ory of pain or of sor-row, Shall be found in that sweet land of light ;



Though the heart may be heavy with sadness, Yet we know there are bright joys to be.
 And the angels all bright there shall greet us, In our home by the fair, crystal tide.
 And the hearts of the wea-ry are pin - ing For the message that calls them away.
 O that fair and that joy - ful to - mor-row, It will bring neither shadows nor night.



CHORUS.

In that home, E-den home,



In that home, Eden home, In that home, Eden home, O the weary shall sigh nevermore.



In that home, E-den home,



In that home, Eden home, In that home, Eden home, We shall meet to be parted no more.



RESTITUTION.

873 THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

J. G. CLARK.

1. O the beau - ti - ful hills, where the blest shall tread In the
 2. The cit - ies of yore, that were reared in crime, And re -
 3. We dream of rest on the beau - ti - ful hills, Where the
 4. Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling To our

years when the earth's made new : By faith we gaze on the
 nowned by the praise of seers, Went down to the dust in the
 trav - ler shall thirst no more ; And we hear the hum of a
 feet this load of ours ; The winds of spring to the

fields of God, From the vale we are jour - ney - ing through. We have
 march of Time, To sleep with his gray haired years ; But the
 thou - sand rills That wan - der the green glens o'er. We
 val - leys sing, And the turf re - plies with flowers— And

seen those hills in their bright - ness rise, Through the tears that
 beau - ti - ful hills rise bright and strong, Through the smoke of old
 feel the zeal of the mar - tyred men Who have braved a
 thus we learn on our wea - ry way, How a might - ier

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THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.—Concluded.

burn - ing flow, And we've felt the thrill of im -
 Time's red wars, As on that day when the
 cold world's frown; We can bear the bur - den which
 arm con - trols; And we press to en - ter the

mor - tal eyes In the night of our dark - est woe.
 first deep song Rolled out from the morn - ing stars.
 they did then, Nor shrink from their thorn - y crown.
 gates of day, Where the glo - ry to sight un - folds.

CHORUS.

We sing of the beau - ti - ful hills That

rise from the ev - er - green shore; O sing of the

beau - ti - ful hills . . . Where the wea - ry shall toil no more.

rit. *ad lib.*

RESTITUTION.

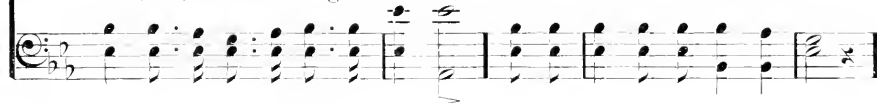
874 COME TO PISGAH'S MOUNTAIN.



1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide ;
2. There endless springs of life are flow - ing, There are the fields of liv - ing green ;
3. Faith now beholds the flowing riv - er, Com - ing from underneath the throne ;



The land we love is just be - fore us, Soon we'll be on the oth - er side.
 Man - sions of beau - ty are be - fore them, And the King of the saints is seen.
 There, too, the Saviour reigns for - ev - er, And he'll welcome the faithful home.



O there are the bright crowns of glory, And all that the Saviour will give,
 Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended, We'll be tried and tempted no more ;
 Would you walk by the banks of the river, With the friends you have loved by your side ?



CHORUS. O the prospect it is so transporting! Saviour, hasten thy coming, we pray,



FINE. D. S.

And they who have loved his appearing, With him shall e - ter - nal - ly live.
 And the saints of all a - ges and na - tions We shall greet on that heavenly shore.
 Would you join in the song of the angels? Then be read - y to fol - low your Guide.



We sigh for the land thou hast promised, And the dawn of the bright, endless day.

RESTITUTION.

875 IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. By and by all this weeping and this sor - row Will be drowned in a
 2. By and by all this en - vy and this er - ror, All the dark-ness of
 3. By and by all our an - guish and our cry - ing, With this wea - ri - some

glorious to-mor - row, That will dawn when this earth-life shall cease, shall cease,
 death and its ter - ror, Will be swept in the grave to its doom, its doom,
 heartache and sighing, All shall cease ; for no tear-moistened eye, dim eye,

CHORUS.

And will fill ev - ery heart with its peace. In the sweet by and
 When his glo - ry our souls shall il - lume.
 Will be known in the sweet by and by. By and by, In the

by, by and by, We shall rest in the sweet, in the sweet by and by,
 sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, by and

In the sweet by and by, by and by, We shall rest in the sweet by and by.

by, In the sweet by and by.

From "THE SONG TREASURY," by per.

RESTITUTION.

876 THE LAND JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
 2. O'er all these 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 rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay;

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in his bo - som rest?
 Though Jordan'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
 ev - er-green shore;

Mo - ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

Used by per. of T. C. O'KANE.

CITY OF GOD.

877 HEBER. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, our heavenly home, Name to us ev - er dear,

When will the Sav - iour come, and thou To us, his saints ap - pear.

1 Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
Name to us ever dear,
When will the Saviour come, and thou
To us, his saints appear.

2 When shall these eyes thy jasper walls
And gates of pearl survey;
The fabric reared on precious stones
Of every brilliant ray?

3 Transparent as the crystal glass,
And formed of purest gold;
Perfection's height art thou, of all
That man can e'er behold.

4 O when, thou city of our God,
Wilt thou for us descend,
And our eternal Sabbath come,
When praise shall never end?

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.

878

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

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.

879

1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
Where pain and sorrow are unknown,
And I from death am free.

2 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
And streets of gold most rare.

D. DICKSON.

880

1 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:

2 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last!

3 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While here on earth, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.

C. WESLEY.

CITY OF GOD.

881 COWPER. P. M.

GERMAN.

1. A - way with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our home ;

FINE.

The cit - y of saints shall ap - pear, The day of e - ter - ni - ty come.
D.S. The cit - y that comes from a - bove, The pal - ace of an - gels and God.

D.S.

From earth we shall quickly re - move, And mount to our hap - py a - bo - de,

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 happy abode,
 The city that comes from 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 hath stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

3 No need of the sun in that day
 Which never is followed by night,
 Where Jesus' mild beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light :

The Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And lo! by reflection they shine ;
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine.

C. WESLEY.

882

1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
 That city so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confessed ;
 But what must it be to be there !
 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
 But what must it be to be there !

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials without and within ;
 But what must it be to be there !
 We speak of its service of love ;
 The robes which the glorified wear ;
 The raptures which every heart moves ;
 But what must it be to be there ?

E. MILLS.

CITY OF GOD.

883 ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. These are the crowns, that we shall wear, When all thy saints are crowned :
These are the palms, that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 These are the crowns, that we shall wear,
When all thy saints are crowned ;
These are the palms, that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.</p> <p>2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.</p> | <p>3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert sand.</p> <p>4 Come, crown and throne! come, robe and
palm!
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of righteousness!</p> |
|--|--|

884 HAPPY ZION. Ss & 7s.

FINE.

1. { Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God ; }
{ He whose word can not be bro-ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode. }
D.C. With sal - va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
D.C.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can not 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 may'st smile at all thy foes.</p> | <p>2 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near ;
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna,
Rising to his throne on high.</p> |
|---|---|

CITY OF GOD.

885

OPEN THY GATES. 7³. D.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Cit - y of our God renowned, Where the ransomed shall be crowned, Where the holy

an - gels wait, Linger - ing at each pearly gate, Wel - com - ing the ransomed throngs

Which to Zi - on come with songs ; Holy cit - y, fair and free. O - pen wide thy

gates to me ; Ho - ly cit - y, fair and free, O - pen wide thy gates to me.

Words used by per. of H. L. HASTINGS, owner of Copyright.

City of our God renowned,
Where the ransomed shall be crowned,
Where the holy angels wait,
Linger - ing at each pearly gate,
Welcoming the ransomed throngs
Which to Zion come with songs ;
||: Holy city, fair and free,
Open wide thy gates to me. :||

2 Streaming through the jasper walls,
Light upon the nations falls ;
Light from God, the great I AM,
Light from Christ, the spotless Lamb,
Light that never disappears
Through the glad, eternal years ;—
||: Holy city, fair and free,
Open wide thy gates to me. :||

3 From beneath that throne of light,
Lo, a river clear and bright,
Life's unceasing torrent rolls,
Satisfying thirsty souls ;
Whosoever will may taste
All the fullness of that grace :
||: Holy city, fair and free,
Open wide thy gates to me. :||

4 To that home my steps I bend,
There my pilgrimage shall end,
Where the ransomed wave their palms,
Wear their crowns and chant their psalms,
Enter their eternal rest,
Saved, and glorified, and blest :
||: Holy city, fair and free,
Open wide thy gates to me. :||

CITY OF GOD.

886 JEROSOLYMA. 7s & 6s. D.

J. BARNBY.

1. For thee, O dear, dear cit - y, Mine eyes their vig-ils keep ; For ver - y love, be-
 hold-ing Thy happy name, they weep. The mention of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion
 to the breast. And med - i - cine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear city,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays ;
 Thine ageless walls are bounded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 The corner-stone is Christ.
- 3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ;
 Thou hast no time, bright day :
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away :
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

J. M. NEALE.

887

- 1 Jerusalem, the glorious!
 The glory of th' elect,—
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect!
 Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
 Ev'n here thy walls discern ;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn!
- 2 The cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified, thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise ;—
 Jerusalem! exulting
 On that securest shore,
 I love thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore!
- 3 O sweet and blessed city,
 Shall I e'er see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessed city,
 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!

J. M. NEALE.

CITY OF GOD.

O BEAUTIFUL CITY.

7s, 6s, Ss & 4s.

E. O. BUTTERFIELD.

1. You tell me of a cit - y, Which is sobright and fair, O why do

not the friends I love Talk more of go - ing there? I hear them speak of

pleas-ures, Which earthly things have given, Why do they nev - er men - tion The

rit. cit - y bright, from heaven? O beau-ti - ful cit - y, *a tempo.* Cit - y of God. *rit.*

1 You tell me of a city,
Which is so bright and fair,
O why do not the friends I love
Talk more of going there?
I hear them speak of pleasures,
Which earthly things have given,
Why do they never mention
The city bright, from heaven?
O beautiful city,
City of God.

2 I think about that city,
Of which I have been told,
Whose gates are made of shining pearl,
Whose streets are paved with gold;
The firm and strong foundation
Is built of jewels rare,
I'm sure that nothing earthly,
Can with those walls compare;
O beautiful city,
City of God.

From "The Song Banner," by per.

CITY OF GOD.

889

THE EDEN CITY.

A. BAILEY.

1. We're look-ing for a cit - y, When E - den is re-stored ; A cit - y
 2. No need of an - y tem-ple, Or sun or moon to shine ; The Lord will
 3. The tower-ing arch-es glit-ter With many a radiant stone ; And wa - ter,
 4. Ho, all ye wea-ry, fainting, To this fair cit - y come ; Come, drink from

of foun-da-tions, Whose builder is the Lord ; Whose glories are un-fad-ing,
 it en-lighten With glo-ry all di-vine ; The na-tions of the sav-ed
 clear as crys-tal, Flows out from 'neath the throne ; The trees of life for healing,
 liv - ing fountains, And thirst no more nor roam : O be con-strained to en-ter

Whose beauties are untold ; Whose walls are built of jasper, With streets of finest gold.
 Shall walk in glo-ry bright With Christ, the Son of David, Their ev-er-last-ing light.
 On either side are there, Their leaves and branches waving, All stately, grand and fair.
 Through Christ, the only way, And you he there will welcome, And bid you ev-er stay.

CHORUS.

O hail, hap-py day ! O hail, hap-py day ! When nev-er-more we'll stray ;

O glo-ri-ous sight ! 't will be de-light, With - in those walls to stay.

KINGDOM.

890 GOING HOME. L. M.

DR. W. MILLER.

1. Peace! earth's last bat-tle has been won, Earth's days of con - flict now are o'er ;

The Prince of peace ascends the throne, And war has ceased from shore to shore.

1 Peace! earth's last battle has been won,
Earth's days of conflict now are o'er;
The Prince of peace ascends the throne,
And war has ceased from shore to shore.

2 Rest! the world's night of toil is past,
Each storm is hushed above, below;
Creation's joy has come at last,
After six thousand years of woe.

3 Messiah reigns! earth's King has come,
Its diadems are on his brow;
Its rebel kingdoms have become
His everlasting kingdom now.

4 The earth again is paradise,
The desert blossoms as the rose;
Clothed in its robes of bridal bliss
Creation has forgot its woes.

5 O long-expected! absent long!
Star of creation's troubled gloom;
Let heaven and earth break forth in song,
Messiah! Saviour! art thou come?

6 For thou hast bought us with thy blood,
And thou wast slain to set us free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign on earth with thee.

H. BONAR.

2 Then rescued souls shall bless thy power,
Thine arm will full salvation bring;
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conq'ring King.

3 When ranged thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honor we'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms re-
sound
His glorious deeds and precious name.

892

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 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,
Obey the leading of a child;
The lions with the oxen eat,
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.

891

1 Yes, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell and all her trembling train
Become the footstool of thy feet.

5 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.

KINGDOM.

893

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

Bold.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies ;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell ;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

MRS. VOKES.

2 He comes arrayed in burning flames :
Justice and Vengeance are his names :
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.

3 The widow and the fatherless
Fly for his aid in sharp distress :
In him the poor and hopeless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

4 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest,
He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

TATE & BRADY.

894

1 The Saviour comes, his advent's nigh,
He soon will rend the azure sky ;
Descending swift to earth again,
Then God shall dwell indeed with men.

2 O happy day, when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace ;
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again!

3 Saints, lift your heads : the day is near,
When your Redeemer will appear ;
He'll take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed bride his own.

895

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,
His honors shall enrich your verse.

896

1 Let the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky ;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come ;
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign.

3 The holy ones in heaven, adore
The King who takes his royal power ;
While angry nations dread their doom,
And quail because thy wrath has come.

4 Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

I. WATTS.

KINGDOM.

897 IN THE KINGDOM. Ss & 7s.

F. S. STANTON.

1. In the king-dom which is com - ing, We de - sire, O Lord, a place ;

Where is past all death and weep - ing, And the saved ones see thy face.

In that world so full of glo - ry Where the ver - nal breezes blow,

There the beau-ties of thy king-dom To the faith - ful thou wilt show.

1 In the kingdom which is coming,
We desire, O Lord, a place :
Where is past all death and weeping,
And the saved ones see thy face.
In that world so full of glory
Where the vernal breezes blow,
There the beauties of thy kingdom
To the faithful thou wilt show.

2 Now we read thy blessed promise,
In thy love thou wilt prepare
Glorious dwellings in thy kingdom
For thy children all to share.
Fleeting beauties of the present
Quicken, gladden every heart,
Pointing on to fadeless glories
Where immortals share a part.

3 It will be a land of flowers,
Free from care or want or pain ;
And the air with perfume rarest
Shall be freed from curse and bane.
O what joy and peace immortal !
O what greetings there shall be !
For the saved of all the ages,
With our Saviour we shall see.

4 Tender Shepherd, gently lead us ;
May we never go astray ;
Help us to obey thy wishes.
Keep us in the living way.
Soon we'll come with all our loved ones,
And our rapturous songs we'll raise
To our Saviour and Redeemer
Endless melody of praise.

F. S. STANTON.

Used by per. of F. S. STANTON.

KINGDOM.

898

HARWELL. Ss & 7s.

L. MASON.

1. { Hark! ten thousand, thousand voi - ces, Sound the note of ju - bi - lee ; }
 Je - sus reigns, and earth re-joic - es, End - ed her cap - tiv - i - ty. }

See, he sits up - on his throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone,
 See, he sits up - on his throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone,

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

1 Hark! ten thousand, thousand voices,
 Sound the note of jubilee;
 Jesus reigns, and earth rejoices
 Ended her captivity.
 See, he sits upon his throne,
 Jesus rules the world alone,
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen.

2 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.

3 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.

T. KELLY.

899

1 Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come and bid our jarring cease;
 Come, O come, and reign forever,
 God of love, and Prince of peace:
 Visit now thy precious Zion,
 See thy people mourn and weep;
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
 Persecution we'll not fear;
 Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
 While our loving Shepherd's near:
 Glory! glory! give him glory,
 Strong is he, and he will keep;
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

J. A. GRANADE.

KINGDOM.

900 WAITING. Ss & 7s.

S. C. HANCOCK.

Andante.

1. I am wait-ing, ev-er wait-ing, For a bright-er, bet-ter day,

Just be-yond the clouds and shad-ows That sur-round my lone-ly way:

For a day of light and gladness, Such as earth has nev-er known,

When in eq-ui-ty and jus-tice Christ shall reign on David's throne.

Used by permission.

1 I am waiting, ever waiting,
 For a brighter, better day,
 Just beyond the clouds and shadows
 That surround my lonely way:
 For a day of light and gladness,
 Such as earth has never known,
 When in equity and justice
 Christ shall reign on David's throne.

2 All the prophets of past ages
 Saw its brightness from afar,
 And in words sublime have spoken
 Of the peace and glory there.
 Now they sleep in those green valleys,
 Which in weariness they trod,
 Soon they'll come with songs of triumph
 To the kingdom of our God.

3 Now the world is full of suffering,
 Sounds of woe fall on my ears,
 Sights of wretchedness and sorrow
 Fill my eyes with pitying tears.
 'Tis the earth's dark night of weeping,
 Wrong and evil triumph now,
 I can wait, for just before me
 Beams the morning's roseate glow.

4 I am waiting, hoping, praying,
 For Messiah's glorious reign,
 For I know he'll rule in justice,
 Right and truth will triumph then.
 Worldly pleasures cannot win me,
 While I wait for that bright day,
 Worldly pleasures cannot charm me,
 While its light beams on my way.

KINGDOM.

901 ROSEFIELD. 7^s.

C. MALAN.

1 Sons of Zion! raise your songs;
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His, the Victor's crown and fame:
Glorious to the Saviour's name!

2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes:
Glorious is the work achieved,—
Satan vanquished, man relieved!

3 Sing we then the Victor's praise;
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne:
He is worthy, he alone!

4 Place the crown upon his brow;
Every knee to him shall bow:
Him the brightest seraph sings;
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings!"
T. KELLY.

4 Thine the name each saint now sings!
Thine the name all names before!
Blessed be thou, King of kings,
Blessed now and evermore.
T. KELLY.

903

1 Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns which never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light: [they,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors

2 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom: it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

3 Round the altar priests confess,
With their robes made white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, which made them so.
J. MONTGOMERY.

902

1 Joyful let us be to-day;
Saviour, let thy kingdom come;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Till we reach our blissful home.

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!

3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

904

1 King of kings, for us appear,
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here:
Cast the seat of Satan down,
Take and wear the heavenly crown.

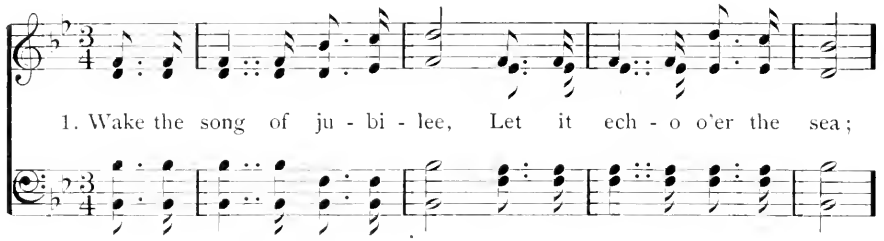
2 Where thy cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distilled in blood,
Where they mocked thy dying groan,
Kings of nations, plant thy throne.

3 Send thy law from Zion forth
Speeding o'er the willing earth—
Earth whose Sabbath glories rise,
Crowned with more than paradise.
L. H. TONNA.

KINGDOM.

905 WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

A. HULL.

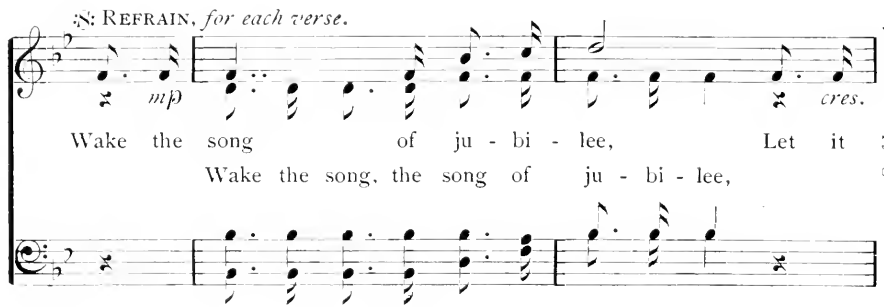


1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea;

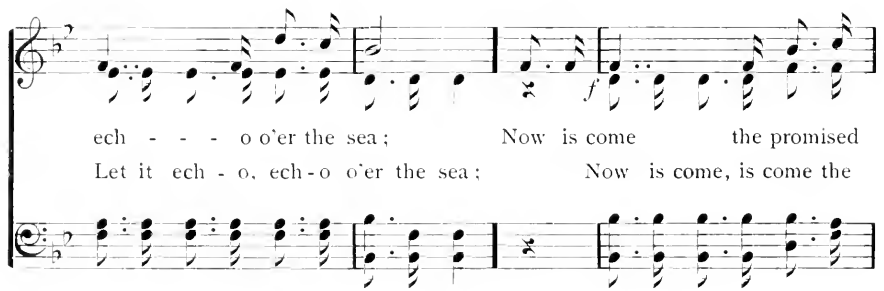


Now is come the promised hour: Je - sus reigns with sov - ereign power.

♩: REFRAIN, for each verse.



Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it



Wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee,
 ech - - - o o'er the sea; Now is come the promised
 Let it ech - o, ech-o o'er the sea; Now is come, is come the

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KINGDOM.

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.—Concluded.

rit. FINE.

hour, Je - sus reigns with sov - ereign power.
 prom - ised hour, Je - sus reigns with sov - ereign power.

QUARTETTE.

2. All ye na-tions join and sing, Christ of lords and kings, is King!

FULL CHORUS.

D. S.

Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more!

SOLO.

3. Now the des-ert lands rejoice, And the is - lands join their voice:

FULL CHORUS.

D. S.

Yea, the whole cre - a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of kings!

NOTE.—Return to Refrain after singing the 2nd verse, also after the 3d verse.

REST AND REWARD.

906 GANGES. C. P. M.

S. CHANDLER.

1. Come on, my part-ners in dis-tress, My comrads through this wil-der-ness,
Who still your bod-ies feel: A - while for - get your griefs and fears,
And look be-yond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill.

1 Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Who suffer with our 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.

3 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,
To meet our living Head.

C. WESLEY.

2 Yes: broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking low, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

R. GRANT.

908

1 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

2 The winter's night, the summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

3 With all who chant thy name on high,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,—
A bright, harmonious throng!
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new, eternal song.

C. WESLEY.

907

1 O now, in age and grief, thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

REST AND REWARD.

909 WE'RE GOING HOME.

ENGLISH.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair ; No pain nor death can en-ter there :
 2. While here, a stran-ger far from home, Af-flic-tion's wave may round me foam ;
 3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
 4. Then fail the earth, let stars de-cline, And sun and moon re-fuse to shine,

Its glittering towers the sun outshine ; That heavenly man-sion shall be mine.
 And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heavenly man-sion is se-cure.
 Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heavenly man-sion near the throne.
 All na-ture sink and cease to be, That heavenly man-sion stands for me.

CHORUS.

We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, We're go-ing home to die no more :

To die no more, to die no more, We're go-ing home to die no more.

REST AND REWARD.

910 AT HOME. L. M.

1. I see them on the fair, green lands That skirt the sands of time's bleak shore ;

At home, a - mid the blood-washed bands, To tread these rugged paths no more.

1 I see them on the fair, green lands
That skirt the sands of time's bleak
shore ; [bands.
At home, amid the the blood-washed
To tread these rugged paths no more.

2 No more, 'mid toil and grief to weep ;
No more, 'mid sweat and tears to roam :
No more to pine in dungeons deep —
All dangers past, now safely home.

3 At home, where enemies come not,
From which no friend shall go away ;
At home, where death is all forgot,
And night is lost in endless day.

4 Soon, soon will come the glorious day,
When this faith vision shall be known ;
When earthly things are passed away,
Then shall the saved surround the
throne.

5 And God will bid them welcome there,
And Christ shall smile their tears away.
And angels wait, their bliss to share,
Throughout the everlasting day.

D. T. TAYLOR.

911

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 glory 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.

912

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 ground shall grow ;
And gladness spring on every tree.

4 The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
And joy through all the earth shall ring.

5 Monarchs and slaves may meet in love ;
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

H. BALLOU.

REST AND REWARD.

913 REST FOR THE WEARY.

Arranged.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest ;
 2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand ;
 3. Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
 4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with - drawn ;
 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry ; Shout your tri - umph as you go ;

There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest :
 For my stay shall not be transient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad - ness, O ye ransomed ! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the

wea - ry, There is rest for you — On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the

sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

REST AND REWARD.

914

BEYOND THE TIDE.

A. T. GORHAM.

1. Wea - ry ones, with eyes up - lift - ed, Watch - ing for the dawn of day,
 2. On - ward in the path to glo - ry! Fal - ter nev - er by the way;
 3. O the way is get - ting brighter, As the swift - winged moments roll,

Wait - ing till the clouds are rift - ed, And the shad - ows roll a - way,
 Sound a - broad the gladsome sto - ry— Strive till night is lost in day.
 Hope - ful hearts are growing light - er As they near the prom - ised goal,

Cease not from your firm en - deav - or, Still in faith and hope a - bide;
 Soon will come the heavenly Lov - er For his weeping, wait - ing bride;
 For be - yond the dash - ing Jor - dan, O - ver on the oth - er side,

There is rest re - main - ing ev - er, There is joy be - yond the tide.
 Soon earth's sorrows will be o - ver In the home be - yond the tide.
 Saved thro' grace and blood - bought pardon, We shall rest be - yond the tide.

CHORUS.

There is joy be - yond the tide, There is
 There is joy be - yond the tide,

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REST AND REWARD.

BEYOND THE TIDE.—Concluded.

rest . . . beyond the tide, With the loved ones, the
There is rest beyond the tide,

saved ones e - ter - nal - ly to bide, O there's joy and rest beyond the tide.

915 KENTUCKY. S. M.

1. And is there, Lord, a rest For wea - ry souls de - signed,

Where not a care shall stir the breast, Nor sor - row en - trance find?

1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Nor 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 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where nought that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure
And healthful breezes sigh? [yields.

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
And then with all the blest ascend
To meet the Lord from heaven!

REST AND REWARD.

916

LET ME GO. Ss & 7s.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Let me go where they are go-ing, Who will ev - er-more be blest ;

Let me go, when Christ, my Saviour, Comes to give his peo-ple rest :

I would see the jas-per cit - y, Where the night comes nev-er - more,

I would stand a-mid the glo-ry On that ev - er-shin-ing shore.

1 Let me go where they are going,
 Who will evermore be blest ;
 Let me go, when Christ, my Saviour,
 Comes to give his people rest :
 I would see the jasper city,
 Where the night comes nevermore,
 I would stand amid the glory
 On that ever-shining shore.

2 Let me go, for I am weary.
 And my spirit longs for rest :
 Let me go, for earth is dreary ;
 I would be where all are blest.
 Let me go when he shall gather
 All his people unto him,
 Where his glory shines forever,
 And where eyes grow never dim.

3 Let me go where youth and beauty
 Never fade, nor forms grow old ;
 Where the smile of love shall ever
 Linger, and no look be cold.
 Let me go when they are ransomed,
 Who for Jesus gave up all ;
 Let me go and be immortal
 When he comes, and them shall call.

4 Let me go through pearly portals,
 With the throng that shall be there ;
 Let me join them in the chorus
 They will sing in mansions fair.
 I would be among the number
 That shall gather near his throne ;
 I would hear him speak and tell me
 He had chosen me his own.

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I. I. LESLIE.

REST AND REWARD.

917 GOING FORTH. 7s.

1. Ye who rose to meet the Lord, Ventured on his faith-ful word,

Faint not now for your re-ward Will be quick-ly given.

Faint not now, still watch and pray; Je-sus will not long de-lay;

E-ven now 'tis dawn of day; Day-star shines from heaven.

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 now, still watch and pray;
 Jesus will not long delay;
 Even now 'tis dawn of day;
 Daystar shines from heaven.

2 Would ye evermore endure,
 Keep the garment spotless, pure;
 Claim the promise, ever sure—
 Faithful is the Lord.
 Let your lamps be burning bright;
 In God's word is radiant light;
 Walk by faith and not by sight—
 Crowns are the reward.

3 'Mid the darts of every foe,
 Onward, fearless, onward go;
 The good soldier's courage show—
 On to victory!
 "Let thine eyes be turned on me,"
 Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee;
 Overcome, and faithful be—
 Thou shalt glory see."

4 Tokens now are in the sky,
 Angel voices, sounding high,
 Echo there the mighty cry,
 "Jesus, claim thy own."
 Saints on earth take up the strain,
 "Quickly come, O come to reign!"
 Heaven and earth resound, "Amen!"
 Welcome to thy throne!"

E. C. PEARSON.

REST AND REWARD.

918 VICTORY. Ss & 10s.
Joyfully.

F. S. STANTON.

1. Hosts join - ing hosts in rai - ment white, Like count - less

snow - clad mountains bright; Wave in the ev - er - last - ing calm,

Green branches of un - dy - ing palm, Be - fore God's throne in

in - fi - nite de - light, Be - fore God's throne in : in - fi - nite de - light.

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1 Hosts joining hosts in raiment white,
Like countless snow-clad mountains
bright;

Wave in the everlasting calm
Green branches of undying palm.

: Before God's throne in infinite delight. :||

2 O who are they? The saints are they,
Who long trod tribulation's way;
But free and glad burst from the grave,
Through Christ, omnipotent to save,
: And gained the courts of the eternal
day. :||

3 There hold they their grand jubilee,
Wave chasing wave on music's sea;
While angels swell the anthem deep,

The vast, sublime, orchestral sweep,
||: Ecstatic, mystic praise, O God! to
thee. :||

4 Oft poverty and pain they bore;
Oft tears gushed from their anguish sore;
But God, their Father, called them home,
Called them in paradise to roam;
||: Clasped to the Father's heart, they weep
no more. :||

5 Let the grand harvest home be sung;
Wave the palm branches ever young;
The toil is o'er, the deed is done,
Salvation's mighty triumph won.
||: Praise God, praise Jesus, every heart and
tongue! :||

REST AND REWARD.

919 LONELY AND WEARY. 10s.

A. D. MERRILL.

1. Lone-ly and wea-ry, by sor-rows op - prest, On - ward we has - ten, with
 Bid - ding a - dieu to the world, with its pride, Long - ing to dwell by Im -
 longings for rest ; } { But 'mid our pilgrimage, lo, on our eyes, }
 man - u - el's side. } { Vis - ions of beau - ty and glo - ry a - rise ; } Vis - ions of
 crowns which we hope soon to wear, Vis - ions of heaven! — O we long to be there!

- 1 Lonely and weary, by sorrows opprest,
 Onward we hasten, with longings for rest ;
 Bidding adieu to the world, with its pride,
 Longing to dwell by Immanuel's side.
 But 'mid our pilgrimage, lo, on our eyes,
 Visions of beauty and glory arise ;
 Visions of crowns which we hope soon to wear,
 Visions of heaven!—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 fair city adorn,
 Glittering with glory far brighter than morn ;
 Angels stand beckoning us onward to share
 Glory unfading—we long to be there.
- 3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,
 Songs of the blessed 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!

REST AND REWARD.

920 BEAUTIFUL LAND OF LIGHT.

D. F. HODGES.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land, a land of light,
 2. O those sweet lov - ing eyes we closed at night
 3. Look ye up, then, ye poor and suf - fering ones,

Which lies just o - ver the way; Where the night of
 'Mid sor - row's bit - ter - est tears; Will be beam - ing
 Whose trou - bles rise on each hand; For Je - sus'

life, with its gloom and strife. Fades out in - to gold - en day.
 there, 'neath their brows of light, Untouched by the frost of years.
 grace saves in each dark place, And guides to that bet - ter land.

CHORUS.

For o - ver the riv - er in that beautiful land, The beau - ti - ful land ev - er bright,

No heart - ache or pain ev - er saddens the band In that beautiful land of light.

From "GOLDEN SUNBEAMS," by per.

REST AND REWARD.

921 SWEET HOME. 115.

H. R. BISHOP.



1 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my
soul is com - mun - ion with saints! To find at the ban - quet of
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, 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 roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory, at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
- 3 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.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

REST AND REWARD.

922 THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOLD.

Arranged.

Andante.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King, our Re-deem-er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery
4. There we'll tell how he loved and re-deemed us from sin, But the

glo - ries can nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
 faith - ful with joy shall be - hold: There the right - eous for - ev - er shall
 lamb we have brought to the fold - - Shall be there as bright jew - els, our
 half ev - en there can't be told; There we'll sing the new song with the

leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 crowns to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 blood-washed at home, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

There the sun nev - er sets, and the leaves nev - er fade;

And the eyes of the faithful our Saviour behold, In that beautiful city of gold. (of gold.)

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REST AND REWARD.

923

I LONG TO BE THERE. 12s & 11s.

Arranged.

1. In the midst of temp-ta-tions, and sorrows, and strife, And e - vils un-

numbered, of this wea-ry life, I look for a home that is free from all care,

The king-dom of Je - sus, and long to be there, Long to be there,

long to be there, The king - dom of Je - sus, and long to be there.

2 When poverty comes, and my foes me surround,
 Afflictions oppress me, and trials abound,
 I think of those mansions which Christ will prepare
 When he comes in his glory, and long to be there.
 Long to be there, long to be there,
 Those mansions of glory—I long to be there.

3 I long to be there, and the thought that He's near,
 Gives me joy in my sorrow, and takes away fear:
 I know when he comes, with his saints I shall share
 In the glory he bringeth—I long to be there.
 Long to be there, long to be there,
 And share in his glory—I long to be there.

C. T. CATLIN.

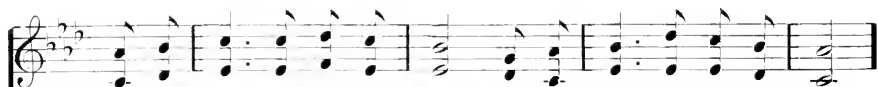
REST AND REWARD.

924 BEAUTIFUL WHITE ROBES.

I. BALTZELL.



1. Who are these ar-rayed in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun,
2. These are they who bore the cross, No-bly for the Mas-ter stood,
3. Clad in rai-ment pure and white, Vic-tor palms in ev-ery hand,
4. Joy and glad-ness ban-ish sighs, Per-fect love dis-pels all fears;



Fore-most of the sons of light, Near-est the e-ter-nal throne?
 Suf-ferers in the no-ble cause, Followers of Im-man-uel God.
 Through their great Redeemer's might, More than con-quer-ors they stand.
 And for-ev-er from their eyes God shall wipe a-way their tears.

From "GATES OF PRAISE," by per.



CHORUS.



They have clean robes, beautiful white robes, Washed in Je-sus' blood di-vine;



May a clean and beau-ti-ful white robe, Washed in Je-sus' blood, be mine.



REST AND REWARD.

925

MY BRIGHTER HOME.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Brighter home! brighter home! Bet-ter home for me! I love to think the
 2. Brighter home! brighter home! There no clouds a - rise, No tear-drops fall, no
 3. Brighter home! brighter home! Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts, nor fears dis-

time will come When I shall rest in thee. I've no a-bid-ing cit-y here, I seek for
 dark nights dim Thy ever smiling skies. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will
 turb me there, For all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall worthy be To dwell 'neath

one to come; And through this pilgrimage so drear, I know there's rest at home.
 oft - en come; And O I long to see the light That gilds my brighter home.
 that bright dome, But Christ, my Saviour, died for me. And gives me there a home.

CHORUS.

Bright-er home! brighter home! Bet-ter home for me!
 Brighter home! brighter home! Better home for me!

I love to think the time will come When I shall rest in thee.

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REST AND REWARD.

926 IN THE MORNING.

J. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pil-grims look - ing home, Sad and wea - ry oft we roam,
 2. O these ten - der bro - ken ties, How they dim our ach - ing eyes,
 3. When our lisp - ing tongues are free, Far be - yond the nar - row sea,
 4. Through our pilgrim jour - ney here, Though the night is sometimes drear,

But we know 'twill all be well in the morn - ing ; When our anchor firmly cast,
 But like jew - els they will shine in the morn - ing ; When our victor palms we bear,
 And we hear the Saviour's voice in the morning ; When our golden sheaves we bring
 Let us watch and per - se - vere till the morning ; Then our highest trib - ute raise

tr
 Ev - ery storm - y wave is past, And we gath - er safe at last in the morn - ing.
 And our robes immortal wear, We shall know each other there in the morn - ing.
 To the feet of Christ our King, What a cho - rus we shall sing in the morn - ing.
 For the love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn - ing.

D. S. sun - ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light in the morn - ing.

CHORUS.

When we all meet a - gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming

hills in the morn - ing ; Nev - er - more to say good night In that

D. S.

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REST AND REWARD.

927 O BLISSFUL DAY! *Ss & os. D.*

Arranged.

1. O bliss - ful day of prom - ise blest, We long to share thy peace,
 When pain and ev - ery ill shall end, And pleasures nev - er cease, —
 When rapturous joy, like ho - ly fire, Shall swell our song of praise,
 And ev - ery wondering, grateful heart, Ex - tol thy work of grace.

1 O blissful day of promise blest,
 We long to share thy peace,
 When pain and every ill shall end,
 And pleasures never cease,—
 When rapturous joy, like holy fire,
 Shall swell our song of praise,
 And every wondering, grateful heart,
 Extol thy work of grace.

2 Redeemed beyond the reach of sin,
 Victorious o'er the grave,
 The ransomed shall with angel tongues
 Adore thy power to save.
 Thy wondrous love shall keep each heart
 In sweetest union bound,
 And naught shall ever cause a tear,
 For grief will ne'er be found.

3 There crowns of glory gemmed with light,
 The gifts from Christ's own hand,
 Shall every princely saint adorn
 Within the promised land.
 To golden lyres each voice shall tune
 An anthem sweet and long—
 "To Christ, who saved us by his blood,
 All glory shall belong."

4 O glorious day! with haste draw near,
 For we would share thy rest;
 We long from every evil freed
 To be supremely blest.
 O shed thy beams of glory forth,
 Dispel this gloomy night,
 And let the earth renewed rejoice
 To see thy welcome light.

REST AND REWARD.

928

BRIGHT EDEN.

P. P. BLISS.

DUET AND CHORUS.

1. We've heard of a hap-py, a beau-ti-ful land, Where saints all shall
 2. We've heard there are beau-ti-ful crowns to be given When Je-sus our
 3. Dear Sav-iour, O when wilt thou take us all there? When, when shall thy
 4. Thy chil-dren are wait-ing and watch-ing for thee, Now, now they are

dwel, a bright sin-less band; With Christ their Re-deem-er for-
 Saviour shall come down from heaven; If here ev-ery cross we do
 children these joys ev-er share? O come and re-deem us from
 sighing from sin to be free; They're long-ing with an-gels of

ev-er to reign, Se-cure from temp-ta-tion, sor-row and pain.
 pa-tient-ly bear, Bright crowns in that beau-ti-ful land we'll wear.
 earth's bit-ter strife, And give us in E-den un-end-ing life.
 glo-ry to stand In par-a-dise fair,— that beau-ti-ful land.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land, E-den, bright E-den, beau-ti-ful land.

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REST AND REWARD.

929 "TILL HE COME."

F. D. BARNES. Arr.

1. On - ly a few more burdens must we carry, In heat and toil, beneath the scorching sun ;
 2. On - ly a little more of life's long journey, Thro' the world's desert, till the day is done ;
 3. On - ly a lit - tle long-er, thinking gladly Of the up-ris-ing of the brighter sun ;
 4. Only a few more billows, wildly tossing, Beating us backward from the longed-for-shore ;
 5. So let our eyes be on him in his absence, Seeking to serve him in this day of grace,

On - ly a lit - tle longer must we tar-ry, On - ly a little longer "till he come."
 On - ly a few more desert scenes of conflict, Only a few more Marahs, "till he come."
 On - ly a lit - tle longer, waiting sadly, In the fast falling twilight, "till he come."
 On - ly a few more snares our pathway crossing, Then all the trials of the way are o'er.
 While the tho't cheers us in our constant sadness, Soon he will come, and meet us face to face.

CHORUS.

Till he come, till he come, We'll work a little longer till he come ;
 Till he come, till he come, till he come ;

Till he come, till he come, We'll work a lit-tle long-er till he come.
 Till he come, till he come,

REST AND REWARD.

930 LOOKING HOMEWARD.

F. S. STANTON.

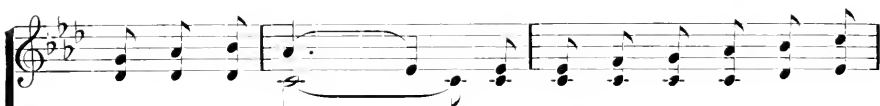
DUET.



1. I am now looking homeward to E-den's fair clime, Where pa-ra-dise
 2. I am now looking homeward, by faith I be-hold A beau-ti-ful
 3. I am now looking homeward, a riv-er I see Of pure sparkling
 4. I am now looking homeward and soon shall be there. And with the bright



INSTRUMENT.



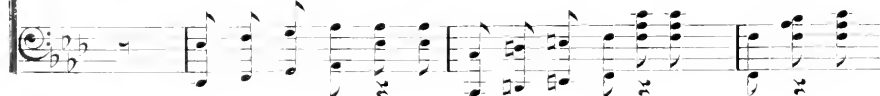
lost is re-stored, The earth robed in beau-ty the
 cit-y so fair, Its walls are of jas-per, its
 wa-ter there runs, It flows through the cit-y, from
 an-gels I'll sing, And gaze on my Sav-iour with



saints soon will gain, And for-ev-er will dwell with the Lord;
 streets of pure gold, No shad-ow of e-vil is there;
 God it pro-ceeds, There I'll drink that pure wa-ter at home.
 un-cloud-ed eyes, In glo-ry their voi-ces will ring;



O I sigh for that morning when sor-row is o'er, No sick-ness nor
 Twelve gates there stand open, all sparkling with pearls, And the ransomed will
 On the banks of the riv-er the tree of life grows, And its ver-dure is
 The an-gels are com-ing, and soon they'll be here To gath-er God's



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REST AND REWARD.

LOOKING HOMEWARD.—Concluded.

pain in that land. . . . For all are im-mor-tal on
walk safe-ly through, Ar-rayed in white gar-ments all
al-ways so green, . . . No cold frost of au-tumn will
jew-els all home, . . . I hope to be with them and

rit. that hap-py shore, For-ev-er a pure so-cial band.
a tempo spot-less and pure, And their songs will for-ev-er be new.
mar-its fair leaves, And the flow-ers will ev-er be seen.
gath-ered safe there, Then in Par-a-dise ev-er-more roam.

CHORUS.

I'm looking, yes, looking, I'm look-ing, yes, look-ing Homeward to
E-den's fair clime;

E-den's fair, E-den's fair clime; I'm look-ing, yes, look-ing, yes,

look-ing, I'm look-ing Home-ward to E-den's fair clime.

REST AND REWARD.

931

WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

DR. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome;
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side; No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc - cor on his breast, Till he con-duct me home.
 With him I'll brave life's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav-en-ly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,
 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 gath-ered home.
 We'll work till Je - sus comes,

TEMPERANCE.

932 GOD SPEED THE RIGHT. Ss & 4s.

From the GERMAN.

f *mp*

1. Now to heaven our prayers as - cend - ing, God speed the right ;

f *mp*

In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right ;

DUET.

Be our zeal in heaven re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on

ff *p dim.*

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.

1 Now to heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right ;

In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right ;

Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
||: God speed the right. :||

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right ;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right ;
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
||: God speed the right. :||

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right ;
Ne'er th'e'vent nor danger fearing,
God speed the right ;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
||: God speed the right. :||

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right ;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right ;
Truth our cause, what'e'r delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
||: God speed the right. :||

W. E. HICKSON.

TEMPERANCE.

933 LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Look not up - on the wine That spar - kles in its flow,
 2. Be - hold the gi - ant fiend Who laughs in mock - er - y;
 3. Go thou, un - veil his form, And bid the err - ing flee;
 4. Lift up the tempt - ed soul Now fall - en in de - spair,

For death is slum - bering there, Be - neath its rud - dy glow.
 He binds the strong - est heart, And boasts of vic - to - ry.
 O lift the de - mon's mask, And let the tempt - ed see.
 Di - rect his thoughts a - bove, To God, who hear - eth prayer.

No hap - pi - ness it bring - eth, At last it on - ly sting - eth;
 No hu - man hand can sev - er His bands that loos - en nev - er
 Im - plore them to a - wak - en Ere hap - pi - ness be tak - en,
 His arm in might - y pow - er Can bid the de - mon cow - er,

It bit - eth, and it wringeth The heart with bit - ter woe.
 Un - til the life for - ev - er Goes out e - ter - nal - ly.
 While fet - ters may be shak - en, While yet they may go free.
 And in temp - ta - tion's hour Will an es - cape pre - pare.

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TEMPERANCE.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Look not up - on the wine, O shun the glow - ing cup!

A de - mon's arms en - twine The souls of those who sup.

934 ROSEFIELD. 7s, 6 lines.

H. A. C. MALAN.

1. { Look not on the wine - cup bright, Flash - ing in its pur - ple light, }
 { Lift not thou the gob - let high, With the sons of rev - el - ry; }

Ru - in yet that draught shall bring, Deadly as the ad - der's sting.

- 1 Look not on the wine-cup bright,
 Flashing in its purple light,
 Lift not thou the goblet high,
 With the sons of revelry:
 Ruin yet that draught shall bring,
 Deadly as the adder's sting.
- 2 Who hath sorrow? who hath woe?
 Who despair's dark night shall know?
 Who, like those on ocean tossed,

Mourn the calm forever lost?
 Who, midst want unpitied pine?
 They that tarry at the wine.

- 3 Thou who once in Israel's day,
 Mad'st the fiery plague to stay,
 Thou, who on the raging sea,
 Calm'dst thy wave, O Galilee!
 Now as then deliverance bring,
 Those in wild waves perishing!

TEMPERANCE.

935 DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

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 through the land,
4. Hold the temperance ban - ner high! On to vic - tory grand!



Hon - 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!
 Headlong 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 a - lone!



Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!

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TEMPERANCE.

936 RAISE THE STANDARD HIGH.

D. S. HAKE,.

MALE QUARTETTE.

1. Raise the standard high, Sound the gath'ring cry, Let the e - vil kingdom fall ;
 2. O - ver sea and land, With an i - ron hand, Has the monarch held his sway ;
 3. Let the right prevail, Let the e - vil fail In the con - flict fierce and long,

With a purpose true, And a will to do, Sons of freedom, come ye all.
 But his rule shall cease, And the reign of peace Usher 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 mighty bat - tle
 Raise the temp'rance standard high, so high, Shout the mighty temp'rance

cry ; Let the e - vil king - dom fall, Sons of freedom, come ye all.
 bat - tle cry ; Let the e - vil kingdom fall, Sons of freedom, come ye all.

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OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

937 FROME. C. M.

Arr. by H. BOND.

1. Our Fa-ther, through the com - ing year We know not what shall be ;
 But we would leave with-out a fear Its or - dering all to thee.

1 Our Father, through the coming year
 We know not what shall be ;
 But we would leave without a fear
 Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
 For what the world holds fair ;
 And all the good we thought to gain,
 Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
 Our love with anxious fears,
 And snatch away the valued friend,
 The tried of many years.

4 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest ;
 No fears our trust shall move ;
 Thou knowest what for each is best,
 And thou art perfect Love.

938

1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.

J. NEWTON.

939

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
 And raise your voices high :
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love
 That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all 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 rounds shall run,
 Nor 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 !
 Fast as ye bring the gloomy night,
 Ye bring eternal day.

940

1 The year is gone, beyond recall,
 With all its hopes and fears,
 With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
 With all its mourners' tears ;

2 Thy thankful people praise thee, Lord,
 For countless gifts received ;
 And pray for grace to keep the faith
 Which saints of old believed.

3 From evil deeds that stain the past
 We now desire to flee ;
 And pray that future years may all
 Be spent, good Lord, for thee.

OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

941 INDIANAPOLIS. 7s.

H. C. ZEUNER.

1. Bless, O Lord, each opening year To the souls as-sembling here ;

Clothe thy word with power di-vine, Make us will-ing to be thine.

- 1 Bless, O Lord, each opening year
To the souls assembling here ;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 3 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue ;
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love!

942

- 1 Praise to God, and thanksgiving!
Hearts bow down ; and voices sing
Praises to the Glorious One,
All his year of wonder done!
- 2 Praise him for his budding green,
April's resurrection-scene ;
Praise him for his shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers!
- 3 Praise him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast ;
Praise for happy dreams of birth,
Brooding in the quiet earth!
- 4 For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious-One!
Hearts bow down, and voices ring,
Praise and love and thanksgiving!

W. C. GANNETT.

943

- 1 Thou who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.
- 2 Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!
- 3 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
- 4 Mingled with th'eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay ;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

R. PALMER.

944

- 1 While, with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here.
- 2 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.

J. NEWTON.

THANKSGIVING.

945 ANSELM. L. M.

L. H. HAYNE.

1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - ery joy, Thy praise may well our lips em-ploy,

While in thy tem-ple we ap-pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade;
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
Demands successive songs of praise. [days,

946 HARVEST HOME. 7s. D.

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;

THANKSGIVING.

HARVEST HOME.—Concluded.

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied ;

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest home ;
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take his harvest home :
 From his field shall in that day
 All offences purge away ;
 Give his angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To thy final harvest home :
 Gather thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;

There forever purified,
 In thy presence to abide :
 Come with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest home.

H. ALFORD.

947

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ !
 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the joy which harvests bring,
 Grateful praises now we sing.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :
 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her overflowing stores :—

3 These, to that dear Source we owe,
 Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
 These, through all my happy days,
 Claim my cheerful songs of praise,
 Lord, to thee my soul should raise
 Grateful, never-ending praise :
 And when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone.

A. L. BARBAULD.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing : Land where my

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring !

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,—
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. SMITH.

949

1 God bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayers shall be,
Our father's God, to thee,
On thee we wait!
Be her walls Holiness ;
Her rulers Righteousness ;
Her officers be Peace ;
God save the State.

3 Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On thee we call!
Give us prosperity ;
Give us true liberty ;
May all th' oppressed go free ;
God save us all!

J. S. DWIGHT.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

950 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - ery
clime and coast, O hear us for our na - tive land,
The land we love the most! The land we love the most!

1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,

O hear us for our native land,
||: The land we love the most! :||

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children, too; how should we love
||: Another's land so well? :||

3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
||: Our fields with plenteousness. :||

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou our refuge and our trust,
||: Our everlasting friend. :||

J. R. WRETFORD.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;

Thy providence protected them,
||: Who thy great name adored. :||

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
||: To us deliverance bring. :||

TATE & BRADY.

952

1 Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at thy feet we fall;
And humbly with united cry,
||: To thee for mercy call. :||

2 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To thee we looked, to thee we cried,
||: And help in thee was found. :||

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
||: Mourn with our mourning land. :||

4 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,
||: Then let thy mercy spare. :||

J. H. GURNEY.

951

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
||: And in more ancient years. :||

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
||: That did their country save. :||

FAREWELL MEETINGS.

953 RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. While in the world we still re - main, We on - ly meet to part a - gain ;

But, when we reach the heavenly shore, O may we meet to part no more.

1 While in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But, when we reach the heavenly shore,
O may we meet to part no more.

2 Then let us here improve the hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise ;
To him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

3 Let all our meetings now be made
Subservient to each other's good ;
For worldly joys must quickly fade,
Nor can they yield substantial food.

4 Whene'er required to part from those
With whom the truth unites us here,
We'll call to mind the joyful close,
When Christ, the Saviour, will appear.

954 GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you ;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you ;
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you ;

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threatning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

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FAREWELL MEETINGS.

GOD BE WITH YOU.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet ;
till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

955

ESSEX. 7s. D.

Slow and expressive.

B. CASE.

FINE.

1. { Here we meet, and here we part ; This we're do - ing all the way ; }
{ Hand to hand, and heart with heart, And the few words that we say ; }
D.C. Wandering to a dis - tant home, Or as pil - grims still to stray.

D. C.

Then we go, and tears must come, Tears we hard - ly wipe a - way.

1 Here we meet, and here we part ;
This we're doing all the way ;
Hand to hand, and heart with heart,
And the few words that we say ;
Then we go, and tears must come,
Tears we hardly wipe away,
Wandering to a distant home,
Or as pilgrims still to stray.

2 By and by this will be o'er.
When immortal there we stand ;
Tears and partings nevermore,
When we reach that better land.
There the beautiful will be ;
It will be a sinless band ;
It is Jesus we shall see ;
There with Jesus we shall stand.

CHANTS.

956 BEYOND.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

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.

CHORUS.

Love, rest and home! sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

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. CHO.

2 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon. CHO.

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. CHO.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon. CHO.

H. BONAR.

L. MASON.

957 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

A - MEN.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd ; I | shall not | want ; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for | his name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff | they— | comfort me.
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies ; thou anointest my head with oil ; my | cup | runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for— | ever. || A- | MEN.

CHANTS.

958 PRAYER, SILENT PRAYER.



CHORUS.



1 When torn is the bosom with sorrow and care,
 Be it ever so simple, there's | nothing like | prayer;
 It eases, and softens, subdues, yet sus- | tains,
 Gives rigor to hope, and puts | passion in | chains.

CHORUS.—Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer!

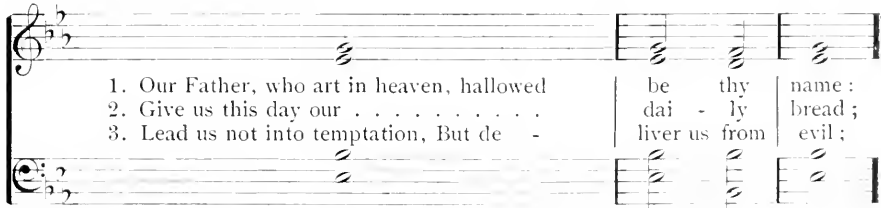
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest, we part,
 What fond recollections still | cling to the | heart;
 Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are | there;
 How hurtfully pleasing till | hallowed by | prayer. CHO.

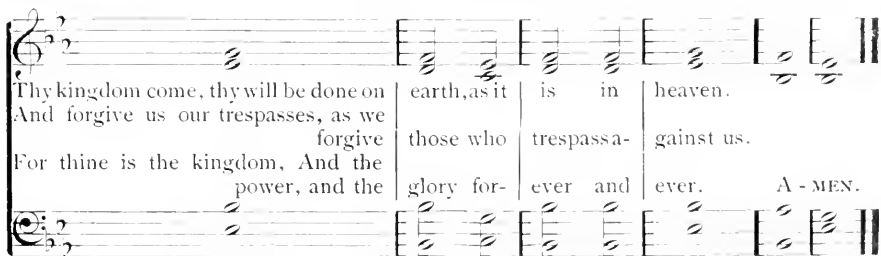
3 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
 Heaven pours its full streams through no | medium but | this!
 And till in the seraph's full ecstasy | share,
 Our chalice of joy must be | guarded by | prayer. CHO.

959 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

TALLIS.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed	be thy name:
2. Give us this day our	dai - ly bread;
3. Lead us not into temptation, But de -	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 those who trespass against us.
 For thine is the kingdom, And the glory for- ever and ever. A - MEN.

DOXOLOGIES.

960 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

G. FRANC.

1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise him, all creatures here be-low ;

Praise him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

961

1 To God the Father, praise be given,
By all on earth and all in heaven ;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be ever more.

962

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.

963

1 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

964

1 All glory, while the ages run,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death : the same to thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

965

1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom all the earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

966

1 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.

967

1 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,—
In earth and heaven the Lord of all !
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

968

1 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died.

SOCIAL.

969 WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je-sus comes to reward his servants, Whether it be noon or night,
 2. If at the dawn of the ear-ly morning, He shall call us one by one;
 3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to do our best?
 4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glory they shall share;

rit.
 Faithful to him will he find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 When to the Lord we re-store our talents, Will he say to thee, "Well done?"
 If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glo-rious rest.
 If he shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will he find us watching there?

REFRAIN

Oh, can we say we are ready, brother? Read-y for the saints' bright home?

Say, will he find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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SOCIAL.

970 GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

S. J. GRAHAM.

1. The gold-en morning is fast ap-proach-ing; Je - sus soon will come
 2. The gos-pel sum-mons will soon be car - ried To the na-tions round;
 3. At-tend - ed by all the shin - ing an-gels, Down the flam - ing sky,
 4. There those loved ones who have long been parted, Will all meet that day;

To take his faith - ful and hap - py chil - dren To their prom - ised home.
 The Bridegroom then will cease to tar - ry, And the trum - pet sound.
 The Judge will come, and will take his peo - ple Where they will not die.
 The tears of those who are bro - ken-heart - ed Will be wiped a - way.

By permission.

CHORUS.

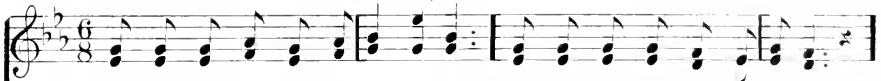
Oh, we see the gleams of the gold-en morning Piercing thro' this night of gloom!

Oh, we see the gleams of the gold - en morn-ing That will burst the tomb.

SOCIAL.

971 LONG WE'VE BEEN WAITING.

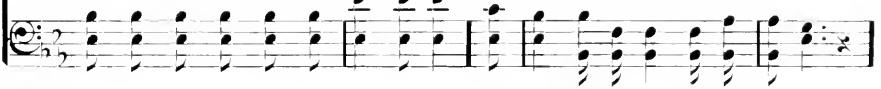
Arr. by G. E. LEE.



1. Long we've been waiting for Christ to come, Long we have watched for the morning ;
2. Then in the kingdom for-ev - er-more, Chanting redemption's glad story.
3. In the bright home of the good and blest, Ma-ny, who long have been sleeping,
4. Cheer up! ye pilgrims, O cease your fears : Shout! for the kingdom is nearing ;



Still for that hap-py, e - ter-nal home, The pilgrims are constantly longing.
 Safely at home, where the storms are o'er, We'll dwell in the mansions of glory.
 Meet us a-gain, and for - ev - er rest, Se-cure from all sorrow and weeping.
 We shall be free from all griefs and tears, At Je-sus' our Saviour's appearing.



CHORUS.



Come, come, dear Sav-iour, come, Com-fort thy saints who are weeping :



Come, come, dear Sav-iour, come, Wak-en thy dear ones who are sleep-ing.



SOCIAL.

972 ARE YOU READY?

J. R. SWENEY.

1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
 2. What if now the startling man-date Should the sleeping vir-gins hear,—
 3. Is there oil in all your ves-sels? Are your garments pure and white?
 4. Rise! ye virgins,—sleep no long-er,—Lest the call your souls sur-prise!

Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom cometh, Would the sound your souls ap - pall?
 Are your lamps all trimmed and burning, Should the Bridegroom now ap - pear?
 Are they washed in the cleansing Fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
 Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he com - eth from the skies.

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y,
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y,
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y
 O! be read - y! O! be read - y!

Should you hear the mid-night call? . . Are you read - y?
 Now to see your Lord ap - pear? . . Are you read - y?
 Are your lamps all clear and bright? . Are you read - y?
 When he com - eth from the skies; . O! be read - y!

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SOCIAL.

ARE YOU READY?—Concluded.

Are you read - y, Should you hear the mid - night call?
 Are you read - y Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
 Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
 O! be read - y! Hast - en, from your slum - bers rise!

Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the mid - night call?
 Now to see your Lord ap - pear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
 Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
 Hast - en, from your slumbers rise! Hast - en, from your slum - bers rise!

973 RODMAN. 118 & 108.

L. MASON.

1. Heir of the kingdom, O why dost thou slum - ber? Why art thou

sleep - ing so near thy blest home? Wake thee, a - rouse thee, and

gird on thine ar - mor, Speed, for the mo - ments are hur - ry - ing on.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>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 hurrying on.</p> | <p>Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee; [away.
 Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee</p> |
| <p>2 Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain allurements!
 See how its glory is passing away:</p> | <p>3 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; [sing.
 Heirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye and</p> |

SOCIAL.

974

THE NIGHT IS ALMOST OVER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The night is al-most o-ver, and the day is draw-ing near. Christ is coming,
2. The ver-y man of Nazareth, he, who came the lost to save. Christ is coming,
3. The bride is clothed and ready in her garments pure and white. Christ is coming,
4. The rocks and hills are trembling, and the heavens flee a-way. Christ is coming,
5. We'll rise from earth to meet him for we know it by his word; Christ is coming,

Hal - le - lu - jah! The stars of prom-ise van-ish as the sky is grow-ing clear;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Who healed the sick is com-ing with vic-tory o'er the grave;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! The lamps are trim'd and burning, and the flame of love is bright;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! The el - e-ments dis-solv-ing in the res - ur - rec-tion day;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! And then we'll be for - ev - er, yes, for - ev - er with the Lord;

CHORUS.

Christ is coming, Hal-le-lu - jah! In the breaking of the morning to his

promises we cling; With the wedding march of Jesus heaven's vaulted arches ring; We are

watching every moment for the coming of the King, Christ is coming, Hal-le-lu - jah!

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975 HEAR THE NEWS.

J. E. HALL.

Lively.

1. Hear the news, glad news of Je - sus: He is coming back a - gain ;
 2. Hear the news, ye blind ones, hear it, Je - sus comes you sight to give ;
 3. Hear the news, O sad and wea - ry, For his com-ing now is near,
 4. Hear the news, ye sick and dy - ing: Je - sus comes his power to show ;

O what blessings he will bring us, When he comes on earth to reign.
 All ye deaf and dumb, be - lieve it, And the bless-ing soon re - ceive.
 He will ban-ish all your sor - row, When a - gain he shall ap - pear.
 Ask his aid and trust his mer - cy: Per - fect health you then shall know.

CHORUS.

Hear the news, hear the news, He is coming back a - gain ;
 Hear the news, hear the news,

Hear the news, hear the news, He is com-ing soon to reign.
 Hear the news, hear the news,

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SOCIAL.

976

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning 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 hal - le - lu - jahs When he comes, when he comes; We will

read - y for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Behold, he com-eth!
 lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes: He quick-ly com-eth!
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes: He sure - ly com-eth!
 chant hal - le - lu - jahs When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he com-eth!

D. S.—Be-hold, he com-eth!

be-hold, he com-eth! Be robed 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 hal - le - lu - jah! for the Bridegroom comes.

be - hold, he com-eth! Be robed and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

Be - hold the Bridegroom; for he comes, for he comes!

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SOCIAL.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.—Concluded.

D. S.

Be - hold the Bridegroom; for he comes, for he comes.

977

GOD IS LOVE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. God is love! for us he car - eth, While up - on the earth we move;
 2. God is love! and par - don dwelleth Where a soul his grace doth prove;
 3. God is love! and as for - ev - er, Years roll by and a - ges move;

Ev - ery work of his de - clar - eth The Al - might - y God is love.
 Ev - ery - where his goodness tell - eth God is mer - cy, God is love.
 On - ly he, he changes nev - er, The un - chang - ing God is love.

CHORUS.

Mighty love, Matchless love, Infinite and unchanging love,

Mighty love, Matchless love, In - fi - nite and unchanging love.

Tender love, Saving love, God is e - ter - - - nal love.

Tender love, Sav - ing love, God is e - ter - nal love.

SOCIAL.

978 THE LOVELY MORNING. 6s & 5s.

FINE.

1. { To that love - ly morn - ing, All shin - ing and fair, }
 { We're fast on - ward hastening, And soon shall be there. }
 D. C. O may we be read - y To hail that glad day.

CHORUS.

D. C.

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump Sounds "Come, come a - way,"

- 1 To that lovely morning,
 All shining and fair,
 We're fast onward hastening,
 And soon shall be there. CHO.
- 2 And when that bright morning
 In splendor shall dawn,
 Our toil will be ended,
 Our sorrows all gone. CHO.

- 3 The Bridegroom from glory
 To earth shall descend;
 Ten thousand bright angels
 Around him attend. CHO.
- 4 The graves will be opened,
 The dead will arise,
 And with the Redeemer
 Mount up to the skies. CHO.

979 HARK! THE BLEST TIDINGS. 7s & 6s.

1. Hark! hark! hear the blest tidings; Robed, robed in honor and glory, To
 Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
 gather his ransomed ones home. Yes, yes, O yes, To gather 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, etc.

- 3 Still, still, rest on the promise;
 Cling, cling fast to his word:
 Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
 We'll patiently wait for the Lord.
 Yes, yes, etc.

SOCIAL.

980 TRIUMPH. 108 & 58.

S. C. HANCOCK.

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high ; Shout, for the day of re -

demp - tion is nigh ; Sing, for the Lord will ap - pear in his glo - ry,

Mountains and val - leys re - repeat the glad sto - ry ; Tune ev - 'ry lyre,

Lift the strain higher, Far o'er the o - cean the tidings shall fly.

1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high ;
Shout, for the day of redemption is nigh ;
Sing, for the Lord will appear in his glory.
Mountains and valleys repeat the glad
Tune every lyre. [story :
Lift the strain higher.
Far o'er the ocean the tidings shall fly.

2 Lift your glad voices ye nations and sing ;
Let the high anthem re-echo and ring,
Sing, for the bright One that slept in the
manger
Comes ; and the earth that once pillow'd
the stranger,
In rich adorning,
Hails the glad morning,
Blossoms like Eden, and welcomes her
King.

3 Lift your glad voices he conquered the
grave,
Jesus, Immanuel, Almighty to save :
Shout to the tyrant, "Thy chains are all
broken ;"
Sing, for the voice of Jehovah hath spoken,
"Open the portal,
Make them immortal ;
Life shall endure with Eternity's wave."
4 Lift your glad voices, he cometh again,
Sound out the tidings o'er earth and o'er
main !
Sing, for the dark days of evil are ending :
Shout to the Bridegroom with angel's
Bride of Jehovah, [descending,
Welcome thy Lover,
Sing, for he cometh, he cometh to reign !

D. T. TAYLOR.

SOCIAL.

981

BEHOLD! WHAT LOVE!

Arr. by F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Be-hold! what love! what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
2. Though now indeed the sons of God, The world know-eth us not;
3. What we shall soon in glo - ry be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4. And ev - ery man that hath this hope, Him-self doth pu - ri - fy;

Up - on his ser-vants, that they should Be called the sons of God.
 Be-cause it knew not Christ, the Lord, Who hath our son - ship bought.
 But this we know, that when he comes, We shall his i - mage bear.
 E - ven as he, our Lord, is pure, In whom no sin doth lie.

CHORUS.

Be - hold what manner of love, What manner of love,

Be-hold what manner of love, what manner of love,

That we, that

The Fa-ther hath bestowed up-on us, That we should be called, that

we should be called,

we should be called the sons of God.

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SOCIAL.

982 MY MISSION FIELD.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I would toil in the field where he call - eth me to go,
 2. I would walk in the path where he lead - eth un - to day,
 3. I would toil in the field where he call - eth me to go,

Though hum - ble my work may be; I would ask no more;
 Though lone - ly the path might be; I would take my staff
 Though bar - ren the soil might be; Though the way be hard,

D. S. I would ask no more;

FINE.

I on - ly care to know, 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me.
 and fol - low all the way, 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me.
 'tis sweet e-nough to know, 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me.

I on - ly care to know, 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me.

CHORUS.

'Tis the way my Lord lead - - eth me.
 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me.

D. S.
 'Tis the way my Lord lead - - eth me;
 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me;

From "HEAVENLY CAROLS," by pfr.

SOCIAL.

983 WONDERFUL GRACE.

I. BALTZELL.



1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! This great sal - va - tion brings ;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin ;
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Its streams are full and free ;
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! 'Tis grace that will me save ;



The soul, de - liv - ered of its load, In sweet - est rap - ture sings.
 The power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.
 And flow - ing now for all the race—They ev - en flow to me.
 Will take me from death's cold embrace, And bring me from the grave.



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CHORUS.



'Tis grace! . . . 'tis grace! . . . Won - der-ful, won-der-ful grace!
 'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace! wonderful grace!



'Tis grace! . . . 'tis grace! . . . Flow-ing still free - ly for me.
 'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace!



SOCIAL.

984 LOVE AND GRACE.

I. I. LESLIE.

1. O 'twas love that brought me to him, And 'tis love that keeps me there ;
 2. Dark it was be - fore I found him, And the way I could not see ;
 3. O how blest to walk with Je - sus! Joy we nev - er knew be - fore ;
 4. Now it is by faith I view him, As I walk this nar - row way ;
 5. Then my joy will be for - ev - er, There no clouds will in - ter - vene ;

By his grace it was I knew him, Now my Sav - iour dear and fair.
 Now the light that shines a - round him, As I fol - low, falls on me.
 From our fears his presence frees us, While we trust him more and more.
 But he soon will call me to him, In that bright ap - proach - ing day.
 And the dark - ness comes there nev - er— I shall see him as I'm seen.

CHORUS.

Love and grace, his love and grace, I will sing in ev - ery place,

Till I reach that bliss - ful shore, Where I'll praise him ev - er - more!

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SOCIAL.

985

HE IS EVERYTHING TO ME.

I. I. LESLIE.

1. He is ev - ery-thing to me; Bet - ter than all earth - ly store;
 2. He is ev - ery-thing to me; All a - long this wea - ry way;
 3. He is ev - ery-thing to me; In my trou - ble and my care,
 4. He is ev - ery-thing to me; Tak - ing all my sins a - way;
 5. He is ev - ery-thing to me; And he's com - ing by and by;

And his love so great and free—Would that I could tell it more.
 And he tells me I shall see, By and by a bet - ter day.
 To his sheltering side I flee, And I find pro - tec - tion there.
 Giv - ing me the vic - to - ry Now and in that com - ing day.
 Where he is I then shall be, Ev - er - more to see him nigh.

CHORUS.

All in all is he to me; He's my chos - en and my love:

Poor and need - y though I be, I have treasures laid a - bove.

SOCIAL.

986

CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. When the tem - pest ra - ges high, Sail - ing on life's boisterous sea ;
 2. When 'mid drift - ing wrecks I'm cast, Darkness set - tling thick - ly round ;
 3. When the conquering waves shall close Proud - ly o'er me as I die ;

Storm - y bil - lows I de - fy, If I then may on - ly be
 Hope shall lift her light at last, If I then be on - ly found
 O - ver these brief vic - tor foes, I shall tri - umph by and by,

REFRAIN

Anchored to the Rock, Anchored to the Rock, Shel - ter for me
 Cling - ing to the Rock, Cling - ing to the Rock, Shel - ter for me
 Cling - ing to the Rock, Cling - ing to the Rock, Shel - ter for me

ev - er, Strength that fail - eth nev - er— When the storms of life

are o'er, Look for me on Ca - naan's shore, An - chored to the Rock.

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SOCIAL.

987 THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.

P. BILHORN.

DUET.

1. O the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and
 3. When I pass through the night of sor - row Or the

ORGAN OR PIANO.

cares of life up - on you roll; He will soothe the troubled soul, And the
 com - fort to my soul he brings; Lean - ing on his might - y arm, I will
 moan - ing waves of Jor - dan hear; With my Sav - iour ver - y near, I will

winds and waves con - trol; O the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 fear no ill or harm; O the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 nei - ther shrink nor fear; O the best friend to have is Je - sus.

CHORUS.
Faster.

Je - - - - sus,
 The best friend to have is Je - sus ev - ery day, The best friend to

Je - - - - sus;
 have is Je - sus all the way, He will help you when you fall,

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SOCIAL.

THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.—Concluded.

He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Je - sus.

988

HE LEADETH ME.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me, O blessed thought, O words with heav-en-ly com-fort fraught;
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom;
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re-pine—
 4. And when he comes to claim his own, And give the vic - tory and the crown.

Whate'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
 To liv - ing fountains clear and free, Then still 'tis he that lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.

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.

SOCIAL.

989 LET US PRAISE HIM.

I. BALTZELL.

Spirited.

1. To thee, my God and Sav - iour, My heart ex - ult - ing springs ;
 2. We cel - e - brate thy glo - ry, With all the hosts a - bove,
 3. By thee, through life sup - port - ed, We pass the dangerous road ;
 4. We'll cast our crowns be - fore thee, Our toils and con - flicts o'er,

Re - joic - ing in thy fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings,
 And tell the won - drous sto - ry Of thy re - deem - ing love.
 By heav - en - ly hosts es - cort - ed, On to that bright a - bode.
 And ev - er - more a - dore thee On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.

CHORUS.

Let us praise him, praise him, Praise his ho - ly name ;
 praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

Let us praise him, praise him, Praise his ho - ly name.
 praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - MEN.

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SOCIAL.

990

SAFELY HIDE ME.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Precious thought with comfort fraught, What-ev - er may be-tide me ;
2. Precious love that gives me proof, Though all the world de-ride me.
3. Precious hope that bears me up, When sin and Sa - tan chide me ;
4. Precious peace, in my dis - tress, When death's form stands beside me,

Je - sus gave his life to save, And he will safe - ly hide me.
 I have heard the pardoning word, And he will safe - ly hide me.
 I shall know the way to go, And he will safe - ly hide me.
 From a - bove he'll come in love, To shield and safe - ly hide me.

CHORUS.

Safe - ly hide me, Safe - ly hide me, When the
 Safe - ly hide me, Safe - ly hide me.

storms and bil - lows rage, He will
 When the storms, the storms and bil - lows rage,

guide me, safe - ly guide me Through this earth - ly pil - grim - age.

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SOCIAL.

991 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

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 Saviour'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.



CHORUS.



Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,



Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!



SOCIAL.

992 SING, O SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

I. BALTZELL.

1. The morn-ing tin - ges all the sky, The air with prais - es rings;
 2. The shin - ing an - gels cry, "A - way With grief, no spi - ces bring;
 3. That thou our Pas - chal Lamb mayst be, And end - less joy be - gin,
 4. Glo - ry to God! our glad lips cry; All praise and wor - ship be

De - feat - ed death stands sul - len by, The world ex - ult - ing sings.
 Not tears, but songs, this joy - ful day Should greet the ris - en King."
 Je - sus, De - liv - erer, set us free From the dread death of sin.
 On earth, in heaven, to God Most High, For Christ's great vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing the praise of Je - sus! Sing, O
 Sing, O sing

sing the praise of Je - sus! Sing, O
 Sing, O sing

sing the praise of Je - sus! He is ris - en from the dead!
 Sing, O sing

FROM "GATES OF PRAISE," BY J. C. F.

SOCIAL.

993

THEY ROLLED THE STONE AWAY.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. 'Twas ear - ly in the morning, at the break - ing of the day,
 2. They saw two shin - ing an - gels, clad in garments pure and white,
 3. But Ma - ry wept in anguish, for her heart was torn with grief;
 4. He burst death's bars a - sun - der, and he triumphed o'er the grave;

That Ma - ry came with spi - ces to the place where Je - sus lay;
 They saw the lin - en grave clothes, and they trem - bled at the sight;
 She said, Where have you laid him? then the an - gels brought re - lief;
 He holds the keys of *ha - des*, the Al - might - y One to save;

She met her friends in sor - row as she journeyed from her home,
 But Christ their Lord and Mas - ter, was not found with - in the tomb,
 He is not here, but ris - en, as he said to you be - fore,
 Be - hold my hands, said Je - sus, I'm your liv - ing Lord and King:

And they said to one an - oth - er, Who shall roll a - way the stone.
 For he conquered death when an - gels came and rolled a - way the stone.
 Go to Gal - i - lee and see him; he's a - live for - ev - er - more.
 From the grave I will re - deem you, all my jew - els I will bring.

CHORUS.

Bright an - gels, bright an - gels, at the break - ing of the day;

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SOCIAL.

THEY ROLLED THE STONE AWAY.—Concluded.

Bright an - gels, bright an - gels, they rolled the stone a - way.

994 DEVOTION.

F. D. BARNES.

1. O Jesus our Saviour, our Lord, our King, Our life and the truth and the way ;
2. O Jesus our Saviour, O wondrous Friend, We love and a-dore thy great name ;
3. And Oblessed Saviour, when thou shalt come, To gather thine own un-to thee,

Our hearts' ad-o - ra-tion to thee we bring, O come now and bless us we pray.
De-vot-ed to thee may we ever stand, Through storm and through sunshine the same.
O bring thou us with them to praise thy name, Through ages of e-ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN

O won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour, Our Prophet, and Priest, and our King ;

With heartfelt de-vo-tion we come to thee, Accept now the praise which we bring.

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SOCIAL.

995

REVIVE US AGAIN.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love;
 2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

For Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 That has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins, and re - moved ev - ery stain.
 Who has sought us, and brought us, and guid - ed our ways.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

996

1 Rejoice and be glad!
 It is sunshine at last! [are past.
 The clouds have departed, the shadows

CHO. Sound his praises, tell the Story
 Of him who was slain;
 Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
 He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad!
 Now the pardon is free!
 The Just for the unjust has died on the
 tree. CHO.

3 Rejoice and be glad!
 For the Lamb that was slain
 O'er death is triumphant and liveth
 again. CHO.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
 For our King is on high,
 He pleadeth for us on his throne in the
 sky. CHO.

5 Rejoice and be glad!
 For he cometh again;
 He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was
 slain. CHO.

H. BONAR.

SOCIAL.

997 SING OF HIS LOVE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing ;
 2. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light ; Zi-on's cit-y is in sight ;
 3. Fear not, breth-ren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our land ;
 4. Lord, o-be-dient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low ;

Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.
 There our end-less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
 Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Bids us un-dis-mayed go on.
 On-ly thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low thee.

CHORUS.

Sing of his love, ye angels of light, Car-ol his praise, ye
 Sing of his love, ye angels of light, Car-ol his praise,

ser-aphs so bright ; Join in the song, ye saints, with de-
 ye ser-aphs so bright, Join in the song, ye

light, Praising the name, won-der-ful name of Je-sus.
 saints, with delight, Praising the

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SOCIAL.

998 THE PEARLY GATES.

mp Andante.

1. I have given up all for Je - sus, This vain world is naught to me,
 2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis - per low,
 3. Just be - yond the waves of Jor - dan. Just be - yond the chill - ing tide,

All its pleas - ures are for - got - ten In remembering Cal - va - ry ;
 I will lean up - on my Sav - iour, Through the val - ley as I go ;
 Blooms the tree of life im - mor - tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide ;

mf

Though my friends despise, for - sake me, And on me the world looks cold,
 I will claim his pre - cious promise. Worth to me the world of gold,
 In that hap - py land e - ter - nal. Flowers bloom on hills of gold,

I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl - y gates un - fold.
 "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl - y gates un - fold."
 And the an - gels are a - wait - ing Where the pearl - y gates un - fold.

f CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And its even - ing bells will toll ;

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SOCIAL.

THE PEARLY GATES.—Concluded.

But my heart will know no sad - ness When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

999 COME, DRINK AT THE FOUNTAIN.

J. E. HALL.

Earnestly.

1. Come, drink at the fountain, my brother, The fountain of life, flowing free ;
2. Come, drink at the fountain, my sis-ter, You'll find it sweet water, and pure ;
3. Come, drink at the fountain, dear sin-ner, This fountain will cleanse you from sin ;
4. Come, drink at the fountain, ye low-ly, Your sorrows bring there and be free ;

Come, drink of the life-giv-ing wa - ter, 'Tis flowing, blest fountain, for thee.
 Come, drink of the clear flowing wa - ter, And drinking, you'll thirst nevermore.
 Come, drink of the sin-cleansing wa - ter, 'Tis flowing, dear sinner, drink in.
 Come, drink if you feel you are need-y, 'Tis flowing, thy comfort to be.

CHORUS.

p *ad lib.* *f* *a tempo.* *rit.*
 Come, drink, drink, drink and thirst no more, Drink at the fount-ain and live.

a tempo. *rit.*
 Come, drink at the sweet flowing fountain, O drink of the wa-ter, and live.

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SOCIAL.

1000

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

F. H. THOMSON.

1. O fly to the arms of the Saviour, The arms that are o - pen for thee ;
 2. O seek for the hope of the Christian, The hope that will nev - er be - tray ;
 3. O aim to in - hab - it the cit - y, The cit - y of crys - tal and gold ;
 4. O seek for the crown that is promised, The crown that the con - quer - ors win ;

O bathe in the fountain of mer - cy, The fountain so rich and so free.
 O ev - er be faith - ful to du - ty And an - gels will guard all thy way.
 O strive to in - her - it the treasure, The treasure whose wealth is un - told.
 The robe and the harp that are giv - en To those that shall en - ter there - in.

CHORUS.

O turn to the light that is shin - - ing, Is shin - ing so
 O turn to the light, to the light that is shin - ing, The light that is

bright and so clear : O list to the voice that is
 shin - ing so bright and so clear ; O list to the voice, to the

speak - ing, Is speak - ing in ac - cents so dear.
 voice that is speaking, The voice that is speak - ing in accents so dear.

Is speak - ing in ac - cents so dear.

SOCIAL.

1001

FLY TO THE FOUNTAIN.

I. BALTZELL.

1. There is a fountain pure and free, It flows for you, it flows for me;
 2. To ev - ery land, to ev - ery race, In "ev - ery dry and bar - ren place,"
 3. To wake the world, and all in - vite, The Spir - it and the Bride u - nite;
 4. The thirst - y, in the des - ert place, May hear the wel - come word of grace;
 5. "Ho! ev - ery one," the prophet cries— And ev - ery one, my soul re - plies—

From "SONGS OF GRACE," by PER.

Now ev - ery tribe be - neath the sun May to this flow - ing fountain run.
 The wa - ter's free, and free the call; None are denied, but welcomed all.
 And let the news be carried home, And ev - ery one that hears it, come.
 Though dying, if he will be - lieve, E - ter - nal life he shall re - ceive.
 For ev - ery one there's am - ple room; Then free - ly to the wa - ters come.

CHORUS.

Fly to the fount - ain, Flow - ing free - ly,
 Will you fly with me to the cleansing fountain, Flow - ing ev - er pure and free?

Fly to the fount - ain, Flow - ing for you and for me.
 Will you fly with me to the cleansing fountain?

SOCIAL.

1002

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in his
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
 blood of the Lamb? Will you be all read - y for the
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fount - ain flow - ing for the

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 man - sions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 heart un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood, In the all cleansing
 Are you washed in the blood,

blood of the Lamb? Are your gar - ments spot - less? Are they
 of the Lamb?

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SOCIAL.

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?—Concluded.

white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

1003 JESUS IS WAITING TO SAVE YOU.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Brother! while filled with con-tri-tion, Low down at his feet you bow,
 2. Offering the cup of sal-va-tion, Sweet mer-cy up-on his brow,
 3. Come to this mer-ci-ful Sav-iour, And pay him your faith-ful vow,
 4. Free-ly and ful-ly ac-cept him, While down at his feet you bow;

Je-sus is read-y and will-ing, And wait-ing to save you now.
 Bringing a full and free par-don, He's wait-ing to save you now.
 While he is read-y and will-ing, And wait-ing to save you now.
 Do not re-fuse and re-ject him, He's wait-ing to save you now.

CHORUS.

Brother! why don't you be-lieve him? Brother! why don't you re-ceive him?
 He's wait-ing, he's wait-ing, He's wait-ing to save you now!

SOCIAL.

1004 TURN TO THE LORD.

J. INGALLS.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy ;
 3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream ;
 4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 5. Ag - o - niz - ing in the gar - den, Lo! your Sav-iour pros-trate lies ;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.
 True be - lief and true re - pent-ance—Ev - ery grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit - ness he re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of him.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
 On the blood - y tree be - hold him ; Hear him cry be - fore he dies.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va-tion ; Sound the praise of his dear name ;

Glo - ry, hon - or, ad - o - ra - tion, Christ, the Lord, will come to reign.

SOCIAL.

1005 DELAY NOT. 118.

J. INGALLS.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near, The wa - ters of

life are now flow - ing for thee ; No price is de - mand - ed, the

Sav - iour is here, Re - demp - tion is pur - chased, sal - va - tion is free.

- 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 pardoning blood ?
- 3 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.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand ;
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid ?

T. HASTINGS.

SOCIAL.

1006

LET HIM COME IN.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Be-hold, a stranger at the door, He gen - tly knocks, has knocked before ;
 2. O love - ly at - ti - tude—he stands With melting heart and o - pen hands ;
 3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will, the ver - y friend you need ;
 4. Rise, touched with gratitude di - vine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine—

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still ; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
 The friend of sin - ners? yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry!
 That soul - de - stroy - ing monster, sin, And let the heavenly stran - ger in.

CHORUS.

Let him come in, Let him come in, Let the dear
 Let him come in, Let him come in,

Sav - iour en - ter in ; Lin - ger no more ; but o - pen the
 Lin - ger no more,

door, And let the dear Sav - iour en - ter in.
 O - pen the door,

From "GATES OF PRAISE," by per.

SOCIAL.

1007 CHILD, YOUR FATHER CALLS.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come home, dear sin-ner, while the light Is beam-ing on your way ;
 2. Come home, dear sin-ner ; by the cross Your Sav-iour waits for you ;
 3. Come home, dearsin-ner, while you may, The church is call - ing too ;
 4. Come home, dearsin-ner, Je - sus' blood Can wash out ev - ery stain ;

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The door stands o - pen wide to-night, Re-turn while yet you may.
 He'll cleanse a - way your earth - ly dross, And make you hap - py too.
 With ear - nest faith be - gin to pray, And all will wel - come you.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood Of him who once was slain.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, dear child, come home, Your Fa-ther bids you come ;

Come home, come home, this night come home, O wea - ry wanderer, come.

SOCIAL.

1008 SCARCELY SAVED.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Scarce - ly saved! O what a word! 'Tis the lan-guage of the Lord;
 2. Scarce - ly saved! a warn - ing hear; Rouse thee, sin - ner! judg-ment's near;
 3. Scarce - ly saved! if saved at all; Sin - ner, hear the Sav-iour's call;
 4. Scarce - ly saved! O sin - ner, hear! Christ, the great Phy-si - cian's near;

Scarce-ly saved the right-eous are; Sin - ner, where wilt thou ap - pear?
 Je - sus waits to save thee now, At his foot-stool hum - bly bow.
 Come with all your guilt and sin, Christ will free - ly take you in.
 Wilt thou now this truth be - lieve? "On - ly look to Christ and live."

From "GATES OF PRAISE," by PER.

CHORUS.

Scarce-ly saved! O sin - ner, hear it! Scarce-ly saved! O sin-ner, fear it!

Fly to Je - sus, while you may, He will wash your sins a - way.

SOCIAL.

1009

WHY NOT BE SAVED TO-NIGHT?

I. BALTZELL.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the light ;
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long - de - lud - ed sight ;
 3. Our God in pit - y lin - gers still ; And wilt thou thus his love re - quite ?
 4. The world has nothing left to give ; It has no new, no pure de - light ;

From "SONGS OF GRACE," by per.

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart ; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to - night ?
 This is the time ; O then be wise ! Thou wouldst be saved, why not to - night ?
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will : Thou wouldst be saved, why not to - night ?
 O try the life which Christians live ; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to - night ?

REFRAIN.

Why not be saved to - night? . . . Why not be saved to - night?
 to-night?

Rit. to the end. *p* *pp*
 Why not to - night? Why not to - night?
 Why not be saved to - night? Why not be saved to - night?

SOCIAL.

1010 HE WILL SAVE YOU.

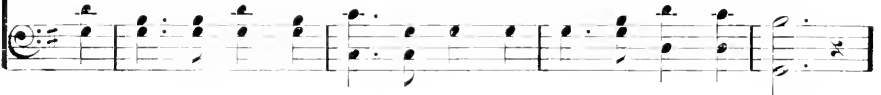
Arr. by W. G. FISCHER.



1. Come, wanderer, come, re - trace thy steps, In sin no long - er roam ;
2. Though grieved and wounded by thy sin, His mer - cies o'er thee yearn,
3. Lo! all these years he's sought in vain To win thy heart to peace ;
4. "The fat - ted calf" shall then be slain, And mu - sic charm thine ear ;



Thy Fa - ther calls, with plead - ing voice, Come home, dear child, come home.
 His Spir - it longs and groans with - in, To hail thy safe re - turn.
 O come thou back, from sin re - frain, And let thy wandering cease.
 Thy Fa - ther's house shall joy a - gain, And heaven thy wel - come cheer.



CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now!



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.



SOCIAL.

1011 JOHN, THREE, SIXTEEN.

E. E. NICKERSON. Arr.

1. Once I was a lost one, and did not know the way, My eyes they were
 2. On rough surg - ing bil - lows my faint - ing soul was tossed, My sins were like
 3. And now Je - sus saves me, he makes my life a joy, His love Je - sus

blind - ed, 'twas dark when 'twas day; I read in the Bi - ble that
 mountains, I knew I was lost; My soul cried for Je - sus, just
 gives me, yes, love without al - loy; He saves anx - ious sin - ners, he

Je - sus is the way, For sin - ners lost, and sheep that go a - stray,
 then I heard his voice, He said, Ac - cept my peace, be - lieve, re - joice,
 makes them just and clean, Now read it for your - self, John, three, six - teen.

CHORUS.

'Twas Jesus my Saviour who died on the tree To purchase salvation for sinners like me;

His blood is a fountain, and all men may know He cleanses the vilest, yes, whiter than snow.

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SOCIAL.

1012

THE PLEADING VOICE.

I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.

1. I - of - ten heard a plead - ing voice, My in - most soul with - in ;
 2. A - las! I oft - en closed my ear, And steeled my stubborn heart ;
 3. My out - ward life seemed glad and gay, But still I had no rest ;
 4. At length I yield - ed, and found peace, And he for - gave my sin ;
 5. O bring to him thy burdened soul, How - ev - er much op - pressed ;

It bade me make my God my choice, And flee the ways of sin.
 The ten - der voice I would not hear, Nor from my sins de - part.
 And still the slight - ed voice would say, "In God thou may'st be blest."
 And now, soft whis - pers nev - er cease, Of peace and joy with - in.
 His whispering voice will make thee whole, And give thy conscience rest.

From "GATES OF PRAISE," by PER.

CHORUS. *Not too Loud.*

How ten - der its tone, . . . Like a whis - - per it came ;
 How tender its tone, How tender its tone, Like a whisper, Like a whisper it came ;

Softly.

Whether thronged or a - lone, . . . It was ev - - er the same.
 Whether thronged or alone, Whether thronged or alone. It was ever, It was ever the same.

SOCIAL.

1013 PARDON FOR ALL.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my
 2. Then free grace a-woke me by light from on high; I cried, "Je-sus,
 3. My ter-rors all van-ish-ed be-fore that sweet name; My guilt-y fears
 4. Dear Je-sus, dear Je-sus, my treas-ure and boast; Dear Je-sus, dear

dan-ger, and felt not my load; I flew to the cross when I
 save me, O save, or I die!" He heard my deep plead-ing, he
 banished, with bold-ness I came To him who had saved from the
 Je-sus, I ne'er can be lost; This watchword shall be my last

heard Je-sus call, "Come, poor, trembl-ing sinner, there is par-don for all."
 an-swered my call; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is par-don for all.
 curse of the fall; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is par-don for all.
 song when I fall; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is par-don for all.

REFRAIN *ff*

Par-don for all; pardon for all; Bless the name of Jesus, there is pardon for all.

From "SONGS OF GRACE," by per.

SOCIAL.

1014 KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

I. BALTZELL.

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed calls, "O - pen, my
 2. The door is closed—why should it be, When he is
 3. "A - rise!" I hear him call a - gain; I yield him

love, my bride;" I hear him knock - ing at the door,
 stand - ing there? O could I hear that plain - tive cry!
 all my heart; No long - er will I make de - lay;

A sound I've oft - en heard be - fore, Yet kept him still out - side.
 O could I see that pity - ing eye! That look I could not bear.
 En - ter, O Lord, with - in I pray, And nev - er - more de - part.

CHORUS.

O the Sav - iour is standing at the door, (at the door,) Gently knock - ing

as he knocked before; (at the door,) Let him now en - ter in; He will

From "SONGS OF GRACE," by per.

SOCIAL.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.—Concluded.

cleanse the heart from sin; O sin-ner, let the Sav-iour en-ter in.

1015 JESUS SPOKE PEACE TO MY SOUL.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I'll sing of a theme most sublime, No sor-row my song can con-trol;
2. My Sav-iour redeemed me from sin, He saves not in part, but the whole;
3. Resigned to his pleasure I'll live, Till time's lat-est cir-cle shall roll;
4. He bids us leave all for his sake, I'll run till I reach the blest goal;

From "SONGS OF GRACE," by per.

I'll sing of the rapt-ur-ous time When Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.
 He writes his sal-va-tion with-in,— For, O he spoke peace to my soul.
 His ut-most sal-va-tion re-ceive, For, O he spoke peace to my soul.
 Then me to his arms he will take, O there will be peace to my soul.

CHORUS. Arranged.

O happy, happy day, When my sins were washed away, And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

SOCIAL.

1016

SOWING THE TARES.

M. A. LEE.

Slow. To be sung as a Solo.

1. Sow - ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow - ing of
 2. Sow - ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a
 3. Sow - ing the tares, that bring sor - row down, Robs of its
 4. Sow - ing the tares un - der cov - er of night, Which might have been

mal - ice, spite, and de - ceit, We might have sown ro - ses a -
 curse with life's sweet - est hymn, And heed - ing no an - guish, no
 jew - els life's fair - est crown; And turn - ing to sil - ver the
 wheat, all gold - en and bright; O heart, turn to God with re -

mid life's sad cares. While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
 pit - e - ous prayers, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
 once gold - en hairs, Grown whit - er and whit - er as we sowed the tares.
 penitance and prayers, And plead for for - give - ness for sow - ing the tares.

REFRAIN.

Sowing the tares, Sowing the tares, We plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares.

From "Rescue Songs" Used by per.

SOCIAL.

1017

HAVE YOU THE GARMENT OF WHITE?

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The King bids you come and par - take of the feast ; For all there is
 2. O will you be speechless when questioned by One, Who of - fered you
 3. Dear friend, are you read - y to meet the great King, And join in the

room ev - en un - to the least. But if you would en - ter the
 mer - cy through Je - sus, his Son? Who o - pened a fount - ain that
 an - them the glo - ri - fied sing? O will you be wel - come with-

pal - ace so fair, The pure wedding garment you sure - ly must wear.
 sin - ners be - low Might wear a bright garment as spot - less as snow?
 in that pure home, Where none but the white-robed are suf - fered to come?

CHORUS.

O have you the garment of white, brother, If called to the banquet to - night,

The beau - ti - ful garments of white, brother, They wear in the pal - ace of light ?

SOCIAL.

1018

"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

A. S. KEIFFER.

1. When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - i - lee fell, And
 2. The storm could not bur - y that word in the wave, 'Twas
 3. When the spir - it is bro - ken with sor - row and care, And
 4. When the judg - ment is near - ing, and dark is the day; When

lift - ed its wa - ters on high, And the faith - less dis - ci - ples were
 taught through the tempest to fly; It shall reach his dis - ci - ples in
 com - fort is read - y to die; Then the dark - ness shall pass, and the
 clouds have o'er - shad - ed the sky; In the dark - ness and gloom, un - to

D. S. In the midst of the storm, In the

bound in the spell, Je - sus whis - pered, "Fear not, it is I."
 ev - er - y clime, Saying, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
 sun - shine ap - pear, By the life - giv - ing word, "It is I."
 thee he will say, "Fear not now, look and see, it is I."

midst of the gloom, Fear not, trembling ones, "It is I."

CHORUS.

D. S.

"It is I," "It is I," Fear not, trembling ones, "It is I."
 "It is I," "It is I," "It is I."

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SOCIAL.

1019

O HAPPY DAY.

ENGLISH.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God ;
 2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love!
 3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
 4. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart! Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest ;
 5. High heaven hath heard the solemn vow ; That vow renewed shall daily be ;

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
 Let cheer-ful an-thems fill his house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
 He called me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
 Here have I found a no-ble part, Here heavenly pleas-ures fill my breast.
 Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless the bond that sav-eth me.

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 ;

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!

SOCIAL.

1020

SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

F. D. BARNES.

1. Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, O what bliss to know Dwell - ing in his
2. Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, all in him I find, Earth - ly friends and
3. Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, seek - ing not my own, Yield - ing sweet o -
4. Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, naught my heart al - lures, Faith each promise

pres - ence will sweet peace be - stow ; Learn - ing of him dai - ly, walk - ing
pleas - ures I can leave be - hind, All the world can of - fer of its
be - dience to his will a - lone ; Trusting in his lov - ing care what -
claim - ing end - less joy se - cures ; Though the grave my sleep - ing dust a -

by his side, With this bless - ed fel - low - ship I am sat - is - fied.
pomp and pride ; With the love of Je - sus I am sat - is - fied.
e'er be - tide, In his arms re - pos - ing I am sat - is - fied.
while should hide, In his like - ness wak - ing I'll be sat - is - fied.

REFRAIN.

Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, rest - less long - ings still'd ;

Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, with his Spir - it filled.

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SOCIAL.

1021 REJOICE, HIS NAME IS JESUS.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1. "I bring you ti - dings of great joy," For Je - sus comes to save his own ;
2. Just at the door, with lift - ed hand, He stands and knocks—would enter in ;
3. No oth - er friend can bless as he— You've welcomed others, all the way ;
4. Be - set - ting sins to Christ will yield, Through him all self will find a grave ;
5. And pu - ri - ty is his free gift, Thus sav - ing to the ut - ter - most ;

Yes, Je - sus comes, though Lord of all, For you he leaves his heavenly home.
 Who welcomes Christ, with heart and soul, Will prove that Je - sus saves from sin.
 The friends you've had were not like him ; He's ev - er true, by night and day.
 And all this dead - ly strife will cease, As Je - sus proves his power to save.
 And by the Ho - ly Spir - it's power, He gives to us our Pen - te - cost.

REFRAIN

Re-joyce, his name is Je - sus, for he saves ; Re-joyce, his name is
 he saves ;

Je - sus, for he saves, . . . For he saves, For he
 he saves, he saves,

saves, For he saves his peo - ple from their sins.
 he saves, from their sins.

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SOCIAL.

1022

THE NEW SONG.

J. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them
 3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra - cious
 4. I will sing, will sing till that cit - y bright, With its fair foun-

blithe as a bird . . . in spring; But the song I now sing is so
 oft 'mid the din . . . of strife; But I know of a home that is
 Mas - ter has made . . . me glad? When he tells us of man-sions that
 da - tions shall come . . . in sight; Then I'll sing that oth - er and

full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the dark-ness drear.
 won - drous fair, And far sweet - er than these will the strains be there.
 he will bring When he comes in his glo - ry to be our King?
 sweet - er song, As I en - ter there with the rap-tured throng.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

O the new, new song, O the new, new song, I will
 O the new, new song, O the new, new song,

sing it soon, With the ran - somed throng: Pow-er and do-
 I will sing, yes, soon With the ransomed, the ransomed throng:

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SOCIAL.

THE NEW SONG.—Concluded.

min-ion to him that shall reign ; Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
that shall reign ;

1023 SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

J. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love.

Thanglows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN

O there's sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul.

roll ; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll ;

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SOCIAL.

1024 WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM.

C. M. SEAMANS.

f

1. We've 'list - ed in the cause of right, We're working with the Lord,
 2. Great is the work we have to do, But yet we're not dis-mayed,
 3. We're loy - al to the cause we love, And loy - al to the name
 4. O may we ev - er loy - al be, And full of zeal - ous care

f

We're liv - ing in the bless - ed light, And trust - ing in his word ;
 We know our Lord will help us through, He will our ef - forts aid ;
 Of him who sits en - throned a - bove, Who al - ways is the same ;
 For those a - round us whom we see In dark - ness and de - spair ;

mf

We're pledged to fol - low where he leads, And go where he shall send,
 This world is full of sin and blight, The har - vest time is near,
 The same who died on Cal - vary's mount That sin - ners might be free,
 A lit - tle while to work and wait And then his form we'll meet,

f

And make our words, and thoughts and deeds, Sub - mis - sive to him bend.
 Then let us la - bor for the right, And nev - er doubt or fear.
 And o - pened up the glo - rious fount That all may cleans - ed be.
 He'll o - pen wide the pearl - y gate And all his chil - dren greet.

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SOCIAL.

WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

p

We are work - - ers with him, . . . We are work - - ers with
 We are workers to-geth-er, Yes, workers to-geth-er, We're workers together, to-

ff

him, To build up the cause of right-eous-ness, And
 geth-er with him, To build up the cause of right-eous-ness, And

mf

pull down the strongholds of sin; We are workers to-geth-er with
 pull down the strongholds of sin; We are work - - - ers to-

him, We are work-ers to-geth-er with him, To
 geth-er with him, We are work - - - ers to-geth-er with him, To

rit.

save the lost and way-ward ones, To gath-er the sin-ners in.

SOCIAL.

1025

WHITER THAN SNOW.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole : I want Thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat ; I wait, bless - ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait ; Come now, and with -

ev - er to reign in my soul ; Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice ; I give up my - self, and what
 Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate ; To those who have sought thee, thou

out ev - ery foe ; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 see thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow ; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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SOCIAL.

1026

CONSECRATION.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to thee ;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee ;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for thee ;
4. Take my will, and make it thine ; It shall be no long - er mine ;
5. Take my love—my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treasure - store!

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my heart—it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee!

CHORUS

Wash me in the Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, the pre - cious blood,

Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the heal - ing flood.

Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

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SOCIAL.

1027

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

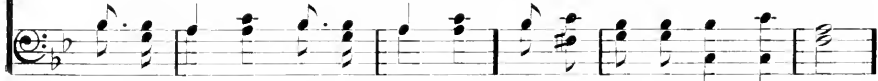
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Man the life - boat! Man the life-boat! Strong and short a-bove the roar,
2. Man the life - boat! Man the life-boat! Fog and night and cru - el sea,
3. Man the life - boat! Man the life-boat! Cour-age fel - low men!'tis he,
4. Man the life - boat! Man the life-boat! Think how once on breaking deck



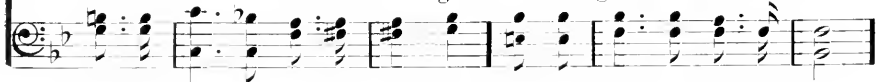
Sounds the or - der to the watch-ers On the tem-pest-beat - en shore.
 All the odds of death a-gainst them, And e - ter - nal jeop - ard - y.
 Guid - ing us to your de - liver-ance, Once that trod the Gal - i - lee!
 Thou didst stand a - gha-st, till Je - sus Brought thee from the lurching wreck.



Hark! a - gain the guns ap - peal - ing! Sig - nals burn for swift re - lief;
 Thou, who bid'st us dare the surg - es, Stay us at the struggling oar!
 Lo, the church that carrieth Je - sus, Not death's flood-gates shall o'erwhelm;
 To the oars then! O Re-deem - er, Let thy heart thro' through our hand.



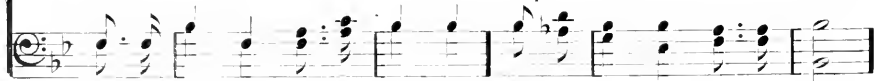
There are men and wives and chil-dren, Fac-ing death, on yon-der reef!
 Nay! go with us to the res - cue! Shall they sink in sight of shore?
 Scourging storms but urge us shore-ward, Life and Love are at the helm!
 Till the souls in mor - tal dan - ger Find through thee the sol - id land.



f CHORUS.



Man the life-boat! Man the life - boat! Help, for Christ's sake, them that drown!



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SOCIAL.

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!—Concluded.

In the per - il of great wa - ters, Let them not go down!

1028

OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN TO ME.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. In - to thy store-house, O Lord, I come, Bring-ing my tithes to thee;
2. Now I will prove thee, herewith, O Lord; Emp - ty I come to thee,
3. Glo-ry to Je - sus! he hears my prayer; Blessings of peace have come!

O - pen the windows of heaven, O Lord, And pour out a bless-ing on me.
All that I have I now consecrate, Thine, evermore, Lord, I would be.
Showers of blessing now fall on me; I o - pen my heart to make room.

CHORUS.

O - pen the windows of heaven, O Lord, O - pen the windows to me;

Pour out rich blessings of peace and love. And let me catch glimpses of thee.

SOCIAL.

1029

CLOSE TO THEE.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be ;
 3. Lead me through the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea ;

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee ;
 Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee ;
 Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee ;

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

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SOCIAL.

1030 TAKE MY HEART. 8s & 7s.

SCOTCH MELODY. MARECHIO.

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it, Make and keep it all thine own ;

Let thy Spir - it come and break it, Turn to flesh this heart of stone.

Heavenly Fa-ther, deign to mould it In o - be - dience to thy will ;

And, as pass - ing years un - fold it, Keep it meek and child-like still.

1 Take my heart, O Father, take it,
 Make and keep it all thine own ;
 Let thy Spirit come and break it,
 Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
 Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
 In obedience to thy will ;
 And, as passing years unfold it,
 Keep it meek and child-like still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
 Peaceful, kind, and free from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy,
 Of this vain and sinful life.
 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
 From its sins give full release ;
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
 Guide it in the path of peace.

SOCIAL.

1031

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to thee
 2. Though com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure ;
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work with - in,
 5. And he the wit - ness gives To loy - al hearts and free,
 6. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re - deem - ing grace!

For cleans - ing in thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 Thou dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
 To per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, From him who reigns a - bove.
 By add - ing grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
 That ev - ery prom - ise is fulfilled, If faith but brings the plea.
 All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness!

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

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SOCIAL.

1032 COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! O joy su - preme - ly sweet!
 2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear
 3. I'm lean - ing on his lov - ing breast, A - long life's wea - ry way;
 4. I know his shel - tering wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread;

Com - pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete:
 The soft - est whis - pers of his love In fel - low - ship so dear,
 My path, il - lu - mined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day;
 And though the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread,

In un - ion with the pur - est one, I find my heaven on earth be - gun.
 And feel his great Al - might - y hand Pro - tects me in this hos - tile land.
 No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al - might - y Friend so near.
 My peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of thy wings."

REFRAIN

O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

SOCIAL.

1033 SWEETLY I'M RESTING IN JESUS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweetly I'm rest-ing in Je - sus, Trusting my Sav-iour and Lord ;
 2. Sweetly I'm rest-ing in Je - sus, Plunged in the life - giv-ing flood,
 3. Sweetly I'm rest-ing in Je - sus, Glo - ry-light beams on my way,
 4. Sweetly I'm rest-ing in Je - sus, Safe on his bo-som re - lined ;

Cast - ing my soul on his mer - cy. Lean - ing up - on his word ;
 Bathed in the sea of re - demp - tion, Washed in the cleansing blood ;
 Brightening my path through the dark-ness. Chas - ing the clouds a - way ;
 To - kens of per - fect sal - va - tion. Full - ness of joy I find ;

Bear - ing the cross through toil and pain, Counting as loss all earth - ly gain ;
 Pas - sive - ly ly - ing at his feet, Learning the bliss of love complete ;
 Feed - ing in pas - tures green and fair, Drinking from fountains flow - ing there ;
 Pur - er and clear - er all the way, Shin - eth the light of per - fect day ;

Knowing the faithful a crown shall obtain, Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.
 Wait - ing his pleasure, what - ev - er is meet, Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.
 Ten - der - ly guarded by his lov - ing care, Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.
 Ho - ly the rapture, triumphant the lay, Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.

D. S. Blessed assurance, his name be adored. Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.

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SOCIAL.

SWEETLY I'M RESTING IN JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Sweet - ly rest - ing, Firm - ly trust - ing his word ;
 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus, my Lord, Firmly I'm trusting, be - liev - ing his word ;

1034 O GLORIOUS LIBERTY.

F. S. STANTON.

1. O glo - rious lib - er - ty di - vine, O bless - ed gift from heaven ;
2. No more can Sa - tan by his arts, En - chain the soul, or bind ;
3. The ap - pe - tite for sin is gone, And in its place, so sweet,
4. Chil - dren we are and sons of God : The heirs of glo - ry blest ;
5. The glo - ry of his face doth shine In - to our hearts so free ;

The free - dom from all stain of sin, Un - to the Christian given.
 For Je - sus holds the heart by love, When we this free - dom find.
 Is given a love to do his will, And all his bid - ding greet.
 We rest by faith in his blest will, And wait e - ter - nal rest.
 Our Sav - iour leads us all the way To end - less vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

O glo - rious lib - er - ty of God, So sweet and full and free :

I will by grace in this a - bide, Un - til his face I see.

SOCIAL.

1035

THE HAVEN OF REST.

G. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And faith tak - ing
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
 4. How precious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like John the be -
 5. O come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient - ly waits To save by his

sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D.S. The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

“Make me your choice;” And I en - tered the “Ha - ven of Rest!”
 anchored my soul; The “Ha - ven of Rest” is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the “Ha - ven of Rest!”
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the “Ha - ven of Rest!”
 “Ha - ven of Rest,” And say, “My Be - lov - ed is mine.”

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I've anchored my soul in the “Haven of Rest,” I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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SOCIAL.

1036

WELCOME FOR ME.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the
 3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Though a -

wandered, my Sav-iour, from thee; But thy dear lov - ing voice called me
 bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am filled with the light of thy
 round me the surg - es may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel - come for me.
 pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
 day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Welcome for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me;

Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee, in thee.

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SOCIAL.

1037

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. I have found repose for my wea-ry soul, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
 3. O the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;



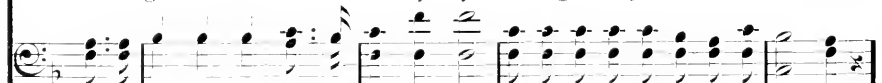
And a harbor safe when the bil-lows roll, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 O the strength and grace only God can give, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.



I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
 I can smile at grief, and a-bide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
 Who-so-ev-er will may be saved to-day, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;



I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And the loss of all shall be highest gain, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And begin to walk in the ho - ly way, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.



REFRAIN.



Resting on his mighty arm for - ev - er, Nev-er from his loving heart to sev - er,



From "SONGS OF GRACE," by PER.

SOCIAL.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.—Concluded.

I will rest by grace in his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

1038 TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL.

I. D. SANKEY.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - ery day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way ;
2. Brightly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine ;
3. Singing, if my way is clear ; Pray - ing, if the path is drear ;
4. Trusting him while life shall last, Trust - ing him till earth is past ;

Ev - en when my faith is small, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 While he leads I can - not fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for him call ; Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by ;

Trust - ing him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

SOCIAL.

1039 BRETHREN, WHILE WE SOJOURN.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. Brethren, while we so-journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear ;
 2. In the way, a thousand snares Lie to take us un - a-wares ;
 3. But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mis - lead our feet,

Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end ;
 Sa - tan, with ma - li - cious art, Watch - es each un - guard - ed heart.
 Nor be - tray us in - to sin, Like the foes that dwell with - in ;

For - ward, then, with cour - age go ; Long we shall not dwell be - low ;
 But from Sa - tan's mal - ice free, Saints shall soon de - liv - ered be ;
 Yet let noth - ing spoil your peace, Christ shall al - so con - quer these :

Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child," your Fa - ther calls, "Come home."
 Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child," your Fa - ther calls, "Come home."
 Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child," your Fa - ther calls, "Come home."

CHORUS.

"Come home," . . . "Come home," . . .
 "Come home, come home, Come home. come home," Thy Fa - ther

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SOCIAL.

BRETHREN, WHILE WE SOJOURN.—Concluded.

"Come home," . . . "Come home," . . . "Come

calls, "Come home, come home, Come home, come home, Come

home,"

home, come home," Thy Fa - ther calls "Come home."

1040

AWAKE, AND SING.

Arranged.

1. Awake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb! Wake

Wake every heart and

every heart and every tongue To praise the Saviour's name,

Wake every heart and every tongue To praise the Saviour's name.
Wake every heart and every tongue

every tongue, Wake every heart and every tongue

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

SOCIAL.

1041

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

I. BALTZELL.

1. Sow - ing the seed when the day has be - gun, Sow - ing the
 2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side so dry, Sow - ing the
 3. Sow - ing the seed of the heav - en - ly grain, Sow - ing the
 4. Sow - ing the good seed up - on the good ground, Sow - ing where

seed in the noon - day sun; Sow - ing the seed till the
 seed where the hard rocks lie, Sow - ing the seed where the
 seed in sor - row and pain; What at the judg - ment
 tears of con - tri - tion are found; Sow - ing where faith, hope and

day is all done, What will the har - vest be?
 thorns grow so high, What will the har - vest be?
 will be the gain? What will the har - vest be?
 love will a - bound, Souls will the har - vest be.

From "GOLDEN SONGS," by PER.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing in time . . . for e - ter - - - - ni - ty,

Sowing in time for e - ter - ni - ty, Sowing in time for e - ter - ni - ty,

SOCIAL.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?—Concluded.

What will the har - - vest be?

What will the har-vest be? what will it be? What will the har-vest be?

1042 TRUSTING COMPLETELY IN JESUS.

E. O. BUTTERFIELD.

CAN BE SUNG AS A DUET.

1. Trusting completely in Je - sus, Leaning up - on his word,
 2. Trusting completely in Je - sus, Wan-der-ing here un - known,
 3. Trusting completely in Je - sus, Ev - er my prayer shall be,

Rest-ing assured that his prom - ise Giv - eth a just re - ward.
 Seek-ing the home of my Sav - iour, Guid-ed by faith a - lone.
 Lead me and guide me in safe - ty, Let me still trust in thee.

CHORUS.

Trusting completely in Je - - - sus, Leaning up - on his word;
 Trust - - ing com-plete-ly in Je - sus,

Rest-ing as-sured that his prom - ise, Giv-eth a just re - ward.

From "THE SONG BANNER," by J.W.P.

SOCIAL.

1043 UNDER HIS WING.

F. S. STANTON.

Not too fast.

1. Un - der the shadow of his wing, There saints may sweetly a - bide,
 2. Un - der the shadow of his wing, Safe from temptation's fierce ray,
 3. Un - der the shadow of his wing, Want they can nev - er know,
 4. Un - der the shadow of his wing, Through days of weakness and pain,
 5. Un - der the shadow of his wing, In the dark judg - ment hour,

There they may shout, re - joice and sing, There they in safe - ty hide.
 There all their tears and trou - bles bring, Saints in the tem - pest stay.
 Re - ceiv - ing rich - es of their King, Fall - ing like dew be - low.
 Whispers of love the an - gels bring, Their courage to sus - tain.
 Songs of de - liv - erance there to sing, Crown - ed with life and power.

CHORUS.

Un - der his wing, O refuge sweet, Hap - py and safe re - treat.

Under his wing, O refuge sweet, safe retreat;

Under his wing, O refuge sweet, Hap - py and safe re - treat.

Under his wing, O refuge sweet,

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SOCIAL.

1044 THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.

Spirited.

1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo-ple say,
 2. The signs fore-told in the sun and moon, In earth, and sea, and sky;
 3. It must be time for the wait-ing church To cast her pride a-way;
 4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a-stray.
 5. Go quick-ly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad high-way,

The stars of heaven are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
 A-loud pro-claim to the race of men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.
 With gird-ed loins and burning lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
 Who once were happy in Je-sus' love, And looking for the breaking of the day.
 And call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be ready for the breaking of the day.

CHORUS.

O it must be the breaking of the day, O it must be the breaking of the day.

The night is almost gone, The day is coming on, O it must be the breaking of the day.

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SOCIAL.

1045

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. On time's tem-pest-u-ous o - cean wide, A gal - lant ship set sail ;
 2. Oft tem-pests have as - sailed her fierce, The storm-y winds rose high ;
 3. Now soon will she be safe - ly moored, Fast an-chor-ed in the bay ;

And out in - to the rag - ing tide She stood be - fore the gale ;
 And dark have been the mountain waves That tossed her near the sky ;
 And all her gal - lant crew on shore, Will keep a fes - tal day ;

Well fit - ted to a - bide the storm, And an - gry wa - ters' foam.
 But o'er them all, with stead - y helm, She on - ward pressed her way ;
 And long their songs of joy shall rise, Be - neath high heav-en's dome—

And bring the cap - tives that she bore, Un - to their ha - ven home.
 Her com - pass true un - to the pole, Guides her to end - less day.
 They've passed the stormy sea of time, They've reached their haven home.

CHORUS.

Sail on, proud ship! though thy white sails dip, And the tempests loud-ly roar ;

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SOCIAL.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.—Concluded.

With Pi - lot true, thou wilt land thy crew, Safe on the e - ter - nal shore.

1046 BEAUTIFUL ZION. Ss.

1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I love,

Beau-ti - ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti - ful tem-ple — God its light ;

He, who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.

- 1 Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple — God its light ;
He, who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.
- 2 Beautiful city, filled with light,
Beautiful strains clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir ;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there ;
Thither I rest with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ, our King,
Beautiful songs the saints shall sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home in perfect peace ;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see—
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

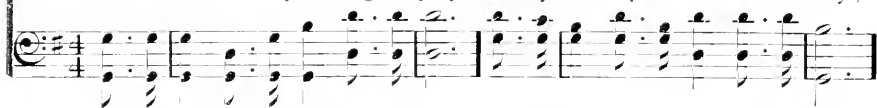
SOCIAL.

1047 GOING HOME BY-AND-BY.

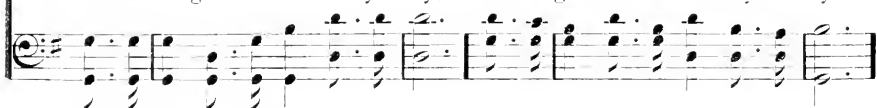
A. T. GORHAM.



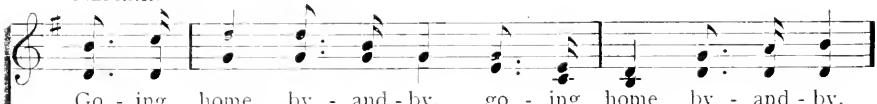
1. We have heard the glad tidings of joy, And our voices we lift up - on high;
2. Long and wea-ry the journey has been; In our path has been ma-ny a sigh;
3. With the lost ones of earth we shall meet When the trumpet of God rends the sky;
4. Hasten, Saviour, thy coming we pray. Bid thy saints upward mount to the sky;



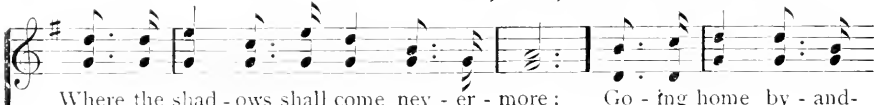
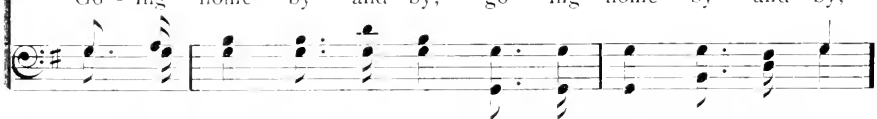
Here's a-dieu to each vain earthly toy— We are all go - ing home by-and-by.
 From this dark land of sor-row and sin We are all go - ing home by-and-by.
 Clad in garments of beau-ty complete, They are all go - ing home by-and-by.
 Ush - er in glad e - ter - ni-ty's day, Come and gather us home by-and-by.



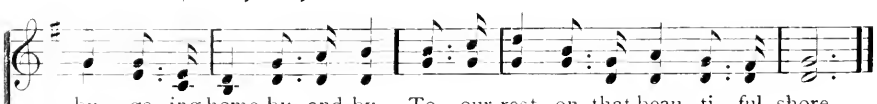
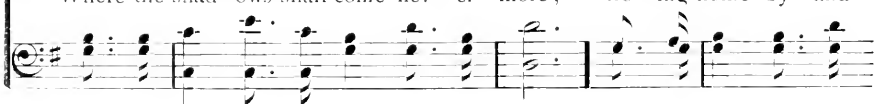
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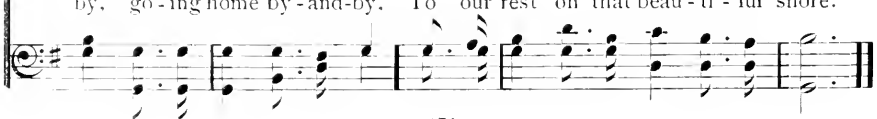
Go - ing home by - and - by, go - ing home by - and - by,



Where the shad - ows shall come nev - er - more; Go - ing home by - and -



by, go - ing home by - and - by. To our rest on that beau - ti - ful shore.



SOCIAL.

1048

EDINBURG. 11s.

E. L. WHITE.

1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near, Our glorious De - liv-'rer will soon, soon appear ; In clouds of bright glory t' our rescue he'll come, And angels will hail us to Eden, our home. Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

- 1 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
Our glorious Deliverer will soon, soon appear ;
In clouds of bright glory to our rescue he'll come,
And angels will hail us to Eden, our home. Hallelujah, etc.
- 2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear ;
With harps tuned celestial, our voices we'll raise
To Jesus our Saviour, in accents of praise. Hallelujah, etc.
- 3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near!
'Tis the voice of th'archangel methinks that I hear,
Arousing the nations, awaking the dead
From their cold dusty pillows, where long they have laid. Hallelujah, etc.
- 4 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
Rejoice then, ye pilgrims, and be of good cheer ;
The promised possession we soon shall receive,
And with Jesus in glory eternally live. Hallelujah, etc.

SOCIAL.

1049 ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

P. PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet-ly sol-ern thought Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny mansions be ;
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down ;
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink,

I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.
 Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And near - er to the crown.
 For I am near - er home to - day, Per - haps than now I think.

CHORUS.

Near - er my home, Near - er my home, Near - er my

home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

Used by per. of Brelow & Mann Co.

SOCIAL.

1050

SOME SWEET MORN.

F. D. BARNES. Arranged.

1. Some-sweet morn the day shall break, Nev-er-more to sink in night;
 2. Some-sweet day the end shall come To our part-ing and our pain;
 3. Some-sweet morn we'll see his face, And we shall be sat - is - hed;

Some sweet morn we shall a - wake, 'Mid the ev - er - last - ing light.
 Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev-er-more to part a - gain.
 Some sweet day in his em - brace, We shall ev - er - more a - bide.

CHORUS.

We are wait - - - ing for the turning of the morning, We are
 We are wait-ing

watch - - - ing for the breaking of the dawn; Morn of morns, . . . O
 We are watching Morn of morns, O

haste thy glad ap-pear-ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on.

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SOCIAL.

1051 GATHERING HOME.

I. BALTZELL.



1. We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great ju - bi - lee ;
2. We'll all gather home in the morning, Our bless - ed Redeemer to see ;
3. We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper sea,
4. O hasten, thou bright, coming morning, We're waiting and longing for thee ;



We'll all gath - er home in the morn - ing, What a gather - ing that will be !
 We'll meet with the true and the faith - ful, What a gather - ing that will be !
 We'll meet all the pure and redeemed ones ; What a gather - ing that will be !
 Thy glo - ri - ous light, earth a - dorn - ing — What a morn - ing that will be !



CHORUS



What a gather - ing, gather - ing, gathering that will be !
 What a gathering that will be, that will be, What a gathering that will be, that will be !



What a gather - ing, gather - ing, What a gathering that will be !
 While the an - gels sing, we'll all gather home,



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SOCIAL.

1052 EVERGREEN PLAIN.

I. BALTZELL.

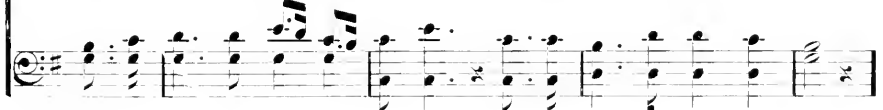
Moderato.



1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, In that clime where saints will dwell?
 2. Shall we meet where flowers are blooming, Ev - er fade-less, ev - er fair?
 3. Shall we meet our loved com - pan - ions, On that brighter, fair - er shore?
 4. Yes! we'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Yes! we'll meet up - on that shore.



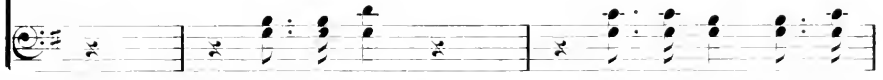
Shall we meet where friendship nev - er Will the tale of sor - row tell?
 Where the light of day, il - lum - ing, Falls on all who en - ter there?
 When the work of faith is end - ed, Shall we meet to part no more?
 Yes! we'll meet our loved and lost ones— There we'll meet to part no more.



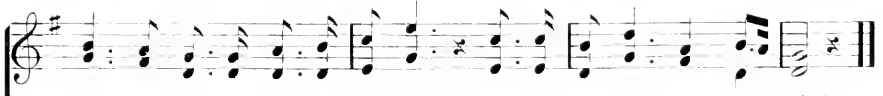
CHORUS.



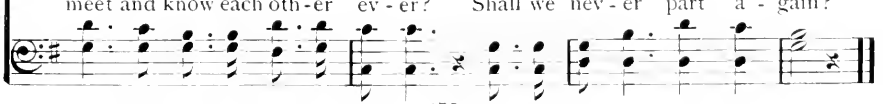
Shall we meet, . . . shall we meet, . . . Shall we
 Shall we meet, shall we meet,



meet on the ev - er - green plain? Shall we meet, Shall we



meet and know each oth - er ev - er? Shall we nev - er part a - gain?



From "SONGS OF GRACE," BY F. C. B.

SOCIAL.

1053

MEET ME THERE.

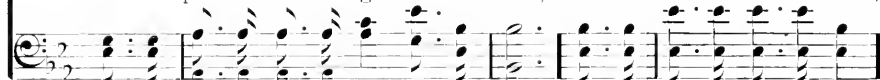
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. On the hap - py, gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,
2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain ; Dear - est links are rent in twain,
3. Where the harps an - gel - ic ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,



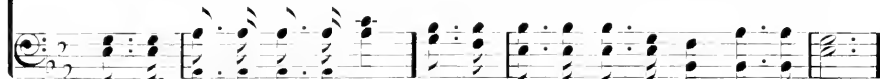
When the storms of life are o'er, meet me there ; Where the night dissolves a-way
 But in par - a-dise no pain—meet me there ; By the riv - er sparkling bright,
 In the pal - ace of our King—meet me there ; Where in sweet communion blend,



In - to pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home for aye—meet me there.

In that cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight, meet me there.

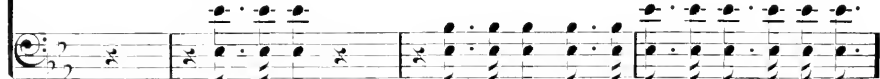
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In the world that ne'er shall end, meet me there.



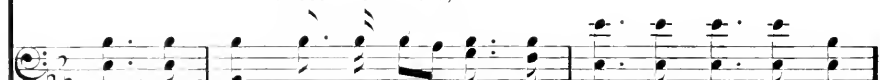
REFRAIN.



Meet me there, meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming,
 Meet me there, meet me there,



Meet me there, Meet me there, When the storms of life are o'er,



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SOCIAL.

MEET ME THERE.—Concluded.

On that hap - py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, meet me there.

1054

THE NEW SONG.

SOUTHERN MELODY. Arranged.

1. When the great ju - bi - lee shall come, Then we'll sing the new song,
2. When the long night of sin shall close, Then we'll sing the new song,
3. When the glad shout shall rend the sky, Then we'll sing the new song,
4. When sor - row, pain and death are o'er, Then we'll sing the new song,
5. Where all will be im - mor - tal, fair, There we'll sing the new song,

And Christ shall take his ransomed home, Then we'll sing the new song.
 And life's fair day shall end our woes, Then we'll sing the new song.
 "O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry?" Then we'll sing the new song.
 And sighs and tears shall be no more, Then we'll sing the new song.
 When blood-washed robes are ours to wear, Then we'll sing the new song.

CHORUS.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the new song.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the new song.

SOCIAL.

1055

WHAT A GATHERING!

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home,
 2. When the an - gel of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,
 3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid - den comes to light,
 4. When the gold - en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands pro-claim

We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, crys - tal sea;
 We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, glad - ly see,
 When the Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see, we shall see,
 In tri - umph-ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee,

When the Lord him-self from heav-en to his glo - ry bids them come,
 Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright, ce - les - tial shore,
 At the bid-ding of our Saviour, "Come, ye bless - ed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

What a gath - ering of the faith - ful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - - - ering, gath - - - ering,

What a gathering of the loved ones, when we'll meet with one another, At the

From "SONG TREASURY," by PER.

SOCIAL.

WHAT A GATHERING !—Concluded.

What a gath - - ering,

sounding of the glorious jubilee, jubilee! What a gathering, when the friends and all the

gath - - ering,

dear ones meet each other. What a gathering of the faith-ful that will be!

1056 HOME. 7s & Ss.

G. E. LEE.

1. Home, when life's rough voyage is o'er; Home, when sor - row comes no more;

Home, beyond death's swelling tide, For - ev - er by the Sav - iour's side.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Home, when life's rough voyage is o'er;
Home, when sorrow comes no more;
Home, beyond death's swelling tide,
Forever by the Saviour's side.</p> | <p>3 Parted ones shall gather there,
Joy and bliss forever share;
There shall death be known no more,
Nor feared at all on that blest shore.</p> |
| <p>2 Home, where trials ne'er can come,
Grief and anguish find no room;
There, with joy, the raptured throng,
Swell loud and clear redemption's song.</p> | <p>4 Glorious prospect! heavenly rest,
There with all the pure and blest;
Soon will that bright morning come,
When all the saints shall rest at home.</p> |

SOCIAL.

1057 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

R. LOWRY.

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 angel 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 twin - ing, 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 lingers, "We shall know each oth - er there!"

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SOCIAL.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Shall we know . . . each oth - er? Shall we know . . . each oth - er?
 *We shall We shall

Shall we know Shall we know

Shall we know . . . each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?
 We shall We shall

Shall we know

* For last two stanzas.

1058

DIX. 78, 61.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. { When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain? }
 { Oft shall glow-ing hope as - pire, Oft shall wea-ried love re - tire, }

Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

- 1 When shall we all meet again?
 When shall we all meet again?
 Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath the hostile sky;
 Though the deep between us rolls,

- Friendship shall unite our souls,
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the King of kings shall come,
 And we hear the glad "Well done!"
 When the resurrected throng
 Upward mount with shout and song,
 Where the saints immortal reign,
 There may we all meet again.

SOCIAL.

1059

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER.

F. S. STANTON.

1. We shall know each oth - er there, In the E - den of God's love,
 2. All the sa - cred friendships here Which have grown in wondrous way,
 3. We shall know each oth - er there : Once a - gain, yea, ev - er - more
 4. Yet our Sav - iour shall be first, And our love shall round him cling,

When the pres - ent world is past, And the Sav - iour from a - bove
 Nur - tured by the Spir - it now, Love which strengthened day by day,
 We shall clasp the friendly hand On the gold - en, shin - ing shore.
 As our eyes be - hold him near, And our cease - less songs we sing ;

Comes to gath - er all his own Who have toiled and prayed and sighed,
 High a - bove all hu - man love, Love di - vine, and love from heaven,
 Dear ones we have missed so long We shall find in that bright land,
 Prais - ing him whobroughtus there, He our end - less theme shall be,

Bear - ing sweet - ly all the griefs And the ills this life have tried.
 With their cor - dial joy or tear Help - ing us, in mer - cy given.
 And our loved ones ne'er shall fade When we join that deathless band.
 Not a sigh for souls condemned, CHRIST our joy, e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

We shall know each oth - er there, When earth's tri - als all are o'er,

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SOCIAL.

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER.—Concluded.

And the Sav - iour is our King, On that bright and deathless shore.

1060

SAFE WITHIN THE VALE.

Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. "Land a-head!" Its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fadeless green ;
 2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding, See! the bless-ed wave their hands ;
 3. There, let go the anchor, rid - ing On this calm and sil-very bay ;
 4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta - tion, All the storms of life are past ;

And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God re-sound-ing From the bright, im-mor-tal bands.
 Sea-ward fast the tide is glid-ing, Shores in sun-light stretch a - way.
 Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, We are safe at home at last!

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore :

Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vale!

SOCIAL.

1061 JUST OVER THERE.

E. O. BUTTERFIELD.

1. O the thought of life e - ter - nal, o - ver there, Free from
 2. Liv - ing streams and shad - y bow - ers, o - ver there, Gold - en
 3. When our la - bor for the Mas - ter here is o'er, And we

toil and strife for - ev - er, free from care, With the Saviour's love and
 beams and fadeless flowers bright and fair, Raptured themes by an - gel
 land in safe - ty on that gold - en shore, With the faith - ful praise the

mer - cy ours to share, O - ver there, o - ver there, just o - ver there.
 choirs we shall share, O - ver there, o - ver there, just o - ver there.
 Lord for - ev - er more, O - ver there, o - ver there, just o - ver there.

rall. *rit.*

CHORUS.

O - ver there, just o - ver there, just o - ver there,
 O - ver there, just o - ver there,

There's a beau - ti - ful home, just o - ver there.

rit.

From "The Song Banner," by per.

SOCIAL.

1062

WE'LL STAND BY THAT STREAM.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which flows through the
 2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which glad - dens the
 3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Where nev - er a
 4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, The Riv - er of

sweet E - den land; Its wa - ters gleam bright in the
 cit - y of God; It flows from the throne of the
 sor - row is known; Where an - gels shall stand with the
 Life is its name; When sor - rows are o'er, we will

heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er bright, gold - en sand.
 Fa - ther a - lone, And spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
 ev - er - saved band, And walk in the light of the throne.
 stand on its shore, And loud our sal - va - tion pro - claim.

CHORUS.

We'll stand by that beautiful stream, . . . We'll stand by that beautiful stream, . . .
 Stand by that beautiful stream, Stand by that beautiful stream.

Its wa - ters so brightly flowing, so free; We'll stand by that beautiful stream.

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SOCIAL.

1063 WATCHING AND WAITING.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I will watch and wait for the morning's dawn, That will end the
 2. I will watch and wait till the storm is o'er, And a light shines
 3. I will watch and wait, for 'twill not be long Ere I strike glad

night of each wea - ry one; I will sing my song as the
 out from the gold - en shore; Then the Lord will say, "Wea - ry
 hands with the blood-washed throng; Then I'll shout and sing while the

days go by, Marching on - ward still to my home, so nigh.
 wan-d'rer, come To the land of rest, to thy bliss - ful home."
 a - ges roll, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath redeemed my soul!

CHORUS.

I am wait - - - ing for the dawn - - - ing,
 I am wait-ing for the dawning of that bright and glorious day. When the

wait - - - ing for the dawn - - - ing,
 storm of life is o - ver, and the mists have rolled a - way; I am

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SOCIAL.

WATCHING AND WAITING.—Concluded.

wait - - - ing for the dawn - - ing, Waiting for the break of day.
waiting for the summons that shall call me to my home,

1064

I'M GOING HOME.

G. E. LEE.

1. I'm go - ing home ; the ti - dings come, And sweetly 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 glo - rious man - sions made for me, 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.

SOCIAL.

1065 THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

A. HULL.

1. My soul with rap - ture waits for thee, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 2. Thy ra - dant fields and glow - ing skies, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade! Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 4. O who would dwell for - ev - er here, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!

My home be - yond the roll - ing sea, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 Too pure and bright for mor - tal eyes, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 Like morn - ing dew or even - ing shade, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 With joy, un - fad - ing joy so near, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!

TRIO.

I long to sing thy pleas - ures o'er, The beau - ties of thy tran - quil shore,
 Be - side the liv - ing stream that flows, The wea - ry heart shall find repose.—
 Yet when we reach thy gold - en strand, Our gen - tle Sav - iour's prom - ised land,
 O may I live, that I may wear, A star - ry crown for - ev - er there,

Where pain and sor - row come no more, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 Thy pearl - y gates shall nev - er close, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 We'll sing with all the an - gel band, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 And breathe thy sweet and balm - y air, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
 Beautiful vale of rest! Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!

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SOCIAL.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.—Concluded.

rit. poco.

My soul with rap - ture longs for thee, O beau - ti - ful vale of rest.

1066 THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Arr. by REV. J. S. NORRIS and R. K. CARTER.

Slow.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with him through the garden, I'll go with him through the garden,
3. I'll go with him through the judgment, I'll go with him through the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
 I'll go with him through the garden, I'll go with him—with him all the way.
 I'll go with him through the judgment, I'll go with him—with him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me—with me all the way.

CHORUS.

Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,

Where he leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with him, with him, all the way.

SOCIAL.

1067

LET YOUR GARMENTS BE ALWAYS WHITE.

G. K. A.

1. Are your garments al-ways spot-less? Are they washed in Je - sus' blood?
 2. Let no an - ger soil their beau-ty, Let no bit - ter - ness re - main;
 3. Let all pride of love and glo - ry, Gold and fame be washed a - way;
 4. O then ev - er keep your garments Whit - er than the driv - en snow,

Do they al - ways keep the cleansing Of the pu - ri - fy - ing flood?
 O be sure no trace of en - vy Leaves up - on your robes a stain.
 Trembling heart, your fears and doubtings 'Neath the pool of cleans-ing lay.
 Wear the roy - al robes of heav - en While you tar - ry here be - low;

Do they nev - er show the soil-ing Of your sins up - on their white?
 Let no love of world-ly pleas-ure Cast un - ho - ly shad-ows there,
 Nev - er af - ter try to find them, They are lost beneath the tide;
 That through yonder pearl-y por - tals Joy - ful en-trance you may win,

Will they al - ways bear the searching Of the Ho - ly Spir - it's light?
 Ful - ly cleanse them from the mil - dews Of anx - i - e - ty and care.
 Christ would have you all your shrinking In this pre - cious fountain hide.
 Clothed in raiment cleaned for - ev - er From the fin - ger-prints of sin.

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SOCIAL.

LET YOUR GARMENTS BE ALWAYS WHITE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Let your gar - ments be spot - less, Al - ways pure and bright ;
then be ev - er spotless,

Through the precious blood of Je - sus Keep them ev - er clean and white.

1068

HE LOVED ME SO.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the cross for me ;
2. So glad I am that he is mine,—So glad that I with him shall shine :
3. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my all to thee ;
4. And when my Lord shall bid me come, And join with loved ones round the throne,

He paid the might-y debt I owe : He died be-cause he loved me so.
I'll trust in him for this I know, He died be-cause he loved me so.
My all, for this I sure - ly know, He died be-cause he loved me so.
I'll sing, as through the gates I go, He died be-cause he loved me so.

REFRAIN

He loved me so, he loved me so, He died be-cause he loved me so.
He loved

SOCIAL.

1069

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

D. F. HODGES.

1. Oppressed with noon-day's scorching heat, To yon - der cross I flee ;
 2. Be - neath that cross, clear wa-ters burst—A fount - ain sparkling free ;
 3. A stran - ger here, I pitch my tent Be -neath this spreading tree ;
 4. For bur-dened ones a rest - ing place, Be -side that cross I see ;

Be - neath its shel - ter take my seat : No shade like this for me !
 And there I quench my des - ert thirst ; No spring like this for me !
 Here shall my pil - grim life be spent ; No home like this for me !
 I here cast off my wea - ri - ness : No rest like this for me !

REFRAIN.

No shade like this for me,	No shade like this for me.
No spring like this for me,	No spring like this for me.
No home like this for me,	No home like this for me.
No rest like this for me,	No rest like this for me.

No shade like this for me,	No shade like this
No spring like this for me,	Nospring like this
No home like this for me,	No home like this
No rest like this for me,	No rest like this

Be - neath its shel - ter take my seat : No shade like this for me !
 And there I quench my des - ert thirst ; No spring like this for me !
 Here shall my pil - gim life be spent : No home like this for me !
 I here cast off my wea - ri - ness : No rest like this for me !

for me, for me, No shade like this for me!

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SOCIAL.

1070

A "CONVENIENT SEASON."

F. A. BLACKMER.

DUET.

1. "At some con-ven-ient sea-son," a young man said, "I
 2. "A few more days of pleas-ure," a maid-en said, "And
 3. Un-to a feast in-vi-ted, a dy-ing world A
 4. But Je-sus long has wait-ed, is wait-ing still, Sal-

sure-ly mean to seek the Lord; When I have got-ten
 I will seek the liv-ing way; But now, while youth and
 Sav-iour's love has long a-bused; And man has scorned his
 va-tion full and free to give; O plead not vain ex-

rich-es and gained a name, And time I bet-ter can af-ford."
 beau-ty, and health are mine, I'll taste the world and still be gay."
 mes-sage and strangely said, "I pray thee," Lord, "have me excused."
 cu-ses this sol-lemn hour, But turn un-to the Lord and live.

REFRAIN.

A more convenient season will never come, There's danger in further delay;

O wait not for the morrow that may not come, Nor harden your hearts to-day.

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SOCIAL.

1071 THE MEETING IN THE AIR.

C. H. GABRIEL.

1. Have you heard of the ap-point-ment for a meet - ing in the air?
 2. You have heard on earth sweet singing, but no sing - ing such as here;
 3. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing this great meet - ing will take place;

Some of ev - ery tribe and na - tion are ex - spect - ed to be there.
 You have heard vic - to - rious shouting, but no shouts so loud and clear;
 And the King whose name is Je - sus, will per - fect his wondrous grace;

In the gar - ments of sal - va - tion, young and old will be arrayed.—
 For they all are made im - mor - tal, who a - round the Sav - iour stand;
 He will bid his ho - ly an - gels go and gath - er all his own;
D. S. Yes, we've had an in - vi - ta - tion, and have prom - ised to be there,

FINE

Made from heav - en's roy - al pat - tern, and the robes will nev - er fade.
 They have left the gloom - y por - tals for the prom - ised bet - ter land.
 And in these, his roy - al char - iots, they will mount up to the throne.

And with bound - ing hearts are wait - ing for the meet - ing in the air.

CHORUS.

We have had an in - vi - ta - tion, and have prom - ised to be there,

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SOCIAL.

THE MEETING IN THE AIR.—Concluded.

D. S.

And with bound-ing hearts are wait - ing for the meet - ing in the air ;

1072

OUR COMING LORD.

R. KELSO CARTER,

1. He's com-ing back to earth again, Our dear a-s-cend-ed Lord, Surrounded by the
 2. No more the one despised of men, Re-ject-ed by his own ; We'll see him when he
 3. He'll come with radiant glory crowned To bid the dead arise ; While mighty shouts and
 4. He's coming back his Bride to claim, And lo, the day draws near ; O ye, who love the

heavenly train, By ser - a-phim a - dored ; No more the babe of hum-ble birth, He comes a-gain, On his im-pe-rial throne, While shining hosts around him sing The trumpet's sound shall rend the vaulted skies, And from the slumbering nations all His Saviour's name Look up, he'll soon be near. Your hopes will reach fru-i-tion when The

CHORUS.

comes a King to reign on earth. Roll on . . . mighty song, . . . Re-demp - tion for praise of our triumphant King. Yes, roll on, mighty song, hear it now own will wak-en at his call. Lord re-tur-ns to earth a - gain.

men. . . . it will not belong, Our Lord is com-ing back a - gain. for all men! hear it now,

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SOCIAL.

1073

JESUS IS PASSING BY.

C. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus is pass-ing this way, my friend, Pass-ing by, pass-ing by!
 2. Je - sus is pass-ing this ver - y day, Pass-ing by, pass-ing by!
 3. Je - sus is pass-ing—He calls for thee, Pass-ing by, pass-ing by!

O wilt thou not to the cry at-tend? Je - sus is pass-ing by!
 Hasten thy heart at his feet to lay— Je - sus is pass-ing by!
 Calleth, "My child, wilt thou come to me?"— Je - sus is pass-ing by!

Je - sus of Naz - a-reth comes this way, Hasten. O soul, for he comes to-day ;
 Ah, is he not all thy friends a-bove? Gladly then give him thy heart's best love ;
 List to his bidding so soft and sweet, Haste thee with steps that are glad and fleet ;

Go forth to meet him without de - lay, For Je - sus is pass-ing by.
 Fly to his breast like a storm-tossed dove, For Je - sus is pass-ing by.
 At his dear side find a joy complete, For Je - sus is pass-ing by.

FINE.

D. S. Go forth to meet him without de - lay, For Je - sus is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - - - sus is pass-ing by, Je - - - sus is pass-ing by :
 Je - sus is passing, is pass-ing by, Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing by :

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SOCIAL.

1074 ALL HE HAS DONE.

S. J. VAIL.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. O come, let us sing of his mer - cy, His grace which so long we have known ;
 2. O let us give praise for sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion so great and so free ;
 3. What love ! O what love he has shown us ! Through all the dark, dangerous way ;
 4. We 'll praise him forever and ev - er ; We 'll praise him who gave us his Son ;

And praise him for ev - er - y bless - ing, And all that for us he has done.
 For what he has done to re - deem us, E'en dy - ing up - on the cursed tree.
 By day and by night watching o'er us, To keep us from go - ing a - stray.
 We 'll praise him who now is our Sav - iour, For all that for us he has done.

CHORUS.

All he has done, all he has done. And praise him for all he has done ; . . .
 all he has done ;

All he has done, all he has done, And praise him for all he has done . . .
 has done.

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SOCIAL.

1075

HO! EVERY ONE THAT IS THIRSTY!

L. J. RIDER.

1. Ho! ev - ery one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev - ery
 2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bond-age? Wea - ry of
 3. Child of the king-dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth - ing but

one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the fount-ain, there's
 earth-joys, so false, so un-true; Thirst - ing for God, and his
 full - ness thy long - ing can meet, 'Tis the en - due-ment for

full - ness in Je - sus, All that you're long-ing for, come and be glad.
 full - ness of bless-ing? List to the prom-ise—a mes-sage for you.
 life and for ser - vice; Thine is the prom-ise, so cer - tain, so sweet.

CHORUS.

I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst - y, I will pour

floods up - on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gifts I am

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SOCIAL.

HO! EVERY ONE THAT IS THIRSTY !—Concluded.

bring - ing, While ye are seek - ing me, I will be found.

1076

GOD IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. From ev - ery dan - ger, doubt and fear, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee ;
 2. From fierce temptations, sub - tle snares, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee ;
 3. Then trust him e' en thro' flood and flame, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee ;
 4. When passing thro' the val - ley chill, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee ;

His might - y presence ev - er near, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 His love is swift - er than thy prayers, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 He liv - eth ev - er - more the same, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 His love will be a - round thee still, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.

CHORUS.

He is a - - - ble, He is a - - - ble, A - ble to de - liv - er thee ;
 a - ble to de - liv - er, a - ble to de - liv - er.

He is a - - - ble, He is a - - - ble, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 a - ble to deliver, a - ble to deliver,

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SOCIAL.

1077

THE OLD PILGRIM'S SONG.

A. T. GORHAM.

1. For ma - ny years we've journeyed on in this our pilgrim path ; We've blown the
 2. We've followed down time's devious path on good old Daniel's line ; We've almost
 3. Full ma - ny of our wait-ing band have laid their ar-mor by ; They looked a-

trump in As - ke - lon, and told our tale in Gath ; The world has scorned and
 reached the day of wrath and rec - om-pense di - vine ; The might-y stone ere
 cross to Canaan's land, but death, a - las ! was nigh. The trump of God will

mocked us sore, and cast our words a - way ; But Je - sus Christ is com - ing,
 long will strike—earth's kingdoms pass away ; For Christ the Lord is com - ing,
 short - ly rend their graves that dot the way ; For the Lord of life is com - ing,

CHORUS.

No matter what men may say. Com-ing in his glo - ry to bring the better day ;

Coming in his glo - ry to reign on earth for aye ; Coming in his glo - ry to
 O yes, he's

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THE OLD PILGRIM'S SONG.—Concluded.

take our reproach away :—The blessed Christ is coming, No matter what men may say.

1078 THE KING'S WEDDING MARCH.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Saints a - rise! in grace a - bound - ing, Hark! the wedding march is sound - ing ;
2. In the sky his flam - ing ban - ner, Lift your heads and shout ho - san - na!
3. Trumpets sounding, sev - en thun - ders, Open - ing heavens, crown - ing won - ders ;
4. Marching legions, heav - ens trem - ble, Sol - diers of the cross as - sem - ble!

Read the times with quick dis - cern - ing, See the signs of Christ's re - turn - ing.
 Saints of God the trum - pet hear - ing, Lo! be - hold, the Bridegroom near - ing!
 Ush - er in the con - sum - ma - tion, Mys - tery, merged in rev - e - la - tion.
 Lightnings flashing, thunders peal - ing, Je - sus comes, his power re - veal - ing.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, quickly come! Bless - ed hope, O wondrous sto - ry,

Je - sus and the coming glo - ry ; Hal - le - lu - jah! O Lord, quick - ly come!

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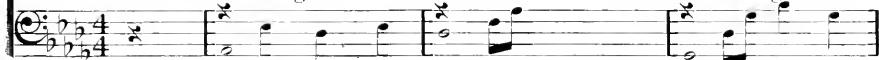
SAILING INTO HARBOR.

R. KELSO CARTER.

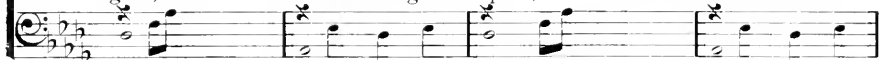
Slow.



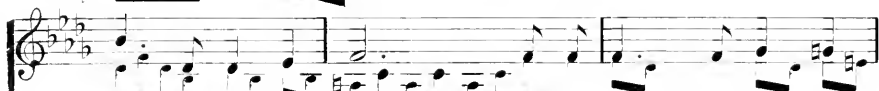
1. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, . . . Sail - ing o'er a troubled
 2. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, . . . Brothers, hear the Lord de -
 3. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, . . . And the day is sink - ing
 4. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, . . . And from out the gold - en



sea, Storms and tempests sweep around us, . . . Shoals and rocks are on the
 clare; There will be no griefs nor sorrows, . . . No more tri - als, no more
 low, But the beacon - lights of heav - en, . . . Brightly o'er the wa - ters
 gate, We can hear the an - gels' ves - pers, . . . As the storms of life a -



lee; With our chart and log and com - pass, . . . Held by
 care; No more pain and no more cry - ing, . . . List - en,
 glow; Soon we'll cross the bar for - ev - er, . . . Safe be -
 bate; Gold - en glo - ries from the cit - y, . . . Slant a -



faith's dead reck - on - ing, Homeward bound we're swift - ly
 for the Sav - iour saith, "No more sick - ness, no more
 yond the swell - ing tide, In the long - de - sir - ed
 thwart the heav - en's dome, And each balm - y sun - set



sail - ing, To the cit - y of the King,
 suffering, No more part - ing, no more death."
 hav - en, An - chored fast, se - cure - ly ride.
 zeph - yr, Whispers "One day near - er home."



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The figures refer to the Hymn, and not the Page.

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