

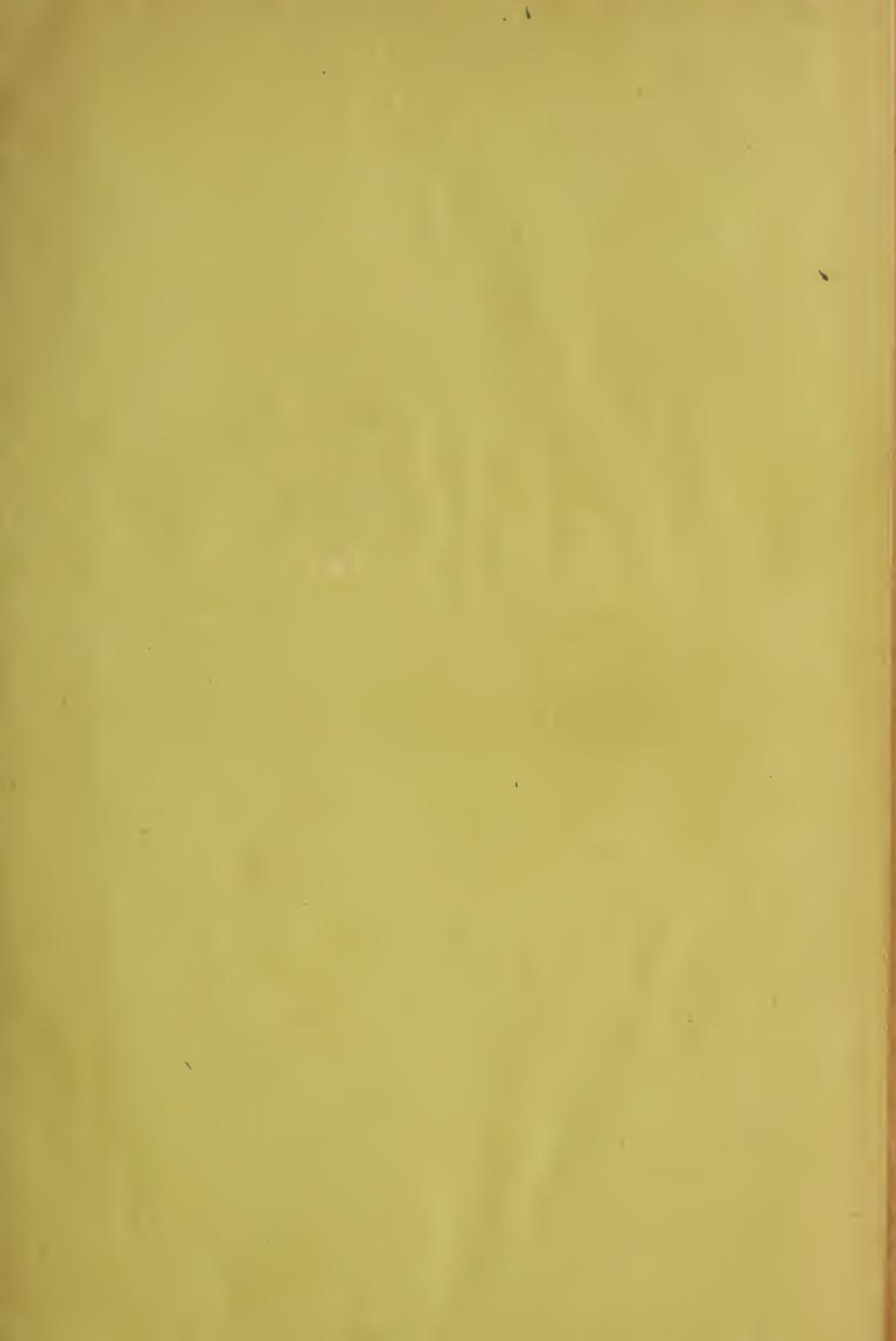
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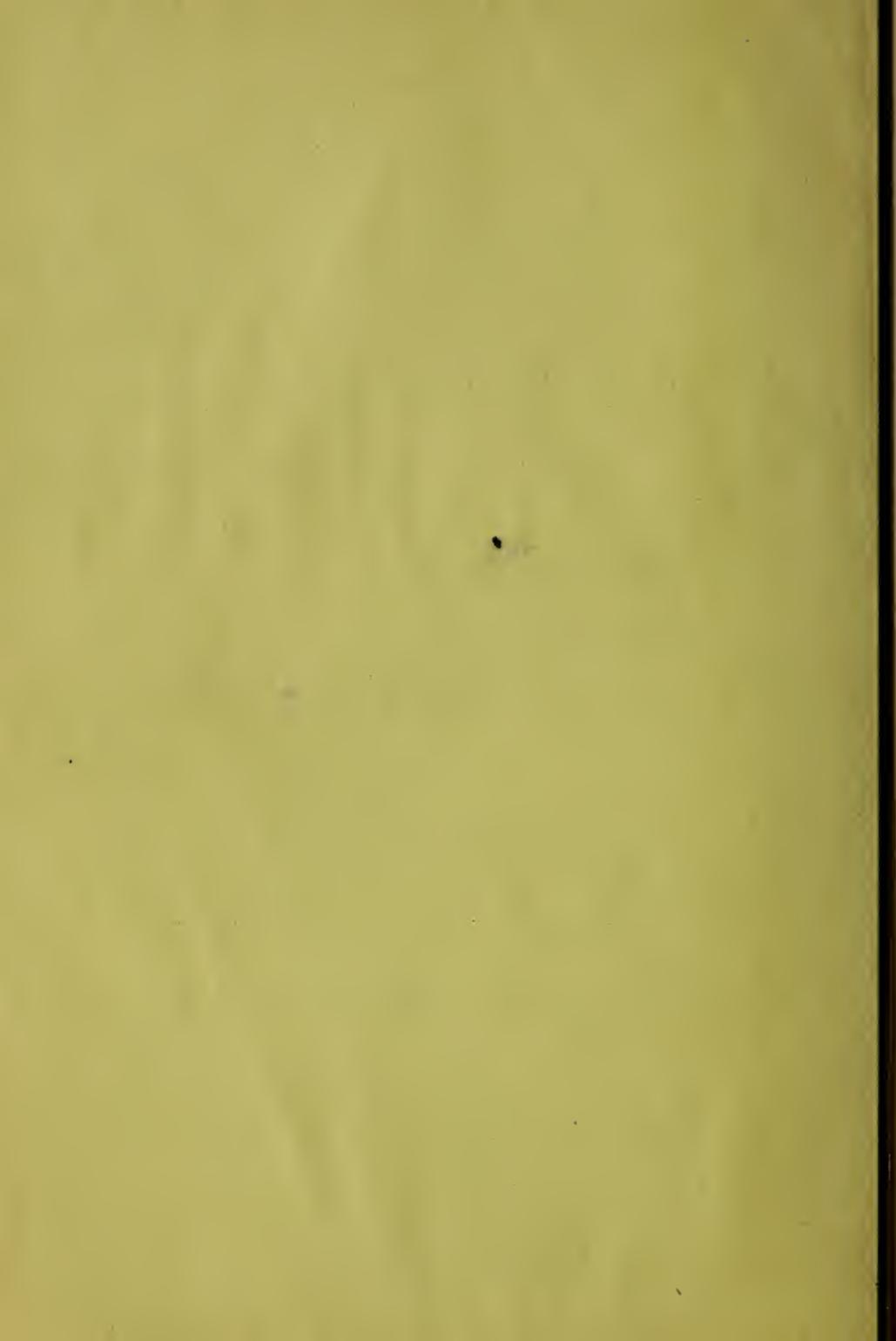
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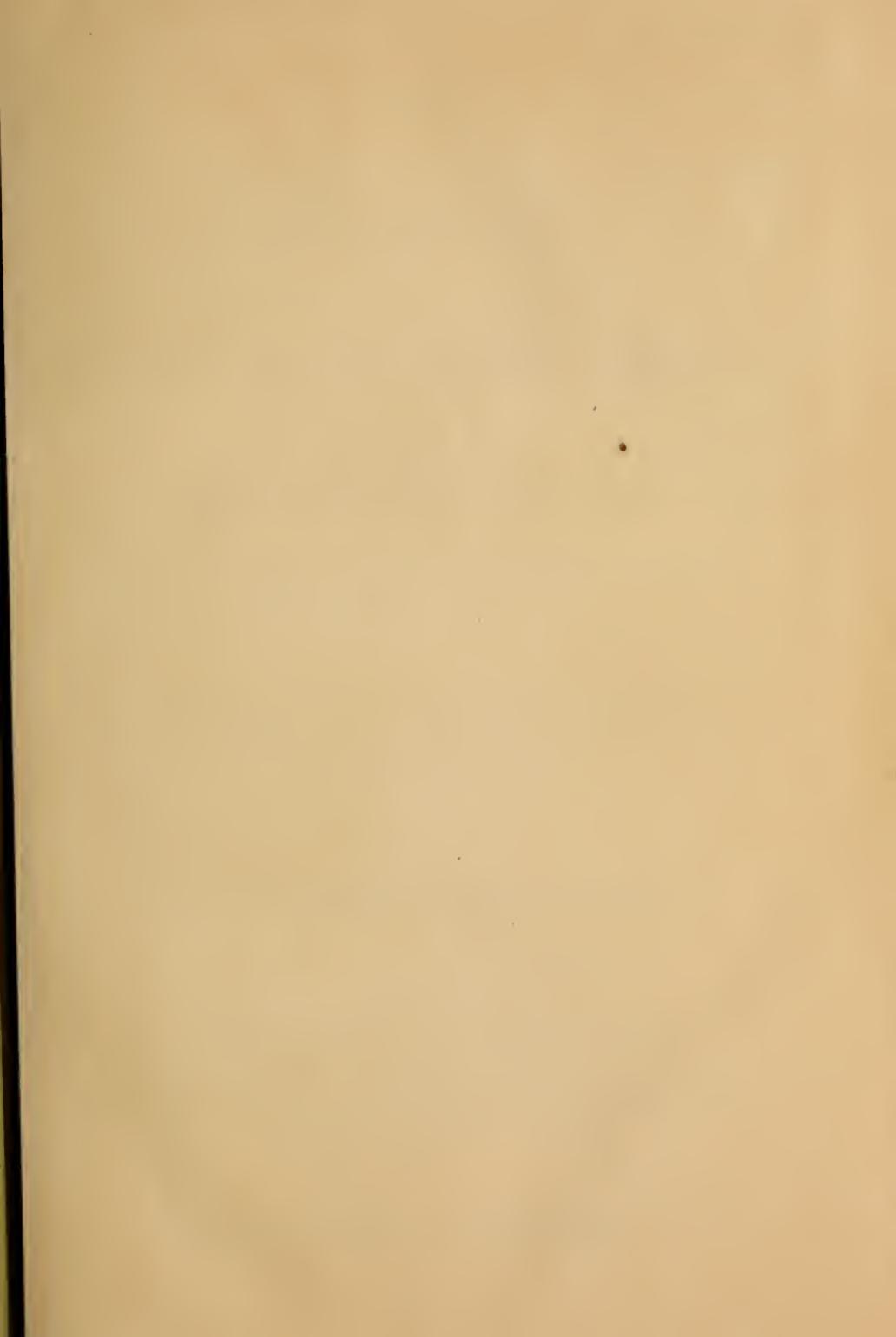
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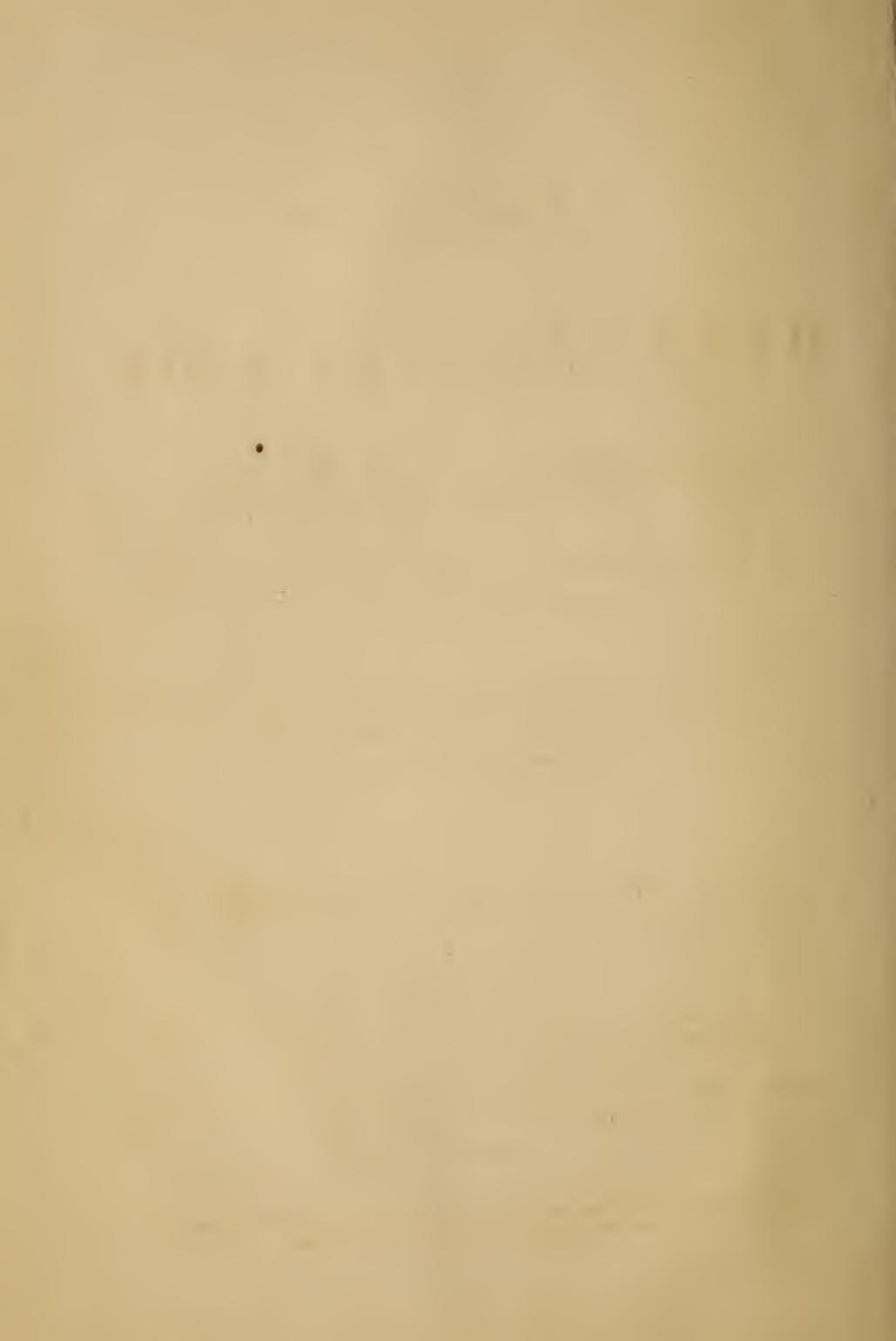
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THE

AMERICAN

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK;

CONTAINING ABOUT 1000 HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO NEARLY 300 OF THE MOST POPULAR AND USEFUL
TUNES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

FOR USE IN PUBLIC WORSHIP, PRAYER, CONFERENCE AND CAMP
MEETINGS, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, SEMINARIES, AND
THE FAMILY OR SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY

G. S. STEVENS, M. D. AND REV. W. McDONALD.

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P R E F A C E .

A growing tendency of the Churches toward the *primitive*, or *Congregational* method of praising God in his Sanctuary, is an encouraging sign to all true lovers of sacred song. Choirs are very important aids in the performance of the duty of sacred praise: but no Christian congregation has any moral right to delegate their authority and power, in this respect, to a select body of singers. A Church becomes spiritual and aggressive in proportion to the individual activity of its membership, in the various means of grace.

It is as much a Christian's duty to sing, or learn to sing, if he can, as it is to pray or speak in the house of God. When Churches undertake to praise God by *proxy*, they are but little better satisfied with the singing performances, than a hungry man to see another eat a hearty meal for him. And when the people are deprived of the privilege of joining in this delightful part of public worship, their minds are at leisure to note defects in the execution, and are devoid of that sympathy in the theme and execution which is felt by the performers. Hence, in many places, the music of the Sanctuary has come to be the common theme at the breaking up of the congregation on the Sabbath, either for vain admiration, or cold and heartless criticism. With just as much propriety might the same liberty be taken with the prayers of the minister.

The fact that the science of music is far better understood by the people now than it was twenty years ago, has much to do with the present demand for congregational singing. Since the introduction of the science of music as a branch of study in the Common Schools, the material necessary to sustain this method of singing has become quite abundant. The "*Union Prayer Meetings*," which have been held over all the world during the past few years, have banished the idea that *Organs* and *Choirs* are indispensable to the service of song in the house of the Lord.

The object kept constantly in view in the compilation of this work, is to meet the growing demand for a book suitable for all occasions on which the people meet to praise the Lord.

It is hoped that a sufficient number of *Hymns* have been selected to answer the purpose intended in the preparation of this volume. The style and sentiment of the *Hymns*, it is believed, will generally be found adapted to the tunes to which they are set. A large number of them are found in the *Methodist Hymn Book*, and such, for the sake of convenience, are correspondingly numbered. Very many useful and familiar Hymns from other collections have also been added. There will frequently be found, at each opening of the *book*, two tunes, either of which is adapted to all the Hymns upon the two pages. Commonly, one of these is a well-known tune, and the other, one which is less familiar, but equally valuable and pleasing, with some exceptions, perhaps, when once learned.

It has been thought best to introduce a few celebrated *Chorals*. We are informed that "in the German Churches, the congregation, (sometimes numbering many thousands,) sing the *Chorals* in unison, the organs playing the harmonies. The *Choral*, when performed under favorable circumstances, such as by a very large body of singers, is the grandest and most soul-inspiring of all compositions."

The "*Old Folks*" music has been inserted without the least alteration. If one begins to *harmonize* these *immortal tunes*, they generally die under the operation. To use the felicitous expression of the late Rev. D. H. Mansfield, in his *Preface* to the "*American Vocalist*," in speaking of the short-lived music of modern times—"China and Windham have acted as pall-bearers for half a century." Such an old master as Maxim might well say, "What I have written I have written." The aim has been to incorporate, in different portions of the book, a choice selection of the most delightful and popular of the old *juque tunes*. Every congregation should learn to sing the *Easter Anthem*.

Special attention has been paid to the selection of music adapted to social or vestry meetings. The tunes will undoubtedly be found to be so harmonized as not to offend the most fastidious ear. Although the arrangements of these tunes may differ somewhat from those in common use, yet the *laws of harmony* required the change.

This work will be found well adapted to Sunday Schools. The rising generation must learn to sing sacred music, if we would bring congregational singing to the proper standard.

It is presumed that this book will supply a desideratum at Camp Meetings.

We have made special arrangements with Dr. Lowell Mason to use all the tunes, of his composition, which might be desired. The selections, we have no doubt, will be approved by all lovers of sacred song. No *Hymn and Tune Book* is complete or popular without Dr. Mason's tunes.

We take pleasure in acknowledging our special obligations to Mr. F. J. Huntington, *Publisher*, for permission to use some of I. B. Woodbury's excellent tunes, from the "*Day Spring*"—a book deservedly popular, and worthy of the man whose compositions enrich its pages, and whose death is lamented by all lovers of song. Also, to Messrs. "*Brown & Taggard*," Publishers of the "*American Vocalist*," (one of the most popular music books ever published in New England,) for permission to use some of the compositions of our lamented friend, Rev. D. H. Mansfield, now in the land of song. Also, to Prof. W. B. Bradbury, for some of his best compositions. To Dr. T. Hastings, L. O. Emerson, L. T. Downes, V. C. Taylor, O. Ditson, S. Hubbard, C. W. Beames, G. F. Root, Rev. W. H. Oakley, Rev. J. W. Dadmun, Rev. W. F. Farrington, Rev. E. W. Dunbar, and others, for valuable original compositions and arrangements. Also, to Eben Tourjee, Professor of Music in the Prov. Conf. Seminary, for some fine old *Chorals*, with which these pages are enriched.

Due credit has been given for all Hymns and Tunes, the authorship of which is known.

The method of using this book cannot be better expressed than in the following language, from the Preface of the Sabbath Hymn and Tune book :

As we have already remarked, Congregational singing may be led by a Choir. It may be led by a Precursor ; yet he, if he is truly interested in his work, and if he sustain a proper relation to the congregation, would almost immediately gather around him a few aiding voices. In either case the accompaniment of an Organ, Organ Harmonium, or Melodeon, will be important. The choir, who lead, must be content to sing in a plain, simple manner, without any attempt at artistic effect. They should avoid every thing which tends to confuse the congregation or to discourage the general participation in the song ; and they should furnish a full volume of sound with which the people can readily unite. It is better that all should sing the melody, at least until the congregation become very thoroughly acquainted with it, and, under all circumstances, it is important that this part should be well sustained by men's voices. The singing of the four different parts is in fact singing four different tunes, and this causes confusion to those who have made little musical proficiency. These remarks may apply, also, in part at least, to the manner of playing the organ, which should have for its constant object the assisting of the people, all the people, in their song, and should avoid every thing having a tendency to mislead or confuse them.

Tunes should be used with which the congregation are familiar. New tunes may be introduced, one at a time, with more or less frequency, according to the facility with which the people learn them. The same tunes should be frequently repeated, since familiarity with the tune is necessary to any high degree of religious influence in the singing exercise. It is not an uncommon thing, in the German congregations, to hear the same tune to two hymns during the same service.

It is important that every one in the congregation make, and continue, the effort to unite in the singing. If a man utter no sound which can be heard even by the person at his side, a good example, at least, is set, which may encourage some one else to sing who would otherwise remain silent.

It is desirable that those who can do so should sing heartily, with open mouth and full voice, and not in the smothered, uncertain manner, which is too common, and affords poor encouragement and assistance to others.

The advantage of occasional meetings for singing need hardly be alluded to. We have reference now, not to the usual singing school, the object of which is to teach those who attend to read music, though it is most desirable that such should be encouraged, but to gatherings of all the people for the purpose of learning the tunes chiefly by rote. These should not degenerate into mere singing, but should be religious meetings. Let the hymns be sung through, and this with meaning. Success in Congregational Singing can not be expected without effort. There must be a willingness on the part of the people to make and persevere in this effort.

Finally, each one should make the song his own, assuming the words as real expressions of the inward sense of his own soul. Even although they may not always be strictly applicable to one's circumstances, yet sympathizing with others, we should surely in this universal and delightful Song Service, rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep. An esteemed writer, already quoted, in speaking of the old tunes, says : " If we would have these old tunes to perfection, we must attain more of the old-fashioned piety with which they were formerly sung." If music be substituted for religion, and singing for devotion, the best tune and the best voices will neither increase religion, nor aid devotion. Unless Congregational Singing rest upon a religious foundation, it will be like the house built upon the sand. Unless it be conducted as a religious duty and privilege, it will fail to secure its legitimate ends. But where it is attempted and pursued in a right spirit, and with proper efforts, there is no danger from the want of artistic culture.

Our prayer is that this book may serve the interests of Christ's Kingdom on earth, and all who sing from its pages may unite with the *Great Congregation* above, in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb forever.

W. McDONALD.
G. S. STEVENS.

Providence, May 8th, 1860.

AMERICAN

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

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MENDON. L. M.

1. Go, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord, Bid the whole world my grace re-ceive;
2. I'll make your great commission known; And ye shall prove my Gos-pel true,

3. Teach all the nations my com-mands, I'm with you till the world shall end;
He shall be saved who trusts my word, And he con-demn'd who won't be-lieve.
By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
All power is trust-ed in my hands,— I can de-stroy, and I de-fend.

109 *Incomprehensibly glorious.*

- 1 God is a Name my soul adores,—
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres;
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine:
But nothing like thyself appears [thine,
Through all these spacious works of
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows; [run:
From change to change the creatures
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
(1*)

- 4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their
frame;
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe;
Thy ministers are living flame.
- 5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

1. Servants of God! in joy-ful lays, Sing ye the Lord Je-ho-vah's praise;

2. Who is like God? so great, so high, He bow-ed him-self to view the sky;

His glorious name let all a-dore, From age to age, for-ev-er more.

And yet, with con-de-scend-ing grace, Looks down up-on..... the hu-man race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, forever more.

5 *Jesus Reigns.*

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sov'reign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinned, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

217 *He giveth the increase.*

1 High on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys,
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move:
With all their hearts and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear:
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

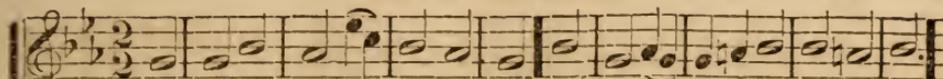
4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood and
pains,

To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

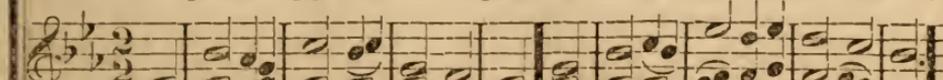
5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown:
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down,

721 *The panoply of truth.*

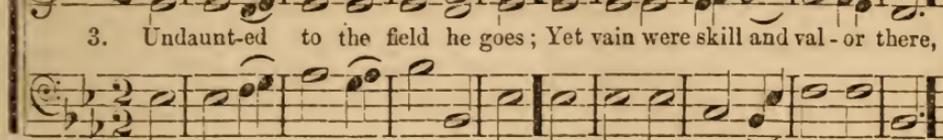
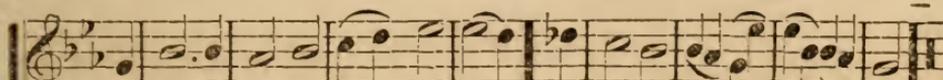
1 Behold the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod;—



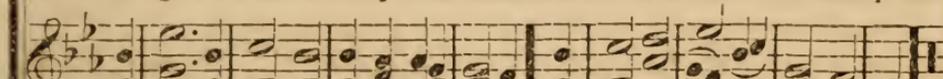
2. In pan-o - ply of truth complete, Sal-va-tion's hel- met on his head ;



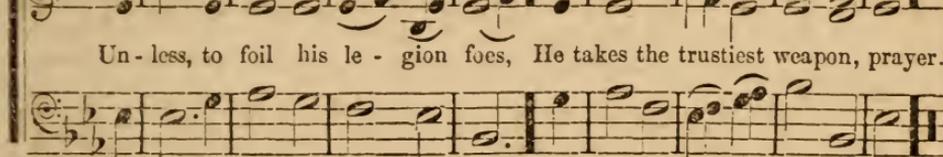
3. Undaunt-ed to the field he goes ; Yet vain were skill and val- or there,

With righteous-ness a breast-plate meet, And faith's broad shield before him spread.



Un- less, to foil his le- gion foes, He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.



4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down ;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

63 *True worship everywhere accepted.*

1 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung.
Whom kings adored in songs sublime.

And prophets praised with glowing tongue :

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

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.

4 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.

195 *The plenitude of His grace and power.*

1 O spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;

Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light :
Confusion—order, in thy path :
Souls without strength, inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

33 *Faith reveals God's presence.*

1 Not here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears ;
Nor seraph tongues responsive cry,
Holy ! thrice holy ! in our ears :—

2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veiled in serener majesty ;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.

3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls revealed,
When blind, and deaf and dumb were brought,
Lepers and lame—and all were healed :

4 Yet here, where two or three are met,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

My soul before thee prostrate lies; To thee, her Source, my spirit flies; My
My wants I mourn,

My wants I mourn, my chains I see; O let thy presence set me free.
wants I mourn, my chains I see; O let thy presence set me free.
My wants I mourn, &c.
my chains I see: O let thy presence set me free. O let thy presence set me free.

3 Already springing hope I feel,—
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.

4 One only care my soul shall know,—
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel, what endless years shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

165 *An Advocate with the Father.*

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 fulness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heaven thou art;—
O might I feel thee in my heart.

578 *For sustaining grace.*

1 My hope, my all, my Savior thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

4 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

553 *The Minister's prayer.*

1 Savior of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

1. Chastised by an in - dul-gent God, I would the kind chastisement feel ;

2. From each extreme di - vine - ly kept, The trou-ble coming from a - bove

But nev - er faint be - neath the rod, Nor desp'rate, nor in - sen - si - ble : —

I would with thank - ful awe ac - cept, And bless with tears my Fa - ther's love.

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 ;
Fulfil thy sov'reign 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 :
'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee.

890 * *His everlasting arms of love.*

1 How do thy mercies close me round !
Forever be thy Name adored ;
I blush in all things to abound ;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo ! a place he hath prepared
For me whom watchful angels keep ;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects : my fears, begone :
What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down, —
Thine everlasting arms of love.

366 *Importunate supplication.*

1 God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give ?
I only live my sin to mourn :
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days ;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employ'd,
Thine image in my soul to see :
Fill with thyself the mighty void ;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 The blessing of thy love bestow ;
For this my cries shall never fail ;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go, —
I will not, till my suit prevail.

5 Come, then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home ;
Be mindful of thy gracious word —
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

1. Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye The thousands of our Is-rael see;

2. See where o'er desert wastes they err, And neither food nor feed-er have,

To thee in their be- half we cry, Our-selves but new - ly found in thee.

Nor fold, nor place of refuge near, For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The need of all thy suff'rings these;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones!

510 *The light yoke and easy burden.*

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

436 *Salvation only by grace through faith.*

- 1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.
- 2 Save us by grace through faith alone,—
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:
- 3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

1130 *Doxology.*

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. The earth with all her ful-ness, owns Je-ho-vah for her sov'reign Lord;

2. But who shall quit this low a-bode, Who shall ascend the heavenly place,

The countless myriads of his sons Rose in-to be-ing at his word.

And stand upon the mount of God, And see his Mak-er face to face.

3 The man whose hands and heart are clean
That blessed portion shall receive;
He who by grace is saved from sin,
Shall with his God in glory live:—
He shall obtain the starry crown;
And, number'd with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

86 *Infinite in wisdom.*

1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who spreads the clouds along the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;

The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

64 *God seen in his works.*

1 There is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See—from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before him and adore.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are!

2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our approaching souls away;

Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

And we shrink back again to life, Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would the Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

774 *Hope in God.*

1 God of my strength, in thee alone
A refuge from distress I see;
O why hast thou thine aid withdrawn?
Why hast thou, Lord, forsaken me?

2 O let thy light my footsteps guide;
Thy love and truth my spirit fill;
That in thy house I may reside,
And worship at thy holy hill.

3 Then will I at thine altar bend;
My harp its softest notes shall raise,
And from my lips to heaven ascend
The song of thankfulness and praise.

4 Why then, my soul, art thou cast down?
Why art thou anxious and distress'd?

Hope thou in God, his mercy own,
For I shall yet enjoy his rest.

794 *It is I; be not afraid.*

1 When power divine in mortal form
Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,—
Lo, it is I; be not afraid.

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm:
He rules the seraph and the worm:
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know, or know him not.

4 And when the last dread hour shall come,
And shudd'ring nature wait her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead,—
Lo, it is I; be not afraid.

143 *His dying cry.*

1 'Tis finish'd! so the Savior said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head:

'Tis finish'd! yes, the race is run:
The battle fought; the vict'ry won.
2 'Tis finish'd! let the joyful sound
Be heard the spacious earth around:
'Tis finish'd! let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky

1076 *The Christian's parting hour.*

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!
2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.
5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

1093 *Day dawns on the night of the grave.*

1 Shall man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power, to save?
2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.
5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall
wake;
From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring;
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Savior and their King.

475 *Filial confidence and joy.*

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties.—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

1062 *The soul's best portion.*

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 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

Fear not; I have redeemed thee.

1 Come, weary souls with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
2 Oppress'd with guilt,—a painful load,—
O, come and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
4 Dear Savior! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

1. If Lord, I have ac - ceptance found With thee, or fa - vor in thy sight,

2. O may I hear thy warn - ing voice, And timely fly from dan - ger near ;

Still with thy grace and truth sur - round, And arm me with thy Spir - it's might.

With rev'rence un-to thee re - joice, And love thee with a fil - ial fear:

- 3 Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide:
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on every side.
- 4 O give me faith, and faith's increase;
Finish the work begun in me;
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
And let me always rest on thee.

135 *The hidings of the Father's face.*

- 1 From Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Savior! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.
- 2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep dis-
grace,—
These thou couldst bear, nor once re-
pine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;

Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

- 5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

606 *Morning and evening mercies.*

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

843 *Meekness.*

- 1 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting ;
No jars his peaceful tents invade ;
He rests beneath the' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts,—our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

278 *Rejoicing at the table, with godly sorrow.*

- 1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
The name by heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love !
- 4 Let humble, penitential woe,
In tears of godly sorrow flow ;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

408 *The only plea.*

- 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.
- 4 What shall I say thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

365 *Helpless, in sin and misery.*

- Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcast to receive :
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 2 Ah ! wherefore did I ever doubt ?
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out,—

A helpless soul, that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

- 3 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure :
I want,—do thou enrich the poor :
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 4 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight :
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might :
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

856 *Inconstancy lamented.*

- 1 When, O my Savior, shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee ?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace ?
- 2 Now I repent ; now sin again :
Now I revive ; and now am slain :
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, O ! too often wounds thy heart.
- 3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee,—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love ?

795 *His loving kindness is better than life.*

- 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.

586 *For the Savior's protection.*

- 1 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,—
From nature's every path retreat ;
Thou art my Way,—my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 2 Uphold me, Savior, or I fall ;
O reach me out thy gracious hand :
Only on thee for help I call,—
Only by faith in thee I stand.

1. Re-turn, my soul, en-joy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest:

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grate-ful in-cense to the skies;

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

And draw from Christ that sweet re- pose, Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

292 *Love which passeth knowledge.*

- 1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:

Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

473 *The bliss of assurance.*

- 1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin; [sea,
Should storms of wrath shake earth and
Their minds have heaven and peace
within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to the' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

606 *Renouncing all for Christ.*

Come, Savior, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free ;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue :
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Savior's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast,
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

687 *The divine Teacher.*

How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place.

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

Come, wand'ers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

Decay, then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

698 *One fold and one shepherd.*

1 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific dove ;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

2 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace :
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

[2*]

3 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into thee ;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

4 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down :
To us thy Father's name declare ;
Unite and perfect us in one.

5 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

529 *Thirsting for the fullness of love.*

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee :
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move ;
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown.

5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

584 *For constant devotedness.*

1 Lord, fill me with an humble fear ;
My utter helplessness reveal ;
Satan and sin are always near,—
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire ;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhor'd approach of ill ;
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray ;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - gether there;

2. "De - ny thy - self and take thy cross," Is thy Redeemer's great command;

But wisdom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.

Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain a heavenly land.

361 *The sinner's only hope.*

- 1 Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 Who would himself to thee approve,
Must take the path thyself hast trod;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.
- 6 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'T is just the sentence should take place;
'T is just,—but O, thy Son hath died!

386 *Deprecating eternal death.*

- 1 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire:
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire.
 - 2 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.
 - 3 I deprecate that death alone,—
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who suffer'd, wept, and bled for me.
- 413** *The sacrifice of a broken heart.*
- 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 condemn'd to die.

420 *Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.*

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears ;
And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved :
- 4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

139 *The fountain gushing from his side.*

- 1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man—
The Man of griefs condemn'd for you :
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear ;
With nails they fasten to the wood ;
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 Behold his temples, crown'd with thorn ;
His bleeding hands, extended wide ;
His streaming feet, transfix'd and torn ;
The fountain gushing from his side !
- 4 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move ;
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

398 *Condemned, but pleading the promises.*

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Art not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

1109 *The dreadful day.*

- 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, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

1091 *The grave shall restore its trust.*

- 1 Unvail 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
Invade thy bounds : no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ;—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed :
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—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

1075 *Disembodied saints.*

- 1 The saints who die of Christ possess'd,
Enter into immediate rest ;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.
- 2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in Paradise.
- 3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to his blood.

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

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

352 *All-sufficiency of His grace.*

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh :
'Tis God invites the fallen race :
Mercy and free salvation buy, —
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise ;
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;

Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

589 *For mourners in Zion.*

1 O let the pris'ner's mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear :
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free :
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones,
Lead captive their captivity. [peace,

3 Show them the blood that bought their
The anchor of their steadfast hope,
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed pris'ners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries ;
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer :
O Sun of righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear.

5 Pity the day of feeble things ;
O gather every halting soul,
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

1083 *The end of that man is peace.*

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest !
How mildly beams the closing eyes !
How gently heaves the' 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 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combined to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !

648 *Self-examination.*

- 1 O, thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess ;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 2 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.
- 3 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Do thou mine inmost spirit cheer ;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling here.

1067 *I am going the way of all the earth.*

- 1 Pass a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.
- 2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above ;
And, O my God, shall I be there ?

590 *For the lambs of the flock.*

- 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.
- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their
names
Be mindful of thy youngest care ;

Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

- 3 In safety lead thy little flock,—
From hell, the world, and sin, secure ;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their going sure.

144 *The atonement completed.*

- 1 'Tis finished ! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own ;
Accomplish'd 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 heaven is seen ;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.
- 4 The types and figures are fulfill'd ;
Exacted is the legal pain ;
The precious promises are sealed ;
The spotless lamb of God is slain.
- 5 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued ;
All grace is now to sinners given ;
And, lo ! I plead the' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

1097 *Sown in weakness, raised in glory.*

- 1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless as the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day
The fading glory disappears.
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains :
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

1. O God, most merciful and true, Thy nature to my soul impart ; 'Stablish with me the ev'nant new, And
And in the knowledge of my Lord, Full-

END. S.

stamp thine im-age on my heart. To re-al holiness restored, O let me gain my Savior's mind.
ness of life e - ter-nal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That I may them no more forget ;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move ;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murm'ring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost :
I cannot of my cross complain,—
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide ;
And glory give to God alone,—
My God in Jesus pacified.

297 *The unspeakable gift.*

1 Happy the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows the Savior died for me !

The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,—
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,—
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains :
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

448 *The highway of holiness.*

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.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more:
Till late I heard my Savior say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way,

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

—
"Go, worship at Immanuel's feet."

1 Go, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet:
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 O, let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise:
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines, and reigns, th' incarnate God!

784 *In hope, believing against hope.*

1 Away, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Savior doth not yet appear,—
He hides the brightness of his face:

2 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.

3 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,—

4 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.

5 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesus' name.

6 To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

1. Je - sus! we bow be - fore thy throne, We lift our eyes to seek thy face:

2. See, spread be - neath thy gracious eye, A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears,

To bleed - ing hearts thy love make known, On contrite souls be - stow thy grace.

Where death - less souls in ru - in lie, And no kind voice dis - pels their fears.

- 3 Lord! arm thy truth with power divine ;
Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.
- 4 O rise ! ye ransomed captives, rise !
Peal the loud anthem here below !
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with newborn rapture glow.

251 *The earthly and heavenly sabbath.*

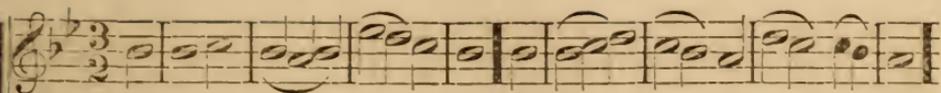
- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love,
But there's a nobler rest above !
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade ; no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin ;
Soon shall our voices join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

451 *Vows remembered and renewed.*

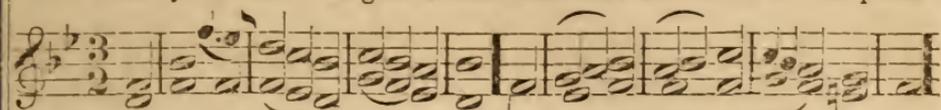
- 1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love ;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

1130 *Doxology.*

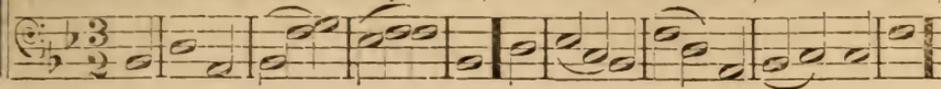
- Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father Son, and Holy Ghost.



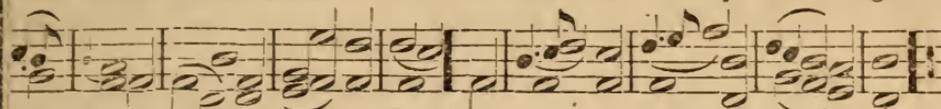
1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in his praise :



2. He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ; He counts their numbers, calls their names ;



His nature and his works in - vite To make this du - ty our delight.



His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—A deep where all our tho'ts are drown'd.



- 3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who spreads the clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

303 *Rejoicing in the glory of His grace.*

- 1 Glory to God, whose sov'reign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,—
Called us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons.
- 2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,

Have seen a glorious gospel-day
In Jesus' lovely face displayed.

- 3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claimed the outcasts as thy right.
- 4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought;
Thy Word, thy all created Word,
* That spake at first the world from naught.
- 5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,
And praise thee in the highest heaven.

464 *Shouting God's praises.*

- 1 My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death, I feel;
Mine eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise.

1. Soon may the last glad song a-rise, Thro' all the millions of the skies,

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be O-be-dient might-y God, to thee!

That song of triumph which re-cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

And over land, and stream and main, Now wave the scap-tre 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 Savior reigns !

154 *The King of glory.*

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led,—
 Dragg'd 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 Conqu'ror's name.
 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !

6 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, of glorious power possess'd ;—
 The King of saints and angels too ;—
 God over all, forever blest !

235 *The heavenly Zion.*

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
 Thine own immortal strength put on !
 With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
 And cast thy foes with fury down.
 2 As in the ancient days appear !
 (The sacred annals speak thy fame ;)
 Be now omnipotently near,
 To endless ages still the same.
 3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
 To thee the ransom'd seed shall come ;
 Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
 And pass thro' death triumphant home.
 4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
 The anguish and distracting care ;
 There sighing grief shall weep no more,
 And sin shall never enter there.

451 *Vows remembered and renewed.*

- 1 O happy day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love ;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'T is done, the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard that solemn vow,
'That you renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

962 *God's guardian presence.*

- 1 This stone to thee, in faith, we lay ;
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise ;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house of prayer and praise.
- 2 Within these walls let heavenly peace
And holy love and concord dwell ;
Here give the burdened conscience ease,
And here the wounded spirit heal.
- 3 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 4 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart :
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone :
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,—
In every bosom fix thy throne.

992 *Light for those who sit in darkness.*

- 1 Though now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death ;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
- 2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wand'ring tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.
- 3 O light of Zion, now arise !
Let the glad morning bless our eyes ;
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

475 *Filial confidence and joy.*

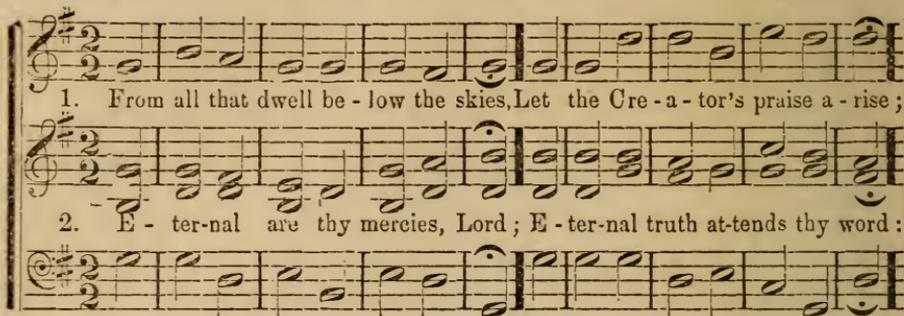
- 1 Great God, indulge my humble claim ;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise :
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

251 *Anticipating the heavenly Sabbath.*

- 1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our weary souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

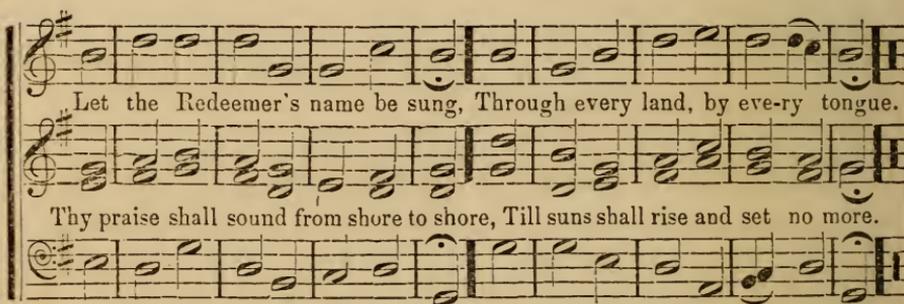
621 *Self-dedication to the Lord.*

- 1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.



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

2. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord ; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word :



Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land, by eve - ry tongue.

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 Savior's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song ;
To every land the strains bring :
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

16 *Grateful adoration.*

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

27

Solemn reverence.

- 1 Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God :
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings :
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind,

Doxology.

- Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Fa-ther of heav'n, whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found,

2. Al-migh-ty Son, in-car-nate Word, Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!

Be-fore thy throne we sin-ners bend; To us thy pard'ning love ex-tend.

Be-fore thy throne we sin-ners bend; To us thy sav-ing grace ex-tend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne, we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

108 *Canst thou find out the Almighty.*

1 O God, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee, to perfection who can know?
O hight immense! what words suffice,
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Greatness unspeakable is thine;
Greatness whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

3 Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves lives by thy word,
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.

4 High is thy power above all hight;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

924 *God's praises crown eternity.*

1 God of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.



1. A - rise my soul, with rapture rise, And, fill'd with love and fear, a - dore The aw-ful Sov'reign

2. And may this day, indulgent Power, Not i - dly pass, nor fruitless be; But may each swiftly



of the skies, Whose mercy lends thee one day more, Whose mer - cy lends thee one day more.

pas-sing hour Still nearer bring my soul to thee, Still near-er bring my soul to thee.

1015 *Hosanna to the Son of David.*

- 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 Savior 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.
- 5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

203 *The ministry instituted.*

- 1 The Savior, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the' apostles' honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.
- 3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell shall stand.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

99 *Universal redemption.*

- Sinners, obey the heavenly call ;
 Your prison doors stand open wide :
 Go forth, for Christ hath ransomed all,
 For every soul of man hath died.
- 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise ;
 To rescue all by sin oppress'd ;
 To clothe them with the robes of praise,
 And give their weary spirits rest.
- To help their grov'ling unbelief ;
 Beauty for ashes to confer ;
 The oil of joy for abject grief ;
 Triumphant joy for sad despair.
- To make them trees of righteousness,
 The planting of the Lord below ;
 To spread the honor of his grace,
 And on to full perfection go.

503 *Christ all in all.*

- 1 Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,
 I wait to prove thy perfect will :
 Be mindful of thy gracious word,
 And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
- 2 Open my faith's interior eye :
 Display thy glory from above ;
 And all I am shall sink and die,
 Lost in astonishment and love.
- 3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace ;
 I would be by myself abhorr'd ;
 All might, all majesty, all praise,
 All glory, be to Christ my Lord.
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height ;
 Now let me into nothing fall,
 As less than nothing in thy sight,
 And feel that Christ is all in all.

179 *Because He liveth I shall live also.*

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives—
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
 He lives, he lives who once was dead ;
 He lives, my everlasting Head !
- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love ;
 He lives, to plead for me above ;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
 He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name ;
 He lives, my Savior, still the same ;
 What joy the blest assurance gives,—
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

202 *His universal diffusion.*

- 1 On all the earth thy Spirit shower ;
 The earth in righteousness renew ;
 Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
 And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
 Let him opposers all o'errun ;
 And every law of sin reverse,
 That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let him, Lord, in every place
 His richest energy declare ;
 While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
 The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God and true ;
 The ancient seers thou did'st inspire,
 To us perform the promise due,—
 Descend, and crown us now with fire.

1105 *The second advent.*

- 1 He comes ! He comes ! The Judge severe !
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
 His light'nings flash, his thunders roll ;
 How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound :
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd ;
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Savior's face.
- 3 Descending on his great white throne,
 He claims the kingdoms 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.

995 *Triumphs of mercy.*

- 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 creature blood be spilt—
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
 In every land, of every name ;
 Let adverse powers before thee fall,
 And crown the Savior Lord of all.

1. Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee; Thy saints adore thy ho - ly name;

2. Eternal source of truth and light, To thee we look; on thee we call;

Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee, And, humbly, now thy pres-ence claim.

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 bond,—the love of thee.

4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

918 *My heart is fixed; O God.*

1 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hopes on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,—
To all mankind thy love make known.

2 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

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.

4 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious Name;

Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

1024 *National blessings.*

- 1 Great God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

10 *Tribute of praise to the Savior.*

- 1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy Name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

234 *Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.*

- 1 Awake, Jerusalem, awake,—
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls,—Arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

976 *The latter day glory.*

- 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 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.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his Name shall rise;

And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be formed anew.

999 *Christ's universal and everlasting kingdom.*

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

975 *The glorious predictions.*

- 1 The Law and Prophets all foretold [grave;
That Christ should die, and leave the
Gather the world into his fold,
The Church of Jews and Gentiles save.
- 2 Yet, by the prince of darkness bound,
The nations still are wrapt in night:
They never heard the joyful sound;
They never saw the Gospel light.
- 3 Light of the world, again appear,
In mildest majesty of grace,
And bring the great salvation near,
And claim our whole apostate race.

968 *Jehovah's presence.*

- 1 Not heaven's wide range of hallow'd space
Jehovah's presence can confine;
Nor angels' claims restrain his grace,
Whose glories through creation shine.
- 2 Its sacred shrine it fixes there,
Where two or three are met to raise
Their holy hands in humble prayer,
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.
- 3 Be this, O Lord that honor'd place,—
The house of God, the gate of heaven;
And may the fulness of thy grace
To all who here shall meet be given.
- 4 And hence, in spirit may we soar [bend;
To those bright courts where seraphs
With awe like theirs, on earth adore,
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.

1. God in his earth-ly tem-ple, lays Foun-dation for his heavenly praise;

2. His mer-cy vis-its ev-ry house That pay their night and morning vows ;

3. What glories were described of old! What wonders are of Zi-on told!

He likes the tents of Ja-cob well, But still in Zi-on loves to dwell.

But makes a more delight-ful stay, Where churches meet to praise and pray.

Thou ci-ty of our God be-low, Thy fame shall all the na-tions know.

730 *Heavenly zeal.*

- 1 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far ;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less num'rous than thy mercies are.
- 2 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal ;
So, fearless, shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

350 *All things are now ready.*

- 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 Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove ;
To' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

- 4 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host :
All heaven is ready to resound,—
The dead's alive ! the lost is found !

493 *There remaineth a rest for the people of God.*

- 1 Come, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known ;
The mind which was in thee impart :
Thy constant mind in us be shown.
- 2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless wo.
- 3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease ;
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.
- 4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait ;
O let our eyes behold thee near !
Hasten to make our heaven complete ;
Appear, our glorious God, appear !

817 *Living to serve the cause of Christ.*

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee.—
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,—
To him who for my ransom died ;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more ;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

1023 *God's goodness crowns the year.*

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 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.
- 3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

586 *For the Savior's protection.*

- 1 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,—
From nature's every path retreat ;
Thou art my Way,—my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 2 Uphold me, Savior, or I fall ;
O reach me out thy gracious hand ;
Only on thee for help I call,—
Only by faith in thee I stand.

46 *Universal adoration.*

- 1 O holy, holy, holy Lord !
Thou God of hosts, by all adored :

The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy Name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim :
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to thee is given.

3 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song :
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

4 Glory to thee, O God most high !
Father, we praise thy majesty :
The Son, the Spirit, we adore ;
One Godhead, blest forever more.

594 *Rejoicing at the return of the Sabbath.*

- 1 My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of this returning day ;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest :
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away ;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,—
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strain which angels sing.

619 *Sabbath evening: Thy kingdom come.*

- 1 Millions within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bow'd ;
Their faces Zionward were set,—
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd.
- 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 worshipp'd thee.
- 3 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Of various languages and lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
'And offer'd prayer with holy hands.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fail'd this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh ;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

1. Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs;

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place. Within thy house, O God of grace;

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth. Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth. Should tempt my feet to leave the door, Should tempt, &c.

- 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way,
From all the' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will he bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

241 *The joys of the Sabbath.*

- 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 by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part :
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 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.

348 *The gospel feast.*

- 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 wand'ers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
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.
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice :
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Melody.

ORGAN.

710 *The heavenly Guest invited.*

- 1 Savior of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.
- 2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest;
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.
- 3 Smell the sweet odors of our prayers;
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.
- 4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit;
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

804 *The vow sealed at the cross.*

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;

- 4 The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

859 *The spirit of the ancient worthies.*

- 1 O for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old:
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,—
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and seal'd him
thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?—
- 3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd lays?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endur'd the trying hour?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

* This tune is found in the best collections of Psalmody. From its constant publication in all the olden collections, it may be supposed to have been a special favorite. It is fully equal in every thing but recollections and associations to the "Tune of Tunes," even "The Old Hundredth."

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power pro - longs my days;

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per - haps am near my home:

And eve - ry eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

But he for - gives my fol - lies 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.

449 *The Riches of his grace.*

- 1 What am I, O thou glorious God !
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercy hast bestowed
On me, the vilest sinner, me ?
- 2 Me, in my blood, thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve ;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye ;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded,—live !
- 3 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
Received the blessing from above,
And pardon in thy mercy found,
Astonish'd at thy boundless love.
- 4 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pard'ning God ;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad.

- 5 I magnify thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name :
Thy Name let every soul adore ;
Thy power let every tongue proclaim.

435 *The realizing light of faith.*

- 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 fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save :
(Save us, a present Savior thou :)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have ;
Future, and past, subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in thy Name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given ;
Into himself he all receives,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light ;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The' invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

315 *Sin's incurable disease.*

1 O God, to whom, in flesh reveal'd,
The helpless all for succor came ;
The sick to be relieved and heal'd,
And found salvation in thy name :—

2 Thou see'st me helpless and distress'd,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor ;
Weary, I come to thee for rest ;
And, sick of sin, implore a cure.

3 My sin's incurable disease,
Thou, Jesus, thou alone can'st heal ;
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

243 *In the sanctuary.*

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would mine eyes my Savior see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire ;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Savior, what delicious fare !
How sweet thine entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

481 *The will of God.*

1 He wills that I should holy be :
That holiness I long to feel ;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will ;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 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.

549 *Design of prayer.*

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray ;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 It 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.

607 *Evening: Trusting in God.*

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

433 *The Lord our righteousness.*

1 Let not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might ;
The rich in flatt'ring riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of num'rous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man ;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again ?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God ;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine ;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace
In Christ to endless ages mine.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un-to us a Sav-ior's born ;

2. Hark ! what sweet music, what a song, Sounds from the bright, celestial throng !

See, how the an-gels wing their way, To ush-er in the glo-rious day !

Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart, Joy to each raptur'd, list'ning heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky ;
 Glory to God, who reigns on high ;
 Let peace and love on earth abound,
 While time revolves and years roll round.

961 *Seeking a tabernacle.*

1 When to the exiled seer were given
 Those rapt'rous views of highest heaven,
 All glorious though the visions were,
 Yet he beheld no temple there.

2 The New Jerusalem on high
 Hath one pervading sanctity ;
 No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,—
 God and the Lamb its temple are.

3 But we, frail sojourners below,
 The pilgrim heirs of guilt and wo,
 Must seek a tabernacle where
 Our scatter'd souls may blend in prayer.

4 O Thou ! who o'er the cherubim
 Didst shine in glories veil'd and dim,
 With purer light our temple cheer,
 And dwell in unveil'd glory here.

981 *The restoration of Israel.*

1 Arise, great God ! and let thy grace
 Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;
 Restore the long-lost, scatter'd band,
 And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal ;
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
 O God of Israel ! hear our prayer,
 And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The sad suspension of thy love ?
 Lord, shall thy wrath forever burn ?
 And will thy mercy ne'er return ?

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
 And wake to joy each grateful heart ;
 While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
 Their bliss and full salvation see.

" Glad homage."

1 With one consent, let all the earth,
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Oh, enter ye his temple gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press :
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless.

3 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

1. Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - migh - ty King!

2. In - to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his fa - vors past;

3. Oh, let us to his courts re - pair, And bow with ad - o - ra - tion there!

For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

To him address in joy - ful songs The praise that to his name be - longs.

Down on our knees, de - vout - ly, all Be - fore the Lord, our Mak - er fall.

"Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne."

- 1 He reigns! the Lord, the Savior reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice!
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,—
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire!
The mountains melt, the seas retire!
- 4 His enemies, with 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!

"God so loved the world."

- 1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

321 *Christ, the good Physician.*

- 1 Jesus, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy Name, thy all-restoring Name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Savior still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

1. When first the Spir - it left the throne, He took the semblance of a dove;

2. When next, at Pen - te - cost, he came, He stood confess'd to mor-tal sight

A symbol chos-en to make known His peace, and pu - ri - ty, and love.

Within the clo - ven tongue of flame,—The type of free - dom, guidance, light.

3 Vouchsafe, celestial Dove, thy peace,
That we at perfect peace may be;
Within our hearts thy love increase,—
Within our thoughts, thy purity.

4 O Light divine! direct our feet,
Which long in error's paths have trod;
Our prison'd souls with freedom greet,
Convince of sin, and lead to God.

781 *He careth for you.*

1 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

547 *The evidence of perfect love.*

1 Quicken'd with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee;
Redeem'd from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Pure love to God thy members find;
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Savior, our heaven on earth we gain.

572 *For the fire of divine love.*

1 O thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

3 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

171 *Fulness and sufficiency of the Atonement.*

1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
'Mids, flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,—
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,—
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,—
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead.—
For me e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

417 *Only Jesus.*

1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee ?
The fulness of thy promise prove,—
The seal of thine eternal love ?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I might feel thee near :
O dark ! dark ! dark ! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind ;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee :
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

227 *The river of life.*

1 Great Source of being and of love !
Thou wat'rest all the worlds above ;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear ;

Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.
4 Flow, wondrous stream ! with glory crown'd,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To Him who all thy virtues gave.

762 *Safety and security in the arms of Jesus.*

God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head ;—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—
Thy ruling providence I see ;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Savior's breast !
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

17 *The prosperity of the saints.*

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.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,—
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine !

Doxology.

Praise ye the Lord, who kindly rules
And governs all our Sunday-schools ;
Let children, with the cherub host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart a-way,

And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.
- 854 *Zeal implored.*
- 1 O thou, who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night;
- Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint;
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread,
- 4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming
eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.
- 5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.
- 30 *How dreadful is this place!*
- 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 the' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill ;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the gen'ral Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

65 *The heavens declare his glory.*

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :

2 The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found ;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

523 *Waiting for the promise.*

1 O Jesus, full of truth and grace !
O all-atoning Lamb of God !
I wait to see thy glorious face ;
I seek redemption in thy blood.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope ;
The faithful promise I receive :
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the Gospel hope can move ;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4 My flesh, which cries,—It cannot be,
Shall silence keep before the Lord ;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

364 *Only by faith.*

1 Lord, I despair myself to heal ;
I see my sin, but cannot feel ;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give ;
Thy gifts I only can receive,
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
To draw, redeem, and seal,—are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,—
My light, my life, my Lord, my all :
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord—my sickness cure,—
Make my infected nature pure :
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart !

181 *The promised Comforter.*

1 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given ;
We wait the pentecostal powers,—
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,—
The purchase of our dying Lord ;
Come, Holy Ghost and fill the place.

3 If every one that asks may find,—
If still thou dost on sinners fall,—
Come as a mighty rushing wind ;
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Ah ! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine ;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

463 *Rejoicing in forgiving love.*

1 My soul with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all my ransom'd powers combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace
His acts of mercy and of grace ;
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair ;

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love ;
Pour'd balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

1. Je - sus, thy wand'ring sheep be - hold! See, Lord, with yearning bow - els, see,
2. Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide, In pain and wea - ri - ness, and want:

Poor soul that can - not find the fold, Till sought and gathered in by thee.
With no kind shepherd near to guide The sick, and spir - it - less and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind, and good,
And sheep-redeeming, Shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of gen'ral grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;
Preachers who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Thine only glory let them seek;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

446 *Embracing the Savior by faith.*

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.
Now righteous through thy grace I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,—
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 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:

Let thy word richly in me dwell,—
Thy peace and love my portion be:
My joy to' endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

625 *Infinite indebtedness.*

1 Great God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty Name;
Thy hand revolves the circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence our being came.
2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 Our life, and health, and friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus may we sing till nature cease,—
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

182 *The Savior's legacy.*

1 Jesus, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, we pray, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,—
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on each faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,—
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

591 *For the peace of Jerusalem.*

1 O thou, our Savior, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will,
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;—
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow:
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

825 *Following the Savior.*

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 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,—
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,—
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Savior, 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.

6 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.

28 *Living bread.*

1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

God our Refuge.

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

4 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.

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

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

1. And will the great e - ter - nal God On earth es - tab - lish his a - bode?

1. These walls we to thy hon - or raise; Long may they ech-o with thy praise:

And will he, from his radiant throne, Ac-cept our tem - ple for his own?

And thou descend - ing fill the place With choicest to - kens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

987 *The Savior's coming expected and prayed for.*

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 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O! come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,—
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 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.

148* *Dying, rising, reigning.*

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of purer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise);
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:

6 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

* First two verses, WINDHAM.

225 *Glorious and spotless.*

1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below ;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Savior own ;—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white :
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

5 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And O, my God, may I be one !

688 *The Savior seen in the Scriptures.*

1 Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring ;
My knee, with humble homage, bow ;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace ;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong ;
Let distant climes thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

597 *Morning: Sacrifice of praise and prayer.*

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

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the' eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

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.

806 *Heavenly bliss in prospect.*

1 Arise, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time ;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at vain, and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God ?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell ?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above :
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

78 *Omnipotence and wisdom.*

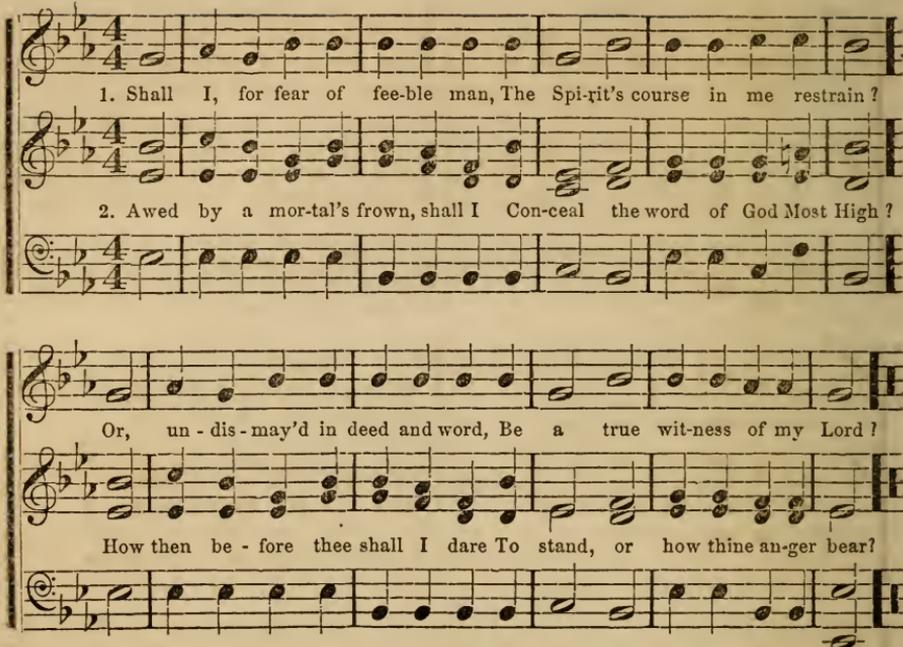
1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
But O, what tongue can speak his fame ?
What mortal verse can reach the theme ?

2 Enthron'd amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his Name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing,
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

635



1. Shall I, for fear of fee-ble man, The Spi-rit's course in me restrain ?

2. Awed by a mor-tal's frown, shall I Con-ceal the word of God Most High ?

Or, un-dis-may'd in deed and word, Be a true wit-ness of my Lord ?

How then be-fore thee shall I dare To stand, or how thine an-ger bear ?

- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys,—or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee ?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread ?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?
A man ! an heir of death ! a slave
To sin ! a bubble on the wave !
- 5 Yea, let men rage ; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head :
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

891

Confident Security.

- 1 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy :
I lean upon my Savior's breast.
- 2 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 3 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity ;

Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

746

A blessing for those who mourn.

- 1 Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of wo and pain,
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night ;
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.
- 4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.
- 5 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear ;
And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

1. Blessings and honor, praise and love, Co-equal, co-e-ter-nal Three, }
In earth below, in heaven a - bove, By all thy works, be paid to thee. }

Let all who owe to thee their birth, In prais-es eve-ry hour em-ploy ;

Je-ho-vah reigns ! be glad, O earth, And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

226 *Witnesses for Jesus.*

- 1 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses ;
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples' feet !
- 2 This only thing do I require :
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,—
The servant of thy Church to live :—
- 3 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below ;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.
- 4 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,—
Thy prayer is heard ; it shall be so :
The word hath passed thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

209 *Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*

- 1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord ;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.
- 2 Go into every nation, go ;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show :
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark ! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls.—Prepare :
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And waits to make his entrance there.
- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come ;
Sinners, repent, the call obey ;
Open your hearts to make him room ;
Ye desert souls, prepare the way.

1. Ex-tend-ed on a cur-sed tree, Cov-er'd with dust, and sweat, and blood,

2. Who, who, my Savior, this hath done? Who could thy sacred bo - dy wound?

See there, the King of glo - ry see! Sink and ex - pire the Son of God.

No guilt thy spot-less heart hath known, No guile hath in thy lips been found.

- 3 I, I alone have done the deed ;
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn ;
 My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,—
 Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
- 4 For me the burden to sustain
 Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid :
 To heal me, thou hast borne the pain ;
 To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
- 5 My Savior, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay, the mighty debt I owe ?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.
- 6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
 Till, loosed from flesh and earth I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest.

309 *Original and actual sin.*

- 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 ;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defiled in every part.

- 3 Behold, we fall before thy face ;
 Our only refuge is thy grace :
 No outward forms can make us clean ;
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hyssop branch, nor 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,
 No flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
 Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make these broken hearts rejoice.

213 *The angels of the churches.*

- 1 Draw near, O Son of God, draw near ;
 Us with thy flaming eye behold ;
 Still in thy Church do thou appear,
 And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
 And let them in thy lustre glow,—
 The lights of a benighted land,
 The angels of thy Church below.

- 3 Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.
- 4 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,—
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

316 *The inbred leprosy.*

- 1 Jesus, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean:
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.
- 2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse,
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

102 *The glorious goodness of the triune Jehovah.*

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known.
- 2 Jehovah in three persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou wilt eternal life reveal.
- 3 Our fallen, ruin'd souls, to raise,
The knowledge of thyself bestow;
Reveal the riches of thy grace,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

255 *The sacramental seal.*

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordain'd by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promised presence claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind,—
Sent to baptize into thy name,—
We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father, in thee reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

- 5 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

630 *No success without God's blessing.*

- 1 Except the Lord our labors bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.
- 2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—
Early to rise, and late to sleep,—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.
- 3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

505 *Mark of perfection.*

- 1 What! never speak one evil word?
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?
- 2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The' abundance of a loving heart.

319 *The Physician needed.*

- 1 O Thou who once they flock'd to hear,—
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel,—
Suffer a sinner to draw near,
And graciously receive me still.
- 2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And wait thine utmost power to save.
- 3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure:
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most invet'rate plague can cure.
- 4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languish'd at the pool:
A word of thine shall make it rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Father, supply my eve-ry need; Sustain the life thy-self hast given: O

2. The gracious fruits of righteousness, Thy blessing's un-ex-haust-ed store, In

grant the never-failing bread, The manna that comes down from heaven, The manna that, &c.

me abund-ant-ly increase, Nor ever let me hunger more, Nor ever let me hunger more.

3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
My leanness, O my leanness! cry:
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove;
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

821 *The all-sufficient Portion.*

1 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion, thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

757 *Patient thankfulness and trust.*

1 Eternal beam of Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above;

2 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murmur'ing thought begone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions,—Peace;
Say to my trembling heart,—Be still;
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'rig'n will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

326 *Balm in Gilead and a good Physician there.*

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 sov'reign 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 Savior's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

598 *Morning: The Lord is my portion.*

1 O God, my God, my all thou art:
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sov'reign light within my heart,
Thy all-enliv'ning power, display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And, hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy Name belongs,
Hourly, with lifted hands, I'll pay.

571 *Social dedication to God.*

1 Jesus, our best beloved friend,
Draw out our souls in sweet desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,—
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all,—
Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey;
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

772 *The Lord is my refuge.*

1 Why is my heart with grief oppress'd?
Can all the pains I feel or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest—
Forget that God, thy God, is near?

2 Hast thou not often call'd the Lord
Thy refuge, thy almighty friend?
And canst thou fear to trust that word
On which thy hopes of heaven depend?

3 Lord, form my temper to thy will;
If thou my faith and patience prove,
May every painful stroke fulfil
Thy purposes of faithful love.

4 O may this weak, this fainting mind,
A Father's hand, adoring, see;
Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
And trust thy word, and cleave to thee.

56 *Jesus every-where present.*

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew:
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

456 *The healing and cleansing Fountain.*

1 By faith I to the fountain fly,
Open'd for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,—
My life and heart's impurity.

2 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows,
The purple and the crystal stream;
Pardon and holiness bestow,
And both I gain through faith in him.

1. How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient eve-ry ear-thly bliss!

2. The evening cloud, the morning dew, The with'ring grass, the fad-ing flower,

How slen-der all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this!

Of earth-ly hopes are emblems true, The glo-ry of a pass-ing hour.

- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

Angelic music.

- 1 There is a harp whose thrilling sound
Swells through the choir of heaven above;
'Mid the blue arch the notes resound,
While angels catch the song of love.
- 2 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears,
A sainted spirit wings its way;
And pure before the throne appears,
In robes of bright, ethereal day.
- 3 Hark! the glad shout of sacred joy,
In choral numbers, loud and long;
The angel host their harps employ;
And hallelujahs swell the song.

"How blest the sacred tie."

- 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 praise united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures
swell
There's none but kindred minds can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Mid nature's drooping sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

573 *For the Spirit's guidance.*

- 1 Jesus, my Savior, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,—
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,—
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in his wings.

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews, my heart.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,—
Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!

—
"Abide with us."

1 Sun of my soul! thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast!

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

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

—
"Go, worship at Immanuel's feet."

1 Go, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet:
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 O, let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise:
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines, and reigns, the' incarnate
God!

583 *For lowliness and purity.*

1 Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride,—the plague expel,
Jesus, thine humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Savior, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

—
The sainted dead.

1 Go, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed-for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Savior's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

496 *The land of rest.*

1 Thy loving Spirit, Lord, alone,
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
The bondage break in which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,—
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same;
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Savior, come, and make me whole;
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,—
To perfect holiness and love.

444 *Graven on the palms of His hands.*

1 Jesus the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bowed his head;—
'Tis finished! he hath died for me.

2 See, where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer:
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

3 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say;
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great re-ward;

2. The liv-ing know that they must die: But all the dead for-got-ten lie;

And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-tur-n.

Their memory and their sense are gone, A-like un-know-ing and un-known.

3 Life is the hour that God has given
T'escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

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.

863 *Humble confession.*

- 1 Savior, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.
- 2 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 3 Yea, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

4 Till fully saved my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Shall bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

858 *No peace but in the favor of God.*

- 1 O where is now that glowing love
That mark'd our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that lead us then
To make our Savior's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile

1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer-cy is found and peace is giv - en; But

2. While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound; Come,

soon, ah, soon, ap - proaching night Shall blot out eve - ry hope of heaven.

sin - ners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior ead you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

369 *Shut up in unbelief.*

1 Light of the Gentile world, appear;
Command the blind thy rays to see:
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive pris'ner free.

2 Me, me who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Deliver from this gloomy pit,—
This dungeon of despairing grief.

3 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the gen'ral sin away;
And to my ransomed spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

1065 *The inevitable doom.*

1 Tremendous God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
The word unchangeable we hear—
Thy sov'reign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of God Most High;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born to lament, and toil, and die.

3 Submissive to thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be love.

4 Whisper thy love into my heart;
Warn me of my approaching end;
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to thy arms ascend.

1. Dear Savior, if these lambs should stray From thy secure inclosure's bound,

2. Re - member still that they are thine, That thy dear sac - red name they bear;

And, lured by world - ly joys a - way, Among the thoughtless crowd be found.

Think that the seal of love di - vine, The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be!

Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

Trust in Christ at the hour of death.

- 1 Jesus, in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?
- 2 How soon, O Lord, will life decay!
How soon this world will pass away!
Ah! what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall
fail?
- 3 O, then, be thou, my Savior nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine!

With Christ in heaven.

- 1 As when the weary traveler gains
The sight of some o'erlooking hill,

His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still—

- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 " 'T is there," he says, " I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away."

"There am I in the midst of them."

- 1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;
- 2 "There," says the Savior, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

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, '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 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
 Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more ;
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

558 *Blessings of prayer.*

- 1 What various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love ;
 Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

553 *The joys of penitence.*

- 1 Come, O ye sinners to the Lord,
 In Christ to paradise restored :
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,—
 The plenitude of gospel grace :—
- 2 A pardon written with his blood ;
 The favor and the peace of God ;
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
 The mystic joys of penitence ;—
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
 The meltings of a broken heart ;
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven :
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
 The unutterable tenderness ;
 The genuine, meek, humility ;
 The wonder, why such love to me :—
- 5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
 The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
 The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim, Sal-va-tion in Im-man-uel's name ;

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts in-spire ;

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Shar-on there.

Bid raging winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.

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 !

1041 *His way is in the sea.*

- 1 Lord of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, and sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls :
- 2 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear ;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.
- 3 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine ;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity.
- 4 Thy wisdom here we learn to' adore ;
Thine everlasting truth we prove ;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

847 *Security and safety.*

- 1 God is our refuge and defence ;
In trouble our unfailing aid :
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid ?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock :
They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river pure and bright, [plains
Whose streams make glad the heavenly
Where in eternity of light
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand ;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

159 *His supreme Divinity.*

1 The day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,—
Washed in the sanctifying blood
Of an incarnate Deity—

2 Who did for us his life resign :
There is no other God but one ;
For all the plenitude Divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

- 4 Lord, we believe the promise sure ;
The purchased comforter impart ;
Apply thy blood to make us pure,—
To keep us pure in life and heart.
- 5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny,—
Thy sov'reign majesty blaspheme,—
Or count thee less than the Most High :
- 6 When all who on their God believe,—
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

94 *Immanuel, God with us.*

- 1 Eternal depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed ;
How bright thy beaming glories shine ;
How wide thy healing streams are spread.
- 2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell ?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race !
- 3 O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace !
- 4 The dictates of thy sov'reign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive ;
All thy delight in us fulfil ;
Lo, all we are to thee we give.
- 5 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign ;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the' abode forever thine.

997 *The time to favor Zion.*

- 1 Sov'reign of worlds ! display thy power ;
Be this thy Zion's favor'd hour :
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On lonely isles and lands unknown,
And make the nations all thine own.
- 3 Speak ! and the world shall hear thy
voice ;
Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

816 *Living to the glory of God.*

- 1 O thou ! who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

990 *Missionary meeting.*

- 1 Assembled at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand :
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist ; accept our praise ;
Our hopes revive ; our courage raise ;
Our counsels aid ;—to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come ;
Recall the wand'ring spirits home ;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

947 *The redeemed in heaven.*

- 1 Lo ! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand ;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Savior face to face ;
They sing the triumphs of his grace ;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod ;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

1027

Melody.

JOHN HUSS.

1. Great Ruler of the earth and skies, A word of thine al-migh-ty breath

ORGAN.

Can sink the world or bid it rise : Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain.

3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
power ;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing ;
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled !
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 To thee we pay our grateful songs ;
Thy kind protection still implore :
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

813 *Not ashamed of Jesus.*

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 heaven 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 Savior slain ;
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

751 *God's presence with his people.*

1 When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her Father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame

2 By day, along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, tho' now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:
2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath the shad - ow of thy wings.
That with the world, my - self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

840 *Your life is hid with Christ in God.*

1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
By actions show your sins forgiven:
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ your head to heaven.

3 There your exalted Savior see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by Faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

444 *Graven on the palms of His hands.*

1 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head;—
'Tis finish'd! he hath died for me.

2 See, where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer;
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

3 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say;
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake,

And let the world, a - dor - ing, see Triumphs of mer - cy 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 creature blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

1043 *Calm in the storm.*

- 1 Glory to Thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous winds arise ;
Glory to thee, the sov'reign Lord
Of air, and earth, and sea, and skies.
- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform :
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gath'ring storm.
- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;

- They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.
- 4 Rage, while our faith the Savior tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will ;
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise,
But fall when he shall say,—Be still.

59 *The bond of love.*

- 1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee :
Thy saints adore thy holy name ;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, now thy presence 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 bond,—the love of thee.
- 4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes,
With beams of everlasting day.

With firmness.

LUTHER.

1. He reigns! the Lord, the Savior reigns Praise him in e-van-gel-ic strains; Let the whole earth in
2. Deep are his counsels and unknown; But grace and truth support his throne; Though gloomy clouds his

songs re-joice, And dis-tant is-lands join their voice, And dis-tant is-lands join their voice.
way surround, Jus-tice is their e-ter-nal ground, Jus-tice is their e-ter-nal ground.

- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the
tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;—
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with 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.

100 *Holiness.*

- 1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:
- 4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,—
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

Dedication.

- 1 When Israel trod the desert way,
God dwelt within the curtain'd tent;
There gath'ring tribes repair'd to pray,
And found his gracious ear attent.
- 2 But, when fair Salem's towers arose,
And massive walls her hosts surround—
When God had scatter'd Zion's foes,
And peace and plenty reign'd around—
- 3 Then Lebanon's tall cedars came,
And polished stones majestic rose;
While lofty turrets tipp'd with flame,
Point upward to the saint's repose.
- 4 But vain were glitt'ring gems and gold;
And blood, in vain, from altars ran;
Till the unfolding glory told,
Jehovah comes to dwell with man.
- 5 Thus here, O God, our off'ring lies,
Cold in its beauty—cold and dead!
O, living fire—burst from the skies—
On us thy hallowing influence shed.
- 6 Thy priests shall feel its quick'ning power;
Thy people catch the rising flame;
While all confess, to time's last hour,
Jehovah here records his name.

1. How pleasant, how divine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!

2. My flesh would rest in thine a-bode, My panting heart cries out for God;

With long de-sire my spirit faints, To meet th'as-sem-blies of thy saints.

My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee!

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

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

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

241 *The joys of the Sabbath.*

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 by night.

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.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

473 *The bliss of assurance.*

1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

1. A - rise, my soul, on wings sublime, A - bove the van - i - ties of time ;

2. Born by a new, ce - les-tial birth, Why should I grov-el here on earth?

Let faith now pierce the vail, and see The glo-ries of e - ter - ni - ty.

Why grasp at vain and fleet-ing toys, So near to heavens e - ter - nal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God ?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell ?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above :
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

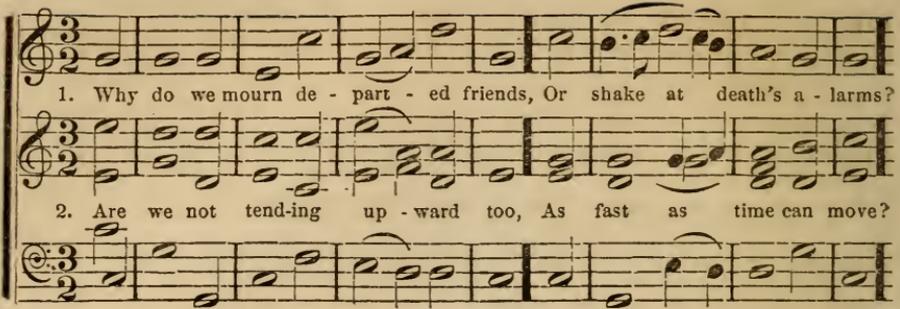
688 *The Savior seen in the Scriptures.*

- 1 Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring ;
My knee, with humble homage, bow ;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There, what delightful truths I read !
There, I behold the Savior bled :
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace ;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O let my song,
Thro' endless years, thy praise prolong ;

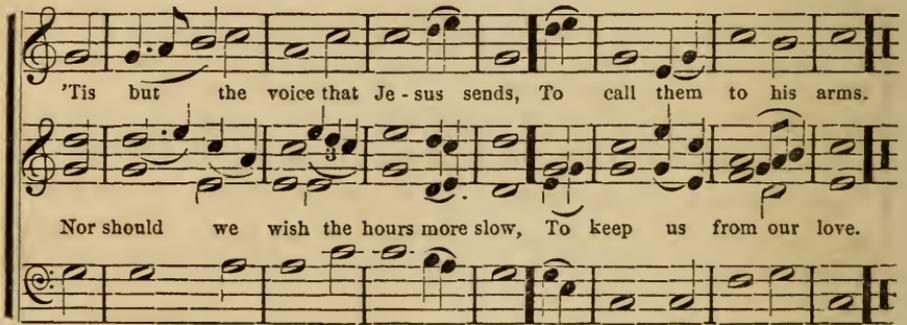
Let distant climes thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

148 *Dying, rising, reigning.*

- 1 He dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree :
The Lord of glory dies for man !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see :
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise ;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
- 6 Say, Live forever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting ?
And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?



1. Why do we mourn de - part - ed friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
2. Are we not tend-ing up - ward too, As fast as time can move?



'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:—
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints ascend the skies.

404 *Unwearied earnestness.*

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power:
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

462 *The earnest and pledge of joys to come.*

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

1049 *A midnight song.*

- 1 Join, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.
- 2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.
- 3 Thither our faithful souls he leads ;
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

—

332 *Boast not thyself of to-morrow.*

- 1 Why should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom
Though strong, and young, and gay.
- 2 The present we should now redeem ;
This only is our own ;
The past, alas ! is all a dream ;
The future is unknown.
- 3 O, think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace !
- 4 O for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

—

264 *Its design.*

- 1 That doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee :
Help each poor trembler to repeat,—
For me he died, for me !
- 3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings :
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing,—Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me !

338 *Sin kills beyond the tomb.*

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;
Repent, thine end is nigh ;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far :
O think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save ;
Thy sins how high they mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
How stands that dark account ?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;
His time there's none can tell ;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume ;
But, ah ! destruction stops not there ;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

—

1082 *Death gain to the faithful.*

- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest ;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow ;
God has recalled his own ;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

—

531 *Love alone victorious.*

- 1 When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me ?
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.
- 2 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue ;
Come, O my Savior, cast out sin,
And form my soul anew.
- 3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, sanctified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise ;

The glo-ries of my

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

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

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

908 *God my all-sufficient portion.*

- 1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 To thee, I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode :

- Thanks to thy Name for meaner things ;
But they are not my God.
- 3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth.
If once compared to thee ;
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?
- 4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

285 *All-sufficiency of the Gospel.*

- 1 The gospel ! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound ;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 Th' Almighty Former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode ;
While angels view with wond'ring eyes
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,—
Thy fullness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all!

930 *The heavenly Canaan.*

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

926 *The full assurance of hope.*

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ concealed,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;

And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

736 *Heavenly rest in anticipation.*

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

492 *A hope full of immortality.*

1 O joyful sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,—
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view:
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God.

1131 *Doxology.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

1. Come, let us join our friends a-bove, That have obtain'd the prize;

2. Let all the saints ter-res-trial sing; With those to glo-ry gone;

And on the ea-gle wings of love To joys ce-les-tial rise.

For all the ser-vants of our King, In earth and heaven, are one.

- 3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
- 6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

442 *The blood of sprinkling.*

- 1 My God, my God, to thee I cry ;
Thee only would I know ;
The purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean ;
Purge my iniquity :
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

- 3 But art thou not already mine ?
Answer, if mine thou art ;
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,—
His wounds are open wide ;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

517 *Thy commandments are exceeding broad.*

- 1 Deepen the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul :
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.
- 2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to' endure ;
Till bold to say,—My hall'wing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.
- 3 I see the 'exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one :
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.
- 4 O that, with all thy saints, I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and
height,
And depth, of perfect love.

1. Great God! to me the sight afford To him of old allow'd; And let my faith behold its

2. In thy revealing Spir-it come, Thine attributes proclaim, And to my inmost soul make

Lord, And let my faith be - hold its Lord, Descend - ing in a cloud.

known, And to my in-most soul make known, The glo - ries of thy Name.

- 3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be;
Fountain of being and of power,
And great in majesty.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art,
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That fav'rite name of love.
- 828 *Strength renewed by waiting upon the Lord.*
- 1 Lord, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Savior's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

7 *Joining the song of the Church triumphant.*

- 1 Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,—
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Savior and his flock, appear,
One shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suff'ring, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?
- 6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the song in heaven.

1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is given :

2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For - ev - er - more a - dored,

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n,

The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and migh - ty Lord,

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

The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and migh - ty Lord.

3 His power increasing, still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given—
The wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

He speaks, and in his heavenly hight
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine ;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

79 *Majesty and power.*

1 The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will ;

- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend ,
Ye nations, wait his nod ;
And let unceasing praise ascend
In honor of our God.

103 *One God in three persons.*

- 1 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three ;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.
- 2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore :
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see ;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.
- 4 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have
made ;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout the universe.
- 5 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise designed ;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,—
The hearts of all mankind.

439 *Victorious faith.*

- 1 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desp'rate, I believe,—
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up ;
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.
- 2 The thing surpasses all my thought ;
But faithful is my Lord ;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—It shall be done !
- 4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give ;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

- 5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove ;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

48 *The desire of nations.*

- 1 Come, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise ;
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.
- 3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 4 Now, Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

910 *The rapture of love.*

- 1 O 't is delight without alloy,
Jesus to hear thy name :
My spirit leaps with inward joy ;
I feel the sacred flame.
- 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.
- 3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.
- 4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home ;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.
- 5 Sink down, ye separating hills :
Let sin and death remove ;
'T is love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

1. This day the Lord hath call'd his own; Let us his praise de - clare,

2. Lord, in thy love we would re - joice, Which sets the sin - ner free,

Fix our de - sires on him a - lone, And seek his face with prayer.

And, with u - ni - ted heart and voice, De - vote these hours to thee.

- 3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our thoughts employ,
But faith be taught to stretch her wings,
Tow'rd heaven's unfailing joy.
- 4 O let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for our rest.

541 *Come quickly.*

- 1 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne.
- 2 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right;
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's hight,—
The depths of humble love.

254 *The covenant with Abraham.*

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed,—
I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

- 2 The words of his unbounded love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

472 *Delightful assurance.*

- 1 Sov'reign of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
Disdain a father's name.
- 2 My Father, God! that gracious word
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the notes by angels heard
Could so delight my ear.

- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, thyself impress
On my expanding heart ;
And show that in the Father's grace
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by that witness from on high,
Unwav'ring I believe ;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

34 *The promised blessing.*

- 1 See, Jesus, thy disciples see ;
The promised blessing give ;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd ;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal ;
Son of the living God, appear !
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live ;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified ;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive—
Speak, and the tokens show—
" O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you."

959 *The sure Foundation.*

- 1 Behold the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy Name ;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

3 *The heavenly Guest.*

- 1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Savior praise :
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart :
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.
- 3 Thro' grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin ;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove ;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

228 *The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.*

- 1 Who make the Lord of hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,—
Immovable by mortal power,—
Built on eternity.
- 2 As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.
- 3 The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.
- 4 Do good, O Lord, do good to those
Who cleave to thee in heart,—
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

695 *The bond of perfectness.*

- 1 The sacred bond of perfectness
Is spotless charity ;
O let us, Lord, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee.
- 2 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.
- 3 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
Into their Paradise ;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.
- 4 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove ;
In earth, in Paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

1. How can I sink with such a prop As my e - ter - nal God,
2. How can I die while Je - sus lives, Who rose and left the dead?

Who bears the earth's huge pil-lars up, And spread the heavens a - broad.
Par - don and grace my soul re-ceives From my ex - alt - ed Head.

- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

680

The revealing Spirit.

- 1 Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe;
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe;)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

168 *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

- 1 Thou art the Way : to thee alone,
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way—the Truth—the Life :
Grant us that way to know—
That truth to keep—that life to win—
Whose joys eternal flow.

294

Sufficiency and freeness.

- 1 O what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,

Your every burden bring :

Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

693 *Love the test of discipleship.*

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 None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee.

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 Savior's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

842 *Walk in the light.*

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! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

5 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.

91 *Glory, mercy, grace.*

1 Father, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

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

3 Part of thy Name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:

4 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

216 *God's blessing ensures success.*

1 Now, Lord, fulfil thy faithful word,—
Thy servants' labors bless;
Now let the prayer of faith be heard,
And grant them full success.

2 Long have they in thy vineyard wrought,
And with unwearied toil;
Alas! they spend their strength for naught,
Upon a sterile soil.

3 Arise, O God, exert thy power;
Thy people's hopes sustain:
And richly on thy vineyard shower
The first and latter rain.

4 Lord, we commend the work to thee;
Thy servants guide and bless;
Thy guidance gives security,—
Thy blessing,—full success.

1. See, Is-ra-el's gen - tle Shep - herd stands With all en - gag - ing charms;

2. Per - mit them to ap - proach, he cries, Nor scorn their hum - ble name;

3. If or - phans they are left be - hind, Thy guar - dian care we trust;

Hark, how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of an - gels came.

That cure shall heal our bleed - ing heart, If weep - ing o'er their dust.

- 4 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 2 Like him, may we be found below
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 1007 *Blessedness of instructing the young.*
- 1 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design:
The honors of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.
- 3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blest.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus, in the circle of his arms,
May we forever lie.
- 616 *Evening: Cheerful confidence.*
- 1 In mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.
- 3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

1013 *Children recalling the example of Jesus.*

- 1 When Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
And, all unonor'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

1. Why should our tears in sor - row flow When God re - calls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe, For an im - mor - tal crown?

- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recall'd his own;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

262 *Baptized into his death.*

- 1 Jesus, we lift our souls to thee;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
And let this little infant be
Baptized into thy death.
- 2 O let thine unction on him rest,
Thy grace his soul renew,
And write within his tender breast
Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If thou shouldst quickly end his days,
His place with thee prepare;
And if thou lengthen out his race,
Continue still thy care.
- 4 Thy faithful servant let him prove,
Begirt with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

1010 *The Christian child.*

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of truth have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

684 *Light upon the narrow path.*

- 1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! the Scriptures' clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.
- 3 O let us tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
And thus escape the coming wrath,
And reign with him in heaven.

1. How great the wis - dom, power, and grace, Which in redemption shine;

2. Be - fore his feet they cast their crowns, Those crowns which Je - sus gave,

The heavenly host with joy con - fess The work is all di - vine.

And, with ten thou - sand thou - sand tongues, Pro - claim his power to save.

- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The suffrings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,—
And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

565 *Thy will be done.*

- 1 Thy presence, Lord, the place shall fill;
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.
- 2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice;
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.
- 3 I have the things I ask of thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.
- 4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home;
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

777 *The Lord my portion.*

- 1 Eternal Source of 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.

553 *Pray without ceasing.*

- 1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 Till thou, thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let thee go,—

- 4 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me ;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
- 5 Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face ;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

604 *Morning : Grateful praise.*

- 1 Lord of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.
- 3 O, let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

608 *Self-dedication to the Lord.*

- 1 Return, my soul, unto thy rest ;
From God no longer roam ;
His hand hath bountifully blest ;
His goodness calls thee home.
- 2 What shall I render unto thee,
My Savior in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless ?
- 3 This will I do for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim ;
The cup of thy salvation take,
And call upon thy Name.
- 4 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow :—
- 5 Henceforth to thee myself I give ;
With single heart and eye
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

89 *Goodness and mercy.*

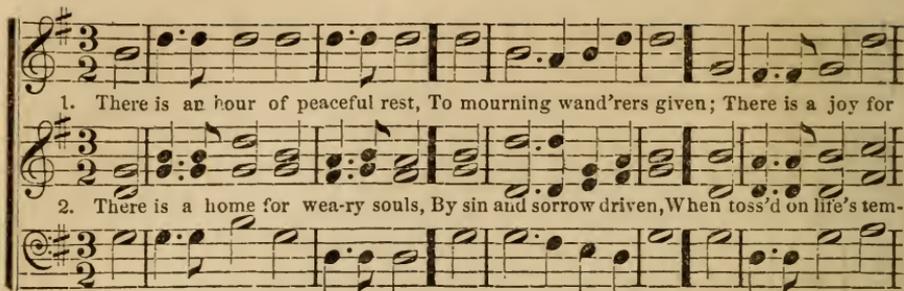
- 1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
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.

58 *The God of Bethel.*

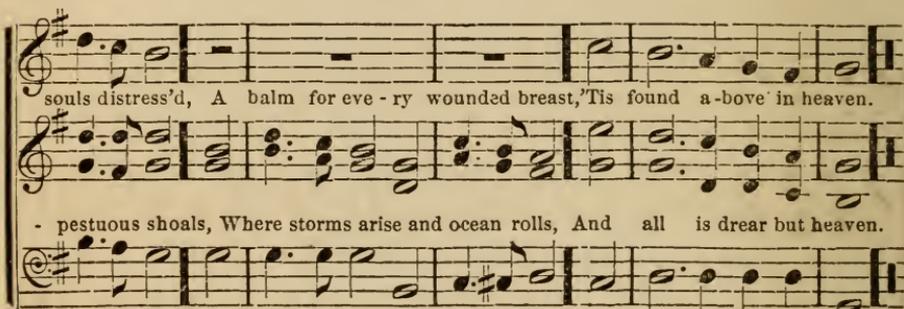
- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led :—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And all we need provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion ever more.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers given; There is a joy for
2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sin and sorrow driven, When toss'd on life's tem-



souls distress'd, A balm for eve-ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-bove in heaven.
- pestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

647 *Evening.—Solitude.*

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 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

354 *The wanderer recalled.*

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Savior's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

1. O thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee; In all my sor-rows,

2. If, for thy sake, upon my name Reproach and shame shall be, I'll hail reproach, and

conflicts, woes, In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

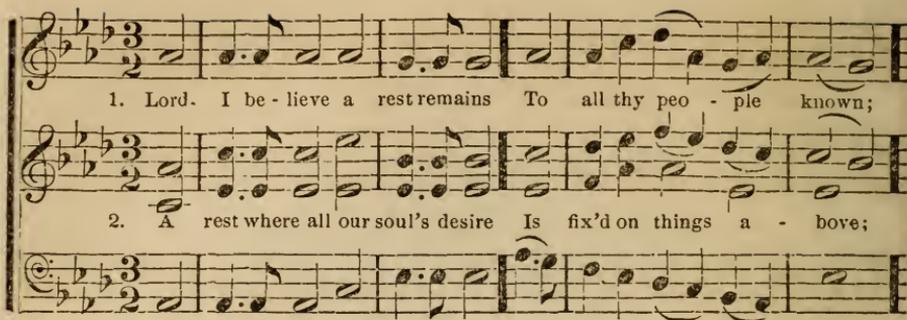
welcome shame; I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

- 3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.
- 4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just de-ree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
O Lord, remember me.
- 5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

749 *Crosses are blessings.*

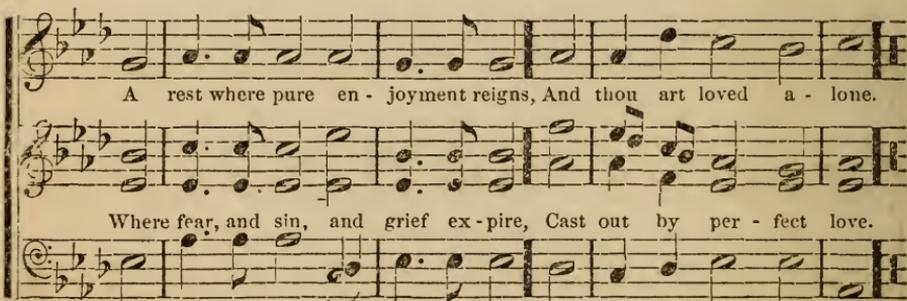
- 1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?
- 2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

- 1 This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but Heaven.
- 2 Poor wanderers on a stormy sea,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray
Serve but to light us on the way;
There's nothing calm but Heaven.
- 3 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?
For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear
Have never found a refuge here;
There's nothing kind but Heaven.
- 4 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace;
There's nothing good but Heaven.
- 5 From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corroding fears are driven;
They're washed in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to Heaven.



1. Lord. I be - lieve a rest remains To all thy peo - ple known;

2. A rest where all our soul's desire Is fix'd on things a - bove;



A rest where pure en - joyment reigns, And thou art loved a - lone.

Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.

438 *Faith counted for righteousness.*

1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,—
My Savior, and my Head,—
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 'Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abrah'm's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised Seed.

4 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from the grave,
And speakest worlds from naught.

5 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

610 *Evening: Gratitude and trust.*

1 Great God, to thee my evening song
With gratitude I raise;

O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with praise,

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every fleeting hour,

Are monuments of wondrous grace,—
Of mercy, love, and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from all harm:

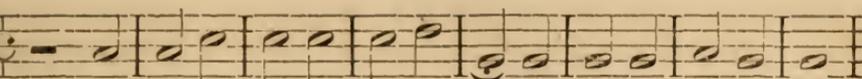
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his mighty arm?

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my frame;

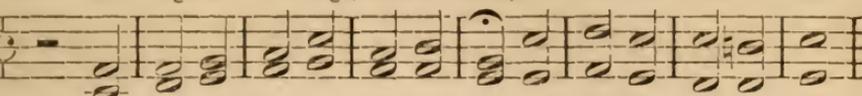
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake to praise thy Name.

Doxology.

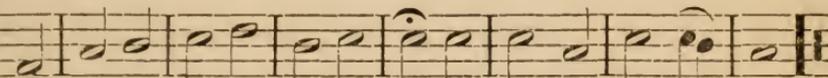
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



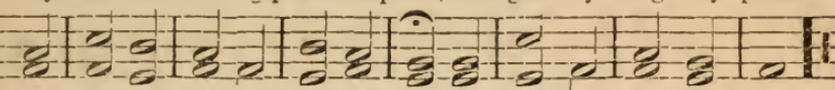
1. Be - ing of be - ings, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise :



2. Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be ; Our sac - ri - fice re - ceive :



Thy all sus - tain - ing power we prove, And glad - ly sing thy praise.



Made, and preserved, and saved by thee, To thee our - selves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store ;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask ; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will ;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again ;
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Savior's love
Shed in our hearts abroad ;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

440 *Peace in believing.*

1 Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid :
Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.

3 What'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,—
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

704 *The loadstone of His love.*

1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
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 Touch'd 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 join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave ;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

1. There is a foun-tain, filled with blood, Drawn from Imman u - el's veins;

2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain, in his day;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all, &c.

And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

263 *Grateful remembrance.*

- 1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be :
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?

- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee !
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

486 *He is faithful that hath promised.*

- 1 Jesus, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain ;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.
- 2 O when wilt thou my Savior be ?
O when shall I be clean ?
The true eternal Sabbath see,—
A perfect rest from sin ?
- 3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld ;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfill'd.

- 4 I look to my incarnate God
Till he his work begin ;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.
- 5 O that I now thy voice might hear
That speaks my sins forgiven ;
Thy word is passed to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven.
- 6 Thy blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify the' unclean ;
The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin.

1054 *Renewing the covenant.*

- 1 Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord ;
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify ;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

613 *Evening : Relying upon divine grace.*

- 1 Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am forever thine :
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to
peace,
I 'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

537 *Ardent desires for the fulness of God.*

- 1 I ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power ;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray ;
Thou seest my heart's desire ;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.
- 4 My restless soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed ;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,—
May never feel it more.

611 *Evening : Numberless mercies.*

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise ;
Assist us, Lord to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide ;
His care was on our weakness shown,—
His mercies multiplied,
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require :
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

1. Lord, I ap-proach the mer-cy seat, Where thou dost an-swer prayer;

2. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea; With this I ven-ture nigh;

There humbly fall be-fore thy feet, For none can per-ish there.

Thou call-est bur-den'd souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace,—
In Jesus crucified.

5 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

339 *Fear of hell.*

1 Terrible thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin forever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:—

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah! no;—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;

He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

317 *The leper.*

1 Jesus, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,—
Present to heal,—in me display
The virtue of thy Name.

2 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

3 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

399 *Self loathed; Christ exalted.*

1 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,—
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love.

2 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

3 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

1. And did the ho-ly and the Just, The Sov'reign of the skies,

Stoop down to wicked-
Stoop down to wickedness and dust, That guilty man might rise? That, &c.
down to wickedness and dust, That guilty man might rise, That guilty man might rise.

- ness and dust, That guil - ty man might rise? That guilty man might rise.
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 To dwell with mis'ry here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.
- 4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled.
- 5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

401 *Knocking at the door of mercy.*

- 1 Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart, and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 Without thy grace, we sink oppressed,
Down to the gates of hell;
O give our troubled spirits rest,—
Our gloomy fears dispel.
- 3 'T is mercy, mercy, now we plead;
Let thy compassion move;

- Mercy, that led thee once to bleed,
In tenderness and love.
- 4 In mercy, now, for Jesus' sake,
O God, our sins forgive;
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can break,
And, breaking, bid us live.

873 *Loss of first love.*

- 1 O that I were as heretofore,
When, warm in my first love,
I only lived my God to' adore,
And, seek the things above.
- 2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveiled his face.
- 3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found, and talked with God.
- 4 Where am I now? from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallowed up in night,
And faded is the crown.
- 5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain;
How shall I 'scape into thy breast?
My Eden how regain?

* These tunes can be substituted, the one for the other.

1. Come, O my God, the promise seal, This mountain, sin, re - move ;

2. I want thy life, thy pu - ri - ty ; Thy righteousness, brought in :

Now in my wait - ing soul re - veal The vir - tue of thy love !

I ask, de - sire, and trust in thee To be redeemed from sin.

- 3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out ;
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display :
I can no longer doubt.
- 4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,
This moment be subdued ;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Savior, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Savior, thou !
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

29 *Invoking God's presence and blessing.*

- 1 Within thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear ;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.
- 2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart :
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain ;
Here give the mourner rest ;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.
- 4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

469 *The blessedness of adoption.*

- 1 And can my heart aspire so high
To say,—My Father, God ?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My Father, God, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

* These tunes can be substituted, the one for the other.

1. In an - swer to ten thou - sand pray - ers, Thou pard - ning God, de - scend :

2. Noth - ing I ask or want be - side, Of all in earth or heaven :

Num - ber me with sal - va - tion's heirs, My sins and trou - bles end.
But let me feel thy blood ap - plied, And live and die for - given.

250 *In the Spirit on the Lord's day.*

- 1 May I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,—
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.
- 2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above ;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

601 *Morning: Thankfulness and trust.*

- 1 Giver and Guardian of our sleep,
To praise thy name we wake :
Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessing of another day
We thankfully receive :
O may we only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.
- 3 Upon us lay thy mighty hand :
Our words and thoughts restrain ;
And bow our souls to thy command,
Nor let our faith be vain.
- 4 Pris'ners of hope, we wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring :
When all we are shall own thy power,
And call our Jesus, King.

480 *The hope of our high calling.*

- 1 What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up ;
I calmly wait for this.
- 2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,—
Shall life and power impart ;
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners,—me.
- 4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem ;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.
- 5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart ;—
And, lo ! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.
- 6 Be it according to thy word ;
Redeem me from all sin ;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord
Come in, my Lord, come in !

* These tunes can be substituted, the one for the other.

1. The once loved form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought em - ploys;

2. Hope looks be - yond the bounds of time, When what we now de - plore

And na - ture weeps her com - forts fled, And with - ered all her joys.

Shall rise in full, im - mor - tal prime. And bloom to fade no more.

3 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears !
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that can not die.

1059 *Man frail—God eternal.*

- 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 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,

Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home !

797 *Vanity of earthly enjoyments.*

- 1 How vain are all things here below ;
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense ;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 My Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

1. When blooming youth is snatched a - way, By death's re - sist - less hand.
2. While pi - ty prompts the ris - ing sigh, O, may this tru th, im - pressed

Our hearts the mournful trib - ute pay Which pi - ty must de - mand.
With aw - ful power, "I, too must die." Sink deep in eve - ry breast!

- 3 Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the opening tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To - morrow, death may come.
- 4 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly !
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 5 Great God ! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power ;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

782 *Deliverance is at hand.*

- 1 My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments pass ;
As length'ning 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 Courage, my soul ; thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
- 4 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,

- Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.
- 5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.
- 6 Courage, my soul ; on God rely ;
Deliv'rance soon will come ;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

357 *Believe, and be at peace.*

- 1 O why should gloomy thoughts arise,
And darkness fill the mind ?
Why should that bosom heave with sighs,
And yet no refuge find ?
- 2 Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm,—
The great Physician there,
Who can thine every fear disarm,
And save thee from despair ?
- 3 Still art thou overwhelm'd with grief,
And fill'd with sore dismay ?
Still looking downward for relief,
Without one cheering ray ?
- 4 Lift up thy streaming eyes to heaven ;
The great atonement see ;
And all thy sins shall be forgiven :—
Believe, and thou art free.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
 2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

536 *The refining fire of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad:
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow;
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow.
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume:
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
 Spirit of burning, come.

- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move;
 While Christ is all the world to me,
 And all my heart is love.

711 *Perfect harmony, and joy unspeakable.*

- 1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by his grace;
 And bids us, each to each restored,
 'Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up;
 And, gather'd into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove;
 The grace through every vessel flows,
 In purest streams of love.
- 4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
 And cordially agree;
 United all through Jesus' name;
 In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one ;
The common peace we feel ;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,—
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet !

898 *Praises to the incarnate Son.*

1 O for a thousand seraph tongues
To bless the' Incarnate Word !
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honor of my Lord !

2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne ;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore the' eternal Son.

734 *Faith sees the final triumph.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die :
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

219 *The minister's only business.*

1 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, 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 fears ;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner'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 !

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name :
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb.

483 *The good pleasure of His will.*

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me :
A token of his love he gives,—
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head ;
He brings salvation near ;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

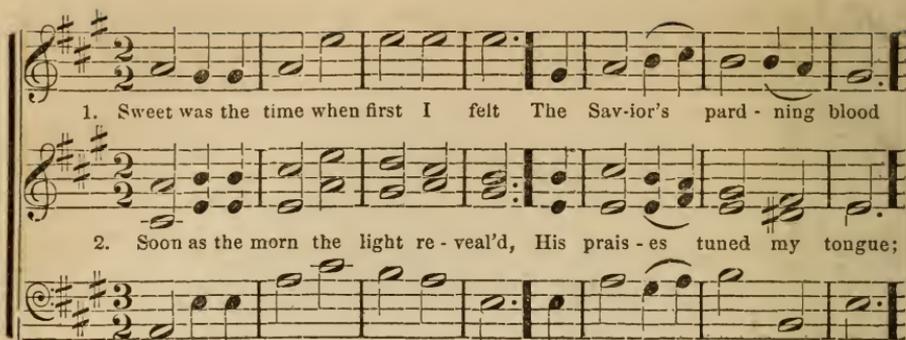
3 He wills that I should holy be !
What can withstand his will ?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

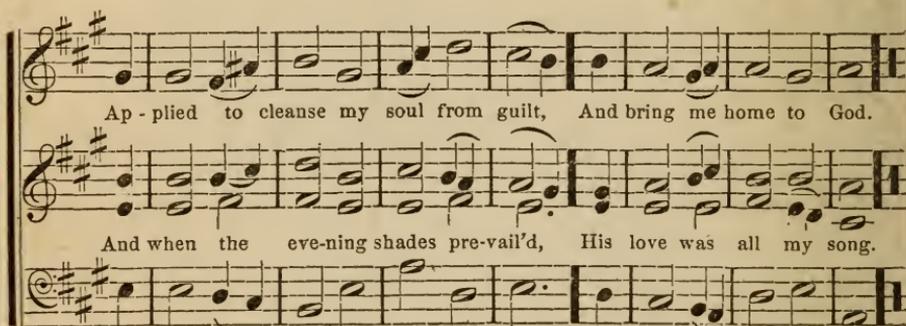
Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav-ior's pard - ning blood

2. Soon as the morn the light re - veal'd, His prais - es tuned my tongue;



Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

And when the eve - ning shades pre - vail'd, His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share.

206 *The pastoral office.*

1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Savior's hand.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

540 *Come, Lord Jesus.*

1 O Jesus! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restored to our unsinning state,—
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Savior, from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us truly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above;
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given
Thy love diffus'd abroad:
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever fill'd with God.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though press'd by every foe,

2. That will not mur-mur or com-plain Be-neath the chast'ning rod,

That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an-y earth-ly wo;-

But in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God;-

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile ;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

513 *The garner of God.*

1 Come, thou omniscient Son of man,
Display thy sifting power ;
Come, with thy Spirit's winn'ing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven ;
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove ;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

4 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free ;
Saved to the utmost, saved below,
And perfected in thee.

440 *Peace in believing.*

1 Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid :
Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,—
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

1. Let all in whom the Spir-it glows, In whom God's word hath peace, The all-uniting

2. Then shall the world, admiring, view The gather'd flock at rest: And own the Son di-

faith dis - close, The all en - dearing grace. The all en-dear-ing grace.

- vine-ly true, The saints di - vine-ly blest, The saints di-vine-ly blest.

246 *The type of everlasting rest.*

- 1 Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.
- 4 *The Lamb worshipped on earth and in heaven.*
- 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 hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

906 *Praise,—delightful.*

- 1 My Savior, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season 'long.

* These hymns are also adapted to MAJESTY, opposite page.

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high,

And underneath his feet he cast The dark - - - - - ness of the sky.

2. On cherubim and seraphim, Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds,

Came fly - ing all abroad, And on the wings, &c.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;

2. Night un - to night his Name re - peats, The day re - news the sound ;

Once more, my voice, the trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies.

Wide as the heavens on which he sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

522 *The exceeding great reward.*

- 1 Thy name to me, thy nature grant !
This, only this be given !
Nothing beside my God I want ;
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 2 Come, O my Savior, come away ;
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.
- 3 The bliss thou hast for me prepared,
No longer be delay'd :
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.
- 4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode ;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

185 *Source of light and joy.*

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

184 *The Holy Spirit witnessing with ours.*

- 1 Eternal Spirit ! God of truth !
Our contrite hearts inspire ;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love—
The pure celestial fire.
- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing,
With guilt and fear oppress'd ;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

39 *God's service delightful.*

- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has call'd 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.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

38 *A blessing on the word.*

- 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 quick'ning 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.

814 *Waiting upon the Lord.*

- 1 Still, for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will;
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say,—Be still!

3 Be still! and know that I am God;—
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below.

4 I wait my vigor to renew,—
Thine image to retrieve;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

1031 *Prayer for our native land.*

- 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 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless—
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.
- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust—
Her everlasting friend.

769 *The Lord is my rock.*

- 1 Thou rock of my salvation, haste;
Extend thine ample shade;
And let it over me be cast,
To screen my naked head.
- 2 Defend me in this trying hour;
My sure protection be;
My shelter from the tempest's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.
- 3 O set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From fierce temptation's rage and heat
Protect me with thy hand.
- 4 Now let me in the cleft be placed:
Nor my defence remove;
Within thine arms of love embraced,—
Thine arms of endless love.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kin -

Kindle a flame of

Kin - dle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts..... of

dle a flame of sa-cred love Kin-dle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of

sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of

ours, Kin-dle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.
-
- 679 *The Spirit's enlightening influences.*
- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
Let us thine influence prove ;—
Source of the old prophetic fire ;
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke :
Unlock the truth, thyself the key ;
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove ;
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depth of love divine.

853 *Lamenting spiritual sloth.*

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake my sluggish soul :
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants ! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive ;
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live !—
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above :—
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood !

- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts !
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise ;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

193 *Life, light, and love.*

- 1 Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down ;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Savior, 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.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well ;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

834 *The race for glory.*

- 1 Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Savior ! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun ;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

1. Lift up your hearts to things a - bove, Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,

And
And join with us to praise his love, And glo-ri - fy his

glo-ri-fy his name..... And glo - ri - fy his name.
Name. And glo-ri - fy his Name, And glo - ri, glo - ri - fy his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end :
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King ;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss ;
On earthly good look down ;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,—

By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive ;
And, raised to our un sinning state,
With God in Eden live :—

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share :
He now is fitting up your home ;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

116 *Glory to God in the highest.*

- 1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat,—
Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die.
- 6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, shall
fail,
Thy praise shall never end.
- 7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

118 *Design and object of His advent.*

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

998 *Christ the conqueror.*

- 1 Jesus, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 O may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions shout,
Hosannas to the Lord.

111 *Worthy of ceaseless praise from all his creatures.*

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, th' immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.
- 4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?

2. O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

In thee no sor - row can be found. No grief, nor care nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?—
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

6 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seen.

7 Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow;
And on the banks on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

8 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

9 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

903 *Triumphant joy.*

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The
 The earth and seas are
 The earth and seas are, &c. And
 earth and seas are passed away, And.....the..... old rolling skies. The earth and
 passed away, And the..... old rolling skies, The earth and seas are
 the..... old roll-ing skies, The earth and seas, &c.
 seas, &c.
 passed a - way, And the old rolling skies, And the old roll - ing skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The New Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,—
 “Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.

4 “The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blest abode;
 Men, the dear objects of his grace,
 And he the loving God.

5 “His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye; [fears,
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
 And death itself, shall die.”

6 How long, dear Savior, O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

* These hymns can be sung to MARLOW, if preferred.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, The' appoint - ed hour makes haste,

2. Je - sus, thou source of all my joys, Thou ru - ler of my heart,

When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

How could I bear to hear thy voice Pronounce the word,— De - part!

- 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,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?—
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

363 *Timely penitence.*

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,—
O how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:—
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,—
O how shall I appear?

- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament;
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Savior's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

1106 *Secrets of the heart made known.*

- 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 awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow ;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near ;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

310 *Totally diseased.*

1 While dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give ;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.

2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distempered soul
Thy love compassionately sees :
O let it make me whole !

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesus' name submit :
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesus' name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn spirit bow,—
My stiff-necked will obey.

5 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man :
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

136 *The crucifixion.*

1 From whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze ?
And why do earthquakes cleave the
ground ?
Why hides the sun his rays ?

2 Well may the earth, astonished, shake,
And nature sympathize,—
The sun, as darkest night, be black ;
Their Maker, Jesus, dies.

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood :
Is this the Infinite ? 'tis he,—
My Savior and my God.

4 For me these pangs his soul assail ;
For me this death is borne ;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave ;
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
O, save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

1110 *The great day of His wrath.*

1 Wo to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down.

2 Sinners expect those heaviest showers :
To meet your God, prepare ;
For, lo ! the seventh angel pours
His vial on the air.

3 Lo ! from their seats the mountains leap ;
The mountains are not found ;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drowned.

4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
And see the Judge, severe ?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear ?

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide ;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide :

337 *Warnings from the grave.*

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 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb ;
And shall earth still our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?

5 Turn, mortal, turn ; thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.

1. Lord! when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
2. Our con - trite spir - its pity - ing see; True pen i - tence im - part:

O! may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.
And let a heal - ing ray from thee Beam peace in - to each heart.

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

4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
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.

347 *He justifieth the ungodly.*

1 Lovers of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
For you the Savior spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him who died for thee;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

Comfort from the Bible.

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.

1018 *Deprecating the anger of God.*

1 Behold, O Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.
- 3 And why, great God, are we thus spared,
Ungrateful as we are ?
O make thine awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries,—Forebear !
- 4 O turn us, turn us, blessed Lord,
By thine almighty grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And ever seek thy face.
- 5 Hear thou our prayers, and grant us aid ;
Bid wars forever cease :
Heal every breach that sin has made,
And bless our land with peace.

896 *The benefit of affliction.*

- 1 Lord, when to thee my sinking soul
Did in affliction fly ;
Thy mercy did my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.
- 2 How oft, when dark misfortune's hand
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good !
- 3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my spirit free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turn'd my thoughts to thee.
- 4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' wo ;
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.
- 5 Then rage, ye storms ; ye billows, roar ;
My heart defies your shock ;
Ye make me cling to God the more,—
To God, my shelt'ring rock.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

- 1 My God ! my everlasting hope !
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year ;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line—thy praise.

897 *Delivering grace celebrated.*

- 1 Lord, thou hast heard thy servants cry,
And rescued from the grave ;
Now shall we live—for none can die
Whom God delights to save.
- 2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill our daily breath ;
Thy hand, that hath chastised us sore,
Defends us still from death.
- 3 Here, with the' assembly of thy saints,
Our cheerful voice we raise ;
Here we have told thee our complaints,
And here we speak thy praise.

676 *Riches of God's word.*

- 1 The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold ;
And here the Savior'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 num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
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.

766 *Chastisement received with humility.*

- 1 It is the Lord, who doth not grieve,
Or needlessly reprove ;
Savior, we thankfully receive
The tokens of thy love.
- 2 These tokens may we ever prize,
And answer their intent,
By list'ning to thy word, that cries,—
Be zealous, and repent.

1. On Jor - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And cast a

wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where
To Canaan's fair and happyland, Where my possessions
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie,....

my possessions lie,..... Where, &c.
lie, To Canaan's fair and Where, &c.
To Canaan's fair and

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay,
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

301 *The Gospel feast.*

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

266 *The invitation.*

- 1 The King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

704 *The loadstone of His love.*

- 1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
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 three-fold 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.
- *"Jerusalem, my happy home."*
- 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,
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace
And cause me to ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 6 When we've been there ten thousand
Bright shining as the sun, [years,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed? And did my my Sov'reign

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the

die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

tree! A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

134 *He died for thee.*

- 1 Behold the Savior of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!
- 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.

265 *Approaching the table.*

- 1 Jesus, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.
- 2 Now, Savior, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.
- 3 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.
- 4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.
- 5 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.

1. Come, trembling sin - ner! in whose breast, A thousand thoughts re - volve;

2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Like mountains round me close;

Come with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.

I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

500 *A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.*

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 O for a 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.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

929 *The kingdoms are but one.*

1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church, triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

1. Lord, all I am is known to thee; In vain my soul would try

2. Thy all sur-round-ing sight sur-veys My ris-ing and my rest,

To shun thy pres-ence, or to flee The no-tice of thine eye.

My pub-lic walks, my pri-vate ways, The se-crets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high:
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

527 *Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.*

1 Let him to whom we now belong,
His sov'reign 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;
Fulfil our heart's 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.

593 *For the waters of salvation.*

1 Fountain of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and overflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,—
Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea:
Into thy fulness fall;
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,—
Our God, our All in All.

Melody.

1. God of e - ter - nal truth and grace, Thy faith - ful prom - ise seal;
2. That migh - ty faith on me be - stow, Which can - not ask in vain;

ORGAN.

Thy word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race, In me, O Lord, ful - fil.
Which holds, and will not let thee go, 'Till I my suit ob - tain:—

3 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,—
Whate'er thou wilt, be done.

4 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

700 *And so fulfil the law of Christ.*

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 everlasting peace.

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.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

1074 *Victory over the fears of death.*

1 O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,—
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,—
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God,— A calm and heav- en - ly frame;

2. Where is the bless - ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord ?

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word.

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 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.

521 *The perfect rest from sin.*

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, I cry to thee,
Against the foe within ;
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.
- 2 Thy killing and thy quick'ning power,
Jesus, in me display ;
The life of nature, from this hour,
My pride and passion slay.

3 Then, then, my utmost Savior, raise
My soul with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

163 *His sympathizing love.*

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd 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,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

1. All praise to Him who dwells in bliss, Who made both day and night;

2. Each thought and deed his pierc-ing eyes With strict-est search sur - vey ;

Whose throne is in the vast a - byss Of un - cre - a - ted light.

The deep - est shades no more dis - guise, Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings, 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
No evil shall molest : Before the evil come ;
Under the shadow of thy wings My spirit hide with saints above,—
Shall they securely rest. My body, in the tomb.

4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep ;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.

5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless Thee, ever blest.

902 *Walking with God.*

1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face :—
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

384 *Godly sorrow.*

1 O for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word ;

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow ;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 Savior, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress ;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace :

1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! What pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for

2. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies

Unison.

eve-ry wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial, &c.

of the sky Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire, &c.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

229 *Returning to Zion with songs of joy.*

- 1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say—to the south,—Give up thy charge!
And,—Keep not back, O north!
- 4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

691 *The universal bond of love.*

- 1 The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

690 *Revelation welcomed and disseminated.*

- 1 Hail, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night ;
Diffusing o'er a ruined 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 the' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

845 *Gratitude.*

- 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 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran ;
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

812 *Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word,—
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God !—I know his name ;
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

6 *The glories of our King.*

- 1 Come, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine :
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish, like them, to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise :
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

678 *Light and glory of the sacred page.*

- 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 ;
Its truths upon the nations rise :
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord ! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

1. With stately towers and bulwarks strong, Unrival'd and a-lone, Loved theme of

many a sacred song, God's holy ci - ty shone, God's ho-ly ci - ty shone.

- 2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.
- 3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious Church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.
- 4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defence;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

Dedication.

- 1 Great King of glory! who for Thee
Shall seek a resting place?
Thy centre is Eternity—
Thy compass,—boundless space!
- 2 On everlasting hills of light,
Where awful splendors blaze,
Thy Temple rears its sacred hight,
To show its Maker's praise.
- 3 The hosts of Heaven, low bending there,
Their joyful tribute bring,

- They strike the lofty-sounding lyre,
And loud hosannas sing.
- 4 But Heav'n cannot our God retain,
His footstool shares his love;
And with the meek He comes to reign,
Who fills the worlds above.
- 5 We thus have dared, with solemn care,
Though sinners in thy sight,—
To call e'en this, thy house of prayer,
The dwelling of thy might.
- 6 And as thine ancient Temple bore
The hallow'd name of God,
So trace it here with mystic fire,
Or stain with Jesus' blood.
- 7 The ancient fires of sacrifice
On Jewish altars glowed;—
Here let a purer flame arise—
The soul's desire—to God.
- 8 Here may a branch of Zion grow,
And fruit abundant yield;
Here may the stream Siloam flow,
And sinful souls be healed.

Unison.

1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No mu-sic's like thy

2. Oh, may I ever hear thy voice In mer-cy to me speak; In thee, my Priest, will

charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.

I re-joice, And thy sal - va - tion seek, And thy sal - va - tion seek.

- 3 While Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

747 *At evening time it shall be light.*

- 1 We journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'er-cast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.
- 2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,—
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light!
- 3 Though earth-born shadows now may
Thy thorny path awhile, [shroud
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
- 4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.
- 5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace

Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease.

- 6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd,—
At eve it shall be light.

942 *The goodly city in prospect.*

- 1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?
- 2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

A tune too much neglected.

1. Come Ho-ly Ghost, inspire our songs With thine im-mor-tal flame;

2. How great the rich-es of his grace! He left his throne a-bove,

En-large our hearts, un-loose our tongues, To praise the Sav-ior's name.

And, swift to save our ru-in'd race, He flew on wings of love.

3 Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

4 The' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our low abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd the' incarnate God.

5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The hight, and depth, and breadth, and
length
Of such transcendent love.

805 *The world has lost its charms.*

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

850 *Are they not all ministering spirits?*

1 Which of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours,—
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?

2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

4 Our lives those holy angels keep
From every hostile power;
And, unconcern'd, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

1. Je - sus, the word of mer-cy give, And let it swift - ly run ;

2. Je - sus, let all thy servants shine Il - lustrious as the sun ;

Let the priests themselves believe, And put sal - va - tion on.

And, bright with borrow'd rays divine, Their glo - rious cir - cuit run.

3 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go ;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

4 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might ;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

5 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display ;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

566 *On earth as it is in heaven.*

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 powers 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.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

595 *Sunday morning: Preparing for worship.*

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 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints ;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

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.

1. O Thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be,
2. The friends who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown ;

If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee.
And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a - lone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimm'd and vanished too ;

5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not His wing of love,
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

6 Then sorrow, touch'd by Him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

658 *Secret communion with God.*

1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But God himself doth comprehend,
And answer, silent prayer.

368 *I would be thine.*

1 I would be thine ; O take my heart,
And fill it with thy love ;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine ; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine ; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within :—
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.

4 I would be thine ; I would embrace
The Savior, and adore ;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

* These hymns are adapted to ORTONVILLE, opposite page.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side; This
2. My dy - ing Sav - ior, and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin, Sprin -
all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Savior died, For me the Savior died.
- kle me ever with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean, And cleanse, &c.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone, —
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

701 *Safety in union.*

- 1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly :
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O ! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm ;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never 'an devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree ;

But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

- 6 Together let us sweetly live, —
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

323 *Lord, help my unbelief.*

- 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 sov'reign 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 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

MODERATO.

1. Sin - ners, the voice of God re - gard ; 'Tis mer - cy speaks to - day ;

2. Like the rough sea that can - not rest You live, de - void of peace ;

He calls you by his sa - cred word From sin's de - struc - tive way.

A thousand stings with - in your breast De - prive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal wo.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word ;
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

328 *The hammer of God's word.*

1 Come, O thou all victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy Word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn ;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Savior turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release ;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

545 *The entire surrender.*

1 O Savior, welcome to my heart ;
Possess thy humble throne ;
Bid every rival, Lord, depart,
And reign, O Christ, alone.

2 The world and Satan I forsake ;
To thee I all resign ;
My longing heart, O Savior, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee ;
Let nothing here my heart divide ;
I give it all to thee.

1131 *Doxology.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

1. Thy life, I read my gracious Lord, With transport all di-vine;
 2. Methinks I see a thousand charms Spread o'er thy love-ly face,
 Thine im-age trace in eve-ry word, Thy love in eve-ry line.
 While in-fants in their ten-der arms Re-ceive the smallest grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
 And lay them in my breast;
 Protection they shall find in me,
 In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But can't dissolve my love;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.

5 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout, with joys divine,—
 O Savior, all we have and are
 Shall be forever thine.

1009 *For a blessing on the children.*

1 O Wisdom! whose unfading power
 Beside th' Eternal stood,
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flood;
 2 Yet didst thou not disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear,—
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy falter'd prayer.
 3 But in thy Father's own abode,
 With Israel's elders round.
 Conversing high with Israel's God,
 Thy chiefest joy was found.

4 So may our youth adore thy Name!
 And, Savior! deign to bless
 With fost'ring grace the timid flame
 Of early holiness.

313 *Without God in the world.*

1 God is in this and every place;
 But O, how dark and void
 To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.
 2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
 Till he his light impart.—
 Till he his glorious self reveals,—
 The veil is on my heart.
 3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
 Thyself unseen, unknown,
 Pity my helpless unbelief,
 And break my heart of stone.
 4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
 The long-sought blessing give;
 And bid me, at the point to die,
 Behold thy face and live.

Dorology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree,
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

1. While Thee I seek, pro-te-ct - ing Pow'r! Be my vain wish - es still'd!

2. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see!

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

Each bless - ing to my soul more dear, Be - cause con - ferr'd by thee.

Thy love the pow'r of thought be - stow'd; To Thee my thoughts would soar;

In ev - 'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev - 'ry pain I bear,

Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd, - That mer - cy I a - dore.

My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my breast shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,—
That heart shall rest on thee.

750 *Radiant hope.*

1 O who, in such a world as this,
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain ?
That hope the sov'reign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies ;
Hope that unites the soul to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

2 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the ling'ring heart from earth,
And speed his flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tell us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

414 *Looking unto Jesus.*

1 Thou Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray ;
O heal me of my grief and pain,—
And take my sins away.
Now from this bondage, Lord, release,
And give the wand'rer rest :
Redeemer, Savior, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

2 Thou wilt not cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee ;
My gracious Lord, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me :
O let me now obtain the grace,
And find my long sought rest :
Redeemer, Savior, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

3 Mere worldly good I do not want ;
Be that to others given :
While only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth or heaven :
This is the crown I fain would seize,—
With which I would be blest :
Redeemer, Savior, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

644 *Retirement and Meditation.*

1 Far from the world, O Lord ! I flee,—
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,—
Sweet source of light divine,—
And,—all harmonious names in one—
Blest Savior ! thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love
And praise, an endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

677 *Excellency and sufficiency.*

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines ;
Forever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight ;
And still, new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Savior there.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liev-er's ear; It

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis

soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.

man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the weary, rest, And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

1121 *United—though separated.*

- 1 Blest be 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;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

684 *Light upon the narrow path.*

- 1 Bright was the guiding-star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,—
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! the Scriptures' clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.
- 3 O let us tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
And thus escape the coming wrath,
And reign with him in heaven.

Melody.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1565.

1 O God! our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 Our shel-ter from the stor-my blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in foll'wing years.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be thou our guide while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home!

532 *The affections crucified.*

- 1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply;
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
 My vile affections, crucify;
 Conform me to thy death.

- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
 Still with the rebel strive:
 Enter my soul and work within,
 And kill and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,
 As the old Adam dies;
 Bury me, Savior, in thy grave,
 That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
 That would not own thy sway;
 Diffuse thine image through my soul,
 Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode;
 O make me glorious all within,—
 A temple built for God!

775 *Trusting in the mercy of God.*

- 1 Why, O my soul, O why depress'd,
 And whence thine anxious fears?
 Let former mercies fix thy trust,
 And check thy rising tears.
- 2 Affliction is a stormy deep,
 Where wave succeeds to wave;
 Though o'er my head the billows sweep,
 I know the Lord can save.
- 3 His grace and mercy trust, my soul,
 Nor murmur at his rod:
 In vain the waves of trouble roll,
 While he is still thy God.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the veil and see The saints above, how

great their joys, be How bright their glories be, How, &c.
How bright their glories be, How, &c.
How bright their glories be, How, &c.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses.
Show the same path to heaven.

160 *Jesus reigning and interceding for sinners.*

1 See Jesus rising from the grave;
Behold him raised on high:
He pleads his merits there, to save,
Transgressors doomed to die.

2 There, on a glorious throne, he reigns;
And, by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

3 Thus saved, may we with joy appear
In heaven before his face;

And, with the blest assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace.

The resurrection.

1 Lo! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!

3 I hear the voice—"Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King {skies,
Shall bear us homeward, through the
On love's triumphant wing!

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay Without one cheering beam of hope,

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of peace, Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and, O! a - maz - ing love!

The first verse should be sung softly.

Or spark of glimm'ring day, Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

He flew to our re - lief. He saw, and, O! a - maz - ing love! He flew to our re - lief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Savior's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

585 *Prayer for the fullness of God's grace.*

1 Jehovah, God the Father, bless,
And thine own work defend;
With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.
Preserve the creatures of thy love
By providential care:
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.

2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face;
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace.

Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up to thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.

3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father, and Son to show;
With bliss ineffable, divine,
With ravish'd hearts o'erflow.
Sure earnest of that happiness,
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

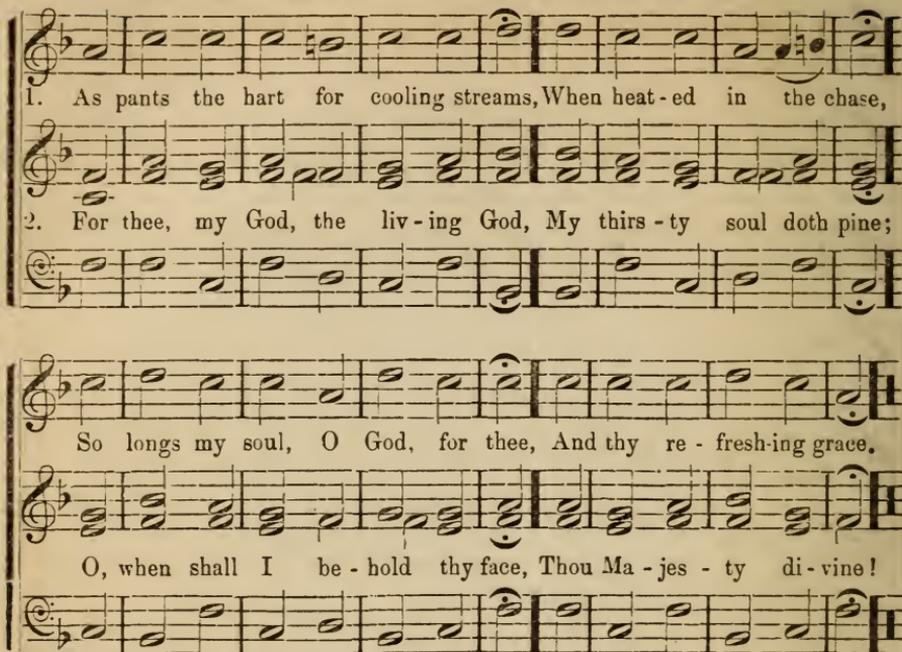
147 *Glory to the dying Lamb.*

1 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by grace.

3 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within;
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.

An excellent tune from PLAYFORD'S Psalms and Hymns in Solemn Music. 1671.



1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heat-ed in the chase,

2. For thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirs-ty soul doth pine;

So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

O, when shall I be-hold thy face, Thou Ma-jes-s-ty di-vine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Savior, and thy King.

526 *Longing to be dissolved in love.*

- 1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Savior, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

307 *The immensity of His grace.*

- 1 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sov'reign grace?
- 2 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.
- 3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:—
So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.
- 4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.
- 5 The depth of all redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable.

* If this tune is not familiar, the hymns are adapted to WOODLAND, opposite page.

1. This world is poor from shore to shore, And like a base-less vision, Its lofty domes and

2. Em-pires de-cay and nations die, Our hopes to winds are giv-en; The ver-nal blooms in

* Use the small notes for this hymn.

brilliant ore, Its gems and crowns are vain and poor; There's nothing rich but heaven.

ru-in lie, Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky; There's nothing sure but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven,—
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball;—
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dismal tomb;
I have no home but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse—the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears;
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years!
I'm on my way to heaven.

The Sabbath.

1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet will be the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Shall shed new rays of light.

3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet while they gently roll;
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

778 *In his presence there is fulness of joy.*

1 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light:
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.

3 O happy scenes above the sky,
Where thy full beams impart,
Unclouded beauty to the eye,
And rapture to the heart.

4 Her portion in those realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

5 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall forever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And, rise on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

He plants his footsteps
 God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to per-form ; He plants his footsteps in the sea, He
 He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up-
 in the sea, And rides up-on the storm, He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.
 plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm. He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides, &c.
 on the storm. And rides upon the storm, 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.

327 *The voice that wakes the dead.*

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the grateful sacrifice
 Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere :
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshiper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his need of thee,—
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief ;
 His desp'rate state explain ;
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak, with that voice that wakes the
 And bid the sleeper rise ; [dead,
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.

* These hymns are adapted to MEAB, opposite page.

1. I love the Lord : he heard my cries, And pit - ied eve - ry groan :

2. I love the Lord : he bow'd his ear, And chas'd my grief a - way :

Long as I live, when trou - bles rise, I'll has - ten to his throne.

O let my heart no more des - pair, While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed ;
He bade my pains remove :
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

430 *The returning prodigal.*

1 The long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise ;
His heart begins to break.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face ;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,—
In pensive silence mourn,—
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around ;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
The long-lost son is found !

1116 *The dissolution of all things.*

1 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee ;
We shelter in thy side ;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

2 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound ;
The latest lightnings glare ;
The mountains melt ; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air ;

3 The huge celestial bodies roll
Amidst the gen'ral fire ;
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire :—

4 Sublime on his eternal throne,
He speaks the' almighty word :
His fiat is obeyed : 'tis done ;
And paradise restored.

5 So be it ; let this system end ;
This ruinous earth and skies ;
The New Jerusalem descend,—
The new creation rise.

6 Thy power omnipotent assume ;
Thy brightest majesty ;
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me.

1. Prayer is the soul's sincere de - sire, Uttered or un - ex - pressed; The

2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The

motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast, That trembles in the breast.

upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near, When none but God is near.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays!
- 6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

270 *Gratitude and love.*

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless wo?
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,

- What love his latest words displayed—
Meet and remember me.
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

801 *Steadfast faith.*

- 1 My God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

683 *Preciousness of the Bible.*

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

32 *
Melody.

1. Great Shepherd of thy peo - ple, hear ; Thy pres - ence now display ;

ORGAN.

We kneel with - in 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.

170 *Our ever-present Guide.*

- 1 Jesus, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die ;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.
- 2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend ;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.
- 3 From His high throne in bliss, he deigns
Our every prayer to heed ;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.
- 4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.
- 5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Savior and our Lord ;

Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obey'd, adored.

579 *For a tender conscience.*

- 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.
- 5 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.
- Let God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal name! And humb - ly own to thee

2. Our wast - ing lives grow short - er still, As days and months in - crease;

How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame,—What dy - ing worms are we!

And eve - - ry beat - ing pulse we tell, Leaves but the num - ber less.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.</p> <p>4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.</p> <p>5 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!</p> <p>6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!</p> | <p>3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.</p> <p>4 A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.</p> <p>1069 <i>A voice from the grave.</i>
1 Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry:—
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.</p> <p>2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours.</p> <p>3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more.</p> <p>4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.</p> |
|--|--|
- 1 The time draws nigh, when from the cloud
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge
While earth's foundations shake.

1. Con - sid - er all my sorrows, Lord, And thy de - liv - rance send;
2. Had not thy word been my de - light When earth - ly joys were fled,

My soul for thy sal - va - tion faints; When will my troub - les end?
My soul, oppressed with sor - row's weight, Had sunk a - mong the dead.

3 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

1020 *Impending judgments.*

1 Come, let our souls 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 merits plead above,
While we implore below.
4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

638 *Overwhelming grief.*

1 O thou, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy suff'ring Son,—
2 O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;

Or, to the chasten'd, let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief.

3 And thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,—
Father, thy will be done:—

4 By thy meek Spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourn'd the chief,
Blest Savior, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this whelming grief.

1084 *The death of a pastor.*

1 To thee, O God, when creatures fail,
Thy flock, deserted, flies;
And on the' eternal Shepherd's care,
Our steadfast hope relies.
2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust
Thy saints assembled mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O Zion's God, return!
3 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through each succeeding race.
4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless;
And change to strains of cheerful praise
Our accents of distress.

From the SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' appointed hour makes haste,

2. Je - sus, thou source of all my joys, Thou rul - er of my heart,

When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - cmm test.

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,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?—
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

391 *Pleading the promises.*

- 1 Mercy alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die:—
- 2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me?—No:

I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

- 3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.
- 4 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe:
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

878 *Vain repentances.*

- 1 Times without number have I pray'd,—
This only once forgive;
Relapsing when thy hand was stay'd,
And suffer'd me to live:
- 2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

* Dundee is the old name of this tune. The Scotch claim it as a national tune. Burns has reference to it, in the line, "Perhaps DUNDEE'S wild warbling measures rise;" and another poet said of it, "Could I when being carried to my grave, wake up just to hear what tune would be sung at it, I should like it to be Dundee, or, as we call it, Windsor."

1. Ear - ly my God! with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face ;

2. So pil-grims on the scorching sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky,

My thirs - ty spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine :
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 5 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.

Grace implored in baptism.

- 1 Celestial dove, descend from high,
And on the water brood :
Come, with thy quick'ning power apply
The water and the blood.
- 2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal ;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figure still.
- 3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew ;
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
The work we have to do.

404 *Unwearied earnestness.*

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee ;
No other help I know :
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith ! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die ;
O speak, and I shall live ;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face ;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

736

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies; { I'll bid farewell to
Then I can smile at

2. Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall; { May I but safe-ly
And not a wave of

END. D.C. §

every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be
Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. [hurled,

reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all, There I shall bathe, my weary soul, In seas of heavenly
trouble roll, Across my peaceful breast. [rest,

734 *Faith sees the final triumph.*

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

921 *Perpetual praise.*

- 1 Yes, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my fleeting days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing,
When death shall close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

- 1 When God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work !" my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine ;
"Great is the work !" my heart replied,—
"And be the glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come :
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

1012 *Anniversary.*

- 1 Hosanna, be the children's song,
To Christ the children's King ;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.
- 2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard ;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.
- 3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,

While louder, sweeter, clearer, still
Woods echo to the strain.

- 4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.
- 5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be ;
Hosanna to our King :
This is the children's jubilee :
Let all the children sing.

1016 *Children in heaven.*

- 1 There is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey ;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frame decay ;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.
- 5 Great God, impress this serious thought,
To-day on every breast ;
That both the teachers and the taught,
May dwell among the blest.

1. Come, Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One God in per - sons three;

2. Thy fa - vor and thy na - ture too, To me, to all re - store;

Bring back the heavenly bless - ing lost By all mankind and me.

For - give, and af - ter God re - new, And keep me ev - er - more.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

60 *Divine guidance and safety.*

1 Before thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Behold, thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And as we hear, O may we feel
Its value more and more.

4 Help us to see the Savior's love
Beaming from every page;
And let the thoughts of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.

5 Thus while thy word our footsteps guides,
Shall we be truly blest;
And safe arrive where love provides
An everlasting rest.

544 *Now is the accepted time.*

1 Now, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Redeemer, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart.

2 O Jesus, now my heart inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Enkindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine.

3 Now purify my faith like gold;
The dross of sin remove;
Melt down my spirit, Lord, and mold
Into thy perfect love.

* This magnificent old chorale is in some books attributed to MARTIN LUTHER, but it more frequently appears in connection with the name of HERRMANN.

1. I ask the gift of righ-teous - ness, The sin - sub - du - ing power ;

2. I ask the blood-bought par-don seal'd, The lib - er - ty from sin,

Power to be - lieve, and go in peace, And nev - er grieve thee more.

The grace in - fused, the love reveal'd, The king-dom fix'd with - in.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray ;
Thou seest my heart's desire ;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My restless soul cries out, oppress'd,
Impatient to be freed ;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,—
May never feel it more.

681 *Perfection of the law and testimony.*

1 Thy law is perfect, Lord of light ;
Thy testimonies sure ;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my ears,—
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warn'd betimes ;
Who knows the guile within ?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes ;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,—
The thoughts that throng my mind,—

O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

518

Perfect freedom.

1 If thou impart thyself to me,

No other good I need :

If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood

I full redemption have ;

But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the pain,

Thou wilt redeem my soul :

Lord, I believe—and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white ;

With all thy saints shall prove

The length and depth, and breadth and
hight,
Of everlasting love.

1131

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree

To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

From Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.

1. When God revealed His gra-cious name, And changed my mourn-ful state,
2. The world be-held the glo-rious change, And did thy hand con-fess ;

My rapture seemed a pleas-ing dream, The grace appeared so great.
My tongue broke out in un-known strains, And sung sur-pris-ing grace.

- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned Thy power divine ;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrows rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come ;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
'Twill not deceive their hope ;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.
- 839 *God's pavilion.*
- 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.
- 4 *The Lamb worshiped on earth and in heaven.*
- 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 hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

1. I love the Lord: he heard my cries, And pit-ied eve-ry groan:

2. I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear, And chased my grief a-way:

Long as I live, when troub-les rise, I'll has-ten to his throne.

O let my heart no more des-pair, While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

509 *Cordial obedience.*

- 1 Come, Lord, and claim me for thine own,
Savior, thy right assert;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart.
- 2 The day of thy great power I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for thee.
- 3 I hate my sins,—no longer mine,
For I renounce them too;
My weakness with thy strength I join;
Thy strength shall all subdue.
- 4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,—
With all my soul submit.

273 *Strength renewed.*

- 1 O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thy table kneel.
- 2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love;
The streams that thro' the desert flow,—
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink, his precious blood.
- 4 Thus may we all thy words obey;
For we, O Lord, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

1. A stran-ger in the world be-low, I calm-ly so-journ here;

2. To that Je-ru-sa-lem a-bove, With sing-ing we re-pair;

END.

Nor can its hap-pi-ness or wo Pro-voke my hope or fear:
But O, the bliss to which I tend E-ter-nal-ly shall last.

While in the flesh, my hope and love, My heart and soul, are there.
And still ex-tend my wound-ed hands To take me to his breast.

D.C.

Its e-vils in a mo-ment end; Its joys as soon are-past:

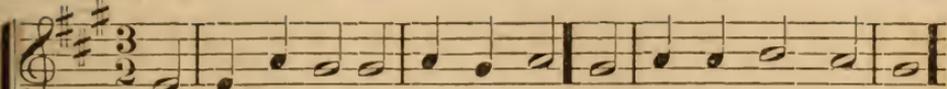
There my ex-alt-ed Sav-ior stands, My mer-ci-ful High Priest;

958

The prospect joyous.

- 1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die:
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,—
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three score years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

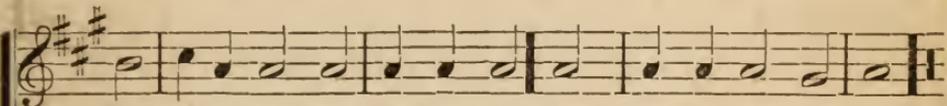
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.



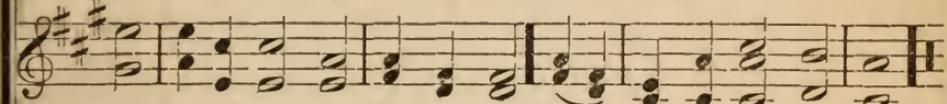
1. How oft have I the Spirit grieved, Since first with me he strove ;



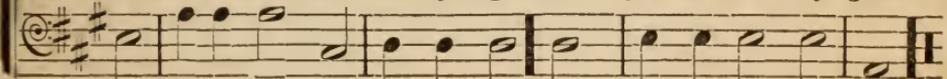
2. How have I sinn'd a - gainst the light ; Brok-en from his em-brace ;



How ob-sti-nate - ly dis-believed, And trampled on his love !



And would not, when I free-ly might, Be jus-ti-fied by grace.



2 But after all that I have done
To drive him from my heart,
The Spirit leaves me not alone,—
He doth not yet depart ;
He will not give the sinner o'er :
Ready e'en now to save,
He bids me come as heretofore,
That I his grace may have.

3 I take thee at thy gracious word ;
My foolishness I mourn ;
And unto my redeeming Lord,
However late, I turn :
Savior, I yield, I yield at last ;
I hear thy speaking blood ;
Myself, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

2 Though careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,—
Preserved in peace by Jesus' Name,
Supported by his smile :
Rejoicing thus my faith to show,
His service my reward ;
While every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

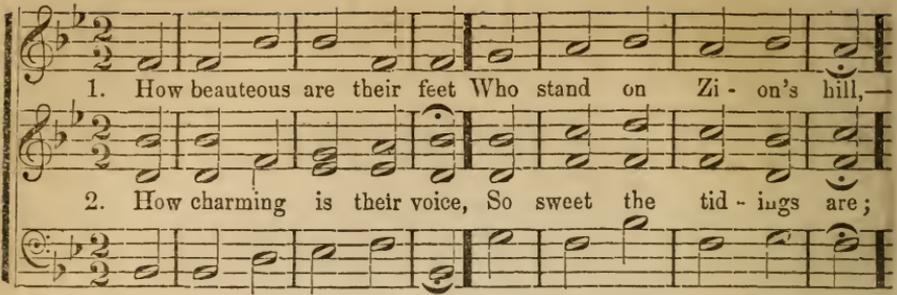
3 O ! that the world the art might know
Of living thus to thee ;
And find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see ;
Walking in all the works prepared
To exercise their grace,
They gain at last their full reward,
And see thy glorious face.

807* *His service is perfect freedom.*

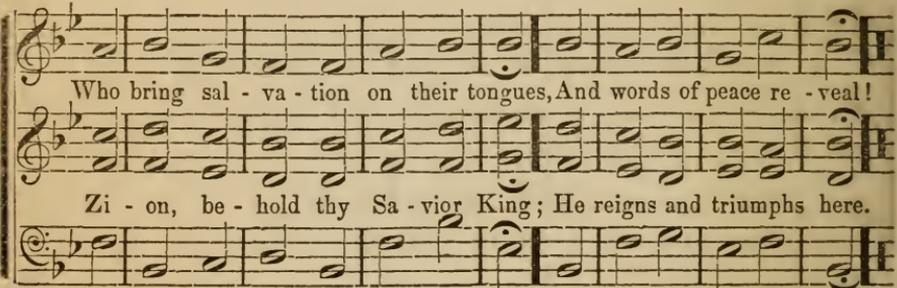
1 Behold ! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will ;
My Lord in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Thus faithful to my Lord's commands,
I choose the better part,
And serve with careful Martha's hands,
But loving Mary's heart.

1132 *Doxology.*

1 The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath ;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.



1. How beautiful are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill,—
2. How charming is their voice, So sweet the tid-ings are;



Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal!
Zi-on, be-hold thy Sa-vior King; He reigns and triumphs here.

- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and priests desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

288

All-sufficient grace.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;

- And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

169 *The only name given under heaven.*

- 1 Jesus, thou Source divine,
Whence hope and comfort flow,—
• Jesus, no other Name than thine
Can save from endless wo.
- 2 None else will heaven approve:
Thou art the only way,
Ordain'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.
- 4 Safe through this world of night,
Lead to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,—
Where joy forever reigns.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Western Tune, arranged by L. MASON.

1. Thou ve - ry pres - ent aid In suff'ring and distress :

The mind which still on thee is stay'd, Is kept in per - fect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears ;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me ;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are dry ?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripp'd of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one ;
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

176 *The Redeemer on his throne.*

1 Enthroned is Jesus now,
Upon his heavenly seat ;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand,—
A great and countless throng ;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them ;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood,
Each wears his diadem.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

129 *Light dawning upon the soul.*

1 Out of the depths of wo,
To thee, O Lord, I cry ;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin ;
Lord, I am knocking at the gate ;
Open, and take me in.

3 O hearken to my voice,—
Give ear to my complaint ;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

4 Glory to God above.—
The waters soon will cease ;
For, lo ! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud ;
Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
His bow is in the cloud.

1. O that I could re-vere My much of-fend-ed God;

2. If mer-cy can-not draw, Thou by thy threat-nings move;

O that I could but stand in fear Of thy af-flict-ing rod!

And keep an ab-ject soul in awe, That will not yield to love.

3 Thou great, tremendous God,
The conscience awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestowed,
The tender, fleshly heart.

4 For Jesus' sake alone,
The stony heart remove;
And melt at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of love.

275 *Obedying the command.*

1 Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

373 *The heart of stone.*

1 O that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
For having grieved my God;

A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

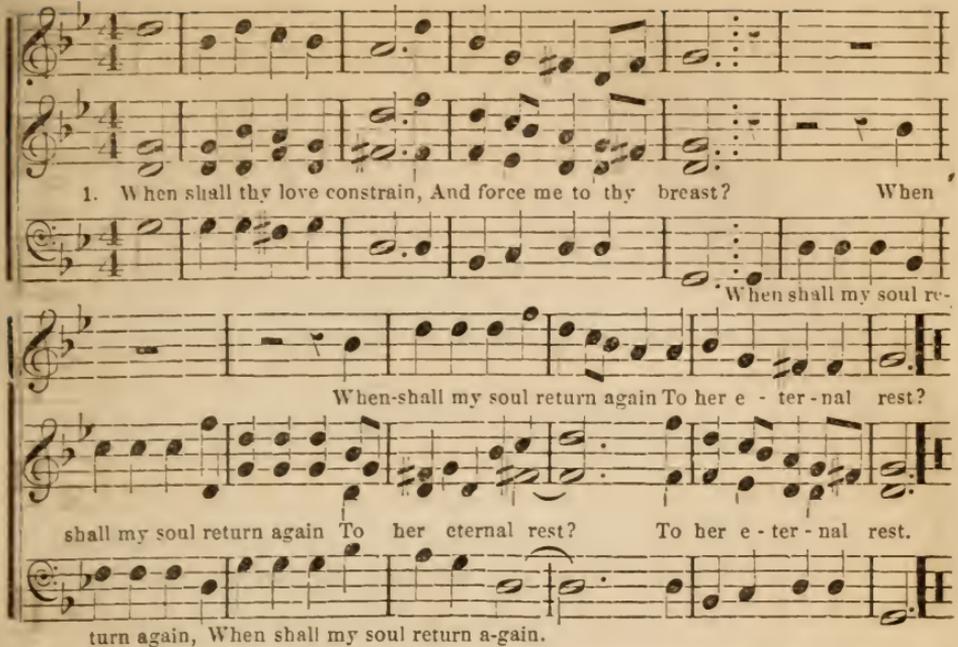
1081 *Let me die the death of the righteous.*

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call him to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.



1. When shall thy love constrain, And force me to thy breast? When
When shall my soul re-
When shall my soul return again To her e - ter - nal rest?
shall my soul return again To her eternal rest? To her e - ter - nal rest.
turn again, When shall my soul return a-gain.

- 2 Ah! what avail my strife,—
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

- And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!
- 6 Savior, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1096 *Sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body.*

- 1 And must this body die—
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust.
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,

561 *The Hearer of prayer.*

- 1 Ye praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
With joy to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.
- 2 Your mournful cry he hears;
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.
- 3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend,
And to their sorrows and complaints
His ear in mercy bend.
- 4 Then let us still go on
In his appointed ways,
Rejoicing in his Name alone,
In prayer and humble praise.

* These hymns are also adapted to BOSTON.

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord," A - men, so let it be; Life from the dead is

2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At times, to faith's as -

3. Yet doubts still intervene, And all my comfort flies; Like No-ah's dove I

in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty; Here in the bod - y pent,

pir - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear! Ah, then my spir - it faints,

flit be - tween Rough seas and storm - y skies; A - non the clouds de - part,

Ab - sent from Him I roam; Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent, A

To reach the land I love; The bright in - her - it - ance of saints, Je -

The winds and wa - ters cease, While sweet - ly o'er my glad - dened heart Ex -

day's march nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, A day's march near - er home.

ru - sa - lem a - bove, home a - bove, home a - bove, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

pands the bow of peace, bow of peace, bow of peace, Expands the bow of peace.

* Sing the small note, if this cannot be given clear and flute-like.

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 'tis thy will,
 The promise of thy gracious word,
 Ev'n here to me fulfill.
 Be thou at my right hand;
 So shall I never fail:
 Uphold thou me and I shall stand;
 Help, and I shall prevail.

5 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing "as I am known,"
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

989 *The Redeemer's triumphant reign.*

1 O thou, whom we adore,
 To bless our earth again,
 Assume thine own almighty power,
 And o'er the nations reign.
 The world's desire and hope,
 All power to thee is given;
 Now set the last great empire up,
 Eternal Lord of heaven.

2 Where all thy laws are spurned,
 Thy holy name profaned,
 And where the ruin'd world has
 mourned,
 With blood of millions stained:
 Reveal the glorious scene;
 The heathen claim for thine;
 And there the endless reign begin
 With majesty* divine.

3 A gracious Savior, thou
 Wilt all thy creatures bless;
 And every knee to thee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess.
 According to thy word,
 Now be thy grace revealed;
 And with the knowledge of the Lord,
 Let all the earth be filled.

780 *He ruleth all things well.*

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy
 tears;
 God shall lift up thy head;

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 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.
 What though thou rulest not;
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou, wond'ring own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand!
 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

727 *Courage ensures victory.*

1 Urge on your rapid course,
 Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
 The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
 'Tis seized by violent hands:
 See there the starry crown
 That glitters through the skies;
 Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
 And take the glorious prize.

2 Through much distress and pain,
 Through many a conflict here,
 Through blood, ye must the entrance
 gain,
 Yet, O disdain to fear:
 Courage,—your Captain cries,
 (Who all your toil foreknew,—)
 Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
 I have o'ercome for you.

3 The world cannot withstand
 Its ancient Conqueror;
 The world must sink beneath the Hand
 Which arms us for the war:
 This is the victory,—
 Before our faith they fall;
 Jesus hath died for you and me;
 Believe, and conquer all.

* Repeat majesty.

1. Ah, how shall fall - en man Be just be - fore his God?

2. If he our ways should mark With strict in - quir - ing eyes,

If he con - tend in righteousness, We sink be - neath his rod.

Could we for one of thousand faults, A just ex - cuse de - vise?

- 3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,—
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet, him and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

360 *To whom should we go?*

- 1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Savior bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.
- 3 I now believe, in thee,
Compassion reigns alone;

According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it and I shall declare
That God is only love.

324 *The Day-star from on high.*

- 1 My former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;—
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,
Flee from the wrath to come.
- 4 With trembling hope, I see
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

* SHAWMUT can be substituted for this tune.

1. Thy name, Al - migh - ty Lord, Shall sound thro' dis - tant lands ;

2. Far be thine hon - or spread, And long thy praise en - dure,

Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth for - ev - er stands.

Till morn - ing light, and eve - ning shade, Shall be exchanged no more.

311 *Dead in trespasses and sins.*

- 1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew :—
- 3 The passions to recall.
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

764 *The soul's only refuge.*

- 1 Thou refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel

- 3 But, O, when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

1057 *On beginning a new year.*

- 1 Our few revolving years,
How swift they glide away;
How short the term of life appears
When past—but as a day!—
- 2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.
- 3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

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

2. He form'd the deeps unknown ; He gave the seas their bound ;

Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

The wa - ter'y worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd 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.

965 *The honor and safety of a nation.*

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,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

726

The shield of faith.

1 Soldiers of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield ;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field :

2 If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued ;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

3 Jesus hath died for you ;
What can his love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?

4 Believe that Jesus reigns ;
All power to him is given :
Believe, till freed from sin's remains ;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

735

The violent take it by force.

1 O may thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven.

1. See how the morning sun Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims, his
Maker's praise.
wide proclaim his Maker's praise, With every bright'ning ray. With, &c.
And wide, &c.

- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee:
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

994 *The glorious gospel.*

- 1 The nations of the earth,
Almighty Lord, are thine;
And in thy works from nature's birth,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 Thy love hath also sent
Thy Gospel to our race;
Unveiling thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.
- 3 When shall these tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
And every tribe and every soul
Receive the joyful sound?

* SILVER STREET. if preferred.

- 4 When shall the wand'ers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love?
- 5 O Lord, our efforts own,
To spread the gospel rays;
And rear, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

207 *The laborers are few.*

- 1 Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,—
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 O let them spread thy name,—
Their mission fully prove;
The universal grace proclaim,—
Thine all-redeeming love.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;

2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

- 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.

221 *Laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.*

- 1 And let our bodies part,—
To dif-ferent climes repair ;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below ;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.
- 3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies ;

And lo ! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

- 4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.
- 5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring end our pain :
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

694 *Sweet communion.*

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet :
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above ;
With joy, like morning dews distills,
And all the air is love.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil,—

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my powers en - gage, To do my Mas - ter'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.

1068 *Solemn thoughts on the future.*

- 1 And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?—
- 2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be:
- 4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!
- 5 How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret?

A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet.

- 6 Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?
- 7 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?
- 8 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Savior dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell!

274 *The supper of the Lamb.*

- 1 Thee, King of saints, we praise
For this our living bread;
Nourished by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.
- 2 Yet still a higher seat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb.
- 3 That glorious, heavenly prize,
We surely shall attain,
And, in the palace of the skies,
With thee forever reign.

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

2. Thy name sal - va - tion is, Which here we come to prove : Thy

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

name is life, and health, and peace, And ev - er - last - ing love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

319 *And yet there is room.*

1 Ye wretched, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come ;
O stay not back, though fear alarms ;
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with us taste
The blessings of his love :
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

5 Ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach,—there yet is room.

686 *The word of God, quick and powerful.*

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.

Join
Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with
in a song with sweet accord, Join, &c.
sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry: [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

237

Love for Zion.

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my resi-

Myself, my residue of days, self, my residue of days, I consecrate to thee, I con - - - se - crate to thee. - due of days, My-self, &c.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own ;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

952 *A house not made with hands.*

- 1 We know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay—
- 2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands ;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.
- 3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure :
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.
- 4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up,
Of everlasting life.
- 5 Lord, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

6 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given ;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

277 *A foretaste of glory.*

- 1 O what delight is this,
Which now in Christ we know,—
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below !
- 2 When He the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer ;
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.
- 3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransom'd sons of men,
With all his hosts, adore.
- 4 Let earth and heaven be join'd,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Savior of mankind
In one eternal day.

1133 *Doxology.*

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

1. The Spir-it in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sin-ner come:"

2. Let him that hear-eth say To all a-bout him, "come;"

The bride, the church of Christ, proclaim To all his chil-dren, "come!"

Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the Fountain, come!

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
 Oh, let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
 Declares, "I quickly come;"
 Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
 O blest Redeemer, come!

- 122 *The mighty God.*
- 1 Rejoice in Jesus' birth,
 To us a Son is given:
 To us a child is born on earth,
 Who made both earth and heaven
- 2 He reigns above the sky,—
 This universe sustains;—
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The king Messiah reigns.
- 3 The mighty God is He,
 Author of heavenly bliss;
 The Father of eternity,
 The glorious Prince of peace.
- 4 His government shall grow,
 From strength to strength proceed:
 His righteousness the church o'erflow,
 And all the earth o'erspread.

- 459 *Knowledge of forgiveness.*
- 1 How can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven?
 How can my gracious Savior show
 My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen
 With confidence we tell;
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburden'd of her load,
 And swells, unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death,
- 6 Stronger than death or hell
 The sacred power we prove;
 And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.

1. Our sins on Christ were laid; He bore the might-y load;

2. To save a world, he dies; Sin-ners, be-hold the Lamb!

Our ran-som-price he ful-ly paid In groans, and tears, and blood.

To him lift up your long-ing eyes; Seek mer-cy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and wo.

427

Embracing offered mercy.

- 1 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to thee;
- 2 If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep;
Into thine arms of mercy take,
And there forever keep.
- 3 No other right have I,
Than what the world may claim;
And all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesus' name;
- 4 Thy death hath wrought the power
For every sinful soul;
That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole.

5 Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God;
The covenant thou hast ratified,
And sealed it with thy blood;

6 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live;
And now thy offer I embrace,—
Thy mercy I receive.

393

Deprecating the wrath to come.

- 1 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diest thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—
- 2 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.
- 3 Thou art thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day,
Obedient to thy will:
- 4 So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh,

'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace !
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

378 *The Redeemer's tears.*

- 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 wond'ring 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.

428 *Embracing the all-sufficient portion.*

- 1 And can I yet delay—
My little all to give?

- To tear my soul from earth away
The Savior to receive ?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all, resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know ;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou ;
Thou all-sufficient art :
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Doxology.

- Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son :
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

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

2. How gen - tle was the rod That chastened us for sin!

Af - flict - ions come at thy command, And leave us at thy word.

How soon we found a gra - cious God, Where deep distress had been.

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.

4 Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Jehovah ever be adored,
There is no God beside.

819 *Strengthen the weak hands.*

1 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

2 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

872 *Restore my peace.*

1 O Jesus! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face—
Call home thy banish'd one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive,—my gasping spirit cries,—
Abundantly forgive.

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,—
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

497 *Purity of heart.*

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

810 *Fear of offending God.*

1 Lord, if thou hast bestow'd
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,—
O keep it always here;—

2 And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter, with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

1. O Lord, thy work re - vive, In Zi - on's gloom - y hour,

2. O let thy chos - en few A - wake to ear - nest prayer ;

And let our dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing power.

Their cov - e - nant a - gain re - new, And walk in fil - ial fear.

- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry :
O come, and bring salvation near ;
Our souls on thee rely.

358 *Accepting the invitation.*

- 1 Come, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load ;
The Savior calls his wand'ers home ;
Haste to your pard'ning God.
- 2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
Answer the Savior'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.

577 *For perfect submission.*

- 1 I want a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease ;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray,—I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 3 I rest upon thy word,—
The promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

1. Wel - come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel -

Welcome to this re -

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoic - ing eyes.

come to this reviving breast, And these re - joic - - - - ing eyes.

- viving breast And these rejoicing eyes,
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

- And these..... re-joic - - ing eyes.
The foll'wers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.
- 5 We shall our time beneath
Live out, in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.
- 6 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

222

Laborers rewarded.

- 1 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 2 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.
- 3 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
- 4 Abrah'm and Isaac, there,
And Jacob, shall receive

151 *Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.*

- 1 The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear;
Up, to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:—
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

909

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call:

2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dun-geon where I dwell:

I can-not live if thou re-move, For thou art all in all.

'Tis par-a-dise when thou art here; If thou de-part 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

124 *Thanks for the unspeakable gift.*

1 Father, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

2 His infant cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven:
Salvation, through his only Name,
To all mankind is given.

3 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

4 May all mankind receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase.

991 *God's wondrous way among the heathen.*

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
And all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

1. My Ma-ker and my King, To thee my all I owe ;

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live ;

Thy sov'reign boun-ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

My God, thy ben - e - fits de-mand More praise than I can give.

3 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

6 His glory our design,
We live, our God to please ;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

460 *The indwelling Spirit.*

- 1 We by his Spirit prove
And know the things of God,—
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.
- 2 His Spirit, which he gave,
Now dwells in us, we know ;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.
- 3 The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Savior was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.
- 4 Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers ;
And both the witnesses are joined,—
Thy Spirit, Lord, with ours.
- 5 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do ;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

559 *The throne of grace.*

- 1 Behold the throne of grace ;
The promise calls us near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and thy love,—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach us to live by faith,—
Conform our wills to thine ;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,
And thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in thee.

! 133 *Doxology.*

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

1. The Lord my shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied.

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pas - ture grows. —

Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?

Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion 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; [shade,
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.
- 603 *Morning: The day-star from on high.*
- 1 We lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,—
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.
- 3 How beautiful nature now;
How dark and sad before;
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.
- 5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.
- 330 *To-day the accepted time.*
- 1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro-claim; And
2. The Lord for-gives thy sins, Prolongs thy fee-ble breath; He

all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho-ly Name.
heal-eth thine in-fir-mi-ties, And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with his love,—
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
4 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.

Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' Name.

723 *The standard of the cross.*

1 Hark, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,—
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,—
Go forth to glorious war.
2 See on the mountain top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearers now
To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
He bore the cross for all.
3 Go up with Christ your head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;

2 *The song of Moses and the Lamb.*

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's Name.
2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ th' eternal King.
4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

1. My soul, be on thy guard ; Ten thousand foes a - rise ; The
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray ; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er ; Re -
 hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 - new it bold-ly eve - ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.

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.

4 Then persevere till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God ;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

728 *The well-fought day.*

- 1 Pray, without ceasing, pray,
 (Your Captain gives the word ;)
 His summons cheerfully obey,
 And call upon the Lord :
- 2 To God your every want
 In instant prayer display ;
 Pray always ; pray, and never faint ;
 Pray, without ceasing, pray.
- 3 In fellowship,—alone,
 To God with faith draw near ;
 Approach his courts, besiege his throne
 With all the power of prayer ;
- 4 His mercy now implore,
 And now show forth his praise ;
 In shouts, or silent awe, adore
 His miracles of grace.

5 From strength to strength go on ;
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day :

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
 In all his soldiers,—Come,
 Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
 And take the conquerors home.

724 *Spiritual enemies to be encountered.*

- 1 Angels our march oppose,
 - Who still in strength excel,—
 Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
 Countless, invisible ;
- 2 From thrones of glory driven,
 By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
 They throng the air, and darken heaven,
 And rule this lower world.
- 3 But shall believers fear ?
 But shall believers fly ?
 Or see the bloody cross appear,
 And all their powers defy ?
- 4 By all hell's host withstood,
 We all hell's host o'erthrow ;
 And, conquer'ing them through Jesus' blood,
 We on to conquer go.

1. My son, know thou the Lord ; Thy fa - ther's God o - bey ;

Seek his pro - tect - ing care by night, His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found ;
 Seek him while he is near ;
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear will hear thy cry ;
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
 Nor choose the path to heaven ;
 Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
 And never be forgiven.

932 *The pilgrim's home.*

1 While through this world we roam,
 From infancy to age,
 Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
 His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his soul ascends,
 Eternal joys to share ;
 There his adoring spirit bends,
 While here he kneels in prayer.

3 His freed affections rise,
 To fix on things above,
 Where all his hope of glory lies,—
 Where all is perfect love.

4 There we our treasure place ;
 There let our hearts be found ;
 That still, where sin abounded, grace
 May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our converse be
 With Christ before the throne ;
 Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
 And know as we are known.

212 *Sow beside all waters.*

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.

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 Thou canst not toil in vain :
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garnerers in the sky.

1. Far from these scenes of night, Un-bounded glo-ries rise, And

2. Fair land! could mortal eyes But half its charms ex-plore, How

realms of joy and pure de-light, Un-known to mor-tal eyes.

would our spir-its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

461 *Seeking the evidence of acceptance.*

1 I listen for the voice
Which speaks my sins forgiven;
Speak, Lord, and bid my heart rejoice
In certain hope of heaven.

2 Thy Name O may I prove,
Thy Name inscribed on me;
And triumph in redeeming love
Through all eternity.

482 *Thy will be done.*

1 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee.

2 O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

331

To-day.

1 All yesterday is gone;
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
And bow before the throne.

2 O hear God's voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word,—Depart!

260

A blessing on the ordinance.

1 Great God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

Melody.

1. Our heaven-ly Fa-ther, hear The prayer we of-fer now;

ORGAN.

2. Thy name be hal-low'd far and near; To thee all na-tions bow.

- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
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 shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.
- 6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
All for his sake be done.

574

For fervent zeal.

- 1 Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me;

* OLMUTZ can be sung, if this tune is not familiar.

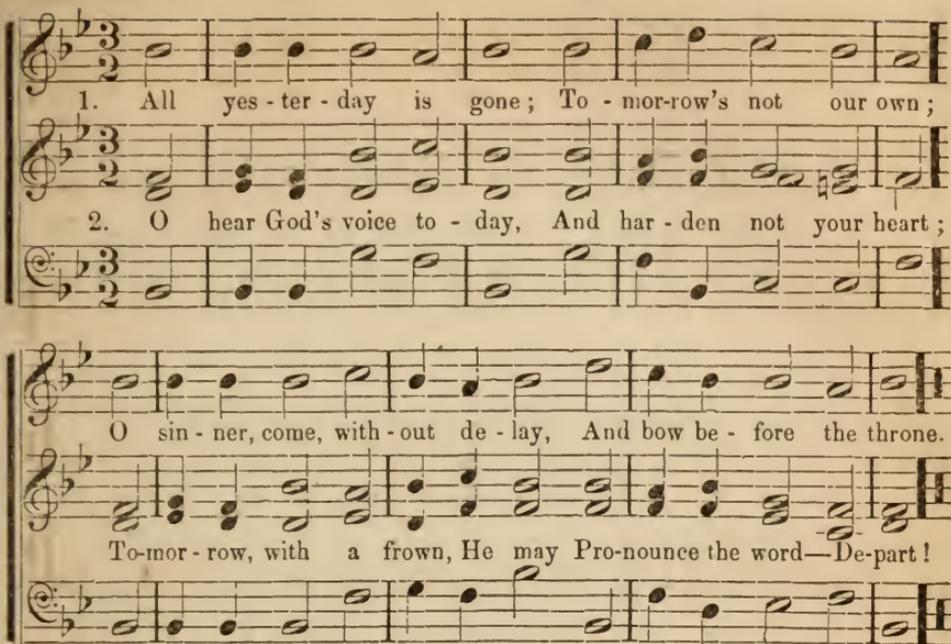
Thy yearning pity for mankind,—
Thy burning charity.

- 2 In me thy Spirit dwell;
In me thy bowels move;
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

831

Pilgrims and sojourners.

- 1 In every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are call'd his sov'reign will to' embrace,
And still their own deny.
- 2 To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscover'd land,
And house and friends above.
- 3 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show;
And in the steps of Abrah'm's faith
Enable me to go.
- 4 A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.



1. All yes-ter-day is gone; To-mor-row's not our own;

2. O hear God's voice to-day, And har-den not your heart;

O sin-ner, come, with-out de-lay, And bow be-fore the throne.

To-mor-row, with a frown, He may Pro-nounce the word—De-part!

567

For a single eye.

- 1 God of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face :
- 2 Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.
- 3 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim ;
My off'rings all be offer'd through ;
The ever-blessed Name.
- 4 Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone :
Thy name be praised on earth, on high ;
Thy will by all be done.

267

Our Paschal Lamb.

- 1 Let all who truly bear
The bleeding Savior's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.
- 2 This eucharistic feast,
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ,
His suff'rings to record,

E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

- 4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise ;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

669

For victory in the dying hour.

- 1 When on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God ! at thy command ;—
- 2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart ;
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart ;—
- 3 Thou Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,—
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.
- 4 Lay thy supporting hand
Beneath my sinking head ;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.
- 5 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
May I resign my breath ;
And in his kind embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

1. Je - sus! I come to thee, A sin - ner doomed to die ;

2. Can mer - cy reach my case, And all my sins re - move?

My on - ly ref - uge is thy cross, Here at thy feet I lie.

Break, O my God! this heart of stone, And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone,
Far from my God astray ;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But Lord ! my heart is fixed,
I hope in thee alone,
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

488 *Christ, the guide and counselor.*

1 Jesus my truth, my way,
My sure unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counselor thou art ;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause ;
But rest in the redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove ;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

6 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd,
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

166 *He ever liveth to make intercession for us.*

1 Lord, how shall sinners dare
Look up to thine abode ?
Or offer their imperfect prayer,
Before a holy God ?

2 Bright terrors guard thy seat,
And glories veil thy face ;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
And to thy throne of grace.

3 My soul, with cheerful eye
See where thy Savior stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With incense in his hands.

4 Teach my weak heart, O Lord,
With faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word—
Father — with joy divine.

1. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name,
2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - tered with eve - ry breath ;

Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel: He knows our fee - ble frame.
His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the
field,
It withers in an hour.

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

955 *God shall wipe away all tears.*

1 O what a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of wo !

2 No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound :
No base ingratitude above,—
No sin in heaven is found.

3 There all our griefs are spent :
There all our sorrows end :
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend ;

4 A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas, undone :
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries,—O, my son ! my son !

5 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,

Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy :

6 In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise ;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

874 *God's absence deprecated.*

1 O thou, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;—

2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ;
Hast thou not said,—Return ?

3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ;
O let not this last refuge fail,—
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,—
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy
night,
How desolate my way !

5 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

1. Oh! bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join,

2. Oh! bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let his mercies lie,

And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.

For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness, And with - out prais - es die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He, who redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

The Spring.

- 1 Sweet is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year;
- 2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh:

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

5 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountains tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops:

6 But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distill.

269 *The opened Fountain.*

- 1 Call'd from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.
- 2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'T was open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great ;

2. These tem-ples of his grace, How beau-ti-ful they stand:—

He makes the church-es his a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat.

The hon-ors of our na-tive place, And bulwarks of our land ;

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !

2 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

67 *His name is glorious.*

1 Almighty Maker, God,
How glorious is thy Name ;
Thy wonders how diffused abroad,
Throughout creation's frame.

2 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song ;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too ;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

5 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days :
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

689 *Their universal diffusion.*

1 Jesus, the word bestow,—
The true immortal seed ;
Thy 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 :

4 Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

Doxology.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son :
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

1. Oh! bless-ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov-ered o'er,

2. They mourn their fol-lies past, And keep their hearts with care;

Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Im-putes their sin no more.

Their lips and lives, with-out de- ceit, Shall prove their faith sin-cere.

- 8 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound!
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

The Presence of Christ.

- 1 While my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all 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.

783 *Walking by faith.*

- 1 If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring 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 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

164 *The Pillar and the Cloud.*

- 1 Thou very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of bondage came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by the 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.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro-claim;

2. The Lord for-gives thy sins,— Prolongs thy fee-ble breath;

And all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho-ly Name.

He heal-eth thine in-firm-i-ties, And ran-soms thee from death.

- 3 He clothes thee with his love,—
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 4 Then bless his holy Name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.

725 *The whole armor of God.*

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
- 5 Leave no unguarded place,—
No weakness of the soul;

Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:

- 6 Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

732 *The mind that was in Christ.*

- 1 Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are e - ver to the Lord,

I love to plead his prom - is - es, And rest up - on his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 With every morning's light,
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

4 Oh! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

Pardon implored.

1 Thou Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

3 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

4 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast:
Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

520 *Glorious liberty.*

1 O come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

1. Let par - ty names no more The Chris - tian world o'er - spread;

2. A mong the saints on earth Let mu - tual love be found;

Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ their Head.

Heirs of the same in - her - i - tance, With mu - tual bless - ings crown'd.

3 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where streams of bliss forever flow,
 And every heart is love.

791 *The sure foundation.*

- 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 the faithful God,
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in my Savior's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing,
 To our Redeemer's Name ;
 In joy or sorrow—life or death—
 His love is still the same.

220 *Success certain.*

- 1 Lord, if at thy command
 The word of life we sow,
 Water'd by thy almighty hand,
 The seed shall surely grow ;
 The virtue of thy grace
 A large increase shall give,
 And multiply the faithful race,
 Who to thy glory live.
- 2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
 Of gospel blessings send,

And let the soul-converting power
 Thy ministers attend.
 On multitudes confer
 The heart renewing love
 And by the joy of grace prepare
 For fuller joys above.

249 *The eternal Sabbath.*

- 1 Hail to the Sabbath-day !
 The day divinely given,
 When men to God their homage pay,
 And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts we bend,
 And bless thy love and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod ;
 Nor only is the day thine own
 When man draws near to God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
 Of yon unmeasured sky ;
 Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
 Of vast eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day
 Dawn on thy servants' sight ;
 And purer worship may we pay
 In heaven's unclouded light.

1. Thou refuge of my soul, On thee, when sorrows rise,

2. To thee I tell my grief, For thou alone canst heal;

On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies.

Thy word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel.

3 But, O when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

1 To Him who children blest,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to His breast,
We bring these children home.

2 To Thee, O God whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May keep thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now.

1 "Is this a fast for me?"
Thus saith the Lord our God
A day for man to vex his soul
And feel affliction's rod?

2 "No; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose—

Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?

3 "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?"

4 "Then like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright!"

312 *Helpless and guilty.*

1 Ah, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise.

3 The mountains in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,—
Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

418 *Waiting at the cross.*

- 1 Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true :
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,—
My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my troubles make,—
An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow ;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

707 *Meeting, after absence.*

- 1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we past !
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last !
But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more :
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

556 *The spirit of prayer.*

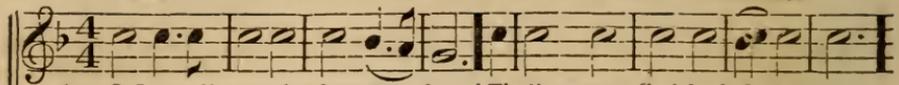
- 1 The praying spirit breathe !
The watching power impart ;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart ;

My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed ;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

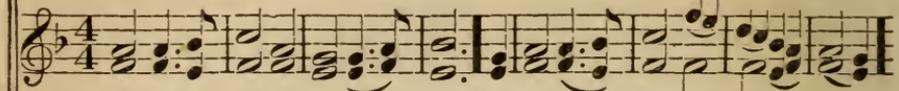
- 2 Swift to my rescue come ;
Thine own this moment seize ;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

1108 *The solemn midnight cry.*

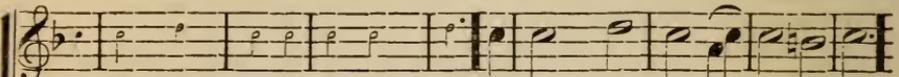
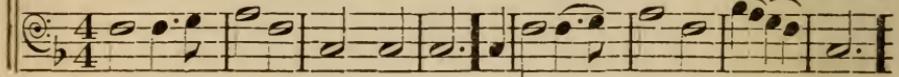
- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 T' damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
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 all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest ;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.



1. O Love divine, what hast thou done ! The 'incarnate God hath died for me !



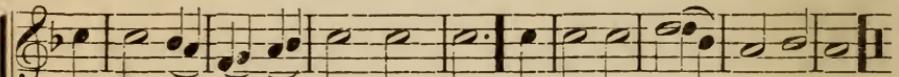
2. Behold him, all ye that pass by, — The bleeding Prince of life and peace !



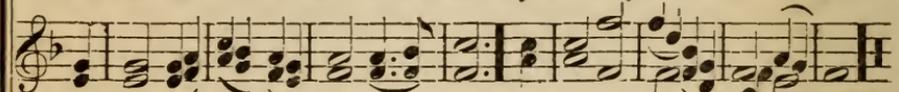
The Father's co-e-ter-nal Son Bore all my sins up-on the tree !



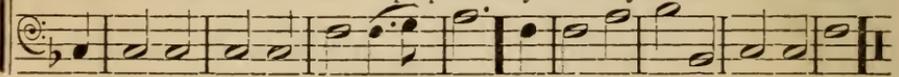
Come sinners, see, your Sa-rior die, And say, was ev-er grief like his ?



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



Come, feel with me his blood ap-plied : My Lord, my Love, is cru-ci-fied. —



3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God :
Believe, believe the record true, —
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood :
Pardon for all flows from his side :
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him :
Of nothing think or speak beside, —
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

To me, to me, thy goodness show ;
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
Make all thy gracious goodness pass :
Thy goodness is the sight I prize :
O might I see thy smiling face :
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name.

837 *Pilgrims and strangers ; homeward bound.*

1 Leader of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

93 *Goodness.*

1 O God, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find ;
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.

5 Thro' thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,—
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way, with strength renew'd ;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God :
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Savior in the skies.

533 *A lively sacrifice to God.*

1 O God, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice :
Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
More should'st thou have, if I had more.

2 Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul :
No longer mine, but thine I am :
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole ;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame,
Thou hast my spirit ; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will :
Here let thy light forever shine—
This house still let thy presence fill.
O Source of life ! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

4 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might :
Since I am call'd by thy great name,
In thee let all my thoughts unite ;
Of all my works be thou the aim :
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

650 *Continued.—When I am weak, then I am strong.*

1 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

2 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain.
When I am weak, then I am strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

652 *Concluded.—Thy name is Love.*

1 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Has risen with healing in his wings :
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings :
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend :
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

450 *The covenant signed and sealed.*

1 This day the covenant I sign,—
The bond of sure and promised peace ;
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since seal'd with Jesus' blood it is ;
That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the cov'nant peace mine own.

2 But, that my faith no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,—
Help me in all thy paths to go,
And now, as e'er, thy voice attend ;
And deign, O Lord, to call me thine,
And I will dare to call thee mine.

1. Thou hid-den source of calm re- pose, Thou all-suffi - cient Love divine,
D. C. And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

My help and re - fuge from my foes, Se - cure I am while thou art mine. D.C.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above :
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love :
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art ;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The med'cine of my broken heart ;
In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown :

4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
My life in death, my all in all.

649 *I will not let thee go.*

1 Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am ;
My sin and misery declare ;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name ;
Look on thy hands, and read it there :
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free ;
I never will unloose my hold :
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

651 *Victorious prayer.*

1 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer ;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me ;
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal Love thou art :
To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
 Through faith I see thee face to face ;
 I see thee face to face, and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Savior, who thou art,—
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

—

833 *The prize of our high calling.*

1 Jesus, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;
 Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone :
 O may thy love possess me whole,—
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 Unwearied may I this pursue ;
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
 And day and night, be all my care
 To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
 In weakness be thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

—

445 *No condemnation to them that are in Christ.*

1 And can it be that I should gain
 An int'rest in the Savior's blood ?
 Died he for me, who caused his pain ?
 For me, who him to death pursued ?
 Amazing love ! how can it be,
 That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me ?

2 'Tis myst'ry all,—th' Immortal dies !
 Who can explore his strange design ?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine ;

'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore :
 Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above ;
 (So free, so infinite his grace !)
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me !

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray ;
 I woke ; the dungeon flamed with light ;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,—
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,—
 Jesus, with all in him, is mine ;
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.

—

371 *The veil of unbelief.*

1 O thou, whom fain my soul would love,
 Whom only I desire to know :
 This veil of unbelief remove,
 And show me all thy goodness, show ;
 Jesus, thyself in me reveal ;
 Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
 Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known ?
 I claim thee with a falt'ring tongue,
 I pray thee, in a feeble groan,
 Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
 And speak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkest by the way
 With me, the abject sinner, me,
 The mystery of grace display ;
 Open mine eyes that I may see :
 That I may understand thy word,
 And now cry out,—It is the Lord !

Doxology.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend th' almighty Father's Name :
 The Savior Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to thee !

1. I'll praise my Ma-ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall em-ploy my no-bler pow'rs: My days of praise shall

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and days of praise, &c. While life, and thought, and be-ing last, Or My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - - - ing last, Or

thought,... and be-ing last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures. im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures, life, and thought, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures. im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures,

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

* This hymn may be sung to Rakem, if preferred.

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
D. C. My noon-day walks he shall at-tend, And all my midnight hours defend.

His pres-ence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye :
D.C.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he lead,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens, and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

437 *The soul's anchor.*

1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away,

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far :
Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me :
While Jesus' blood, thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea ;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
I look into my Savior's breast :
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear !
Mercy is all that's written there.

1134 *Doxology.*

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's Name :
The Savior Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee !

1. Ex-pand' thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, And, brood - ing

o'er our na - ture's night, Call forth the ray of heavenly love,

May be sung as Alto if preferred.

And let there in our souls be light; Il - lu - mi -

- nate the dark a - byss With glo - rious beams of end-less bliss.

2 Let there be light, again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then, through faith, shall understand
Thy great mysterious majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

489 *His blood cleanseth from all sin.*

1 Pris'ners of hope, lift up your heads;
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear.
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail, if God is love.

490 *The promises are sure.*

1 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear;
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold;
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him.—We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know.

2 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

3 The promise stands, forever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit joined to thee, the Son,
As thou art with the Father one.

548 *The witness of entire consecration.*

1 Come, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast;
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

2 If now thine influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, forever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all thou art;
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart:
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

733 *The victory that overcometh the world.*

1 Surrounded by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong t' oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin:
Single, yet undismayed, I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back:
Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

487 *All things possible to the believer.*

1 All things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme;
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought.
Let men exclaim, and fends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree,—
All things are possible to me.

3 All things are possible to God,—
To Christ, the power of God in man,—
To me, when I am all renewed,—
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,—
All things are possible to me.

1. Great God, this hallow'd day of thine Demands our souls' collect-ed powers, }
May we em-ploy in works di-vine These solemn and de-vot-ed hours: }

O may our souls a-dor-ing, own The grace which calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more!
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things divine!

36 *God is in this place.*

1 Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

1085 *Whose faith follow.*

1 He's gone! the spotless soul is gone,
Triumphant, to his place above;
The prison walls are broken down;

The angels speed his swift remove,
And, shouting, on their wings he flies,
And gains his rest in paradise.

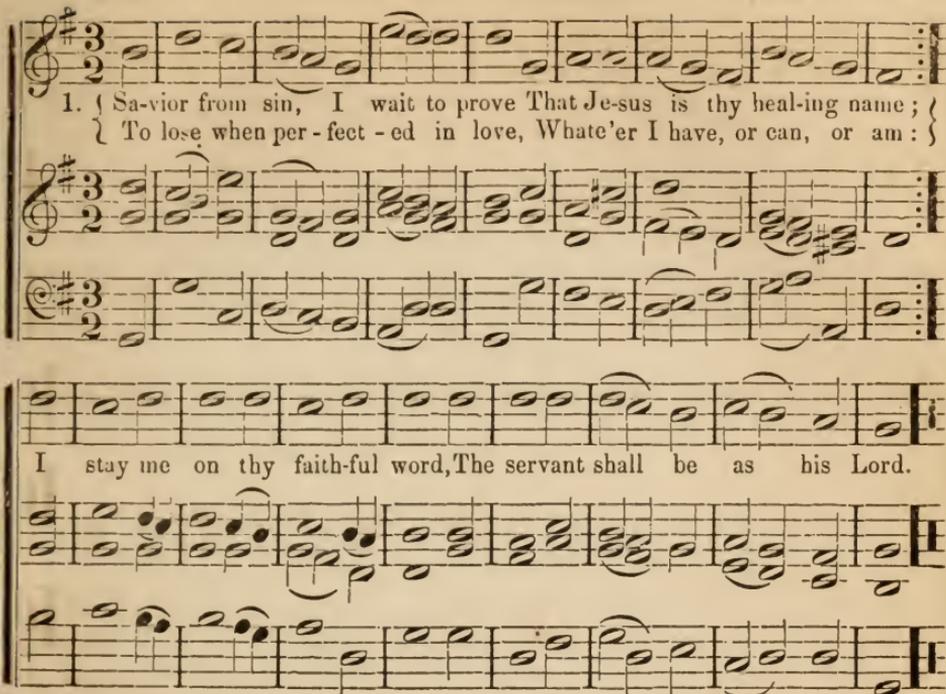
2 Saved by the merit of his Lord,
Glory and praise to Christ he gives;
Yet still his merciful reward
According to his works receives;
And with the seed he sow'd below,
His bliss eternally shall grow.

3 Father, to us vouchsafe the grace
Which brought our friend victorious
through;
Let us his shining footsteps trace;
Let us his steadfast faith pursue;
Follow this foll'wer of the Lamb,
And conquer all through Jesus' name.

4 O may we all, like him, believe,
And keep the faith, and win the prize!
Father, prepare, and then receive
Our hallow'd spirits to the skies,
To chant, with all our friends above,
Thy glorious, everlasting love.

1135 *Doxology.*

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.



1. { Sa-rior from sin, I wait to prove That Je-sus is thy heal-ing name; }
 { To lose when per-fect-ed in love, Whate'er I have, or can, or am: }

I stay me on thy faith-ful word, The servant shall be as his Lord.

- 2 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
 Sin to condemn, and man to save?
 That perfect love might cast out fear?
 That I thy mind in me might have?
 In holiness show forth thy praise,
 And serve thee all my happy days?
- 3 Didst thou not die that I might live
 No longer to myself, but thee?
 Might body, soul, and spirit give
 To Him who gave himself for me?
 Come then, my Master and my God,
 Now take the purchase of thy blood.

835 *Crucified with Christ.*

- 1 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
 O may I, as a little child,
 My lowly Master's steps pursue!
 Be anger to my soul unknown;
 Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
 In love create thou all things new.
- 2 Let earth no more my heart divide;
 With Christ may I be crucified;
 To thee with my whole heart aspire:
 Dead to the world and all its toys,
 Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
 Be thou alone my one desire.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
 My consecrated heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood:

Still to my soul thyself reveal;
 Thy mighty working may I feel,
 And know that I am one with God.

560

The power of prayer.

- 1 O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
 What tongue can tell th' almighty grace?
 God's hands or bound or open are,
 As Moses or Elijah prays:
 Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
 And God cries out,—Let me alone!—
- 2 Let me alone, that all my wrath
 May rise, the wicked to consume;
 While justice hears thy praying faith,
 It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
 My Son is in my servant's prayer,
 And Jesus forces me to spare.
- 3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name;
 In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
 Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim;
 O turn thy threat'ning wrath away!
 Our guilt and punishment remove,
 And magnify thy pard'ning love.
- 4 Father, regard thy pleading Son;
 Accept his all-availing prayer;
 And send a peaceful answer down,
 In honor of our Spokesman there;
 Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
 And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

2. O! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her

wings in haste, Fly fearless through death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors

Je - sus can make a dying bed Feel
as she passed. Je - sus can make a
Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as
Je - sus can make a dying bed Feel soft as down-y pil - lows

soft as dow - ny pil - lows are, While on his breast I lean, While
 dying bed Feel soft as dow - ny pillows are, While on his breast I
 downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out
 are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my

on his breast I lean, I lean my head, And breathe my life, And breath my life out
 lean my head, I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And
 sweet - ly there,.... While on his breast I lean, I lean my head, And
 life out sweetly there, While on his breast I lean, I lean my head, And

sweet - ly there, And, &c.
 breathe, And breathe my life, And breathe my life out sweetly there.
 breathe my life out sweetly there, And, &c.
 breathe, And breathe, And breathe, &c.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."

1. Come on, my part-ners in dis-tress, My comrades thro' this wilderness, Who still your bodies feel ;

2. Beyond the bounds of time and space Look forward to that heavenly place, The saints' secure a-bode ;

A - while forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that celes - tial hill.

On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise, And force your passage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.

- 3 Who suffer with our master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see ;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.
- 372 *The gift of faith.*
- 1 Author of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live :
Open mine eyes to see thy face ;
Work in my heart the saving grace ;
The life eternal give.
- 2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove ;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy Name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.
- 3 I know the work is only thine ;
The gift of faith is all divine ;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt that gracious gift bestow,
And cause our hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.
- 4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,—
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,—
The blessing seek and find :
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have ;
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment
save
Both me and all mankind.
- 5 Be it according to thy word ;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord ;
Let what I ask be given :
The bar of unbelief remove :
Open the door of faith and love,
And let me into heaven.

S

1. And am I on - ly born to die? And must I sud - den - ly com - ply
D. s. Ce - les - tial joys, or hell - ish pains,

END.

With na - ture's stern de - cree? What af - ter death for me remains?
To all e - ter - ni - ty.

D. C.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

610 *Death of a relative or friend.*

1 If death our friends and us divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, our sorrows chide,
Or frown, our tears to see;
Restrain'd from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st us mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.

2 We feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears our mournful spirits up,
Beneath their mountain load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain
We soon shall find our friend again
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatch'd away;
For us thou wilt the summons send,
And give us back our parted friend,
In that eternal day.

1. Be it my on-ly wisdom here, To serve the Lord with fil - ial fear,

2. O may I still from sin de-part ; A wise and un - derstand-ing heart,

With lov-ing grat - i - tude ; Su - pe-rior sense may I dis-play,

Je-sus to me be given : And let me through thy Spirit know

By shunning eve-ry e - vil way, And walking in the good.

To glo - ri - fy my God be-low, And find my way to heaven.

941 *The pilgrim's happy lot.*

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love ;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

- 3 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me a way,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end ;
Then, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

- 1 O Lord! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee—
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.
- 2 How far from this our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy almighty arms!
- 3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer—
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear, in that we fear!
- 4 We can not trust Him as we should,
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flow'rets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach,
Sufficient for the day.
- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him, lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

13 *The love of Jesus.*

- 1 Jesus, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,—
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compose unto a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.
- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:—
Still let us keep this end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.
- 3 Thee let us praise our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing Name.
- 4 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;

And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.

911 *Always rejoicing.*

- 1 How happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.
- 2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.
- 3 The winter's night, and 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.
- 4 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.

818 *Looking unto Jesus.*

- 1 Are there not in the lab'rer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.
- 2 Light of the world! thy beams I bless;
On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,
My faith hath fix'd its eye:
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.
- 3 Ten thousand snares my paths beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.
- 1137
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

* This hymn may be sung to GANGES, if preferred.

1. When thou my righteous Judge shalt come, To take thy ransomed people home,
2. I love to meet thy people now, Be - fore thy feet with them to bow,

Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Though vil - est of them all; But can I bear the pierc - ing thought,

Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand.
What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.

218 *Entire dependence on Christ.*

1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed; [naught;
We spend our wretched strength for
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

3 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

4 O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around,
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

1. Thou God of power, thou God of love, Whose glo - ry fills the realms a - bove,

Whose praise arch-an-gels sing, And veil their fa - ces while they cry,

Thrice ho - ly, to their God Most High, Thrice ho - - ly, to their King: -

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Savior's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given;
He bore the curse to sinners due,
He forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
The presence of our God.

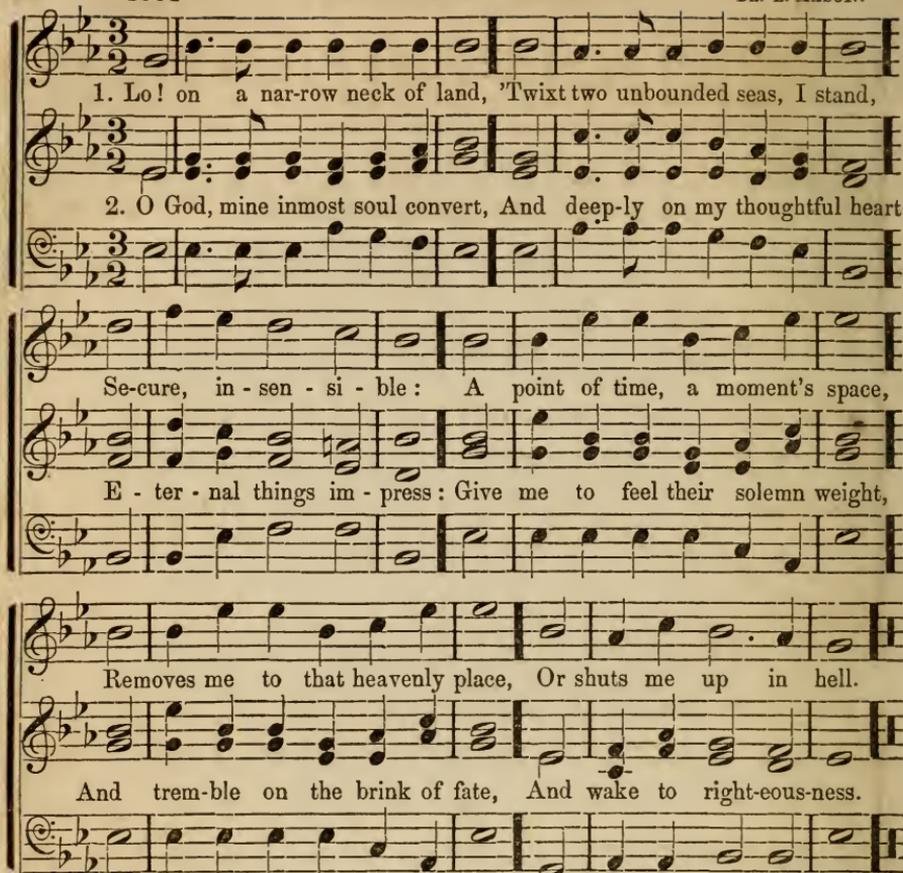
511 *The blessed hope.*

1. But can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to thy love,—
From sin forever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
Mighty, and merciful, and just,
Thy sacred word is past;
And I, who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin shall live,—
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
My faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.



1. Lo! on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twi'x't two unbounded seas, I stand,
 2. O God, mine inmost soul convert, And deep-ly on my thoughtful heart
 Se-cure, in - sen - si - ble: A point of time, a moment's space,
 E - ter - nal things im - press: Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 Removes me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.
 And trem-ble on the brink of fate, And wake to right-eous-ness.

3 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?

4 Then Savior, then, my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above,
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

1102 *Tokens of the judgment a source of joy.*

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,
 They lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 The plague, and dearth, and din of
 war,
 Our Savior'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.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess,
 The war proclaims the 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.

4 Whatever ills the world befall
 A pledge of endless good we call,
 A sign of Jesus near:
 His chariot will not long delay;
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,—
 Triumphant Lord, appear.

1. O love di-vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my wil-ling heart

2. Stronger his love than death or hell; Its rich-es are un-search-a-ble;

All ta-ken up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove

The first born sons of light De-sire in vain its depths to see;

The greatness of Redeem-ing love,—The love of Christ to me.

They can-not reach the mys-te-ry, The length, the breadth, the height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart :
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast :
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,

Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

818

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 Are there not in the laborer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue ?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.
- 2 Light of the world ! thy beams I bless ;
On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,
My faith hath fix'd its eye :
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

1. O Lamb of God, for sinners slain, I plead with thee, my suit to gain,—I plead what thou hast done :

2. Receive the purchase of thy blood, My Friend, and Advocate with God,—My ransom and my peace :

Didst thou not die the death for me ? Jesus, remember Calvary, And break my heart of stone.

My Surety ! thou my debt hast paid, For all my sins atonement made,—The Lord my righteousness.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine :
O might he now descend, and rest
Forever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever thine.

471 *The inward Witness.*

1 Thou great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days ;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above ;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven ;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That ante-past of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled ?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child ?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art ;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hall'wing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

370 *The man on Calvary.*

1 O thou who hast our sorrows borne,
 Help us to look on thee, and mourn,
 On thee, whom we have slain ;—
 Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
 And by reiterated crimes
 Renewed thy sacred pain.

2 O give us eyes of faith to see
 The Man transfixed on Calvary,—
 To know thee who thou art ;
 The One Eternal God and True ;
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls,—to rescue mine,
 Reveal the charity divine,
 That suffered in my stead :—
 That made thy soul a sacrifice,
 And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
 And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove ;
 And by thy manifested love,
 And by thy sprinkled blood,
 Destroy the love of sin in me,
 And get thyself the victory,
 And bring me back to God.

768 *God a very present help in trouble.*

1 O God, thy faithfulness I plead ;
 My present help in time of need,
 My great deliv'rer thou !
 Hasten to mine aid, thine ear incline,
 And rescue this poor soul of mine ;
 I claim the promise now.

2 Where is the way ? ah, show me where,
 That I thy mercy may declare,—
 The power that sets me free :
 How can I my destruction shun ?
 How can I from my nature run ?
 Answer, O Lord, for me.

3 One only way the erring mind
 Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
 From inbred sin to fly ;
 Stronger than love, I fondly thought
 Death, only death, can cut the knot,
 Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord art full of grace ;
 Thy love can find a thousand ways
 To foolish man unknown :
 My soul upon thy love I cast ;
 I rest me, till the storm be past,
 Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, almighty love,
 Shall every stumbling-block remove,
 And make an open way :
 Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
 And bear me from the gulf beneath,
 To everlasting day.

575 *For power over temptation.*

1 Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
 And still my tempted soul stand by
 Throughout the evil day ;
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armor arm ;
 In each approach of sin, alarm,
 And show the danger near :
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy
 And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down ;
 O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
 And feel thy warning eye ;
 And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,—
 Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink ;
 O save me, or I die.

4 If near, the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart ;
 Recall me by that pitying look,—
 That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me, like thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace ;
 Ready prepared and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness, t' appear
 Before thy glorious face.

MELODY.

German Choral.

1. To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom heaven's triumphant host,

ORGAN.

And saints on earth a - dore ; Be glo - ry as in a - ges past,

And now it is, and so shall last When time shall be no more.

19 *The Glory of His Grace.*

- 1 Let all on earth, their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless his holy Name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.
- 2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there:

His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His Dwelling-place how fair!

- 3 Come the great day, the glorious hour
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his Name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

1. O glo - rious hope of per - feet love, It lifts me up to things above;

It bears on eagles' wings; It gives my ravish'd soul a taste, And makes me for some

moments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings, With Je - sus' 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 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

1028 *In time of peace.*

- 1 A nation God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround?
Hid from the general scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

- 2 O may we, Lord, the grace improve,
By lab'ring for the rest of love—
The soul-composing power;
Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

499 *The pure in heart shall see God.*

- 1 Savior, on me the grace bestow,
That, with thy children, I may know
My sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.
- 2 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise ; Shake off thy guilty fears ; The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears :

Be

Before the throne my Surety stands,

Before the throne, Before the throne, &c.

- fore the throne, &c. Be-fore, &c.

My name is writ - ten 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 plead 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 am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled ;
 His pard'ning 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.

699 *Bear ye one another's burden.*

1 Thou God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
 Ready thy choice t' approve,
 Thy providence t' obey ;
 Enter into thy wise design,
 And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place ?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face ;—
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in thee ?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain ;—
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain ;—
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise, renewed in perfect love ?

4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear ;—
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy gracious love proclaim.

- 5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through ;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.
- 6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day !
With all thy fullness fill,
And then transport away,
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast.
- 1119 *Parting :—to meet again.*
- 1 Jesus accept the praise
That to thy Name belongs ;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs ;
Through thee we now together came,
And part, exulting in thy Name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned ;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race :
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more :
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And see thee in the flaming skies.
- 5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home ;
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom :
Earth we shall view, and heaven, destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.
- 6 According to his word,
His oath, to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven ;

In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

- 7 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor to be found
Of him in spotless peace :
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

495 *Rejoicing in prospect of the blessing.*

- 1 Ye ransomed sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord ;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 In God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me :
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear ;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near :
Again I say, Rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove ;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 6 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise :
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.

1. O Thou that hear - est prayer, At - tend our hum - ble cry ;

And let thy ser - vants share Thy bless - ing from on high :

We plead the promise of thy word ; Grant us thy Holy Spir - it, Lord !

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

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

253 *In the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.*

1 Baptized into thy name,
Mysterious One in Three,
Our souls and bodies claim
A sacrifice to thee ;
And let us live our faith to prove,
The faith which works by humble love.

2 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character divine,
The real holiness ;
And then receive us up t' adore
The triune God for evermore.

993 *One shall chase a thousand.*

1 Savior, we know thou art
In every age the same :
Now, Lord, in ours exert
The virtue of thy Name,
And daily, through thy word, increase
Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 As thy command ordains,
Thy people, saved below
From all their sinful stains,
Shall multiply and grow ;
And one into a thousand rise,
To spread thy praise thro' earth and skies.

1. Where is the Sa-vior now, Whose smiles I once pos-sess'd?
Till he re-turn, I bow, By hea-vy grief op-press'd;
My days of hap-pi-ness are gone, And I am left to weep a-lone.

2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah, who can soothe his wo,
Ah, who can give relief?
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled conscience rest.
3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
My gracious Lord, return,
Bind up my broken heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

1 To heaven I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid—
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun, and Thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not pledged Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

1. { Welcome, delight-ful morn! Thou day of sacred rest; } From low delights and mortal toys, I
I hail thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these moments blest.

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

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

3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

245 *Joyful homage.*

1 Awake, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

24 *Longing for the House of God.*

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still; and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat! thou, God our King,
 Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From humble, contrite souls:
 Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

306 *Proclaiming the universal Savior.*

1 Let earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Savior of mankind:
 T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' Name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

1050 *The Bridegroom cometh.*

1 Ye virgin souls, arise;
 With all the dead, awake;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry—
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are:
 Made ready for your full reward;
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend;
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.

4 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
 In glorious joy to live;
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound:
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found:
 And when thou dost the heavens bow,
 Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

899 *Rejoice evermore.*

1 Rejoice, the Lord is king;
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

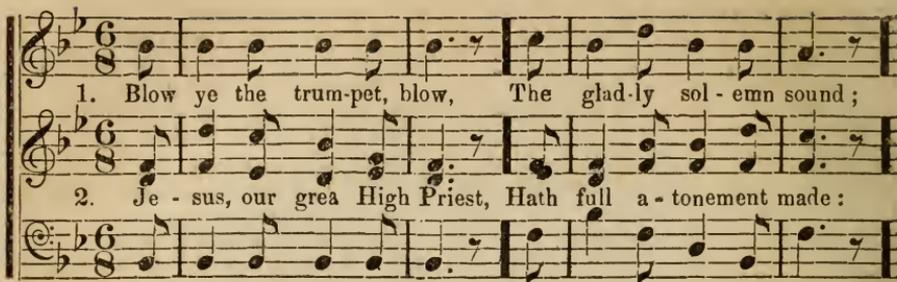
2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When he had purged our stains,
 He took his seat above;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,—
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

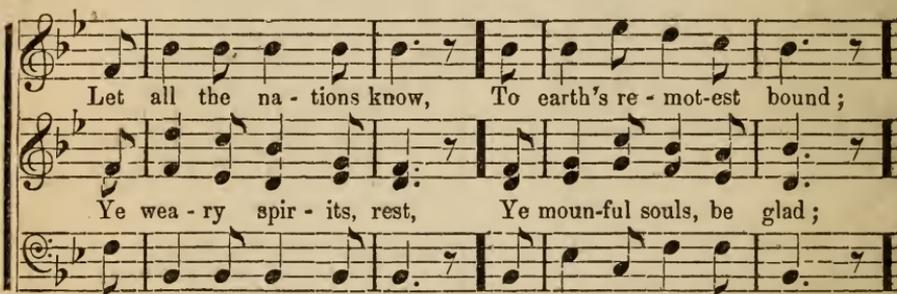
5 He all his foes shall quell,
 And all our sins destroy;
 Let every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home;
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
 The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice!



1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol- emn sound ;

2. Je- sus, our grea High Priest, Hath full a- tonement made :



Let all the na- tions know, To earth's re- mot-est bound ;

Ye wea- ry spir- its, rest, Ye moun-ful souls, be glad ;



The year of Ju-bi- lee is come ; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The year of Ju-bi- lee is come ; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Doxology.

Let every creature join
To praise the Savior's Name,
And every power unite
To swell the exalted theme ;
Let nature raise from every tongue
A general song of grateful praise.

1. Ye dy - ing sons of men, Im-merged in sin and wo! }
 * Now mer - cy calls a - gain, Its mes - sage is to you! }

2. No long - er now de - lay, Nor vain ex - cus - es frame; }
 Christ bids you come to - day, Thou poor, and blind and lame: }

Ye per-ish - ing and guilt-y come! In mer - cy's arms there yet is room.

All things are ready, sin-ner come! For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
 His messengers proclaim;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is His name.
 Backsliding souls, return and come;
 Cast off despair; there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
 Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
 Christ calls you from above;
 His charming accents hear;
 Let whosoever will, now come:
 In mercy's arms there still is room.

171 *Our great High Priest.*

1 See where our great High Priest
 Before the Lord appears,
 And on his loving breast
 The tribes of Israel bears:
 Never without his presence seen,
 The Head of all believing men.

2 With him, the Corner-stone,
 The living stones conjoin;
 Christ and his Church are one,—
 One body and one vine;
 For us he uses all his powers,
 And all he has, or is, is ours.

3 The path of Christ our Head
 The members all pursue,
 By his good Spirit led
 To act and suffer too:
 Like him, the toil, the cross, sustain,
 Till, glorious all, like him we reign.

470 *The witness of the Spirit.*

1 Earnest of future bliss,
 Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
 Fountain of holiness,
 Whose comforts never fail;
 The cleansing gift on saints bestow'd,
 The witness of their peace with God.

2 By thee, on earth, we know
 Ourselves in Christ renew'd;
 Brought by thy grace into
 The family of God;
 Of his adopting love the seal,
 And faithful teacher of his will.

3 Great Comforter, descend
 In gentle breathings down;
 Preserve us to the end,
 That no man take our crown;
 Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
 Nor suffer us to go from thee.

1. Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and pow'r, That ever mortals knew, Or angels ever

bore: All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the Sav-ior forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy Name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

77 *Greatness and condescension.*

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 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

157 *Glory to glory's King.*

1 God is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise,—
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth, renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

200 *Rejoicing in the fulfilment of the promise.*

1 Sinners, lift up your hearts,
The promise to receive;
Jesus himself imparts,—
He comes in man to live:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,—
Peace, righteousness, and joy:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end:
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

1056 *The barren fig-tree.*

1 The Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days,—
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried,—let it still alone:
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space,
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root;
Break up our fallow ground;
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

470 *The witness of the Spirit.*

1 Earnest of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail;
The cleansing gift on saints bestow'd,
The witness of their peace with God.

2 By thee, on earth, we know
Ourselves in Christ renew'd;
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God;
Of his adopting love the seal,
And faithful teacher of his will.

3 Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down;
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown;
Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

1. O Je - sus, in pi - ty draw near ; Come quickly to help a lost soul ;

2. The balm of thy mer - cy ap - ply ; Thou seest the sore anguish I feel ;

To comfort a mourner ap - pear, And make a poor pen - i - tent whole :

Save, Lord, or I per - ish, I die ; O save, or I sink in - to hell.

3 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show :
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below :

4 By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore ;
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner—a sinner no more.

639 *Happiness of those whom God correcteth.*

1 How happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above !
Indulged with a visit of pain,—
Chastised by omnipotent love ;

2 The author of all his distress
He comes by affliction to know,
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffered below.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me, in affliction, bestow
A power of applying to thee,—
A sanctified use of my wo :

4 I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit ;
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

5 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,—
Of dying in Jesus's love :

6 A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above I sit down ;
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

877 *Forgiveness implored.*

1 How shall a lost sinner in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace ?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release ?

2 Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare a backslider like me ?
And O, can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee ?

3 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,—
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave ?

4 The help of thy Spirit restore ;
O, show me the life-giving blood ;
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

1. I long to be - hold him array'd With glo-ry and light from a - bove ;

2. I lan-guish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fix'd his a - bode ;

The king in his beau - ty display'd, His beau-ty of ho - li-est love :

O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God !

- 3 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word ;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord :
- 4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,—
My heaven of heavens in thee.
- 5 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above !
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
- 6 Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give ;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.
- 284 *The fountain of living waters.*
- 1 A fountain of life and of grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see :
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free :
- 2 Jehovah, himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown :
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

- 3 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take :
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake !
- 4 We gain a pure drop of his love ;
The life of eternity know ;
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.
- 362 *The Rock that is higher than I.*
- 1 Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
And ready all hope to resign,
I long for thy light and thy grace ;
O God, will they never be mine ?
- 2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
- 3 Appear, and my sorrow shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The Rock that is higher than I.
- 4 O enter this desolate heart,—
Then rule o'er the heart thou hast won ;
Nor again in thine anger depart,
But make it forever thy throne.

END.

1. { O when shall we sweetly re-move, O when shall we en-ter our rest, }
 { Re - turn to the Zi - on a - bove, The mo-ther of spir-its distressed ; }
 d. c. Where saints our Im-man-uel sing, And cherub and se-raph a - dore ?

D.C.

That cit - y of God the great King, Where sorrow and death are no more.

2 But angels themselves cannot tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face :
 When, caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove ;
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
 We long thy appearing to see,
 Resign'd to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with thee :
 'Tis good at thy word to be here ;
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in thy throne.

From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode ;
 The house of our Father above, —
 The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When raised by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord :
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air :
 No gloom of affliction or sin ;
 No shadow of evil is there.

3 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.

1 Away with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home ;
 The city of saints shall appear, —
 The day of eternity come,

1073 *The grave disarmed of its terrors.*

- 1 Man dieth, and wasteth away, [skies,
And where is he?—Hark! from the
I hear a voice answer and say,—
The spirit of man never dies!
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod;
His soul, which in heaven had birth,
Returns to the bosom of God.
- 2 No terror has death, or the grave,
To those who believe in the Lord—
Who knows the Redeemer can save,
And lean on the faith of his word:
While ashes to ashes, and dust
We give unto dust, in our gloom,
The light of salvation we trust,
Which hangs like a lamp in the tomb.
- 3 O Lord God Almighty! to thee
We turn, as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
But never thy fountains of love:
O teach us thy will to obey,
And sing, with one heart and accord—
He gave, and he taketh away,
And praised be the name of the Lord.

1089 *Triumphant death of a brother.*

- 1 Weep not for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind.
Still tossed on the sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Savior beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death;

The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

1088 *Happy death of a sister in the Lord.*

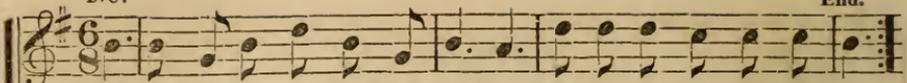
- 1 Hosanna to Jesus on high!
Another has entered his rest:
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast;
The soul of our sister is gone,
To lighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus' throne,
And clasped in the arms of his love.
- 2 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprisoned in clay,
Who next from the dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summoned away?—
My merciful Lord—is it I?
- 3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper thy call in my heart:
O give me a signal to know
If soon thou would'st have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

421 *Ardent desires for the Spirit's influence.*

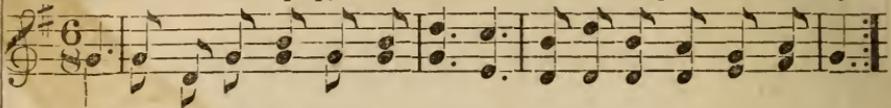
- 1 Come, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 2 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free,
And groaned the unspeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favor inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

D. C.

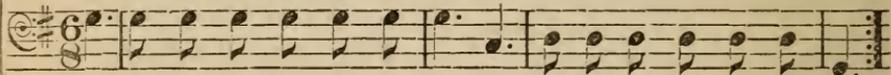
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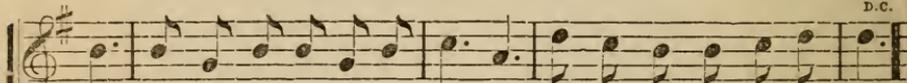
1. How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long - er I see! }
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me; }
 But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.



2. His Name yields the richest per - fume, And sweeter than music his voice; }
 His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice; }
 No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.



D. C.



The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;



I should, were he al - ways thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,
 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 are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

802

Following the Lamb.

1 What now is my object and aim?
 What now is my hope and desire?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire:

My hope is all centered in thee;
 I trust to recover thy love;
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above.

916 *Longing for still closer communion.*

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 screen'd 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,—
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

END.

1. { Tossed up-on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know, }
 { Thou didst press a sai - lor's pil - low, And canst feel a sailor's woe. }
 D. C. Thou the faithful watch art keeping, " All, all's well ! " thy constant cheer.

D. C.
 Nev - er slumb'ring, never sleeping, Though the night be dark and drear,

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red ;
 Darkly, though the storm-clouds scowling
 O'er the sailor's anxious head ;
 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still,
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of Thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
 While to Thee I lift mine eye ;
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
 And though mast and sail be riven,
 Life's short voyage will soon be o'er ;
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

2 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide ;
 All the heavenly host adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side :
 There for sinners thou art pleading ;
 There Thou dost our place prepare :
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits ;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Savior's merits ;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

178 *Our Paschal Lamb.*

1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus !
 Crowned in mockery a king !
 Thou didst suffer, to release us ;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
 By Thy merits we find favor ;
 Life is given through Thy name.

1129 *The apostolic benediction.*

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

1. Lis-ten to the gen-tle promptings Of the Spi-rit's warning voice :

2. Sweetly call - ing on the err - ing, Pardons offered with-out price ;

Will ye heed his sol-ern warn - ings? Can ye slight his wondrous love?

Come, and round the al-tar kneel-ing, O receive the of - fered grace.

367

The true light.

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator
In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,—
Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, extend, thy wonted favor
To our ruin'd, guilty race ;
Come, thou blest, exalted Savior ;
Come, apply thy saving grace.
- 5 By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burden'd soul release ;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

609 *Evening: Confidence in God's protection.*

- 1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,

Angel guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

1019 *Pardon implored for national sins.*

- 1 Dread Jehovah ! God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications ;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- 2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend ;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning ;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that mercy veil transgression ;
Let that blood our guilt efface :
Save thy people from oppression ;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

1. { Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. } Teach me some melodious

sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above : Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it ; Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine 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,
Wand'ring 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 constrain'd to be !
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring 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 for thy courts above.

199 *Guide and Comforter.*

1 Holy Spirit ! Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind ;
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prison'd souls deliverance find.
Seal of truth, and bond of union,
Source of light, and flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove ;—

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distress'd,
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest :
Promis'd Pledge ! eternal Spirit !
Greater than all gifts below,—
May our hearts thy grace inherit ;
May our lips thy glories show.

167 *His speaking blood.*

1 Father, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above :
From impending wrath release us ;
Manifest thy pard'ning love.
O receive us to thy favor,—
For his only sake receive ;
Give us to the bleeding Savior,—
Let us by his dying live.

2 To thy pard'ning grace receive them,—
Once he pray'd upon the tree ;
Still his blood cries out—Forgive them ;
All their sins were laid on me.
Still our Advocate in heaven,
Prays the prayer on earth begun,—
Father, show their sins forgiven ;
Father, glorify thy Son !

1. Hark! what mean those holy voi-ces, Sweetly sounding through the skies?

2 Lis-ten to the won-drous sto-ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:—

Lo! the' an-gel - ic host re-joices; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jabs rise.

Glo-ry in the high - est, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!

233 *God is in the midst of her.*

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode;

2 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.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to' assuage?

Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

5 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:

6 He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

23 *The Triune God glorified.*

1 Glory to th' almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, his wand'ring sheep to gather,
Sent a Savior from above.

2 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sin and sorrows bore.

3 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;
Author of each pure emotion;
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

4 Thus, while our glad hearts, ascending,
Glorify Jehovah's Name,
Heavenly songs with ours are blending;
There the theme is still the same.

1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove ;
 Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices ; Je - sus reigns, the God of love :
 See he sits on yon - der throne ; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

2 Jesus, hail ! Whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth ;
 Lord of life ! thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth ;
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord ! we own it love divine.
 Hallelujah, &c.

3 Savior ! hasten thine appearing,
 Bring,—oh 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, &c.

8
 1 Hark ! the notes of angels, singing,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 All in heaven their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Savior's name.
 Ye for whom his life was given,
 Sacred themes to you belong :
 Come, assist the choir of heaven ;
 Join the everlasting song.
 2 Fill'd with holy emulation,
 We unite with those above :
 Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
 Fruit of everlasting love.
 Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name ;
 Glory, honor, power and blessing,
 Be forever to the Lamb.

1. Je - sus I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee ;

2. Let the world des - pise and leave me ; They have left my Sav - ior too ;

END.

Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion ! God and heaven are still my own.

Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them, un - true ;
Foes may hate, and friends disown me ; Show thy face, and all is bright.

Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

And while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain,
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

197 * *The Source of consolation.*

1 Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness;
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
 Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
 Hear, O hear our supplication,
 Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
 Rest upon this congregation
 With the fulness of thy grace.

2 Author of our new creation,
 May we all thine influence prove;
 Make our souls thy habitation,—
 Shed abroad the Savior's love.
 Source of sweetest consolation,
 Breathe thy peace on all below;
 Bless, O bless this congregation;
 On each soul thy grace bestow!

659 *In deep affliction.*

1 Full of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more,
 Mighty God of my salvation,
 I thy timely aid implore.
 Suff'ring Son of man, be near me,
 In my sufferings to sustain;
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,—
 By thy more than mortal pain.

2 By thy most severe temptation
 In that dark Satanic hour;
 By thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power.
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy dreadful death, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon;
 Take my sins and fears away.

798 *Worldly pleasures renounced.*

1 Vain are all terrestrial pleasures;
 Mix'd with dross the purest gold;
 Seek we then for heavenly treasures,—
 Treasures never waxing old.
 Let our best affections centre
 On the things around the throne:
 There no thief can ever enter;
 Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
 Here would we renounce them all
 Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
 Him our Lord and Master call.
 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
 Points to brighter worlds above;
 Bids us look for his appearing;
 Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
 And our loins be girded round,
 Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
 Longing for the welcome sound.
 Thus the Christian life adorning,
 Never need we be afraid,
 Should he come at night or morning,
 Early dawn, or evening shade.

238 *God her everlasting light.*

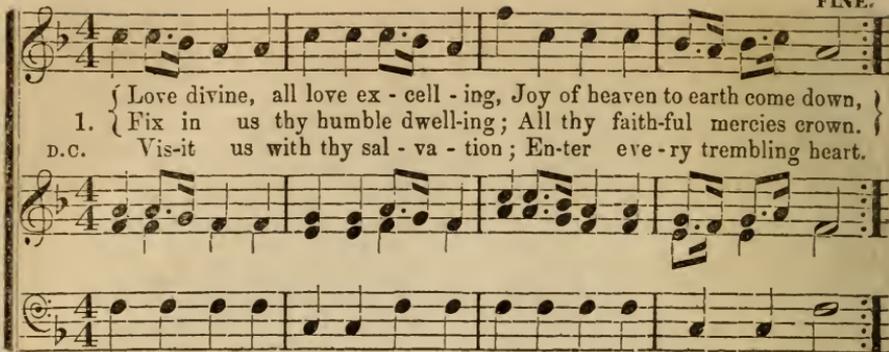
1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you:
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

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.

1090 *The dying Christian.*

1 Happy soul, thy days are ending,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go,—the angel guards attending,—
 To the sight of Jesus go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Savior stands above;
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy great Redeemer's breast;
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live a life of glory;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.



Love divine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down,
 1. Fix in us thy humble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mercies crown.
 d.c. Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter eve-ry trembling heart.

D.C.



Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art:

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit;
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,—
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

1 Cease ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those you love;
 Pain, and death, and night and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.
 While our silent steps are straying
 Lonely thro' night's deepening shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round the happy Christian's head.

2 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In His glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.
 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
 Sickness, there, no more can come;
 There, no fear of wo intruding,
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

1129 *The apostolic benediction.*
 May the grace of Christ our Savior,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above:
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

1. Come thou ev - erlast-ing Spir - it, Bring to us a thankful mind ;

END.

All the Sav-ior's dy - ing mer - it, All his suff'rings for mankind :
Now re - veal his great sal - va-tion Un - to eve - ry faith - ful heart.

True re - cord - er of his pas - sion, Now the liv - ing faith im - part ;

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying ;
Come, Remembrancer divine ;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine :
Let us groan thine inward groaning ;
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve ;
All partake the grace atoning, —
All the sprinkled blood receive.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth ;
In thy fasting and temptation ;
In thy labors on the earth ;
In thy trial and rejection ;
In thy suff'rings on the tree ;
In thy glorious resurrection ;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

281 *The heavenly banquet.*

Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food ;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet ; bread of heaven ;
Wine of gladness, flowing free ;
May we taste it, kindly given,
21* In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

1123 *Dismission.*

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Bid us now depart in peace ;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase :
Fill each breast with consolation ;
Up to thee our hearts we raise :
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

1. Gracious Spir-it—Love di-vine! Let thy light with - in me shine;

2. Speak thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the bur-den'd sin - ner free;

All my guil - ty fears re-move; Fill me with thy heav - en - ly love.

Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his pre - cious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

120 *Wonderful Counselor.*

- 1 Bright and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
Christ th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to him the homage meet;
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

824 *Christ liveth in me.*

- 1 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Savior, what thou art;
Live thyself within my heart.
- 2 I shall then show forth thy praise;
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child in me.

516 *Perfect peace.*

- 1 Prince of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,—
Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.
- 3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart—
Now thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Savior! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forevermore with thee!

1. Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heaven with hal-le-lu-jahs rang, When Jehovah's

2. Songs of praise a-woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a-

work be-gun, When he spake and it was done, When he spake and it was done.

rose, when he Cap-tive led cap-tiv-i-ty. Cap-tive led cap-tiv-i-ty.

3 Saints below with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning, here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

125 *The Sun of righteousness.*

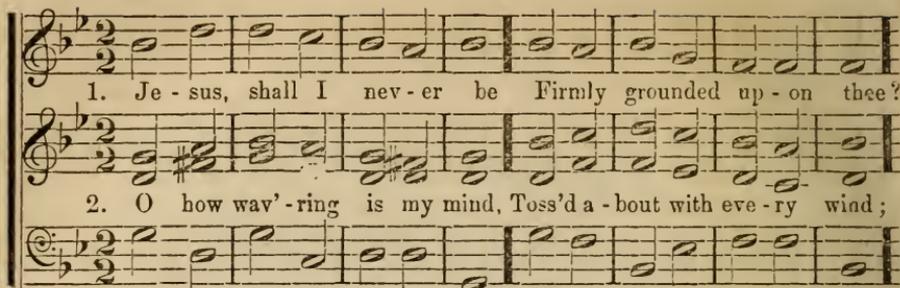
- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Vail'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,—
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

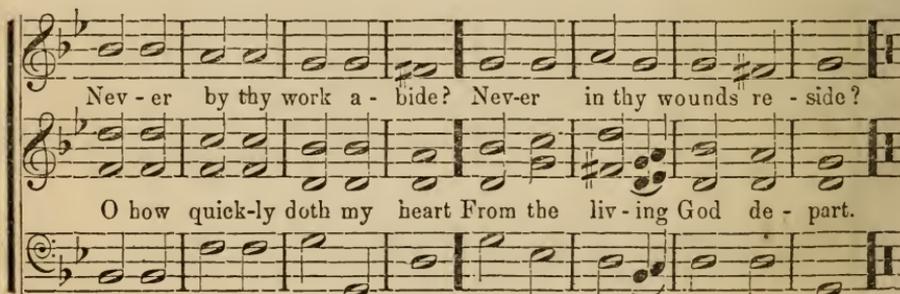
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Ascension day.

- 1 Hail the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile 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,
Conqu'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!



1. Je - sus, shall I nev - er be Firmly ground - ed up - on thee?
2. O how wav' - ring is my mind, Toss'd a - bout with eve - ry wind;



Nev - er by thy work a - bide? Nev - er in thy wounds re - side?
O how quick - ly doth my heart From the liv - ing God de - part.

3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

1040 *God's wonders on the deep.*

They that toil upon the deep,
And, in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale,—

2 Mark what wonders God performs,
When he speaks; and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.

3 Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd,
On the mountains of the wave;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd,
To th' abysses of the grave.

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

1037 *Embarking.*

1 Lord, whom wind and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

Doxology.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Come said Je-sus' sacred voice; Come, and make my paths your choice;

2. Hither - come, for here is found Balm for eve - ry bleed-ing wound,

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grims! hith - er come.

Peace, which ev - er shall en - dure — Rest, e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure!

705 *Of one heart and of one mind.*

- 1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,—
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,—
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

502 *Perfect submission.*

- 1 When, my Savior, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one:—
- 4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.
- 1 Thou that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.
- 2 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul Thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let Thy cheering light return.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare; Je- sus loves to answer prayer; He himself in -

2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos- ses- sion of my breast; There thy blood- bought

- vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

right maintain, And without a ri- val reign. And with- out a ri- val reign.

- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die thy people's death.

248 *Life and immortality brought to light.*

- 1 Day of God! thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.
- 2 Thine the radiance to illumine
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness own'd,
There revealing death dethroned.
- 3 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darken'd world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.
- 4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour,—
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

534 *Panting for purity.*

- 1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,—
As thou art, so let us be!
- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

112 *Eternal praises to the Most High.*

- 1 Thee to laud in songs divine
Angels in thy presence join:
We with them our voices raise,
Echo thine eternal praise.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth adored:
Thus, with them, we ever cry,
Glory be to God most high!

45 *The Lord our righteousness.*

- 1 In thy presence we appear ;
Lord! we love to worship here,
When, within the vail, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch our lips, and loose our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes ;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy Gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus; speaking from the throne.
- 6 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
That at evening we may say,—
We have walk'd with God to-day.

152 *If we suffer with Him, we shall reign with Him.*

- 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! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save ;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

963 *Jesus Christ the corner-stone.*

- 1 On this stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise, strong and fair ;
Ever, Lord, thy Name be known,
Where we lay this corner-stone.
- 2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.
- 3 May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppress'd,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.
- 4 Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.
- 5 By wise master-builders squared,
Here be living stones prepared
For the temple near thy throne ;—
Jesus Christ its corner-stone.

582 *For humility and protection.*

- 1 God of Love, who hearest prayer, }
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend :
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosp'rous hour,
From the flatt'ring tempter's power ;
From his unsuspected wiles,—
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tame to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.
- 4 Never let the world break in ;
Fix a mighty gulf between ;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.
- 5 Let us still to thee look up,—
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope ;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

Doxology.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love ;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jabs ring.

2. Songs of praise a-woke the morn, When the Prince of peace was born;
When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise a - rose, when he Cap-tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.

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 morning come?
No!—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

15 *Let all the people praise Him.*

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 highs 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.

966 *Prayer and praise.*

1 Lord of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

57 *For a general blessing.*

- 1 Lord! we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! 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 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord! we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message, from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant, that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free—
Let us all rejoice in thee.

838 *The pilgrim's song.*

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

519 *The image of God.*

- 1 Father of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Sweetly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 To thy gracious will resigned—
All thy will by me be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,—
Rise with him to live with God.

282 *Pardon—grace—glory.*

- 1 Sons of God, triumphant rise;
Shout th' accomplished sacrifice;
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,—
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.
- 2 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning Son;
Healed and quickened by his blood,
Joined to Christ, and one with God.
- 3 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordained to know;
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

1125 *For a general Blessing.*

- 1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, sovereign Lord, Be thy glo - rious name a - dored !

Lord, thy mer - cies nev - er fail ; Hail, ce - les - tial good - ness, hail.

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain ;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

1122 *Tribute of praise at parting.*

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

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

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given :
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

333

The danger of delay.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise !
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore !
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return !
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest !
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

258

Little ones brought to Jesus.

1 Jesus, kind, inviting Lord,
We with joy obey thy word,
And in earliest infancy
Bring our little ones to thee.

2 Born they are, as we, in sin ;
Make th' unconscious lepers clean ;
Purchase of thy blood they are,—
Let them in thy glory share.

Parting of Christians.

- 1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.
- 2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Grant, that if we live, ere long
We may meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.
- 403 *Mercy for the chief of sinners.*
- 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 hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 272 *Discerning the Lord's body.*
- 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 enjoind,
Let us now our Savior 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!

- 4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

355

Why will ye die?

- 1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
- 2 He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
- 4 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 5 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
- 6 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

1104 *Signs of approaching judgment.*

- 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,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise
Wilder storms the mountain sweep,
Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But though from his awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

1. Safe-ly thro' a - noth er week, God hath brought us on our way, Let us

2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name; Show thy

now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day : Day of all the week the best ;

reconcil-ing face, Take away our sin and shame : From our worldly cares set free,

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

May we rise this day in thee, From our worldly cares set free, May'we rise this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,

Let us 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.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

2 All our works in thee be wrought,—
 Levell'd at one common aim:
 Every word and every thought
 Purge in the refining flame:
 Lead us, through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,—
 To thy glorious life restore'd;
 Here regain our Paradise,—
 Here prepare to meet our Lord:
 Here enjoy the earnest given:
 Travel hand in hand to heaven.

714 *Hand in hand to heaven.*

1 Centre of our hopes thou art,
 End of our enlarged desires:
 Stamp thine image on our heart;
 Fill us now with heavenly fires:
 Join'd to thee by love divine,
 Seal our souls forever thine.

Doxology.

Praise the Name of God most high;
 Praise him, all below the sky;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

1. Fa-ther, Son, and Ho ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One,

As by the ce - les - tial host, Let thy will on earth be done;

Praise by all to Thee be given, Glo - rious Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Vilest of the sinful race.

Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart; but make it new.

767

Weak and helpless.

1 Son of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed:
From thy fulness I am fed,
Tree of life thine influence shed:
From thy fulness I am fed.

2 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the help for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need,
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

3 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me persevering grace;
Take the everlasting praise,
Give me persevering grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

1. Hearts of stone, re - lent, re - lent! Break, by Je - sus' cross sub - dued ;

See his bo - dy man - gled, rent, Stain'd and cover'd with his blood !

Sin - ful soul, what hast thou done? Cru - ci - fied th' e - ter - nal Son.

2 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain ?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue ?
 Open all his wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew ?
 No ; with all my sins I'll part ;
 Savior, take my broken heart.

109 *Clinging to the cross.*

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

2 Could my tears forever flow,—
 Could my zeal no languor know,—
 These for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone :
 In my hand no price I bring ;
 Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

In darkness.

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fixed no more to move ;
 Then my Savior was my song,
 Then my soul was filled with love ;
 Those were happy, golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Savior, shine, and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive ;
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive ;
 Speak the word, and set me free ;
 Let me live alone to thee.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - ior deigns to die,
What me - lo - dious sounds we hear Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear:—

Lov's re - deem - ing work is done, Come and welcome sin - ner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 Spread for thee, the festal board,
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Thou shalt be a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

313 *Fly to Jesus.*

1 Weary souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss;
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise, into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ our all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son has given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

434 *The covenant of grace signed and sealed.*

1 Jesus Christ, who stands between
Angry Heaven and guilty men,
Undertakes to buy our peace;
Gives the covenant of grace;
Ratifies and makes it good;
Signs and seals it with his blood.

2 Life his healing blood imparts,
Sprinkled in our peaceful hearts;
Abel's blood for vengeance cried;
Jesus speaks us justified;
Speaks and calls for better things;
Makes us prophets, priests, and kings.

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'reign pow'r!
Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er more.

D.C.

All ye na-tions, join and sing, 'Christ, of lords and Kings is king!

1004 *The song of jubilee.*

- 1 Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness 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 centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
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 pass'd away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.
- 1 Men! whose boast it is, that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?

- If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves, indeed—
Slaves unworthy to be freed?
- 2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

984 *The banner of the cross.*

- 1 Go, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner cross on high.
Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppress'd forever weep.
- 2 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

1. { Sin - ners turn, while God is near ; Dare not think him in - sin - cere : }
 { Now, e' en now, your Savior stands ; All day long he spreads his hands ; }

Cries, Ye will not hap - py be ; No ye will not come to me, —

Me, who life to none de - ny : Why will ye re - solve to die ?

- 2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn :
 By his life, your God hath sworn ;
 He would have you turn and live ;
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he you to life invite ?
 Would he ask, beseech, and cry, —
 Why will ye resolve to die ?
- 3 What could your Redeemer do,
 More than he hath done for you ?
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood ?
 After all his flow of love, —
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will ye your Lord deny ?
 Why will ye resolve to die ?

535 *The mind that was in Christ.*

- 1 Jesus, plant and root in me
 All the mind that was in thee ;
 Settled peace I then shall find ;
 Jesus' is a quiet mind.
 Anger I no more shall feel, —
 Always even, always still ;
 Meekly on my God reclined ;
 Jesus is a gentle mind.
- 2 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
 I shall to the end endure ;
 Be no more to sin inclined ;
 Jesus' is a constant mind.
 I shall fully be restored
 To the image of my Lord ;
 Witnessing to all mankind,
 Jesus' is a perfect mind.

1. Who are these ar-ray'd in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun? }
 Foremost of the sons of light; Near-est the e-ter-nal throne? }
 Suff'ers in his righteous cause; Foll'wers of the dy-ing God.

D. C.

These are they that bore the cross; No-bly for their Master stood;

These are No-bly

2 Out of great distress they came :
 Washed their robes, by faith, below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
 Blood that washes white as snow ;
 Therefore are they next the throne ;
 Serve their Maker day and night :
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

706

Many, but one.

1 Christ, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the saints below,
 Hear us, who thy nature share,—
 Who thy mystic body are.
 Join us, in one Spirit, join ;
 Let us still receive of thine :
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide :
 Divers gifts to each divide :
 Placed according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil :
 Never from our office move :
 Needful to each other prove :
 Let us daily growth receive,—
 More and more in Jesus live.

3 Swiftly may we all agree,
 Touched with softest sympathy ;
 Kindly for each other care ;
 Every member feel its share.
 Many are we now and one,
 We who Jesus have put on :
 Names, and sects, and parties fall ;
 Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

934 *Partnership of the saints in light.*

1 Jesus is our common Lord ;
 He our loving Savior is ;
 By his death to life restored,
 Misery we exchange for bliss ;—
 Bliss to carnal minds unknown ;
 O 'tis more than tongue can tell ;
 Only to believers shown,—
 Glorious and unspeakable.

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
 Shows us his eternal love :
 Never shall our triumphs end,
 Till we take our seats above.
 Let us walk with him in white ;
 For our bridal day prepare ;
 For our partnership in light,—
 For our glorious meeting there.

512 *Rejoicing in hope.*

- 1 Jesus comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.
Let the living stones cry out;
Let the sons of Abrah'm shout:
Praise we all our lowly King;
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.
- 2 We are now his lawful right;
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.
We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.
- 3 Let us then rejoice in hope;
Steadfastly to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait till he appear within.
Hasten, Lord, the perfect day;
Let thy every servant say,—
I have now obtained the power,
Born of God, to sin no more.

936 *Saints and angels round the throne.*

- 1 Lift your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels joined in one:
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Savior stands,
All in whitest robes arrayed;
1 alms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints, begin the endless song;
Cry aloud, in heavenly lays,—
Glory doth to God belong;
God the glorious Savior praise:
All salvation from him came,—
Him who reigns enthroned on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,—
Let the morning stars reply.
- 3 Angel powers the throne surround;
Next the saints in glory they;
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay:

Prostrate on their face, before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,—
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

696 *Sweet counsel.*

- 1 Glory be to God above,
God, from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love;
Publish we his praise below:
Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Foll'wers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell, secure:
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.
- 3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possessed:—
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven:
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

587 *For reviving grace.*

- 1 Light of life,—seraphic fire,—
Love divine.—thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!—
To thy human temples come.
- 2 Come in this accepted hour:
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,—
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,—
All our joy, and all our peace.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are, Trav'ler, o'er you mountain's

height See the glo - ry beam-ing star. Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of

hope or joy fore - tell? Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

2 Watchman tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth,

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight ;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! The Son of God is come.

720 *Mutual love the bond of union.*

1 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite :
Dearest fellowship we prove,—
Fellowship in Jesus' love :
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied ;—
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase ;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness :
Thee th' unholy cannot see ;
Make, O make us meet for thee :
Every vile affection kill ;
Root out every seed of ill ;
Utterly abolish sin ;
Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow ;
 Love the proof that Christ we know ;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee :
 Love, thine image, love impart,
 Stamp it now on every heart :
 Only love to us be given :
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

388 *The only refuge.*

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the waters near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me. O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, O leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False, 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.

453 *Comfort arising from a sense of pardon.*

1 Happy soul who sees the day,
 The glad day of gospel grace :
 Thee, my Lord, thou then wilt say,
 Thee will I forever praise ;
 Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
 Thou dost comfort me again ;
 All thy wrath aside is turn'd,—
 Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold : thy mercy spares ;
 Jesus my salvation is ;
 Hence, my doubts ; away, my fears ;
 Jesus is become my peace ;

Jah, Jehovah, is my Lord,
 Ever merciful, and just ;
 I will lean upon his word ;
 I will on his promise trust.

1002 *The word glorified.*

1 See how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace !
 Jesus' love the nations fires,—
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
 To bring fire on earth he came ;
 Kindled in some hearts it is :
 O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss !

2 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day :
 Now the word doth swiftly run ;
 Now it wins its widening way :
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail ;
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Savior praise !
 He the door hath open'd wide ;
 He hath given the word of grace ;
 Jesus' word is glorified.
 Jesus' mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought ;
 Worthy is the work of him,—
 Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,—
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;
 Lo ! the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the Spirit of his love.

1092 *Absent from the body—present with the Lord.*

1 Lo ! the pris'ner is released,
 Lighten'd of his fleshly load ;
 Where the weary are at rest,
 He is gather'd into God !
 Lo ! the pain of life is past,
 All his warfare now is o'er :
 Death and hell behind are cast ;
 Grief and suffering are no more.

2 Join we then, with one accord,
 In the new and joyful song ;
 Absent from our loving Lord,
 We shall not continue long ;
 We shall quit the house of clay,
 We a better lot shall share,
 We shall see the realms of day,
 Meet our happy brother there.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast - ed through the form - er year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with thee above.

1101 *Clothed with immortality.*

1 Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath:
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:—
Thus the mighty Savior speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies.

2 Pris'ner, long detain'd below,
Pris'ner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of wo;
Welcome to a land of rest:—
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls—
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.

674 *The dying believer.*

1 Deathless spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies—
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought:—

Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.
Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

3 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on Him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,—
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

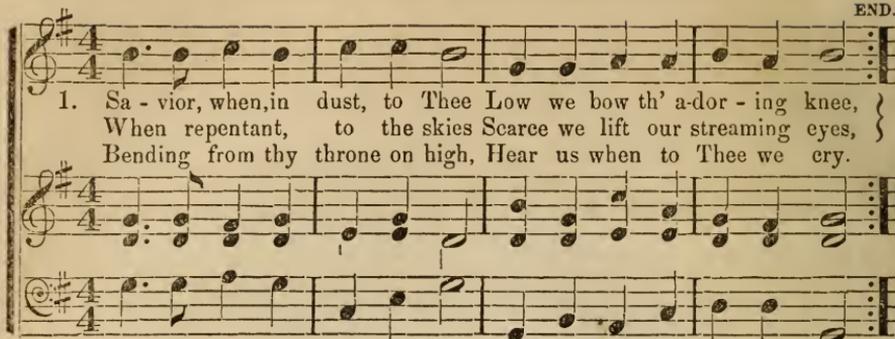
4 See the haven full in view:
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

1078 *Blessedness of those who die in the Lord.*

1 Hark! a voice divides the sky:
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

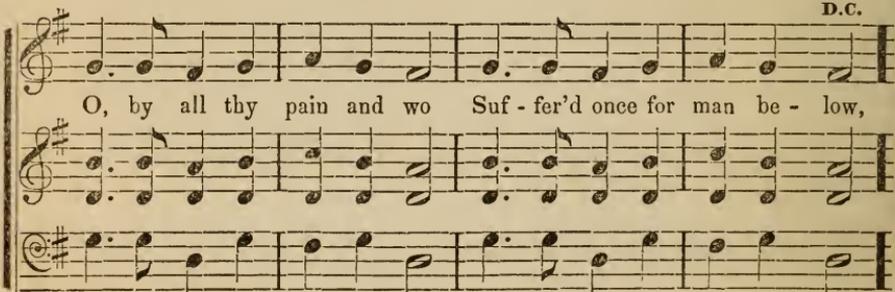
2 Follow'd by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath open'd mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.

END.



1. Sa - vior, when, in dust, to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,
When repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
Bending from thy throne on high, Hear us when to Thee we cry.

D.C.



O, by all thy pain and wo Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,

- 2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power:
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and robe of scorn;
By the gloom that vail'd the skies
O'er the perfect sacrifice.—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear, O hear our humble cry.
- 3 By Thy deep, expiring groan;
By the seal'd, sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save:
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Savior, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

539 *Cut short the work in righteousness.*

- 1 Savior of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace;
Cut it short in righteousness.
Speak the second time,—Be clean!
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 2 Nothing less will I require;
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.
O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all!

Doxology.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise the Name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vor'd sin - ners slain;

Thou - sand, thousand saints, at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of his train:
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

1140 *Doxology.*

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,—
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

1127 *For the fulness of peace and joy.*

1 Lord dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ; }
 Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power : }

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance,—
 Every grace that brings you nigh,—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you,—
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
 On the bloody tree behold him !
 Here him cry, before he dies,
 It is finish'd !—
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him,—venture freely ;
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name :
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

1126 *For the Spirit's influences.*

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

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

1. Lo! He comes with clouds descend-ing, Once for fa-vor'd sin-ners slain :

2. See the un - i - verse in mo - tion, Sink-ing on her fun-er-al pyre—

Thousand, thousand saints at - tend-ing, Swell the tri - umph of his train :
Earth dissolv - ing, and the o - cean Van-ish - ing in fi - nal fire :—

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus Christ shall ev - er reign!
Hark the trumpet! Hark the trumpet, Loud proclaim the day of Ire!

3 Graves have yawn'd in countless numbers,

From the dust the dead arise :
Millions, out of silent slumbers,
Wake in overwhelm'd surprise ;
Where creation,

Wreck'd and torn in ruin lies !

4 See the Judge our nature wearing,

Pure, ineffable, divine :—
See the great Archangel bearing
High in heaven the mystic sign :
Cross of Glory !

Christ be in that moment mine !

5 Every eye shall then behold Him

Robed in awful majesty :
Those that set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to a tree—
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see !

6 Lo! the last long separation !

As the cleaving crowds divide ;
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side !
Lord of mercy !

How shall I that day abide !

7 O, may Thine own Bride and Spirit

Then avert a dreadful doom—
And me summon to inherit
An eternal blissful home :—
Ah! come quickly !

Let thy second Advent come !

8 Yea, Amen ! Let all adore Thee

On Thine amaranthine throne !
Savior—take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own !
Men and angels

Kneel and bow to Thee alone !

1. Gent-ly, Lord, O, gent-ly lead us Thro' this low-ly vale of tears,

And, O, Lord, in mer-cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.

O, re - fresh us — O, re - fresh us — O, re - fresh us with thy grace.

- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says He'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise Him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise Him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 O that I could now adore Him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing His love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

Mercy's invitation.

- 1 Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice fal's:
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightning strike you dead.
- 3 Haste, O sinner! to the Savior;
Seek His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;—
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

1. See, from Zion's sacred mountain, Streams of living waters flow; God has opened there a fountain That supplies the world below; They are bless-ed, They are bless-ed joy bestowing, Waking beauty from decay. O, ye nations, O, ye nations, Who its sovereign vir-tues know, Who its sov'-reign vir-tues know. Hail the long ex-pect-ed day, Hail the long ex-pect-ed day.

832 *The pilgrim's guide and guardian.*

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious tears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;

Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

1126 *For the Spirit's influences.*

- 1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit;
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak,—the hungry feed;
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

1. { Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming Comfort to the mourning slave; }
God has heard him long complaining, And extends His arm to save; } Proud op-
pression Soon shall find a shameful grave, Proud oppression Soon shall find a shameful grave.

2 See, the light of truth is breaking
Full and clear on every hand,
And the voice of mercy speaking,
Now is heard through all the land;
Firm and fearless,
See the friends of freedom stand.

3 Lo, the nation is arousing
From its slumber, long and deep,
And the friends of God are waking,
Never, never more to sleep
While a bondman
In his chains remains to weep.

4 Long, too long have we been dreaming
O'er our country's sin and shame;
Let us now, the time redeeming,
Press the helpless captive's claim,
Till, exulting,
He shall cast aside his chain.

1103 *We also shall appear with Him in glory.*

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 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,

In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:—
All discern him:
All with shouts cry out,—'Tis He!

5 Lo! 'tis He! our hearts' Desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow
Palms of vict'ry,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.

1140 *Doxology.*

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,—
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

The Heralds of Salvation.

- 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 will 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 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;
All thy warfare now is past ;
God thy Savior will defend thee ;
Victory is thine at last :
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

914

Hallelujah.

- 1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin ;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee :
Where shall I thy praise begin ?
- 2 Though unseen I love the Savior ;
He hath brought salvation near ;
Manifests his pard'ning favor ;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory ! glory to the Lamb !
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name !
- 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng ;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,

Glad to join the holy song :
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong !

119 *Worship the new born Savior.*

- 1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.
- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing ;
Yonder shines the infant light :
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.
- 3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ the new-born king.
- 4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,—break your chains :
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

Judgment.

- 1 Day of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round :
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee ;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 3 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed !
See the kingdom I bestow :
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

1. { Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on, kept by power di - vine :
All her foes shall be confounded, Though the world in arms com - bine :

Hap - py Zi - on, Hap - py Zi - on, What a favor'd lot is thine !

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
Thou art precious in his sight :
God is with thee, —
God, thine everlasting light.
- 43 *Heavenly joy anticipated.*
- 1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near :
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let thy servants hear :
Hear with meekness, —
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee :
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be ;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore ;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before :

Full enjoyment, —
Full and pure, forever more.

- 142 *It is finished.*
- 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 :
It is finish'd : —
Hear the dying Savior cry.
- 2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
It is finish'd : —
Saints, the dying words record.
- 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 ;
It is finish'd : —
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

1140 *Doxology.*

Great Jehovah ! we adore thee, —
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne :
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in one.

Slow and soft.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze,
2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low;

Pleasant as the air of eve-ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

Adoration.

- 1 May I love thee and adore thee,
O thou bleeding, dying Lamb;
Teach my heart to bow before thee,
Kindle there a sacred flame.
- 2 Teach me what I am by nature,
How to lift my thoughts on high;
Teach me, O thou great Creator!
How to live, and how to die!

The kind Shepherd.

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

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

Jesus our strength.

- 1 Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays;
Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.
- 2 O what debtors to thy kindness
Are we, God of boundless love!
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.
- 3 Jesus, on thy arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale;
Be our life when we are dying;
Be our strength, when strength shall fail.
- 4 Let us mount the hills of glory,
Far from sins, and woes, and pains;
There, in perfect songs, adore thee,
And in everlasting strains.

1. The morn-ing light is breaking, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are

wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears. Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings

tid - ings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;

And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:

Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:

Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

1 O when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?

When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er:
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die!
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly,
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransomed dust reviving,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.

6 Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Savior's face behold!
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold!
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing!
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King!

1014 *Grateful praise.*

1 We bring no glitt'ring treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine,
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy Name.

737 *No cause for fear.*

1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affianced,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

Temperance.

1 Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win;
Lo! on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant Sin;
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charmed cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is—"On."

2 Our fathers' God, our Keeper!
Be Thou our strength divine!
Thou sendest forth the reaper,—
The harvest all is Thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness,
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more!

1147 *Doxology.*

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy glorious love and favor
Each ransom'd spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From In-dia's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny

fountains Roll down their gold - en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 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 earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 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 ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

126 *The glory of His kingdom.*

- 1 Hail, to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,—
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,—
Their darkness turn to light,—

- Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
That name to us is Love.
- 977 *Departing missionaries.*
- 1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean ;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below,
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore ;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.
- 2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm !
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be ;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.
- 478 *The comforts, gifts, and graces of the Spirit.*
- 1 God of all consolation,
The Holy Ghost thou art ;
Thy secret inspiration
Hath told it to my heart :
The blessing I inherit,
Through Jesus' prayer bestow'd,
The Comforter, the Spirit,
The true eternal God.
- 2 With God the Son and Savior,
With God the Father one,
The tokens of his favor
Are now to man made known ;
An ante-past of heaven
Thou dost in me reveal,
Attest my sins forgiven,
And my salvation seal.

- 3 Th' indubitable witness
Of thy own Deity,
Thou giv'st my soul its fitness
Thy glorious face to see :
Thy comforts, gifts, and graces,
My largest thoughts transcend,
And challenge endless praises,
When faith in sight shall end.

1001 *The universal anthem.*

- 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 hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound !
- 1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout hosanna
Re-echoed through the world :
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
- 2 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings :
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and vallies greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Dorology.

- To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings :
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransom'd spirit sings :
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

1. Je - sus, let thy pi - tying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep ;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
d. c. Turn, and look up - on me Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace re - stored ; On me be all long - suff'ring shown ;

2 Savior, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

380 *Continued.—The heart broken.*

1 Savior, see me from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,—
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

875 *The deceitfulness of sin.*

- 1 Jesus, friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

883 *Tears of joy.*

- 1 Lord, and is thine anger gone,—
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.
- 2 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.
- 3 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever weep:

Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

800 *Determined to know nothing but Jesus.*

- 1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 4 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Doxology.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,—
Join with the celestial host,
Who praise thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter portion trace; Rise from tran - si -

to - ry things, Tow'rd heaven, thy native place : Sun, and moon, and stars decay ; Time shall soon this

earth re - move ; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Savior will return
Triumphant in the skies :
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss ;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

- 562 *My help cometh from the Lord.*
- 1 To the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills ;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels :
Will he not his help afford ?
Help, while yet I ask, is given :
God comes down ; the God and Lord
Who made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,
And still in God confide ;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide ;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;
He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
Rest in him, securely rest ;
Thy watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful Providence,
And ever waking Love.

1112 *With the voice of the archangel.*

1 Jesus, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend:
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend:
Christ shall come with dreadful noise;
Lightnings swift and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
All rapt up to heaven shall be:
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we possess
In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
Mightier bliss ordained to know:
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.

1051 *The midnight cry.*

1 Harken to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry:
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:
Lo, he comes to keep his word;
Light and joy his looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
He comes, and bids you hope.
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo, he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here.

Flight of time.

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is bearing us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the saints shall soon enjoy,
Life—immortal life above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Where Jesus reigns in love.

22 *The Triune God of truth and grace.*

1 Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King.
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

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

3 Vying with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagle's wings aspire,—
The wings of faith and love;
Thee they sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughtered Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

1. { Let the world their vir - tue boast, Their works of righteous - ness, }
 { I, a wretch, un-done and lost, Am free - ly saved by grace ; }

Oth - er ti - tle I disclaim, This, on - ly this is all my plea,

I the chief of sin - ners am, But JE - SUS DIED FOR ME!

- 2 Happy they whose joys abound
 Like Jordan's swelling stream ;
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him.
 Meanest foll'wer of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see :—
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
 And thou in me wilt live ;
 I shall feel thy death applied ;
 I shall thy life receive :
 Yet, when melted in the flame
 Of love, this shall be all my plea,—
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

405 *Seeking refuge in the blood of the Lamb.*

- 1 God of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe ;
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy blessing to receive.
 Full of guilt, alas ! I am,
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee :
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Standing now as newly slain,
 To thee I lift mine eye ;
 Balm of all my grief and pain,
 Thy blood is always nigh.
 Now as yesterday the same
 Thou art, and wilt forever be :
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;

2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course;

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn; Press on-ward to the prize;

Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, Tow'rd heaven thy native place:

Fire as-cend-ing, seeks the sun: Both speed them to their source:

Soon our Sa-vior will re-turn Tri-umph-ant in the skies:

Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth re-move;

So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glorious face;

There we'll join the heav-en-ly train, Welcomed to par-take the bliss;

Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.

Up-ward tends to his a-bode, To rest in his em-brace.

Fly from sor-row, care, and pain, To realms of end-less peace.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died;

2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills,

Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side Let free-dom ring.

Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.

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!

Freedom's Light.

1 Roll on, thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurl'd,
And freedom's flag, unfurl'd,
Shall wave throughout the world
O'er every slave.

2 Trump of glad jubilee,
Echo o'er land and sea,
Freedom for all;
Let the glad tidings fly,
And every tribe reply,
Glory to God on high,
At slavery's fall.

3 Free, too, the captive mind
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night;
The Savior's reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send
With freedom's light.

Doxology.

To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One—
All praise be given;
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong,
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heaven.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva - ry, Sav - ior di - vine,
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal in - spire;

Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O let me from this day Be wholly thine.
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 ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

A Temperance Hymn for Children.

1 Let the still air rejoice—
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one;
While we renew our strain
To Him, with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain,
And morning sun.
2 His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill;

Springs! which our footsteps meet—
Fountains! our lips to greet—
Waters! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.

3 Each summer bird that sings
Drinks, from dear Nature's springs,
Her early dew;
And the refreshing shower
Falls on each herb and flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.

4 So let each faithful child
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth;
Then shall the song we raise
Be heard in future days—
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.

5 Now let each heart and hand,
Of all this youthful band,
United, move!
Till on the mountain's brow,
And in the vale below,
Our land may ever glow
With peace and love.

1. When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain

Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re- pose, Safe from each blast that blows

In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, No, Nev - er!

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

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never, no never!

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

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

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

- 2 When shall love freely flow
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow,
 Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill,
 Never, no, never!
- 3 Up to that world of light,
 Take us, dear Savior!
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever!

- Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never, no never!
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose,
 Secure from worldly woes:
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never, no, never!

1. Though nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I

2. There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our Righteousness, Triumphant o'er the

urge my way, At his com-mand; The wat'-ry deep I pass, With

world of sin, The Prince of peace; On Zi-on's sa-cred hight, His

Unison.

Je-sus in my view; And through the howling wilder-ness My way pur-sue.

kingdom still maintains; And, glorious, with his saints in light For-ev-er reigns.

- 3 He keeps his own secure ;
 He guards them by his side ;
 Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless bride ;
 With groves of living joys,
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With all the fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.
- 4 Before the great Three One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders he hath done
 Through all their land :
 The list'ning spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame ;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous Name.

915 *Triumphant trust in God.*

- 1 My Shepherd's mighty aid,
 His dear redeeming love,
 His all-protecting power display'd,
 I joy to prove.
 Led onward by my guide,
 I view the verdant scene,
 Where limpid waters gently glide
 Through pastures green.
- 2 In error's maze my soul
 Shall wander now no more ;
 His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
 The lost restore :
 My willing steps shall lead
 In paths of righteousness ;
 His power defend ; his bounty feed ;
 His mercy bless.

Contributed to this work.

1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned above: An - cient of ev - er -

- last - ing days, And God of love: Je - ho - vah, great I am! By

earth and heaven confess'd; I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways;

He calls a worm his friend:
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn:
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forever more.

1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed a - rise, And re - joice in the

day thou wert born; On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex - ult - ing a - way,

And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.

2 We have laid up our love,
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of our Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestowed;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

938 *Rapturous anticipation.*

1 Come, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,

Arranged for this work.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great King:
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join!—
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is,—Mercy divine!

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,—
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,—
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

452 *Joy of the young convert.*

1 O how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;

When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know:
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above,
All my sin, and temptation and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed
I was perfectly blest,
And was fill'd with the fullness of God.

DR. L. MASON. 1830.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the

lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the ac-cents of

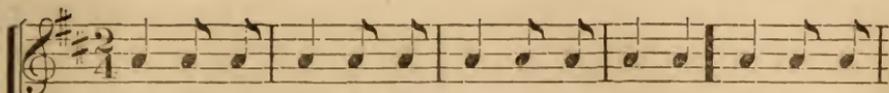
sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision be-

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along:

Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

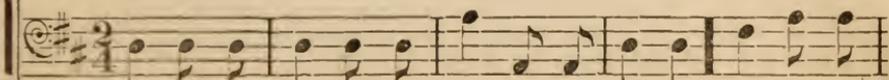
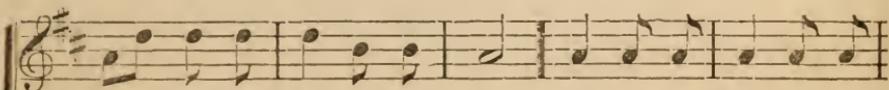
4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



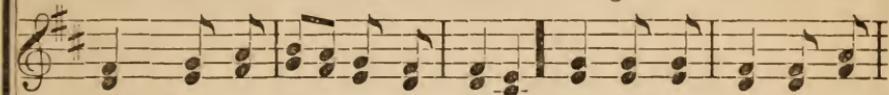
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
 2. Cold, on his cra-dle, the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his



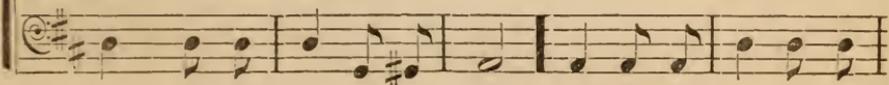
3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of
 4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion: Vain-ly with

dark-ness and lend us thine aid, Star in the East, the ho-
 head with the beasts of the stall, An-gels a-dore him, in



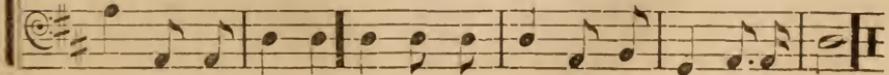
E-den, and off-'rings di-vine? Gems from the moun-tain, and
 gifts would his fa-vors se-cure! Rich-er by far is the




-ri-son a-dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Re-deem-er is laid.
 slum-ber re-clin-ing, Ma-ker, and Mon-arch, and Sa-rior of all.



pearls from the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine?
 heart's ad-o-ra-tion, Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, 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, - To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus hath

fled ? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus hath fled ?

- 2 Fear not, he is with thee, Oh be not dismayed,
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid :
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by his gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er o'erflow ;
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall lend thee its aid ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; he does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
When age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not—he will not desert to its foes :
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never—no never—no never forsake.
-

849 *Rejoicing in the care of the good Shepherd.*

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head ;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more ?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

1. Ye ser-vants of God! Your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a -

broad His won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-to-rious Of

Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o-ver all.

2 God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save;
 And still he is nigh,
 His presence we have:
 The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God
 Who sits on the throne;
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honor the Son:
 The praises of Jesus
 The angels proclaim;
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore,
 And give him his right;
 All glory and power,
 And wisdom and might;
 All honor and blessing,—
 With angels above,—
 And thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite love.

55 *The heavenly Pattern.*

- 1 Appointed by thee,
 We meet in thy name,
 And meekly agree
 To follow the Lamb;
 To trace thy example,
 The world to disdain,
 And constantly trample
 On pleasure and pain.
- 2 O what shall we do
 Our Savior to love?
 To make us anew,
 Come, Lord, from above:
 The fruit of thy passion,
 Thy holiness give;
 Give us the salvation
 Of all that believe.
- 3 O Jesus! appear;
 No longer delay,
 To sanctify here,
 And bear us away;
 The end of our meeting
 On earth let us see—
 Triumphant sitting
 In glory with thee.

49 *Peace, power, and love.*

- 1 All thanks to the Lamb,
 Who gives us to meet:
 His love we proclaim,
 His praises repeat:
 We own him our Jesus,
 Continually near,
 To pardon and bless us,
 And perfect us here.
- 2 In him we have peace,
 In him we have power,

Preserved by his grace
 Throughout the dark hour;
 In all our temptation
 He keeps us, to prove
 His utmost salvation,
 His fullness of love.

- 3 Pronounce the glad word,
 And bid us be free.
 Ah! hast thou not, Lord,
 A blessing for me?
 The peace thou hast given,
 This moment impart,
 And open thy heaven,
 O Love, in my heart.

201 *Rejoicing in the freeness of the gift.*

- 1 All glory and praise
 To Jesus our Lord,
 So plenteous in grace,
 So true to his word;
 To us he hath given
 The gift from above,—
 The earnest of heaven,
 The Spirit of love.
- 2 The truth of our God
 We boldly assert;
 His love shed abroad,
 And power in our heart,
 Ye all may inherit,
 On Jesus who call;
 The gift of his Spirit
 Is proffer'd to all.
- 3 His witness within,
 By faith we receive,
 And, ransom'd from sin,
 In righteousness live;
 Through Jesus's passion
 We gladly possess
 A present salvation,—
 A kingdom of peace.
- 4 The peace and the power,
 Ye sinners, embrace,
 And look for the shower,—
 The Spirit of grace;
 The gift and the Giver
 We all may receive,
 Forever and ever
 Within us to live.

Now in the heat of youth-ful blood, Re-mem-ber your Cre-

a - tor God. Behold the months come hast'ning on When you shall say, my joys are
(gone)

When you shall, &c.

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm ris-es dark o'er the way;

2. I would not live al-way; no—welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

The few lu-rid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

PRESCOTT. 11s.

GEORGE OATES.
From the Choir.

3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God— Away from yon heav-en, that bliss-ful a-bode,

4. There saints of all a-ges in har-mo-ny meet, Their Savior and brethren trans- port-ed to greet;

Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains, And the noontide of glo-ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns?

While anthems of rap-ture unceas-ing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Solo, Duet, or Trio.

1. Come, ye dis - con so - late, where'er ye lan - guish; Come, to the

First time Duet, Second time Chorus.

mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can-not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing,—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can-
not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flow-
ing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever know-
ing—
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can
remove.

1. Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeem-er's praise :

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing kind-ness O how free !

Lov-ing kindness, Loving kindness, His lov-ing kindness, O how free !

2 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !

3 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

4 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.

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Savior dwell,
Where

Where he is gone they fain would know,
Where he is gone they
Where he is gone they fain would know, That
he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and

That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they
fain would know, That they may seek and love him too, Where
they may seek and love him too, That they may seek and love him too, Where
love him too, That they may seek and love him too, Where

would know, That they may seek and love him too.

he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

OAK. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sor-row stand
 { Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. }

2. { What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and wintry blast
 { Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home. }

3. { There at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home; } There are the good and blest,
 { I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home. }

Round me on every hand; Heaven is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.

Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall be home at last, Heav'n is my home.

Those I lov'd most and best, There too I soon shall rest; Heav'n is my home.

Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,
 My refuge is the God of love, My foes insult and cry,
 Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,.....

Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,..... To dis - tant moun - tains
 Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, To dis - tant moun - tains
 Fly like, &c.

Fly, Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I like a tim'rous bird, To
 fly, my trust in God, A re-uge al-ways nigh, Why
 A refuge always nigh, Why
 my trust in God, a ref-uge always nigh, Why should, &c.

distant mountains fly, Why should I, &c. To distant, &c.

should I like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly, a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly.

•should I like a tim'rous bird, Why should, &c.

a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly.

NEARER TO THEE.

W. B. B. From
COTTAGE MELODIES.
By permission.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;

2. Tho' like the wan-der-er. The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;

3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mer-cy given;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

Yet in my dreams I'd be. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee. Near-er to thee!

Ang-els to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, &c.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee, &c.

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
 Thy years are one e - ter - nal
 Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so
 Thy years are one eter - nal day, And must thy chil - dren die so

die so soon,
 day, Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children die so soon.
 soon,
 soon,

1. We speak of the realms of the blessed, Of that coun-try so

bright and so fair; And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed, con-

- fessed; But what must it be to be there?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 We speak of its pathway of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold, untold,
But what must it be to be there?</p> | <p>4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the church of the first-born, above, above,
But what must it be to be there?</p> |
| <p>3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care--
From trials without and within, within;
But what must it be to be there?</p> | <p>5 Then let us 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know, shall know;
And feel what it is to be there.</p> |

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of

courage shall record, Who tempt that dang'rous way, At thy command the winds arise, And
 At thy command the
 At thy command the winds arise, And

At thy command the winds arise, And swell..... the tow'ring waves.
 swell the tow'ring waves, And swell the tow'ring waves,
 winds a-rise, And swell the tow'ring waves,
 swell the tow'ring waves,.....

The men as-tonish'd mount the skies, And sink in gap-ing graves.

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FREELAND. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. Alas! and did my Sa-rior bleed. And did my Sov'reign die,
Would he devote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

Re-mem-ber me, Re-mem-ber me, O Lord, Remem-ber me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Ear - ly my God with-out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face,

My thirs-ty spir - it faints a - - - way,..... With

So
out thy cheering grace ; So pilgrims on the
So pilgrims, &c. So

So pil - grims, &c.

So pilgrims, &c.

pil - grims on the scorching sand, Be-neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a
 scorch - ing sand, Be-neath a burn - ing sky,
 pil - grims, &c.

cool - ing stream at hand, &c.
 Long for a cool - ing stream, Long for a cool - ing stream
 Long for a cool - ing stream
 Long for a cool - ing, &c.

at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
 ... at hand,

Je-sus the vision of thy face Hath o-ver-pow'ring charms ; Scarce
Scarce shall I feel death's

shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms, Scarce shall, &c.
cold embrace,

If Christ, &c. If Christ, Then

while you hear my heart strings break, How sweet the minutes roll.

How sweet the minutes roll, A
A mortal paleness on my cheek,

mortal paleness on my cheek, And glory in my soul. And glory in my soul.
A mortal paleness on my cheek,

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And
 The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry
 The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And
 angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - ry shone around, And

glo - - ry shone around, And, &c. The
 shone around, And glo - - - - - ry shone a - round. The an - gel
 glo - - ry shone a - - round, The angel, &c.
 glo - - - - - ry shone a-round. The an - gel, &c.

an - gel, &c.
of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - - - round.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

- 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 Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,

- All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraphs ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song :
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace :
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

MARLOW. C. M.

The second system of the musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef, a vocal line in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are not present in this system.

1. By faith I view my Sa - vior dying, On the
To eve - ry na - tion he is crying, Look to

2. Jesus, the migh - ty God, bath spo - ken, Peace to
Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am

tree, on the tree ; } He bids the guil - ty now draw near, }
me, look to me : } Re - pent, be - lieve, dis - miss thy fear ; }

me, peace to me ; } Soon as I in his name believed, }
free, I am free ; } The Ho - ly Spir - it I received, }

Hark ! hark ! what precious words I hear, Mer - cy's free, mer - cy's free.
And Christ from death my soul relieved, Mer - cy's free, mer - cy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshed,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And every moment Christ is precious,
Unto me, unto me :
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove ;
All may enjoy the Savior's love,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free :
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

1. 'Tis finished ; so the Sa - vior cried, When on the cross he

bowed and died ; 'Tis finished ; so all heaven re - - sounds ; E -

- ternal mer-cy knows no bounds, E-ter - nal mer - cy knows no bounds.

2 'Tis finished !—so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died ;
'Tis finished !—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

3 'Tis finished !—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round :
'Tis finished !—let the echo fly,
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

Arranged from a melody by Dr. W. MILLER, for this work.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home; Nor pain nor death can

2. Its glittering towers the sun out-shine; We'll &c. That heavenly mansion

CHORUS.

enter there; We'll be gathered home, We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Je- sus

shall be mine; We'll be, &c.

comes, We'll wait till Je- sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

- 3 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.
- 4 And tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.
- 5 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

- 6 Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.
- 7 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.
- 8 All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts : Who hath not lost a friend? There is no
u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end : Were this frail
world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

mp *Cres.* *Dim.* *Cres.*
Dim. *Dim.* *Cres.*
Cres. *Dim.*

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath :
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

The Dead in Christ.

1 This place is holy ground ;
World, with its cares, away !
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, moldering clay ;
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death—
The pale and mortal clay ;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
Marked ye the eye's last ray ?
No : life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Why mourn the pious dead ?
Why sorrows swell our eyes ?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled ?
Shall vain regrets arise ?
Tho' death has caused this altered mien,
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

4 Bury the dead and weep
In stillness o'er the loss ;
Bury the dead ! in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth His cross ;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In His own image to the skies.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start;
 2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these records bear;

3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To brothers, sis-ters dear—
 4. Thou tru-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy constan-cy I've tried;

With faltering lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart;
 Who round the hearth-stone used to close, Af-ter the evening prayer,
 How calm was my poor mother's look, Who loved God's word to hear.
 When all were false I've found thee true, My coun-sel-or and guide.

For ma-n-y gen-e-ra-tions passed, Here is our family tree;
 And speak of what these pa-ges said, In tones my heart would thrill!

Her an-gel face — I see it yet! What thronging memories come!
 The mines of earth no trea-sure give, That could this vol-ume buy—

My moth-er's hands this Bi-ble clasped; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
 Tho' they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.

A-gain that lit-tle group is met, With-in the walls of home.
 In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

REST IN HEAVEN.

W. R. B. From
"Cottage Melodies."
By Permission.

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1. How of-ten I am weary, How of-ten I am drea-ry, What then but this could

CHORUS.

cheer me, I soon shall rest at home. { When this poor body lies mould'ring, mould'ring in the tomb, }
{ When soft words gen - tly sigh - ing o'er its qui - et home. }

When strange sweet flowers in beauty, in beauty o'er it bloom, I shall rest at home, I shall rest at home.

2 What then of tribulation,
What then of sore temptation :
Be this my consolation,
I soon shall rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.

3 Then welcome death and mourning,
I see the night approaching,
Joy cometh in the morning,
The day of rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.

4 There shall my happy spirit
Sing of my Savior's merit,
Who brought me to inherit,
Eternal rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.

5 O brother, shall I meet you,
O sister, shall I meet you,
O sinner, shall I see you
Among the blest in heaven ?
When this poor body, &c.

1. Let me go, the day is break-ing, Dear com - pan-ions let me
We have spent a night in wak - ing, In the wil - der - ness be -

go, } Up-ward now, I bend my way, Part we here at break of
low; }

day, Upward now I bend my way, Part we here at break of day.

2 Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears :
Angels wait, my soul to carry,
Where my kindred, Lord, appears ;
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If you love me, let me go.

3 We have traveled long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both thro' fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard, to part ;
While I sigh farewell to you,
Answer, one and all, adieu.

4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
That withdraws me from your sight :
Walls of earth no more can bind me,
But translated into light ;
Like the lark, on soaring wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
. Far beyond earth's span of sky :
Am I dead ? nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither, come and see.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them

CHORUS.

as they fly! Those hours of toil and danger. For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our

friends are passing over, And just before the shining shore We may almost dis-cover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning—
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

1. We know there is a home Of pure, un-brok-en rest;
 CHORUS. There'll be no sor-row there; There'll be no sor-row there;

It lies beyond the nar-row tomb, The gate-way to the blest.
 In Heaven a-bove where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

- 2 Our fancy cannot weave
 A dwelling-place so fair;
 The heart of man cannot conceive
 The endless glory there.
 There'll be no sorrow, &c.
- 3 The soul, disrobed of clay,
 Can bear the peerless sight—
 Can bear the uncreated ray
 Of everlasting light.
 There'll be no sorrow, &c.
- 4 But mortal eyes would dim,
 And mortal hearts would quail,
 Before the light that glows within

The Savior's mystic veil.
 There'll be no sorrow, &c.

- 5 While Faith, with beaming eye,
 Beholds that glorious rest,
 Sorrow her bitter tears should dry,
 And calm her heaving breast.
 There'll be no sorrow, &c.
- 6 Soon we shall soar above,
 And see as we are seen—
 Behold the Savior that we love,
 Without a veil between.
 There'll be no sorrow there.

HOMeward BOUND. 10s & 4s.

Arranged from
REVIVAL MELODIES.

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FINE.

1. { Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide, We're, &c.
Promise of which on us each he be-stowed, We're, &c.

D.C.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're 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.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

Home at last.

1 We live as pilgrims and strangers below,
We're homeward bound;
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share,
We hasten forward, content with the fare,
We're homeward bound.

2 Earth, with its trifles, we all have resign'd,
We're homeward bound.
Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall find,
We're homeward bound.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O, how delusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near,
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join in our number, O come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4 Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we prove,
We're home at last!
Sounding in triumph, in mansions above,
We're home at last.
Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er,
Up to our home with the blest we shall soar,
O how we'll shout as we enter the door,
We're home at last.

1. Meet a - gain! Words of truth how beau - ti - ful, By a lov'd one sweetly

spoken, When the trembling heart is brok-en; How they charm the fainting soul,

How they charm the faint-ing soul; Meet a - gain, Meet a - gain.

2 Meet again!
Balmy words at parting hour,
When the path of life diverging,
We our different ways are urging,
Faith in Jesus gives them pow'r,
Faith in Jesus gives them pow'r;
Meet again, meet again.

3 Meet again!
When we're called to weep alone,
When the grave some friend hath taken,
These sweet words shall bliss awaken,

Meet again with joys unknown,
Meet again with joys unknown;
Meet again, meet again.

4 Meet again!
Light divine the soul to cheer,
When the heart is filled with anguish,
When in death the flame doth languish,
Heav'nly home and friends are near,
Heav'nly home and friends are near;
Meet again, meet again.

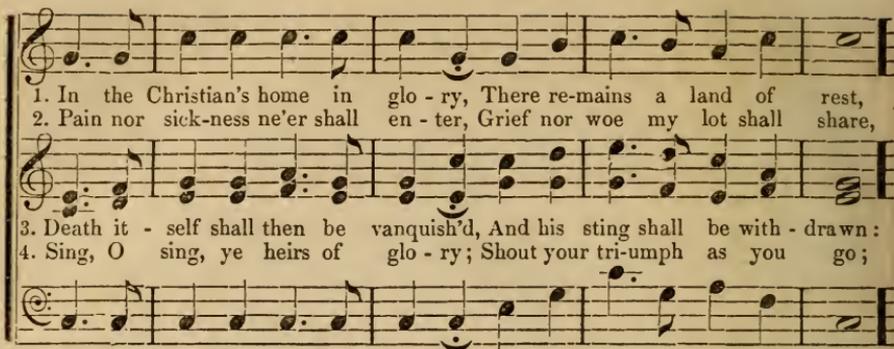
1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love my

Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled; I was a way-ward child, I

did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved afar to roam.

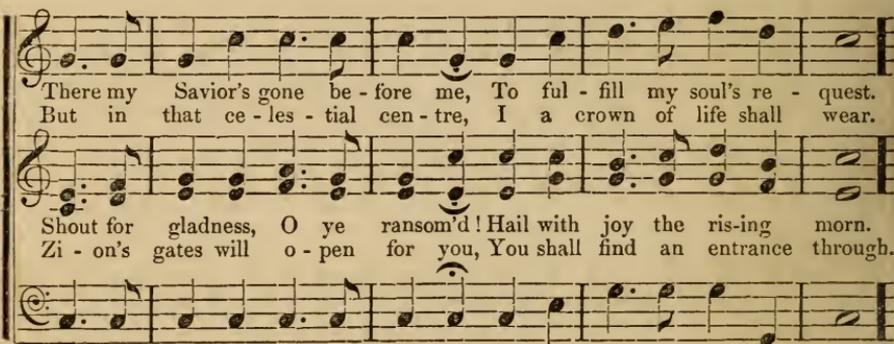
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
- 3 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed:
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

- 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that wash'd me in His blood,
'T was He that made me whole:
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He that brought me to the fold—
'T is He that still doth keep.
- 5 No more a wand'ring sheep,
I love to be controll'd,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love His home.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest,
 2. Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,

3. Death it - self shall then be vanquish'd, And his sting shall be with - drawn:
 4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your tri-umph as you go;



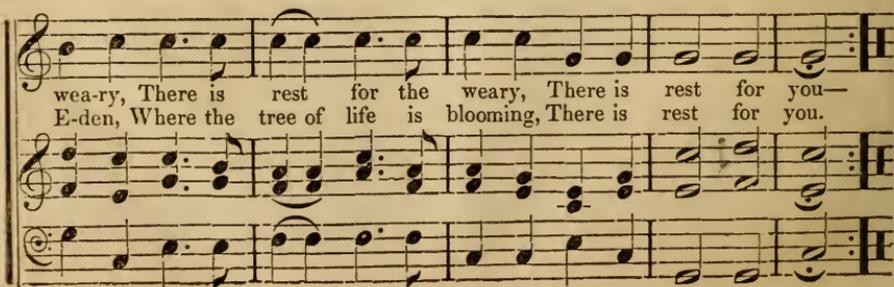
There my Savior's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.

Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd! 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
 On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of



wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you -
 E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

CALVARY'S MOUNTAIN.

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Music from the Hallelujah. By permission.

1. Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye?⁴
 2. Is thy burden'd spi - rit A - go-nized for sin?

3. Is thy spir - it drooping? Is the tempter near?

Cres.

Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?
 Think of Je - sus' mer - it; He can make thee clean:

Still in Je - sus hop - ing, What hast thou to fear?

mf
 O thou heir of heaven, Think of Je - sus' love,
 Think of Cal-vary's mountain, Where his blood was spilt;

Set the prize be - fore thee, Gird thy ar - mor on:

*Ritard.**

While to thee is giv - en, All his grace to prove.
 In that precious fountain, Wash a - way thy guilt.

Heir of grace and glo - ry, Strug - gle for thy crown.

* The time may be slackened a very little here, but should not draw.

1. The Bi-ble, the Bi-ble! more precious than gold, } It speaks of sal -
The hopes and the glories its pa - ges un - fold; }

va-tion, wide opens the door— Its of-fers are free to the rich and the poor.

2 The Bible—the Bible! blest volume of truth, | 3 The Bible!—the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth; | And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
It bids us seek early the "pearl of great price," | Our banners, inscrib'd with its precepts and rules,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice. | Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

"JUST AS I AM."

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, §

And that thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
O Lamb of God, 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!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

PILGRIM'S SONG.

Arranged from HENRY WELLS. 335
For this work.

1. Whith-er, pil-grims, are you go-ing, Each with staff in hand?
2. Fear ye not the way so lone-ly, You, a fee-ble band?

3. Tell me, pil-grims, what you hope for, In the bet-ter land?
4. Will you let me trav-el with you, To the bet-ter land?

We are go-ing on a jour-ney At the King's com-mand;
No, for friends un-seen are near us, An-gels round us stand;

Spotless robes and crowns of glo-ry, From a Sa-vior's hand;
Come a-way, we bid you welcome, To our lit-tle band;

O-ver plains, and hills, and val-leys, We are go-ing to his palace,
Christ our lead-er walks be-side us, He will guard, and He will guide us,

We shall drink of life's clear riv-er, We shall dwell with God for-ev-er,
Come, O come! we can-not leave you, Christ is waiting to receive you,

We are go-ing to His pal-ace, In the bet-ter land.
He will guard, and He will guide us, To the bet-ter land.

We shall dwell with God for-ev-er, In the bet-ter land.
Christ is wait-ing to re-ceive you, In the bet-ter land.

Slow.

REV. W. F. FARRINGTON.

Spir-it! spir-it! spir-it, thy la-bor is o'er, Thy term of proba-tion is run,

Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore, And the race of im-mor-tals be gun.

2 Spirit! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret,
Nor pause on the threshold of immortal
life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

3 Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary like thee—there the
mourners shall find
A Heaven, a mansion of rest!

SHOUT, O GLORY. 8 & 7.

1. Come, thou fount of eve-ry bless-ing Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.

Musical score for 'SHOUT, O GLORY. Concluded.' featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes lyrics: 'Shout, O glo-ry, O glo-ry, O glo-ry, to the dy-ing Lamb!' with first and second endings. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it:
Mount of thy redeeming love!
Shout, O glory, &c.

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Shout, O glory, &c.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

Musical score for 'EXPOSTULATION. 11s.' in 2/2 time, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes lyrics: '1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? And an-gels are wait-ing to wel - - - - - come you home.' with first and second endings. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves.

When God in great mer-cy is com- ing so nigh;
Since Je- sus in- vites you, the Spir- it says come,

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,
'Tis he bids you welcome, he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain!

To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high.

5 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.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
And trusting in heaven we never shall part;
O, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

Slow.

1. Je - sus died on Cal - vary's mountain, Long time a - go,
2. Once his voice in tones of pi - ty, Melt - ed in wo,

And Sal - va - tion's roll - ing foun - tain, Now free - ly flows!
And he wept o'er Judah's ci - ty, Long time a - go.

3 On his head the dews of midnight
Fell, long ago,
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.

4 Jesus died—yet lives forever,
No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, Blessed Savior,
Now reigns on high!

5 Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his leading,
And come again.

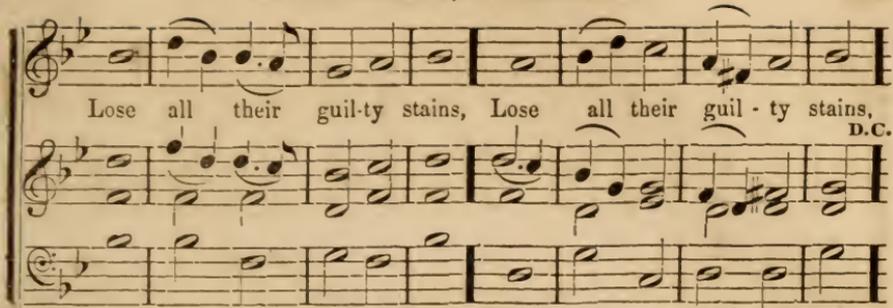
6 Budding fig-trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,
Is near at hand.

7 Children, let your lights be burning,
In hope of heaven,
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At dawn or even.

8 When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come ye blessed of my Father
Children, come home."

1. { There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins :
{ And sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

FINE.



Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, D.C.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see

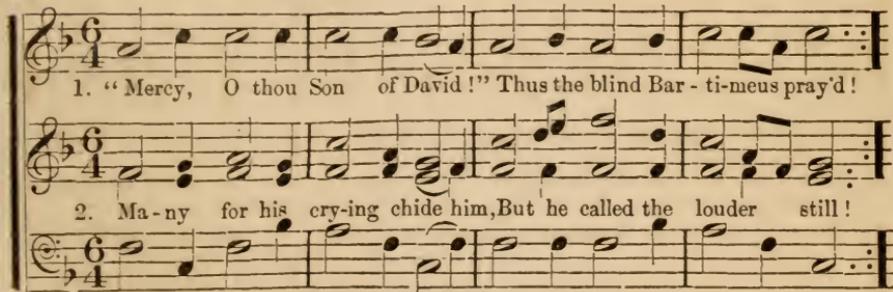
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

BARTIMEUS.



1. "Mercy, O thou Son of David!" Thus the blind Bar-ti-meus pray'd!

2. Ma-ny for his cry-ing chide him, But he called the louder still!



"Oth-ers by thy grace are sa-ved, Now to me af-ford thine aid."

Till the gracious Sa-vior bid him, Come, and ask Me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted !
Though by begging used to live ;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but Christ would give.

4 Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Turn my darkness into day ;
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found.

6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me ;
Surely, they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.

END.

1. { Now the Sa-vior stands and pleading, At the sin-ner's bolted heart ;
 Now in heaven he's in - ter-ced-ing, Un - der - tak-ing sin-ner's part.
 Once he died for your be - hav-ior, Now he calls you to his arms.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Sin-ner can you hate the Sa-vior? Can you thrust him from your arms?

2 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing,
 Stands and knocks at ev'ry door ;
 In his hand ten thousand blessings,
 Proffer'd to the wretched poor.

CHORUS.—Sinner can, &c.

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
 To prepare you heavenly rest ;
 Listen, while he kindly calls you,
 Hear, and be forever blest.

CHORUS.—Sinner can, &c.

4 Now he has not come to judgment,
 To condemn your wretched race ;
 But to ransom ruined sinners,
 And display unbounded grace.

CHORUS.—Sinner can, &c.

5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
 There to bear eternal pain ;
 Or to realms of glorious brightness,
 Rise, and with him ever reign ?

CHORUS.—Sinner can, &c.

{ My heavenly home is bright and fair ; Nor pain, nor death can enter there :
 1. { Its glittering towers the sun outshine ; That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

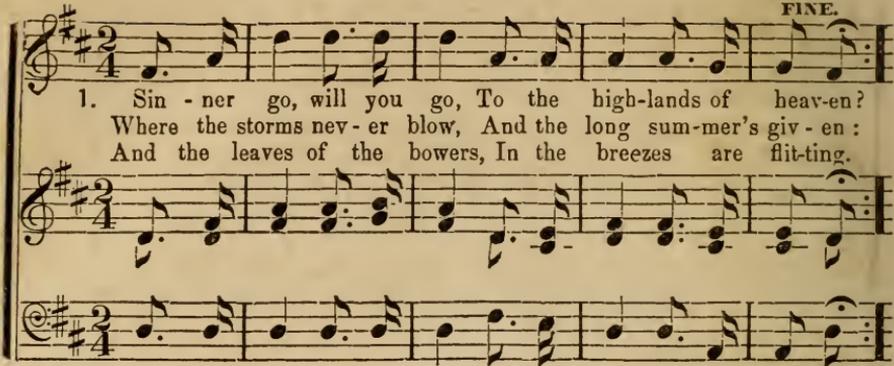
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky :
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
 I'm going home, &c.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
 And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.
 I'm going home, &c.

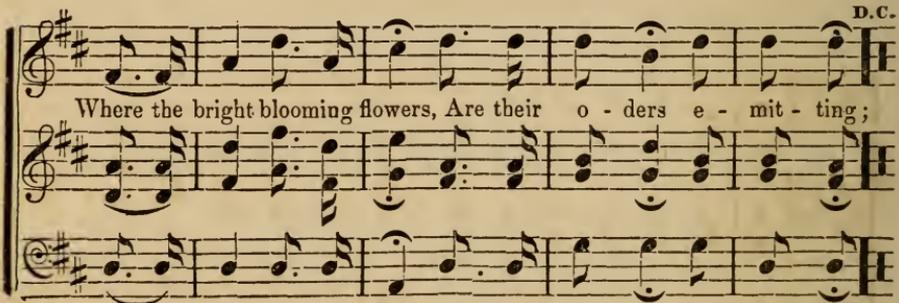
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
 Be mine a happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.
 I'm going home, &c.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.
 I'm going home, &c.

FINE.



1. Sin - ner go, will you go, To the high-lands of heav-en?
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv - en:
And the leaves of the bowers, In the breezes are flit-ting.

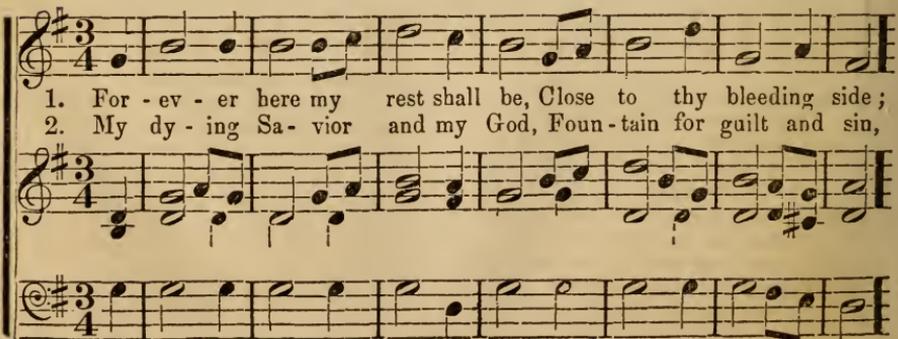
D.C.



Where the bright blooming flowers, Are their o - ders e - mit - ting;

2 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain,
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 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 Savior will soon,
And forever cease pleading.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;
2. My dy - ing Sa - vior and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin,

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sa- vior died.
Sprin- kle me ev- er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.</p> | <p>4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.</p> |
|---|---|

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CARVOSSO. C. M.

Arranged for this work.

1. There is a foun- tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
Chorus. I will be- lieve, I do believe, That Je- sus died for me,

And sin- ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil- ty stains.
I sink by dy- ing love compelled, And own thee con- quer - or.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>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.
I will believe, &c.</p> <p>3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
I will believe, &c.</p> | <p>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.
I will believe, &c.</p> <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.
I will believe, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly, The home of the
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of fol-ly, O say will you

CHORUS.

hap- py, the king- dom of love, Will you go, will you go, will you
go to the E- den a-bove?

go, will you go; O say will you go to the E- den a-bove?

- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burden'd ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 3 No poverty there,—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say will you go to the Eden above?
- 4 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summon'd to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnish'd;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 5 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go, &c.
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.
- 6 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment, as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 7 Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
No other but Jesus; then come to him praying—
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go, &c.
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free!

2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sorrowing here;

3. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
No, there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown, to wear, For there's a crown for me.

391 *Pleading the promises.*

- 1 Mercy alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die:—
- 2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me?—No:
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.
- 3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.
- 4 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe:
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

426 *Struggling into liberty.*

- 1 Jesus, Redeemer, Savior, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me.
- 3 Faith to be healed thou know'st I have,
For thou that faith hast given;
Thou canst, thou wilt, the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

770 *The shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*

- 1 Now to the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high.
- 2 Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be:
Hide me, my Savior, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.
- 3 As welcome as the water-spring
Is to a barren place,
Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.
- 4 As o'er a parched and weary land,
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Savior, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.
- 5 In all the times of my distress
Thou hast my succor been;
And in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;
- 6 How swift to save me didst thou move
In every trying hour;
O still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

With spirit.

1. O do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your friend, O do not be discouraged, for

Je-sus is your friend, He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And

FINE. CHORUS.

keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this ar-my, Yes, I'm

glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, And I'll bat-tle for the Lord.

D.C.

2 Fight on, ye Christian soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
Fight on, ye Christian soldiers,
The battle you shall win ;
For the Savior is your Captain,
For the Savior is your Captain,
And he hath vanquished sin.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.

Not too fast.

1 The voice of free grace cries, 'Escape to the mountain.' For Adam's lost race

2. Ye souls that are wounded, to the Sa-rior repair, Now he calls you in

3. Now Je - sus our King, reigns triumphant-ly glorious! O'er sin, death and

Christ hath opened a fountain; For sin and pol-lu-tion, for eve-ry transgression,
mercy, and can you for-bear? Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
hell, he is more than victorious; With shouting proclaim it, oh trust in his passion,

His blood flows so freely in streams of sal - va-tion. Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.

His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain. Hal - le - lu - jah to the

He saves us most freely oh pre-cious sal - va-tion. Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.

Lamb, who has bought us a pardon, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

Slow and tenderly.

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-plore thee; Though sorrows and
2. Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer de-plore thee, Nor tread the rough

3. Thou art gone to the grave, and its man-sions forsak-ing, Per-haps thy tried
4. Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee, When God was thy

dark-ness en - com- pass the tomb, The Sa - vior has passed thro' its
path of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mercy are

spir - it in doubt lin-gered long; But the sun - shine of heaven beamed
ran - som, thy guar-dian and guide; He gave thee, and took thee, and

por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom -
spread to en - fold thee, And sin - ners may hope, since the Sa - vior hath died -

bright on thy wak-ing, And the song that thou heard'st, was the seraphim's song -
soon will re - store thee, Where death hath no sting, since the Sa - vior hath died -

And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom,
And sin - ners may hope, since the Sa - vior hath died.

And the song that thou heard'st, was the se - ra - phim's song.
Where death hath no sting, since the Sa - vior hath died.

1. The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah, The Lord is

risen indeed, Hallelujah, Now is Christ risen from the dead, And become the first fruits of

them that slept, Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and become the first fruits of

them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

And did he rise, And did he rise,..... did he

And did he rise, And did he rise, And did he rise,

rise? Hear, O ye nations, Hear it, O ye dead. He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He

burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumphed

o'er the grave. Then, then, then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose,

Then I rose, Then first hu - man - i - ty triumph - ant passed the crystal ports of

light, And seized e - ter - nal youth. Man all im - mor - tal hail!

Hail! Heaven all lav - ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo - ry,

man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year,

2. Our life is a dream, our time as a stream Glides swiftly a - way ;

3. O that each in the day of his coming may say, I have fought my way thro' ;

And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear ! His a - dor - a - ble will

And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fu - ses to stay, The ar - row is flown,

I have finished the work thou didst give me to do ! O that each from his Lord,

let us gladly ful - fil, And our talents improve, By the patience of

the moment is gone ; The mil - len - ni - al year, Rush - es on to our

may receive the glad word, Well and faithfully done ! En - ter in - to my

hope, and the labor of love, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

view, and e - ter - nity's here, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.

joy, and sit down on my throne, Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne.

joy, and sit down on my throne, Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne.

1. } O hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sa-vior and my God! }
 } Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell i s raptures all a-broad. }

END.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way ;

End with second strain.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing eve-ry day.

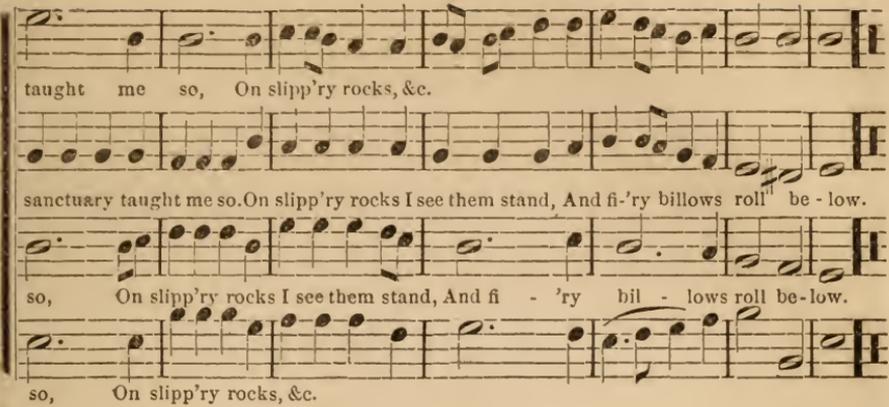
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love ;
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
 Happy day, &c.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 Happy day, &c.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest :
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
 With him of every good possessed.
 Happy day, &c.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.
 Happy day, &c.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re - pine,

To see the wick-ed placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.

But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc-tu-a-ry
 But O their end, their dreadful end, Thy
 But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctu-a - ry taught me
 .But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - - - ry taught me



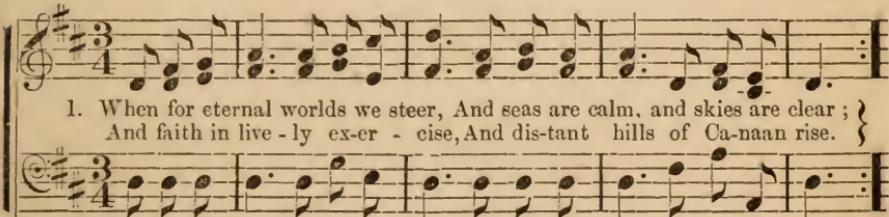
taught me so, On slipp'ry rocks, &c.

sanctuary taught me so. On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi-ry billows roll' be-low.

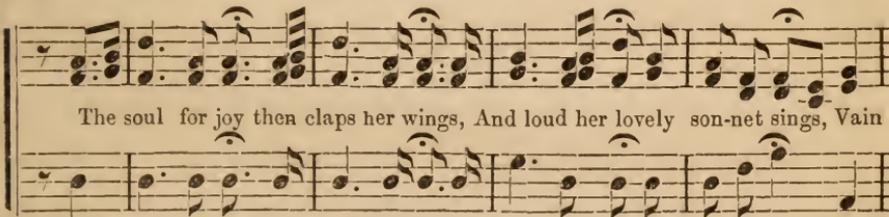
so, On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi - 'ry bil - lows roll be-low.

so, On slipp'ry rocks, &c.

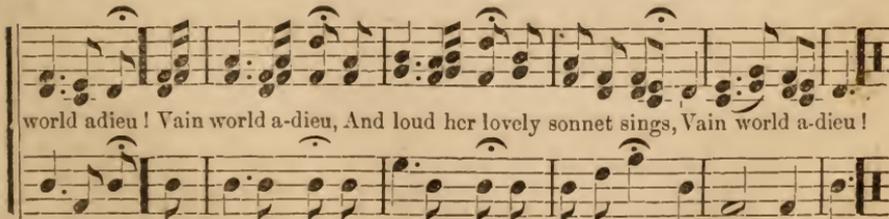
SONNET. 8s & 4.



1. When for eternal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear ; }
And faith in live-ly ex-er - cise, And dis-tant hills of Ca-naan rise. }



The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely son-net sings, Vain



world adieu ! Vain world a-dieu, And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world a-dieu !

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore ;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream ;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand ;
With steady helm, and free bent sail
Her anchor drops within the vail
Again for joy she claps her wings
And her celestial sonnet sings,
On Canaan's shore.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like

may my heart in tune be found,..... Like David's harp of solemn sound.

solemn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in

Like David's harp of solemn sound, O

David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in tune be found,

O may my heart in tune be found, O may, &c

tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.
 may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.

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TURN TO THE LORD.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power.
 Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name ;

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.

- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till your better,
 You will never come at all.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold Him—
 Hear Him cry before He dies.

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits above; }
 An-gel-ic chor-ist-ers, sing as I come, "Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home," }

Soon, will my pilgrimage end-ed be-low, Home to the land of bright spirits I'll go,

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam. Joyful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest-ing at home.

- 2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on
 before, [shore;
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the
 Singing to cheer me through death's chill-
 ing gloom,
 "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome!
 "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
- 3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, King of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
 Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone,
 Joyfully, then shall I witness his doom;
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Arranged for this work.

1. My soul is now u - ni - ted To Christ the liv - ing vine; His grace I long have

CHORUS.

slighted, But now I feel him mine: There's glory in my soul; And glo - ry all a -

round: I am seek - ing joys im - mor - tal, - A bright, a star - ry crown.

2 Soon as my all I ventur'd
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit enter'd,
And I was born of God;
CHORUS.—With glory in my soul, &c.

3 Now Christ is my salvation;
What can I covet more?
I have no condemnation;
My Father's wrath is o'er,
Cho.—With glory, &c.

4 I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown;

Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown—
Cho.—I've glory in my soul, &c.

5 When I reach the world of glory,
And take my seat above,
I'll repeat the wondrous story,
Of Jesus' dying love;
Cho.—With glory in my soul,
And glory all around,
I will sing forever, *glory!*
And wear the conqueror's crown.

HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

Author of this beautiful tune unknown. Arr. for this work.

1. We're out on the o - cean sailing, Homeward bound we sweet - ly glide,
 2. Millions now are safe - ly landed O - ver on the gold - en shore ;

We are out on the o - cean sailing, To our home be - yond the tide.
 Mil - lions more are on the journey, Yet there's room for millions more.

All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll anchor in the har - bor,

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To our home be - yond the tide.

Arr. for this work.
Words by Rev. W. HUNTER.

FINE

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain; }
A spot for which af-fection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain: }
But where I first my Sav-ior found, And felt my sins for-giv - en.

'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Tho' that on earth is hea - ven ;

D.C.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean,
Above me was the thunder's roar;
Beneath the waves' commotion:
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour—how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
And cried, "O! save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."

Words to "HOME BEYOND THE TIDE."

3 Come on board, O! "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor;
You will soon be left behind.

4 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By and by we'll join their number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Savior stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"

4 Oh, sacred hour! oh, hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee;
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven;
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes,
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing,
Free Salvation is the song.

6 When we all are safely anchored,
Then we'll shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing forever more.

1. I'm wea-ry of sigh-ing, O fain would I rest, In the far dis-

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

- tant land of the pure and the blest; Where sin can no long-er its

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

bland-ish-ments spread, And tears and temptations for - ev - er are fled.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves, concluding the vocal and piano parts for this section. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright
dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and pure as eternity's throne.

3 I'm weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, do not stay;

I long for that land where those partings
are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no
more.

4 I'm weary my Savior, of grieving thy love,
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I'm weary, but O, never let me repine,
While thy changeless love, and thy promise
are mine.

Andante.

1. Si - lently the shades of evening Gather round my low - ly door: Si - lent - ly they

2. Living in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend, They, unlinked with

oring before me Fa - ces I shall see no more. Oh! the shrouded and the lonely,

earthly trou - ble, We still hop - ing for its end. How such holy memories cluster,

In our hearts they perish not. Oh! the lost, the unforgotten, Though the world be oft forgot;

Like the stars when storms are past, Pointing up to that far heaven We may hope to gain at last.

Autumn.

- 1 See the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound—
 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead.
- 2 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace;
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
 Summer gives to autumn place."
 On the tree of life eternal
 Let our highest hope be stayed:
 This alone, forever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Moments at the Cross.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go:
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more fully know.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe;
1. Come, freely come, by sin oppressed, Unbur - then here thy weigh - ty load,

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let thy tears for - get to flow;
Here find thy ref - uge and thy rest, And trust the mer - cy of thy God;

Be - hold the precious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
Thy God's thy Savior, glo - rious word! For - ev - er love and praise the Lord.

530 *Ardent longings for the blessing.*

- 1 Come, O thou universal Good,
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home!
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin.
- 2 Come, O my comfort and delight;
My strength and health, my shield and sun;
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown:
My Gospel hope, my calling's prize;
My tree of life, my paradise.
- 3 The Secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown:
Christ in a pure and perfect heart;

The name inscribed on the white stone,
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

- 803 *I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.*
- 1 Master, I own thy lawful claim;
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.
 - 2 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er;
Thee, only thee, resolved t' obey:
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

1. Through this cold world, a-lone, With none to care for me,
 CHORUS. I'm glad sal-va-tion's free, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free,

I jour-ney to my heav-en-ly home, And sing, sal-va-tion's free.
 Sal-va-tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

2 Salvation's free and full—

O let the tidings roll!

In me, I feel it burning now,
 Like fire all through my soul.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,
 I'm glad salvation's free,
 Salvation's free for you and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free.

3 Come, brethren, help me sing,

One song of victory;

For without money, without price,
 I've found salvation free.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,
 I'm glad salvation's free,
 Salvation's free for you and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free.

—
The Good Shepherd.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is;

I shall be well supplied:

Since he is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside?

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,
 I'm glad salvation's free,
 Salvation's free for you and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free.

2 He leads me to the place

Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,

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.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,

4 While He affords His aid,

I cannot yield to fear;

Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,

5 In sight of all my foes,

Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,

6 The bounties of Thy love,

Shall crown my future days;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

CHORUS.

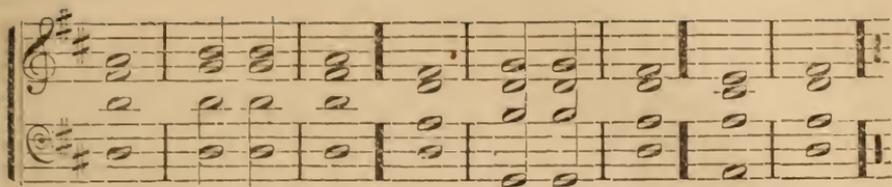
Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While heaven and earth with glory ring,

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While heaven and earth with glo-ry ring.

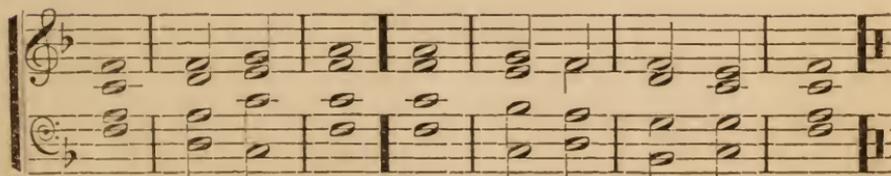
2 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

3 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.



1. { The Lord is my shepherd;
I | shall not | want.
2. { He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still | wa- -ters.
3. { He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
In the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake.
4. { 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.
5. { Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup -- runneth | over.
6. { Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for- | -ev- | er. Amen.

CHANT. No. 2.



1. { Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed—be thy—name, [ven
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | hea-
2. { Give us this day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
3. { And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
for- | ever and | ever. Amen.

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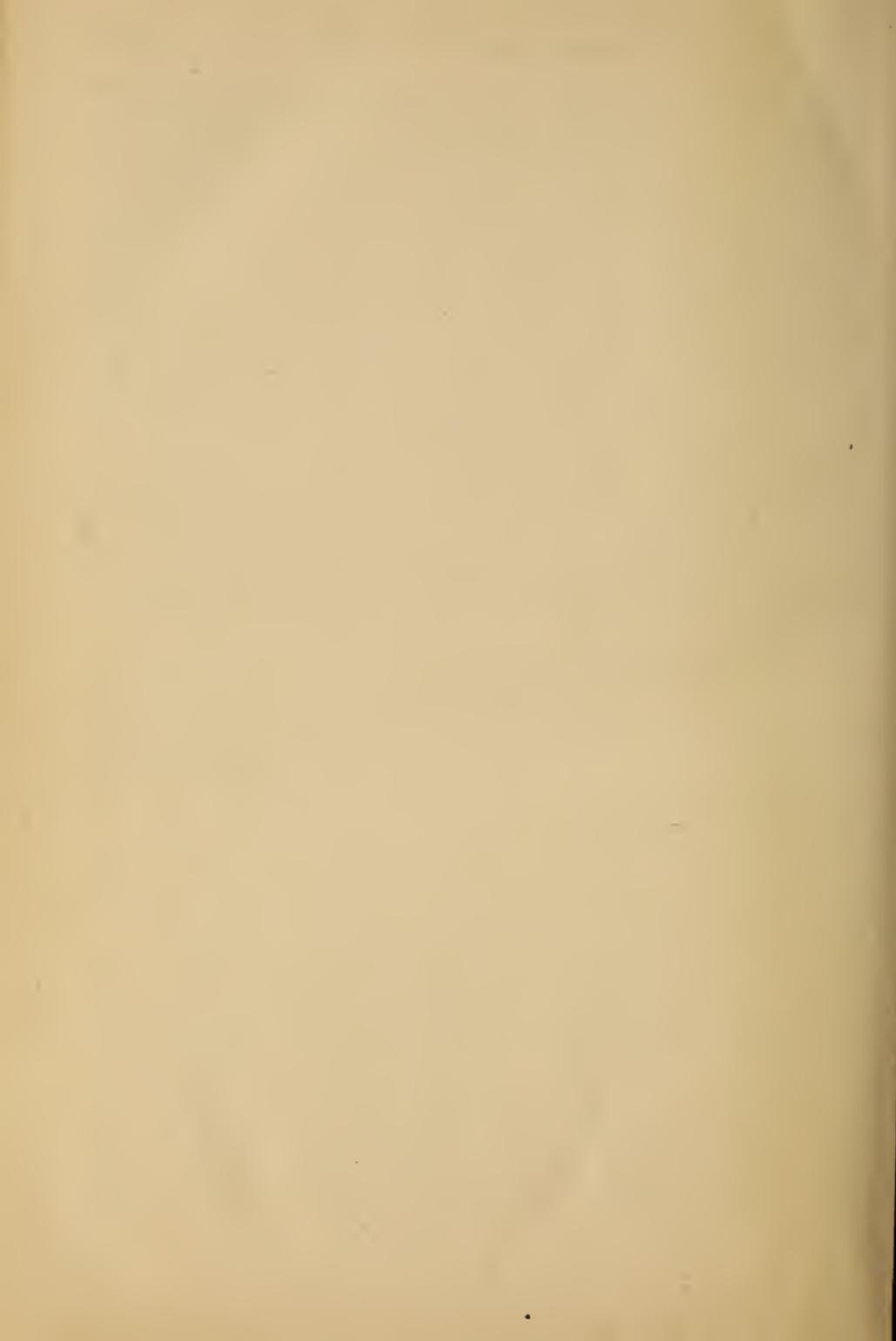
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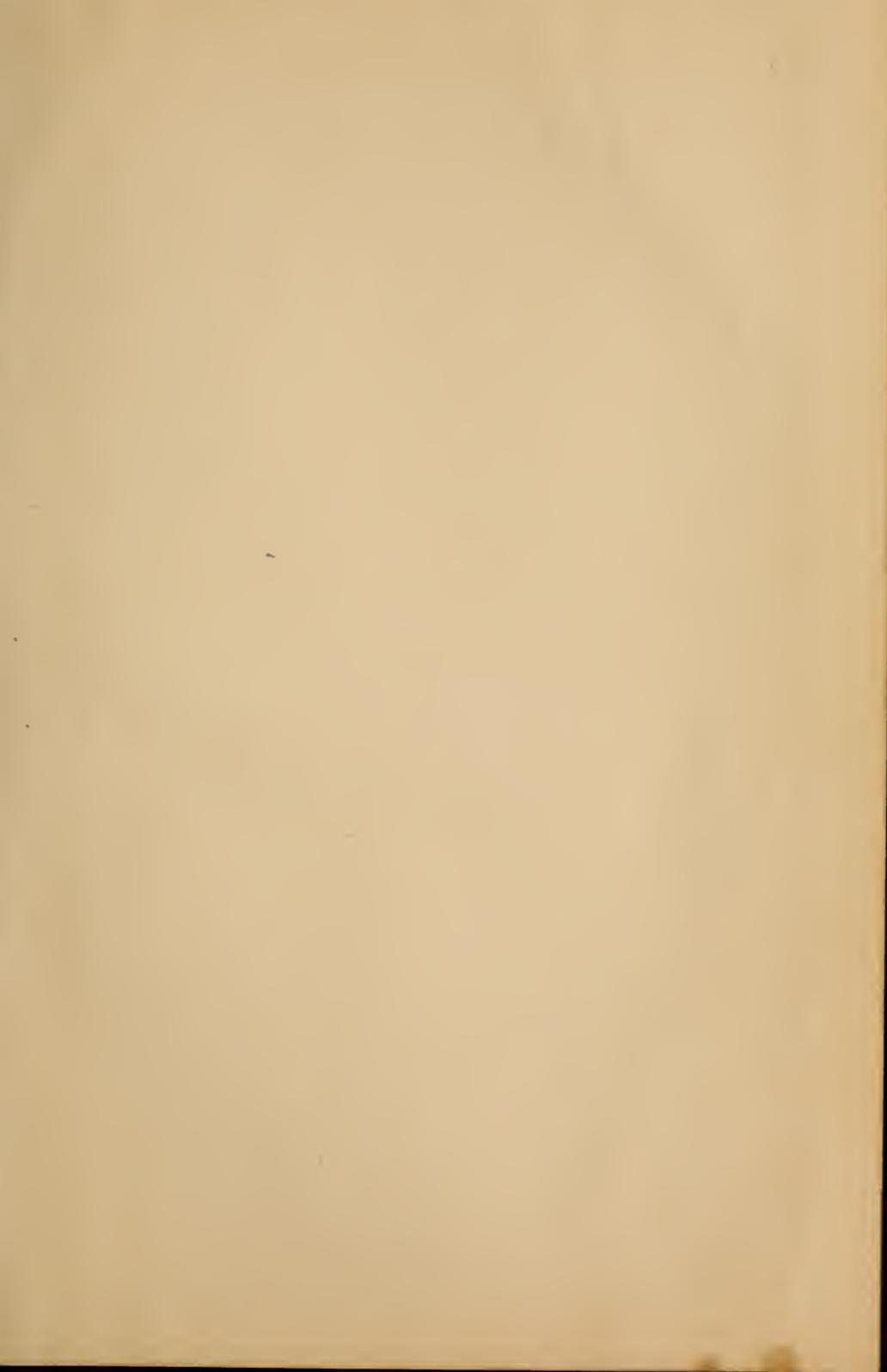
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